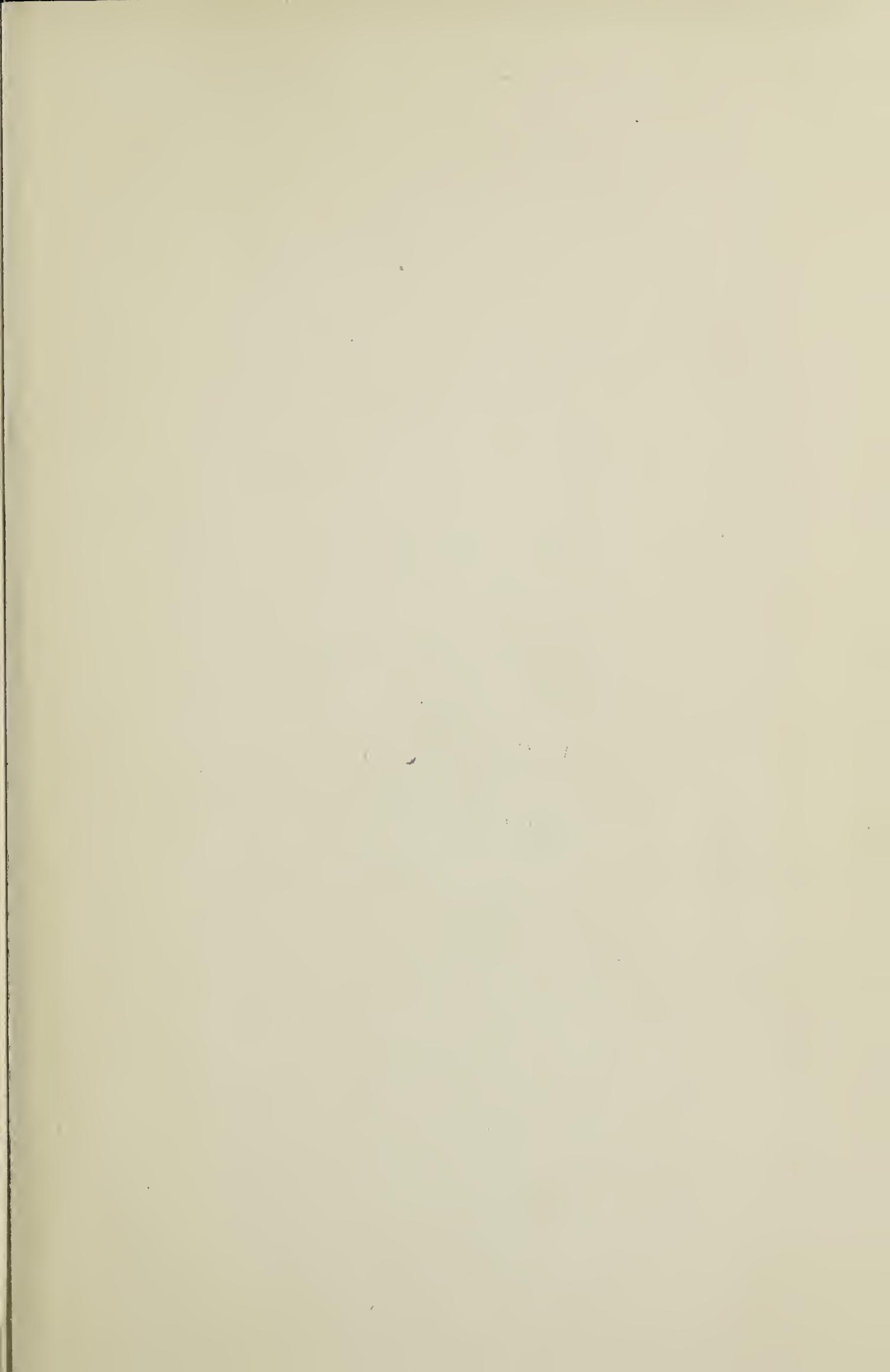


LEARN
TO
LIVE

—
DANIEL A. POLING



BJ 1581 .P7 1923
Poling, Daniel A. 1884-1968
Learn to live



Learn to Live



LEARN TO LIVE

Straight Talks for To-day

By

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With an Introduction by

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NEW YORK

CHICAGO

Fleming H. Revell Company

LONDON

AND

EDINBURGH

Copyright, 1923, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

Printed in United States of America

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

To my father,
CHARLES CUPP POLING,
Minister of the Gospel.



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INTRODUCTORY LETTER

STUDY OF THE
MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH
NEW YORK CITY

My Dear Dan:

They tell me you are writing another book; and this is as it should be.

A wise man,—wiser than either you or I,—said some thousands of years ago, “Of making many books there is no end,”—and then proceeded to write more books, much better than mine or yours, which, strange to say, are among the “best sellers” in the book markets of the world to-day. But then, he “wrote as he was moved by the Spirit of God.” May you be “borne onward” (as the original has it) in the same great way.

You wouldn't be writing if you did not have something to say; but, allowing all that, you know how everything depends on how one says his something. I am now presuming on the fact that advice is the privilege of old friendship, as I venture to advise you how *not* to do it.

To begin with, Don't seem too wise; unless you are heedless of discovery. Profundity is mud; simplicity is rock crystal. The longest

word in the Bible (in John 3:16) is only two letters long.

Next, Don't be too serious. Paul counselled all Bishops to "be sober" and all Deacons to "be grave"; but, lest they might overdo gravity and sobriety, he wrote, "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say unto you, rejoice." It is rumored that some saints (probably dyspeptic) "wear long faces; just as if their Maker, the Lord of Glory, were an undertaker." However, under this particular head I have no fears for you.

One thing more: Don't shut out the members of your Senior class. Of course you will be writing for younger folks; but, mind you, youth is not a matter of years, or of mere physique, or of reckless abandon, but of life. Take me, for example, who shall be fourscore by the time your forthcoming book is out: believe me, I know what Ponce de Leon never found out, to wit, where the fountain of perpetual youth bubbles from the Everlasting Rock. You know that too; for together we have knelt beside it.

So, dear book-maker, have a little heart for me and other patriarchal youth while you are writing about Life. Give us—who having long slaked our thirst at the fountain are ever athirst for more—to drink of the water that gushes from the Rock "beside the gate of

Bethlehem.” What was it the Master called His well? “Life and life more abundantly!”

As you will remember the cry of Bunyan’s *Christian* as he ran toward the Celestial City with his fingers in his ears, was “Life, life, eternal life!” What a theme for a book! Go to it, my friend, with the ineffable vision in your eyes, and your pen dipped in “Siloa’s brook that flows fast by the Oracle of God”: and, when you come to your peroration, be sure to sound the glory of Him who said, “I am The Life.” For, when all is said and done, we do not live unless we live in Him.

Yours for life here—and beyond,

DAVID JAMES BURRELL.

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I

LIE DOWN AND LOOK UP

ON the Fourth of July, 1921, an unanticipated and violent change took place in the programme of my life, and I was suddenly removed from the activities that engaged my body and mind. After the first days, which passed as an evil night through which I was brought by the skill of my physicians, the prayers of my friends, and the love of those who would not let me go, I rested beside still waters, and, lying down in green pastures, I looked up.

It was a wonderful experience, and as personal as the pronoun of the immortal Psalm indicates. It was the vision splendid that neither tongue nor pen can describe, and that eyes focused to the traffic of the busy road can never see. But the vision is to no man denied, and without it Life is infinitely poorer than God wants life to be.

Nor do I believe that it should be necessary for a broken steering-gear and a telephone pole to conspire in order that it be made possible. However, I do know that I am debtor

to the pain; for, as I study my impatient heart, I find nothing to indicate that I should have come into the "green pastures" by a less violent road. And perhaps there are others who, remembering the long illness, the bruising crash, the financial catastrophe, the overwhelming grief, the supreme tragedy, are saying, "He *maketh* me to lie down in green pastures."

But, while a man cannot describe so intimate an experience, there is one discovery I may share. Slowly at first, but with ever-increasing momentum, came the realization of the inadequacy of life, the conviction of the futility of this life unrelated to the life continuing beyond that which we call death.

I felt it first as I lay upon the narrow bed in the friendly room from which I looked up into the trees and saw again, dancing among the leaves, and swinging from the boughs, the birds and beasts of my boyhood's fancy; when with them came trooping back the friends of long ago, and simple flowers smiled at me in recognition after years of my forgetfulness.

I had lost them all, not because I scorned them, nor yet because I needed them no longer, but because my days were crowded with tasks immediate and compelling, which left me little time for old dreams, while they robbed me of the mood that turns a man to memories.

For an eager person there are not hours enough in any day, there are not years enough in life itself, to loiter in the pathways of the past, and at the same time keep the pace of life's forced marches. Life is not long enough for the old songs and the new.

But I had heard again the music and seen in fancy once again the faces of my childhood. Must I lose them, or might I hope to hold them? I was eager, too, for my release to come, eager with the passion for my work; and at the last a fever of impatience was upon me. After such an experience how a man thanks God, when his hands are full again, when his body is out of splints, and his mind unleashed! *But must he lose the dreams?*

There came, too, the realization of how little time there is to see the beautiful, the amazing, world in which we live; to study its rocks, to follow its streams, to commune with its deserts, to climb its mountains, to compass its seas, to journey along the trail of its history into the past, and to sit upon the enchanted mesas that were centuries before recorded history began.

In my green pastures I came upon the pueblos of the Hopi and the hogans of the Navajo; I rested beneath the cedars by the cliff ruins of a people whose civilization was ancient centuries before the Spaniard fol-

lowed Coronado in his futile quest for Montezuma's gold. One morning I stood upon the southern rim of that overwhelming chasm, the Grand Canon of the Colorado. I allowed my telescope to follow the meanderings of Bright Angel trail across the yellow floor in the depths, a mile below, and then to climb the castled northern wall to where the pines rimmed the plateau a thousand feet above me, and, as an eagle flies, fifteen miles away.

Turning to my friend, I said, "How I wish that I could make the trip across and look back!" He smiled as he replied: "The look is worth a fortune, and has cost a few men their lives. Even now, with the new suspension bridge, it is a harder journey by trail and pack than you are ready for; and, besides, we haven't time!"

We haven't time in one vacation, we haven't time in the vacations of a life, to see the wonders of our own country, the Painted Deserts, the Petrified Forests, and the living sequoias; the Rainbow Bridges, the Yellowstones and the Yosemite, the Adirondacks and the Catskills; we haven't time to follow closely where Pilgrim feet have trod.

At best we hurry through a national park or two, sniff the desert alkali from a speeding transcontinental train, and take the history of a brave New England village from a

sign-board by the way. As to Europe, we do it in six weeks or less, and all the regions beyond are for the most of us forever beyond.

There are at least a thousand places I should like to visit, that I shall never see; and each new journey adds to the Meccas of desire toward which I turn eager eyes. But they are far away, and I haven't time!

I haven't time for the work that I would do. To finish the tasks that I have outlined for brain and pen would take at least a hundred years. I shall hurry through with a little. I shall complete, in a way, a few, and then turn from my desk in response to the summons no man may deny.

It has been ever thus. The gray-haired artist before the easel of his masterpiece cries: "Oh, I would paint it, paint it in the colours that have thus far eluded me. Oh, I would finish it if I could, but I haven't time!" The musician comes at length to his great symphony; and, wrapping the draperies of his last couch about him, sighs, "Yes, I could finish it now, but I haven't time!" The preacher turns his failing eyes upon the closely written pages of manuscript; his trembling fingers are poised to complete the message; and then his spirit, buoyant as a bird, soars far beyond his trailing hand;

stooping low, I catch his whisper, "Yes, I planned to finish it, but now I haven't time!"

Thus we all come to the fateful ending of our dreams and labours; princes and paupers, statesmen and seers, the wise and the unwise, the selfish and the unselfish, simple folk and mighty. No man yet has had time in time to finish his symphony, to complete his picture, to perfect his life.

And what of friendship, aye, and what of love? In a little city of northern Michigan I stood one evening with the man to whom as a Christian worker with a measure of leadership among young people I owe more than I owe to any other man, Charles Hubbell, my predecessor as general secretary of the Ohio Christian Endeavour Union. A convention had just closed, and speakers and delegates were departing. My friend held my hand strongly, and said: "Come home with me, Dan, just for to-night. We haven't been together for a year." And I replied, "Old man, I'd rather do it than anything else I know, but I haven't time." And Hubbell answered me with a wistful smile, "I knew it; we never have time." And I never saw that smile again.

Long ago there came into my life a sister. The ringlets hung upon her alabaster brow like golden threads of dawn. No artist ever

captured such a smile. She tripped across my path, and then was gone. I called to her, and searched for her, and wept because she did not come; I could not understand. Sometimes from out the frame of memory her eyes smile down, but that is all. I never really knew the blue-eyed little girl. She passed so quickly that there wasn't time. The dear ones we have loved and lost awhile we did not know. We walked together; we played together; we followed mountain trails together; we rejoiced together; we suffered together; but we were very busy, and we never knew each other, for there was not time.

I have another Friend. I met Him first in the home of my mother, at her knee, and by the fireside where my father prayed. By all my ways to this hour He has been my comrade who sticketh closer than a brother. More and more I am coming to look upon men through His eyes and to evaluate social relations according to His standards. He is "such a friend."

"In sorrow He's my comfort;
In trouble He's my stay;
He tells me every care on Him to roll."

But even now I begin to realize that I do not know Him, that, if I live to be as old as the last of the "fathers," I shall not have fathomed His understanding, His wisdom,

His tolerance, His idealism, the practicability of His programme, His love. In my last day and with my latest breath, however much I may have experienced in Him, I shall be compelled with the apostle Paul to cry, "O to know Him!" To become acquainted with Jesus Christ, this life is not long enough. There isn't time.

Then this is life?—pictures unfinished, manuscripts incomplete, beauties of nature undiscovered, friendships unsatisfied, and love thwarted? Then this is life?

No, this is not life; that which we have called life is not life at all. It is scarcely life's beginning; eternity is mine, else God, who never made an imperfection, has created as many broken-hearted failures as there are human souls since time began.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real; life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

Out of this experience has come the confirmation of faith. I know that love's labour will not be lost, that all things are mine, that there will be time enough, for I shall live forever.

II

GET UP AND GO ON

THERE is a time for resting and a time for rising; a time for dreaming and a time for doing. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters"; and in the green pastures and beside the still waters "he restoreth my soul" and renews my body, gives me muscle and morale for the long trail of His forced marches. Now I shall follow Him "all the days of my life." Preparation without participation is as futile as faith without works. Lie down and look up, and then get up and go on.

I know a man whose hair is graying about the temples and whose step has lost the elasticity of youth, whose whole life thus far has been spent in refined idleness. His preparatory school was as distinguished as the university that graduated him at the head of his class. He is a world traveler, and his library is a paradise to those who love good books and rare manuscripts.

But mentally he is blasé and spiritually he

is flabby. If he ever had it, he has lost his "moral muscle for mighty tasks." The broad acres of his sturdy father are slowly drifting back to their pre-colonial wildness. The great orchards that were the delight of his vigorous sire are dead or dying, and upon the affairs of a state that he seemed strikingly equipped to serve he looks as a disinterested spectator. There is nothing in any record to indicate that the great war stirred him from his lethargy. Unaroused he dreamed through that catastrophe of the ages.

I know that he has seen many beautiful things, and any man may well envy him the opportunities he has enjoyed. I believe, too, that there was a time when he had visions. But I have little hope for him now. He has been lying down too long. He will never get up and go on.

Nor am I able to understand his kind, for there is an inner urge that drives men forward in spite of physical weakness, that allows them only a temporary satisfaction in any peaceful, quiet valley, and that builds out of dreams, and shapes from visions, the tools for mighty doings, the weapons of their great desire. It is a fearful thing to quench the Spirit; to put out the immortal fire. But where opposition and suffering and grief, yes, and ten thousand dark defeats serve only to

feed its flame, indolence smothers and destroys it.

What is this inner urge? It is divine. Jesus was in the grip of it when to the anxious parents who came seeking Him in the temple He put the question, "Wist ye not that I must"—that I *must*—"be about my Father's business?" It was the great "I must"; and He who could baffle the minds of the wise men of the synagogue, who could intercept the evil purposes of the Pharisees, who could disperse enemies and destroy death itself, could not escape the compulsion that held the bridle of His soul.

Do I say, "Could not?" Yes, could not, and to Himself be true. Nor can I evade this burning, yet never burning-out desire without silencing the divine voice within me, the voice that made Jesus the Master, and that if obeyed will make me a master too.

Here is the hidden spring of life, the yeast that lifts the humble flower from the frozen clod and makes the Alpine daisy burst into bloom, that forces upward through the rocks the cypress of a storm-swept coast, that vitalizes every living thing.

I have watched the new-born lambs when on sunny hillsides in the springtime they struggle to their wobbly legs and crumple into helpless heaps, and struggle up again. I have

seen a baby robin on clumsy wing leave the swaying limb and tumble through the air in its first precarious flight. It is the great "I must."

And you have felt its burning, and know its compulsion, within your own breast. How eager you were to go on your long-anticipated journey; to bury yourself away from things and far from people; to commune with nature in her forests; to walk with her under quiet skies, by softly flowing rivers; to rest upon her desert bosom!

But, when you reached the peaceful place you longed for, how quickly you became uneasy and dissatisfied! You could hardly wait for your leave to expire; perhaps you anticipated by days or weeks the end of your vacation, and were back at your office far ahead of your schedule. It is the great "I must."

A son comes to his father with a wild plan that involves the immediate termination of his college career, entering business and embarking upon the sea of finance for the purpose of becoming quickly rich and relieving the family from its straitened circumstances. He discourages him, of course, steadies him through, holds him firmly to his programme of preparation. But what is it that lights the restless fire in his eye, that warms his blood with ambitions, and that causes his father's

heart to leap within him, the while he directs his course and holds him wisely in the leash of parental authority? What is it? It is the great "I must."

Sickness strikes you down, and slowly you fight your way back. Your friends and physicians and your better judgment unite to plan a quiet period of recuperation. No burdens for the body, no anxieties for the mind, no journey to draw upon your strength, no consideration of troublesome questions to sap your vitality.

But with each day that brings added strength, you fret the more against restrictions, that fence you from the highways of travel, that keep your hand from the plough, and your pen from the page. What is it? What is this compulsion, stronger than doctor's commands, and sometimes more commanding than the orders of common sense? It is the great "I must."

Such a force as this, so great a passion, so authoritative a power, is always positive; invariably it is a curse if it is not a blessing. Humanly expressed, it produces an Abel or a Cain, a Paul or a Nero, a Lincoln or a Genghis Khan. Its leadership is one of action; its genius is creative; it has no final satisfaction in things that are; and for them it frequently has too little respect. In its wake are

either noisome ruins or cities fairer than those it found. Because of it many an anxious David has questioned, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" and no eager and ambitious Absalom is ever safe until his passion is matched with a worthy task, until the driving force of his soul is geared to some great endeavour.

Jesus Christ was and is the world's salvation, and in all reverence let it be said that His own salvation was the sublime fact that He came not to do His own will, that He was about "the Father's business." It was His inner urge. His great "I must." His consuming passion, His divine compulsion. And Jesus is our example.

There is no other path by which a man may find his way through the darkness of selfishness and by the pitfalls of lust to the guarded heights than the way of Jesus, which was first the *Via crucis*, and then the way of triumph. I, too, must serve others, and not self. I, too, must prefer another's good above my own. I, too, must be about "my Father's business."

And what is the Father's business? What is His business who made the earth and sky and sea and all that in them is? And Jesus answers, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." Not to set up a throne supported by

temporal agencies, not to amass great wealth, not to open new continents to trade, not to please Himself, but to make little children laugh as they played about His knees, to open the eyes of the blind, to raise the widow's son, to rebuke the exploiters of the poor, to interpret loyalty, to lead forward the soul to the high seat above the body, to reveal love stronger than selfishness and mightier than hate, to raise the dead and to destroy death, to give the more abundant life and to perfect man, Jesus came.

Here and nowhere else is the hope of my salvation from a career spent in selfishness and terminated in disappointment.

What physical as well as spiritual ministries now stand revealed as the business of the Father! Jesus gathered the hungry multitudes about Him on the hillsides, and fed them until, satisfied, they turned away. We send our grain to starving Armenia, and heed the call for bread that rises on the wing of agony above the steppes of Russia and the hills of Tang. He touched the palsied, and they walked; and to-day on Africa's burning sands the Great Physician still is passing by; with Him are nurses of the tender touch, surgeons whose scalpels and trenchers are more potent than an empire's sword, and whose hospitals stand more firmly than the buildings

of state. No cry of "Unclean" could halt this wonder-working Nazarene. It was to Him an invitation, and even as I speak His spirit sweeps with cleansing fire into every plague-infested port. Great foundations have placed vast funds at the disposal of men and women who, counting their lives as not dear unto themselves, have brought the advance guards of science to the world's most remote strongholds of disease.

I see them go!—the flower of our youth, the fairest sons and daughters of our civilization. Down all the paths of the world and to the ends of the earth they march. They carry healing in their hands; upon their lips are the words of the gospel of good news, and shining from their eyes is the flame of this inner urge, the beacon of the great "I must." That we might have the life more abundant, that we might live forever, Jesus came, and that this abundant life may become the possession of all who wait in darkness these go forth who follow in His train.

Out of the universal and all-inclusive propaganda of the Christian church, this programme of faith and of works, has come the new application of the brotherhood message of Jesus, which is slowly but surely creating a new and Christian social order. We are no longer satisfied with ourselves when we are

Christians merely in our mental assents, in our personal knowledge of the authority of Jesus over our individual lives. We see that all men are bound together, that it is impossible for any man to live alone, and that no man has the right to enjoy peace at the expense of another or prosperity in silence while others less fortunate are impoverished or suffer injustice.

The application of the gospel that Jesus preached and was, to all human relationships, is the business of the Father, the business that His sons and daughters must be steadfastly about. Here is the way out for those who despair of a final solution of the grave industrial questions that divide capital and labour in practically every department of our economic order. Commissions and boards, conferences and injunctions, are as impotent as strikes and lockouts unless made dynamic with the spirit, "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

On the other hand, an application of the Golden Rule to any modern problem of social or industrial adjustment has never failed; those who deny and reject Christianity because poverty and wealth exist side by side, because of man's inhumanity to man, and because wars continue nineteen hundred years after Calvary, speak without the facts. To

the shame of us all, and in condemnation of our divisions and sectarian pride, our withholding of sacred funds, and our lack of faith, let it be said, "Christianity has not been tried." Passion and mailed might have been tried; secret diplomacy and the balance of power have been tried; a form of godliness has been tried; but the while children have cried for alms at the doors of cathedrals through which congregations passed, ermine-clad, prayers have blessed cannon that levelled peaceful villages, and armies have gone forth from communion to conflict. The generations of man have followed many trails that promised much, but led only to disaster. They have tried every other way than the way of Him who stands upon the battlements of Heaven, and calls down to us as He cried to unheeding Jerusalem two thousand years ago, "I am the way." If we would find life, life abundant, life eternal, we must follow Him.

The hope of disarmament conferences is not in prime ministers nor in naval experts. Their hope is in the Prince of Peace Himself. He dares us to trust not in ships of the line, nor in the latest tortures science may devise, but to follow Him, to declare our peaceful intentions as vigorously as we have announced our warlike ones, to invoke a new diplomacy, the diplomacy of faith.

Civilization is spending to-day more than ninety per cent of all her revenues on wars past and anticipated,—ninety per cent of all her revenues for self-destruction. Only by a radical programme of disarmament can the world escape bankruptcy; only by the scrapping of vast fleets can taxation burdens that have already brought some countries to abysses of anarchy, and that in the most stable lands promote unrest and serious disorder, be lifted from the people. The mailed fist has smashed one tyrant and raised another. His master has laid on man physical and spiritual burdens too great to be borne, burdens that bow his body and break his soul, burdens that threaten his life.

And all of these problems, whether they have to do with the hours of labour, the place of woman in toil, the right of the child to be well-born and properly nourished, the democratizing of industry, the internationalizing of justice, the application of the moral code to social relationships as well as to individual action and the evangelization of the world, are one and the same business, the business that made life for Jesus a burning trail of service, the business of the Father, the business of perfecting man.

This is my business to-day. Yes, *mine*; whatever may be my avocation, this is my

vocation; whatever my profession, this is my calling, this is my reason for being, this is my life. I am the junior member of a divine partnership.

As a lad I knew a farmer who when I became acquainted with him was seventy years young. Happy summers I spent in his fields and under the trees growing upon his broad acres. He taught me many useful things, things that I appreciate more now than I did then. One afternoon he introduced me to a great wood-pile, and left me, axe in hand, to solve the knotty problem. Hopelessly I struggled on; miserably I failed. Twists and gnarls there were in every stick, and I did not know how to split wood. But Father Moore, not old Father Moore, young Father Moore, came to me again, and, smiling upon me in my defeat, said, "Give me the axe." With it in his hand he deftly turned a chunk on end; swung the shining steel high above his head, and brought it down squarely upon the centre of the knot. As the halves fell away from the blade, I heard him say, "That's the way to split a knot."

I have had a few hard knots to split since that day on the Oregon farm; and, whenever I have seemed to be insufficient for some perplexing task, I have felt Farmer Moore standing by, and I have heard him say, "That's

the way to split a knot." Farmer Moore was in business with his King; he followed his plough down the shining furrow for his King.

Across the street from the corner where a few years ago I sold newspapers was the stand of a shabby old truckman. Eighty years had crumpled his shoulders and twisted his limbs when I knew him first, and his horse and his wagon blended perfectly into the picture. But he was more than a truckman. The lads of the street all knew him; he was a friend of the bootblack; and for a quarter of a century his smile had made a rainbow in the sky for girls hurrying to the factory and shop. He was more than a truckman. He was of a great partnership; and, when we missed him on the corner, we wept; and, when they bore his old body away, the city followed to the grave on the hillside as cities in mourning have followed the hearse of a ruler.

I met "Brigton" at a Y. M. C. A. Student Conference. We were both Juniors, and we both became Student Volunteers. I do not remember his physical characteristics very well; he was not a man of the sort that deeply impresses another at the first meeting. I do recall that he wore glasses and was thin-chested, and I remember that he talked a great deal about China.

When he returned to his college in Montana, he wrote me a letter and I replied. Once afterwards I heard from him, and this was the quietly worded last paragraph of his second epistle: "Well, it's all off. I'm not going. The doctors say that the 'bugs' have bitten me deeply. I'm not going to China, and I haven't any more time to spend in college. I'll write you from Boise, when I'm settled. There's a piece of work that a fading lunger can do there in a hurry. I'll be praying for you as usual. Glück auf."

I did not hear directly from him again, but it was a great "piece of work" that he did in Boise, and "in a hurry." He met nightly for an hour with seven young Chinamen, and taught them the English language. The textbook that he insisted upon using was the Gospel of John. The last evening that he spent with his class he lay upon the shabby old couch, propped up with pillows, and read the wonderful verses that tell of the Light of the world.

Brigton did not go to China. China came to Brigton, and before the brave lad died seven men who had come to America aliens and strangers were citizens. He was more than a "lunger." He was the junior member of a great partnership.

One evening in Mansfield, Ohio, William

McKinley, then governor of the state, delivered an address to a gathering of young men. Finishing his speech, he turned and sat down. Then suddenly, as though he had forgotten something, he sprang to his feet, and came forward. In a voice that shook with great emotion, he said:

“ Young men, there are many things in my life for which I must apologize. I have done many things that I wish were undone; but, young men, there is one thing for which I need never apologize, one thing I shall never regret; I am a Christian.”

William McKinley that night was more than a governor. He was a partner.

The King's business is my business, my business whatever I am and wherever I am, provided I am true. I am a partner in the supreme undertaking of the ages, in the plan of God for the perfecting of man.

“ We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.
Be strong.”

Get up and go on!

III

THE MIGHT OF RIGHT

“**R**IGHTEOUSNESS exalteth a nation”—In the practice of governments, in the handbooks of traditional statesmanship, this is not often found. Rather do we read, and as we study history do we find demonstrated, “Armaments and fleets, secret diplomacy, and balance of power alliances, selfishness and fear, fortified by physical power,—these protect a nation from her foes, and give her position and authority over them.”

The great empire of Central Europe built her military organization upon the foundations of a philosophy that had as she believed, and as the rest of the world generally admitted, made her, humanly speaking, the most efficient people of all time. Her publicists and statesmen, not without some opposition to be sure, but with the preponderance of public opinion indifferent when not supporting them, taught that might was the ultimate authority; that weakness in others was an opportunity to be taken selfishly; that honesty and charity,

generosity and good faith, were attributes of weakness if ever they stood in the way of physical triumph and larger power.

But how quickly the super-building of this false and violent creed was battered down! In other times, centuries often elapsed before truth finally prevailed, but within five years, five ghastly years that to this generation seemed unending to be sure, the gray flood that engulfed Belgium was stayed, rolled back, overwhelmed, and the ruthless ambitions that rode so haughtily upon it were left stranded in poverty and shame.

On the other hand, the physical weakness of Belgium became her strength. After 42 centimeter guns had demolished Liege and the invader with a dishonoured treaty as a faggot had fired Louvain, Albert's fortunes were more secure than they would have been had his defences been able to withstand the attack. The world rose to support his cause. His people took on a mood of exaltation that knew no final despair, that recognized no defeat, and that was the very psychology of victory. They with all their allies came to feel the great dynamic of Galahad's consecration and avowal, "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."

Our own national history has again and again demonstrated this elementary principle

in human relationships. It was righteousness that lifted the Colonists out of bondage in the Revolution. One cannot escape the conviction that Washington would have led a forlorn hope to disaster, and that he himself would have ended on the gallows instead of "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," had he not been the captain of a cause that marched and fought and sacrificed with truth eternal.

It was righteousness that saved the Union,—not the weight of metal hurled upon the Southern heroes at Gettysburg and Appomattox, not the overwhelming numbers that finally rallied to the military genius of Grant; not the virtue and strength of the North over the South, but the righteousness that exalteth a nation.

There is comfort and authority in history for those who welcomed the action of the United States Senate in ratifying the treaties negotiated by the American representatives at the Washington Conference. No cunningly devised panic of fear, no propaganda of suspicion against those with whom the agreements were made, could blind those who have read the record of human events, and who trust in God, to the fact that a nation's security, her safety, her strength, depends not upon the good faith of others so much as it

does upon her own morality. Neither entangling alliances, nor arrogant isolation, make a nation great. Her greatness and her security lie within herself, and in these times of quick communication and immediate world contacts, retribution, always inevitable for those who break the faith, who exploit confidence, is swift as well as terrible. Another has said, "A nation's greatness resides not in her national resources, but in her will, her faith, her intelligence, her moral forces."

This exalting righteousness is not optional; it is required, and for those who deny or evade, there is punishment as well as condemnation. The Ten Commandments relate to nations as well as to individuals, for they are based upon and they define eternal and all-embracing principles. We are learning, slowly to be sure, but we are surely learning, that that which is wrong in the individual is wrong in society. To-day we see nations making war upon each other for reasons which would not justify individual men in fighting a duel. And as duelling has been forced almost everywhere from the practice of civilized men, so war must be disgraced and outlawed. If an individual may not cut his neighbour's throat out of revenge, without being sought out and punished as a criminal, there is nothing to support the contention of a government

that it has the right to destroy thousands of people for no better reason, with no better motive. I believe that the time is near at hand when governments will unite to discipline murder and theft on an international scale, even as individuals have already united to destroy it in smaller social units. If selfishness and avarice, duplicity and cruelty, are not commendable in individuals, they cannot be virtues when practiced collectively by ten million, or by a hundred million people.

And let us be even more direct and conclusive in our application of this principle. As it is true of the individual, so it is true, equally true, of the state. Except a man believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ, he cannot be saved, and except nations believe, believe positively, constructively, actively, in the truths of the Prince of Peace, the greatest teacher of ethics, the supreme preacher of righteousness, then they are doomed to be one with Nineveh and Tyre. And as has already been indicated, Fate seems less patient now than in former times, and judgment more swift.

Yes, it is righteousness that exalteth a nation; not art, not libraries, not games,—it lies in practicing the great virtues—purity, justice, unselfishness, faith. It stands upon character. No measure of brilliancy in states-

manship for debauching the minds of the people, with concepts of brutal and selfish nationalism, for introducing ideas and sanctioning habits, that are morally unsound and corrupting, have ever made a nation great. The lessons written upon the blackboard of the schoolroom of human progress, by the classes of Greece and Rome, that never graduated, should not be lost upon peoples who are just beginning. The ruins of the Coliseum and the Parthenon are more than crumbling granite and marble—they are monuments of civilizations that became decadent through practicing great vices rather than great virtues.

There are disquieting symptoms manifesting themselves in our civic life to-day; symptoms that none of us can afford to ignore. The ease with which otherwise respectable men silence their consciences after violating certain laws they do not choose to respect, is not a healthy sign. It threatens disaster,—disaster for all law, and for the life and property of us all.

If righteousness exalteth a nation, the man who produces an unclean play, who pollutes the American stage with foul or suggestive spectacles, is a traitor to his country, driving at her very heart, and for a price as mean as that which purchased Judas.

And let the same judgment be upon the head of the promoter of the lecherous modern dance which drags its slimy body through the doorway of our hotels and schools, too often our homes, and, God pity us, sometimes our churches. Recently I received a letter from a splendid young woman who said in effect this: "The girls of my acquaintance begin to face a dilemma,—unless we are willing to dance the extreme dances, we might as well be ignorant of dancing altogether; for the dances we have felt were beautiful and modest, are no longer popular or acceptable."

The United States is suffering to-day from moral epidemics of all kinds that spring from the germ of "get something, get much, get rich, get all, for nothing." Those who become inoculated may be suave or boisterous; refined or violent, but they are alike evil. It is high time that we call a halt—call it by first checking up on ourselves, by setting our own houses and our own lives in order; reformation as well as charity, should begin at home, and I may say that it is well for criticisms to begin there.

Righteousness exalteth a nation, and only in righteousness do nations perfect their greatness and survive. The empire of the Caesars did not perish because she lacked a fleet and failed to raise an army, or because

her treasury was empty, or because her allies proved faithless, or because her conquered enemies failed to pay their treaty levies, or because her natural resources were exhausted. "The Eternal City" fell because she became corrupt and evil in her heart. We should not fear to-day a possible foe that may embark from distant shores to do us hurt. Rather we should fear dry rot from within and the worm of degeneracy that burrows its way into a nation's vitals and leaves it at last but an empty shell, that crumples in a weakling's hands.

But turn the canvas and paint the picture of the fruits of righteousness,—have we not found them in rich abundance, temporal wealth and physical and spiritual well-being? The glow from the ruddy cheeks of the virtuous Pilgrim has tinted all our hills with healthful light. We turn away from his austerity to-day, but from his loins and from the loins of those who practiced his virtues, sprang a race free from the social diseases that were at the bottom of practically every great national failure of that corrupt time in which he set sail upon the uncharted seas of religious tolerance and political democracy; a race able to conquer continents, and worthy to inherit the fruitful and unspoiled wilderness.

Righteousness is the foundation of educated

intelligence, of intellectual energy and vigour, and for commercial enterprise, for success on land and sea. Righteousness is the secret of all moral and spiritual advancement. The liberation of the slave; the elimination of the lottery; the ostracism of duelling; the achieving of Prohibition, the emancipation of woman, and the unshackling of the child labourer, are not accidents, nor are they in the last analysis the fruits of the labours of consecrated agitators and reformers. They are points of progress in the way of truth. America could not have gone forward without reaching them, could not have reached her present proud position without passing them, and let us not forget that

“They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.”

Upon righteousness rests our influence among the nations. Our wealth they will envy; our power they will suspicion and dispute; our justice, our unselfishness, our humanity they will come to trust. The confidence with which China turned to us, and the faith in which Armenia called upon us, were among the finest tributes ever paid to the integrity of a people. Tragedy of tragedies, that Armenia should have been so sadly disappointed!

More and more we are coming to see that in the idealism with which we addressed ourselves to the tasks of the great war, and the troubled peace which followed, we made our crowning and the deciding contribution to the cause of human liberty which was staggering toward catastrophe.

Upon a nation's righteousness rests the favour of God without which no people may hope to permanently prosper. Do you recall the lament of the Psalmist, "O that my people had harkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways. I should have soon subdued their enemies and turned my hand against their adversaries. I should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied them."

The personal application of the lesson is just as searching as is its national application, and we would fail of a large part of its ministry were we to ignore it or not to emphasize it. Righteousness, truth, exalts and perfects the individual. It is an absolute grace, not subject to my opinion or yours. Men may be honestly wrong, and true men may err, as Lee and Jackson possibly did in espousing the cause of the Confederacy. But who will deny that purer flames than these have ever burned upon the altars of any

cause? But the right itself will prevail. Right is absolute, and "there is no progress in fundamental truth; we may grow and must in knowledge of its meaning, and in the modes of its application, but its great principles will be forever the same."

One of the world's mighty quests is this quest of man for truth,—truth wherever it may be found, not my theory of it, but truth itself, and each generation has its assigned task and each individual his assigned place in the ever-forward marching columns of its adventurers. Stopford Brooke wrote, "If a thousand old beliefs are ruined in our march to truth, we must still march on." The Indian who bows before his gods of wood and stone as bowed his fathers for a thousand years, must rise to greet the sun of righteousness. It is truth, and truth only that sets free. Evil binds and error forges all the chains that shackle man.

The greatest friend of righteousness is time. Wrong, which at any moment may be detected and published, must hasten, must hurry to accomplish a favourable conclusion before its falsehood is revealed. Righteousness can afford to be calm and serene, unmoved when its enemies seem to prevail against it, for its final judgment comes from on high and it has eternity in which to be vindicated.

The greatest enemies of absolute right are prejudice, fear, and selfishness, but even these finally succumb, for as Shaftesbury once said, "Truth is the most powerful thing in the world."

But what of those circumstances when the separating lines of right and wrong are so closely drawn that transparently honest men cannot for the moment find their bearings? We have all been in just such situations. Another has said, "Always do the truth you know, and you shall surely learn the truth you need to know." Follow the light that you have; honestly strive after the right decision, move forward. It is not the righteousness that we fail to do, through not being able to recognize it, that demoralizes you; it is the truth we know and neglect, or refuse to perform, that condemns us. "It is always perilous to separate thinking rightly from acting rightly." "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

As to the danger of glorifying our own standards, of mistaking our own preconceived notions and superficial opinions, for the truth itself, it is well to remember Richter's observation: "According to Democritus, truth is at the bottom of a well, the waters of which serve as a mirror in which objects may be reflected. I have heard, however, that some

philosophers in seeking for truth to pay homage to it, have seen their own image and adored that, instead.”

But what the world needs to-day is not a new standard of ethics, or a new philosophy of righteousness. Men know enough to emancipate them physically, mentally and spiritually, to set them free absolutely and everywhere. It is the supreme weakness of our twentieth century civilization that society is the custodian of entirely too much unapplied, undemonstrated knowledge. Too much virtue which is known and applauded by many, is practiced by few. What men and women need, what the world needs to-day, needs supremely, is the will, the disposition and the power to do righteousness. But where is this power, this dynamic for life, this grace to conquer?

I know of only one answer to that question, there is only one. It is suggested by an old song that I heard first as a boy when the little church of the village called “sinners to repentance,” and believers to a reaffirmation of their vows. For me it always comes, laden with the heavy fragrance of the balsams and the scent of the firs; there is about it the suggestion of wild flowers that bloom in the sun-mottled shadows of great forests when spring returns, and as now I seem to hear its words

again, I see dear faces and loved forms, and feel the spell of days forever past, but forever near, when faith first came to build an altar in my heart.

“What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.”
O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow.
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.”

IV

THE PATIENCE OF THE STRONG

LIFE is a race, a distance event; but we run it at the speed of a sprint. The figure employed by the apostle Paul is particularly striking and appropriate in a day when men rush ahead with little consideration for their bodies, their minds, or their souls. "Therefore," he says, "let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

But Paul was not even implying approval of a thoughtless and headlong pace. In fact, he placed his first emphasis upon consideration and preparation. To run well an athlete must be in condition and trained, and so for the contest of life the apostle calls upon the Christians of his time and upon us all to "lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us."

Hippocrates and other scholars translate the "weight" of Paul's challenge to mean

obesity. If we accept this rendering, we have a perfect figure, carrying the picture of a runner training down to form, reducing his weight, throwing off his superfluous, hindering flesh, preparing himself for a supreme ordeal, fitting himself to do his utmost.

And so in this race of life I am called upon to get down to weight, to remove from my life the things that shear me of power, that slow me up and make me less than the best I am capable of being. The application is exceedingly personal; for the most intimate weakness, the "sin that doth so easily beset us," is singled out just as a trainer would lay his hand first upon the peculiar dissipation or indulgence of a man in his hands for conditioning.

Some time since I had a man do some upholstering for me; certain chairs had given way under the continued assaults of a young army. The chap was a splendid workman when not weighed down, or perhaps I should say, "loaded up"; but he was so hopelessly loaded as a rule that we gave him up. Recently our attention was called to him again. As the result of much-maligned prohibition he has been able to lift himself from the sin that did so easily beset, and now he is mending rockers and davenportes to the delight of many village householders. He is running

a much better race. Lay aside every weight, beginning of course with the so easily besetting sin, and get into the contest of life to run the best race that you are capable of.

Every man who runs this race of life must observe and honour the rules of the course if he would run well and secure the approbation of the judge. Don't get away before the signal; don't "pull the gun"; and keep in your lane. There is too much crowding of the other fellow, cutting across, and shouldering. Nothing should disqualify a man more quickly than so to run as to place an unfair and mean handicap upon those who run with him. Remember you are running not against men, but with them; do not sprint along as though you were alone; this is a team race; you have no other man to defeat; this is a team race against time and the odds of evil and for the glory of a prize.

You run before a mighty assembly. The stands are crowded. There have been many disputes in athletic circles as to the value of cheering sections. Some hold that teams become utterly oblivious of their partisans, and have no consciousness at all of the howling well-wishers of their foes. Whatever the influence of spectators may be after time is called, certainly the knowledge that a multitude will be looking on kindles the spirits of

athletes as they contemplate the approaching struggle. Some of us still remember the indescribable thrill that sweeps over a runner or through a team as the stands, ablaze with partisan colours, tremble beneath the thunderous shouts of sympathizers.

There is in my soul a sensation akin to the sensations on an athletic field as I realize that this race of life, this at times heart-breaking struggle to overcome the odds of the "flesh and the devil," is beheld by that vast company of men and women and children who have already overcome, that vast cloud of witnesses, the spirits of just men made perfect.

Some time since a gentleman, in speaking of a talented and attractive young girl, whose father died when she was very small, said, "How proud her father would be if he could see her now!" And all of us under similar circumstances have had similar thoughts. Well, her father is no doubt numbered in that "great cloud of witnesses."

The runner of this race of life runs for a prize, not a ribbon nor a medal, and how men have valued such trinkets! How they have kindled their jaded enthusiasms by returning to the ovals upon which they were won! How they have gloried in sons who followed in their footsteps! But it is for no ribbon, no medal, that we compete, who struggle upon

the course of life. We press toward the mark of the high calling, toward the great reward, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, toward the joy and glory that are hid with Him in God, toward life triumphant and forever.

Yes, life is a race, the great race; but it is not won in a dash; it is a contest of endurance and fortitude, of persistency and of patience. To carry on with the figures of the apostle, it is a race of many laps, or rather of many heats, three hundred and sixty-five for every year. You may lose one; you may lose many; and the race itself is not necessarily lost. Perhaps some of us find encouragement in the thought; only let us be sure that we are not depending too much upon our ability to finish well; many a race has been lost in the beginning, and many a life has been ruined in its first heedless years.

We should check up from time to time to find out just what the situation is with us. Physical deterioration is an insidious thing; it comes noiselessly upon us. We fancy ourselves quite as fit as ever until some special test is suddenly thrown down upon us; and then to our amazement and chagrin we crumple up and fail. Improper diet, late hours, bad habits, have cut away our Samson locks of power. And spiritual deterioration is quite as stealthy in its approach. No Christian can

afford to break training for a single day. New York and Chicago are full of people who were running the race of life splendidly in the old home town. They dined regularly on the substantial face of "the little brown church in the vale," and exercised constantly in the mid-week prayer service and Sunday School; they trained in Christian Endeavour. But, when their feet touched Broadway and the "Loop" they went on a vacation; and now they are flabby from neglect, if they are not morally helpless from indulgence and sin.

Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole, records that on one of his trips he discovered that tide and wind were carrying him south faster than his dogs could rush across the mighty ice floes into the north.

Is the world making any progress at all? Are we really going forward? Anatole France, the distinguished French writer, has written that "evil is immortal"; and to the superficial observer, indeed, to any one whose faith is anchored short of God, the conclusion seems justified. The recent war was a lapse into barbarism; it slew men more cruelly than Indians ever did. The Turk of 1922 in his descent upon the Armenians is quite as barbarous as was the Spaniard in his raids upon the Incas in the fifteenth century. A criminal recently brought before the courts of New

York City, the murderer of two detectives, is a young coloured man, who learned to shoot and to shoot to kill, to kill men, under the direction of his Government. The fact that we believe he was trained to shoot for a cause just and glorious does not relieve us of a strange embarrassment when his old mother sobs and rocks, and cries, "Teached him to shoot, can't expect him not to."

But even so, where kings of olden times cared nothing for the opinions of others, war lords in our day, however ruthless, seek with red or blue or white papers to excuse their acts, to condone their offences, to shift to other shoulders the blame for final action. A League of Nations, a Washington Conference, a Genoa Council,—these are at least gestures of progress.

And prohibition, whether we have as yet discovered it or not, is slowly but surely vindicating itself. It begins right by being the sober and reasoned conclusion of a great people, a conclusion that records a moral judgment and places America on the right side of a question that is economic, physical, political, and moral. The banishing of duelling and piracy, the lottery and slavery, the political liberation of women, these are blazes upon the roadway of the race by which we record our progress toward the triumph of the soul.

No, *man is not going downward.* “ Things are not what they seem.” Nature herself seems a prodigal destroyer; her torrential rains sweep cities away, and open wounds through alluvial soils to unproductive granite. The sun burns the harvest, and shrivels the prairie grasses until the cattle starve; but even so moisture and heat are being stored away to refresh and restore, to nourish and warm, unborn generations. Things are not what they seem.

Captains have overthrown empires and changed the very names of once imperial capitals, but kingdoms have by the very acts of their conquerors had their boundaries widened to include the world, and their peculiar and distinctive contributions to human thought and action have gained wider distribution through their fall than they ever could have known, had they not been humbled.

“ Egypt and its mighty neighbours passed suddenly into oblivion; but their arts, science and architecture were passed on to the end of time. When ancient Greece perished as one nation, its soul of beauty marched on to inspire the race. With the fall of Jerusalem the faith of the Jew became the gift of the Gentile. When Rome ceased to exist politically, its genius walked abroad, and the great ideas

for which it stood rule a vaster empire than the Caesars." Verily, if a corn of wheat "die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

We forget that the purpose of creation was not to glorify one nation, or any nation, at the expense of other nations. We forget, even we who are enlightened Americans, that God is not a tribal God. The superior purpose of creation is to establish the kingdom of God, to perfect man, to achieve perfection, to come at last to the ultimate *summum bonum*. We take ourselves far too seriously. What is one generation, or two, or a hundred? What am I? I have in my library a piece of wood bevelled by the dry-rot and action of the centuries until it looks not unlike a Gothic temple. It is the end of one of the original roof-beams of Christ Church, Hull, England. The piece contains the hole through which the great pin passed. The specimen is a priceless one. It came back through the submarine zone, this bit of heart of English oak that the venerable clergyman gave to me the day it was taken out of the roof to be replaced by a new timber. In 1284, two hundred and eight years before Columbus started on his journey, the hand of some worker swung into place the great beam of which it was a part. The hand of some worker! What was his name? and what am I? He was one man, and

I am another. He was a builder; and I may be a builder too, part of the great plan, a fragment of the mind of God.

Slowly and in unfailing patience the programme of the eternal Father is being worked out, and with fortitude and in patience we must run our little way, finish our course, and then fling on the torch we have carried to other hands stretched out to receive it as eagerly as ours were when we began. It is not a lesson quickly learned, this lesson of patience. Nature is trying to teach us; she writes it upon her mountains which have been worn by the ages, and in her mighty cañons which have been hollowed by the erosive processes of unnumbered years. It is plainly written and very soon our own experiences confirm it; but it is hard for us to realize its truth. We look for Him in the lightnings and listen for Him in the thunders rather than in the still, small voice. We are constantly striving to hurry the Kingdom rather than to be in our own place about the Master's business.

In the high exaltation of the great war and in the hour of its triumph we became intoxicated with victory until we saw the sudden consummation of hopes long deferred, the end of war, the nations leagued together to ensure peace and equality; the brotherhood of

man, the union of the church. The inevitable reaction came. Some of us were broken-hearted, and many were broken in body and in soul. "We were going to have everything," as another has said,—“right away,—Pan-Americanism and pan-this and pan-that, and we wound up by getting pandemonium.”

But while we may not participate in the final victory, nor even, as did Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, live to see it, we may run our race; we may do our part; and, if we are not contestants on the course in the last great day, we may be of the great cloud of witnesses. What of the millions who died in the great war before it was won? They, too, are part of the triumph. White bones once marked the Santa Fé trail from the Missouri to California, and rising above the buffalo-grass were the head-boards of many graves. But the markers of the dead became sign-boards for the living, and the very bones were blazes on the westward way.

Science builds upon the investigations, the mistakes, and the findings of the past; the Wright brothers began where Langley left off. Patriotism lights fresh torches from the fires of sacrifice that feed upon its Nathan Hales, and in religion "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

Patience is an attribute of the strong.

“The hardest thing is just to wait,
This is the agonizing fate.”

The athletes declare that to enter the contest itself is a great relief; the weeks of preparation, waiting in the dressing-room or on the side-lines, is the sterner test. Soldiers in the trenches who waited for the zero hour, just before the dawn, to “go over the top,” and into the concentrated fire of the enemy, greeted with relief the word of command which broke the nerve-destroying agony of waiting.

Great men must sometimes wait for the vindication of history. Their plans have been destroyed and their motives assailed; they have been humiliated before the world; their days have been shortened upon the earth; but in the plan of God for the ages they know that truth will prevail, that, though they die in disgrace, eternal justice will not be denied them.

We have read of a platoon of French soldiers who under a young officer were tried for withdrawing before the enemy and deserting under fire. In the heat of the mad war days and in the wild rush of military events they were found guilty and shot. Now the truth has been revealed, and these men appear as heroes instead of traitors. Too late to save them from the ignominy of cowards' deaths

they are found to have kept the faith, and to have been true to the bravest traditions of France. Their names are reinstated; to them are granted posthumous rewards and decorations, and their families are made the recipients of the honours they themselves can never wear.

In a street of Hillsboro, Ohio, years ago, a dozen women of simple faith knelt to pray for the destruction of the saloon and the liquor traffic. Let it never be forgotten that prohibition is the child of prayer. From that very humble beginning came the Woman's Crusade, and later the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Long years passed, years of mockery and abuse, years of double-dealing and defeat; the women who participated in that street-meeting in southern Ohio did not live to see their prayers answered; but their daughters did, and they themselves were numbered with that "great cloud of witnesses."

Yes, patience is an attribute of strength, a quality of the strong. Lincoln waited for peace and for the restoration of understanding and fraternity between the North and the South, and the hand of an assassin struck him down in the morning of his great hope. But he is one of that "great cloud of witnesses."

And there are mothers who have prayed for

prodigal sons, and fathers who have gone agonizing to their graves because of wayward children, who, though in time their hearts' desire was denied them, yet hoped on; and now they are numbered with that "great cloud of witnesses," while "their works do follow them."

There is no comfort in this lesson for those who cry out in self-pity, who bemoan their lot. We are to run with patience, but we are to run. There is no extenuation for idleness, and there are no condolences for idlers. "Patience is not passive; it is active; it is concentrated strength." We must run to win, and perseverance is the price of progress.

V

TORCHES ALOFT

THE victory of Gideon over the Midianites was one of the most spectacular of all Israel's history. In a great emergency, thirty-two thousand men flocked to the standard of the heroic judge,—thirty-two thousand men who seemed eager to defend the sanctity of their firesides and their nation's honour; thirty-two thousand men who seemed to have counted the cost and were willing and eager to face danger and brave hardship. To the casual observer all must have appeared animated by the same spirit, all must have so carried themselves as to be alike credited with determination to dare and if need be, die for their country and their faith.

But when the first test came, and one that to us now does not appear especially heroic, for it was but the challenge of their captain's frankly spoken word, "Whoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart," more than two-thirds of that army shrank from the undertaking, turned back, fled. A thousand

terrors suddenly rose before them; they sensed unnumbered dangers; they saw in imagination the fierce Midianites and the morning of a fateful disaster. Their faith in God left them; they set out for home. I have often wondered what kind of a reception they received and how they felt when finally the victors came marching back. Of course, in this instance, the slackers so far outnumbered the heroes that faint-of-heart though they were, they were also perfectly safe, and every man who framed an alibi was sure of a large audience of sympathetic listeners.

But now the ten thousand who remained steadfast, with unshaken courage, must experience yet a more searching test. Bravery is not enough. Sometimes its recklessness endangers a cause, precipitates an untimely conflict, and defeats a well-prepared programme, or carefully planned campaign. Of these ten thousand who were left to Gideon,—ten thousand with which to meet one hundred and thirty thousand invading warriors, only three hundred were finally found, whose self-denial, whose stern self-discipline, and self-possessed presence of mind, showed them to be of the character necessary for the supreme ordeal soon to be laid upon the defenders of Israel. Three hundred to meet an army,—three hun-

dred to save a nation,—and the three hundred were sufficient.

History is ablaze with sacrificial fires lighted by the warriors of outnumbered and forlorn hopes,—the few who held the bridge against the many; or kept the pass where arrogant might sought to cleave a way. Their strength was not the strength of numbers, but the might of right. Their power came from no selfish hope, but sprang from the richly nourished soil of a righteous cause.

With Gideon's band it was always, "the sword of the Lord" first, and the triumph that was so signally achieved was a triumph that sent Israel to her tabernacle shouting the praises of God and not the prowess of any earthly leader. Jehovah, who had led them through the wilderness, and over the Jordan, in whose name they had rocked the walls of Canaan's hostile cities into heaps, was again the great and only One, to whom they turned in an hour of threatened calamity. And again he failed them not.

The method used was as unique as the test applied to the volunteers. Pitchers and lamps, broken vessels, and then torches held aloft while trumpets were blown mightily. The enemy himself did the work of slaughter and completed his own disaster.

It is with the torches that we are especially

concerned here. Upon them we concentrate our attention. They were at once flames of terror and beacons of reassurance. To the frenzied foe they were the eyes of avenging and clarion-throated furies; to the conquering servants of the Lord they were lights by which to set their course, and the fires of promised victory. And so it came to pass, that in a great crisis of Israel's history, the torch-bearer was more potent than the soldier with a spear, and the three hundred who trusted in God and went weaponless to conflict were more powerful than the thousands who measured their chances of victory by the thickness of their armour, and the keenness of their steel.

And is not the experience of Gideon and his band a parable of human progress? Is not the man with the lamp greater than the man with the sword? Are we not chiefly in the debt of those who held the torches aloft?

Every life is a lamp. Personality is the only divine flame, and the only torch that lasts is the life that never dies. Every life carries a torch, for every life is a divine personality. But torches are not all alive, nor are they alike. There are four kinds, some that once burned brightly have gone out and are dead; others are burning, but above false positions and they call the people into places of danger,

error, and death; yet others have never been lighted; they wait for the kindling fire; and finally there are those that strike terror to the heart of evil, and accomplish the triumphs of the Lord, as did the lamps of Gideon long ago.

It is a sad thing to contemplate a life that once was a flame for truth, now cold with cynicism or doubt or denial. The Ichabods of human experience are those who once gave themselves with zeal and unselfish abandon to some exalting cause, and then suddenly or more slowly grew passionless in its service, until they ceased to carry conviction as its supporters, or as did Benedict Arnold, turn to strengthen its foes.

Youth is glorious because of the torch it carries, ardent, high burning, wasteful at times, and prodigal, to be sure, but shining through the densest fogs of doubt and the thickest clouds of difficulty. But old age has borne some of the clearest beacons of faith aloft in adversity's darkest nights. Benjamin Franklin was venerable when with the ardour of a lad he espoused the cause of the Colonists and gave his rich experience and matured wisdom to her councils at home and abroad.

The secret of keeping the lamp your youth first raised from going out, lies in feeding it. Patriots do not desert to the flag of tyranny

while they continue to remember only their country and to forget utterly self. Preachers do not lose the burning eloquence, the saving passion of their message, until they fail, or forget to feed their own souls upon the supplies God has provided for the ever-deepening Christian experience.

But there are those who have never been fired by a great ambition, to whom life has never appeared as more than a purely personal and selfish existence. Their torches however held, are cold and lifeless things.

And then in every age men have stood forth in brilliant light to espouse selfish plans or vicious ends; who have planted themselves above the plains of human activity, and called with golden trumpets to false Utopias of pleasure or greed or cunningly devised selfishness. They are exploiters of the innocent and confiding; capitalizing the longings of the bereaved and defeated. The revival of spiritism has raised again one of the falsest and most mendacious torches that has ever shone upon a groping world.

It is, however, to the lamps that burn with steady flame, to the beacons that guide us to the heights of achievement, character, truth and blessedness, it is to these true torches aloft that we turn our eager eyes.

To the torch of science. Someone has said

that "Science is the statement of truth found out," and whatever the popular conception of science may be, and pseudo-scientists to the contrary, this is the most satisfying definition of the many that are offered. The debt man owes to the bearers of the torch of science no man will ever compute. The philosopher and the astronomer, the physician and the chemist, who have charted the remote skies, defined the hidden impulses of the human heart, followed disease to its miasmatic lair, and found the answers to a thousand riddles of pain,—these have made the way of mankind happier, and safer; they are indeed benefactors of the race. To-day in practically unnumbered fields scientists are uncovering to us the mysteries of truth that until now have evaded the mind of man. Against the jungles of Panama they turn their cleansing light, and where only a generation ago the European ventured at the peril of his life, he may now set up his habitation, and make his home in perfect safety. The yellow fever with a dozen other plagues that swept states and even continents, have not been able to withstand the white flame of those who fortified their faith with the demonstrations of laboratories and armed their courage with the healing alchemy of modern medicine.

There is the torch of discovery also,—the

light carried into unknown lands by adventurous souls who were not satisfied until they had reached the last frontiers and who now lift their eyes and scan the universe for yet other worlds to conquer. How hearts have thrilled, through all the years, at stories of explorers who found the lands beyond; who planted their banners upon the unnamed shores; who set up their standards in the unexplored continental wilderness; who first rode upon tides of mighty rivers; who were the first to see the ocean's broad expanse. They hold us in the bondage of their romantic faith and fortitude. Their blood flows down our veins, and in prosaic tasks we catch the gleam that died upon their swords, and feel ourselves of them a part.

And there is the torch of invention,—the light divine of God's own kindling, that led man first to the primitive tools and the simple devices which lifted him above his natal clod, and set him free to follow where called the trumpet of the soul. How burns that lamp to-day! When I think of the discoveries of man in the field of invention since I was a lad, in the short space of my personal observation, I stand humbled and amazed. Less than a dozen years ago a Popular Science Monthly carried a prophecy that seemed so far-fetched and unwarranted that I branded it as utterly

impossible and ridiculous. But I never forgot it. The concluding paragraph was in effect this; indeed, these are almost the words in which it was written: "The time will come when a man will be able to ground his instrument and speak directly to a friend who may be lost in the deepest jungles of Africa." Of course I did not believe it. But ten days ago I stood in a room and speaking as I have spoken to you was heard by my wife, and understood as though I sat by her side, although she was a hundred and eighty miles away, while listening in were groups of people in Cuba and on the Pacific Coast. Who dares place a limit now upon the distance to which this torch of discovery will eventually carry? Already it has shone beyond the boundaries set by the most adventurous prophets of the past. Already it has lighted up the darkness that even they declared would never know the break of day. Already the searchlight of invention plays upon the ships that pass each other in the air and sweep directed by an unseen hand, obedient to the will of man. And who shall say that in another time it will not find a way to penetrate the darkness of uncharted nether space and flash its signal to our sister worlds.

Twin to the soul of science is the soul of art, and both are children of religion. The

highest art is always the most religious, and the great artist is always a devout man. Can you conceive of a scoffing Michael Angelo? "I think that artists, true artists, are nearest God, for into their souls He breathes His life, and from their hands it comes again in fair, articulate forms to bless the world." Henry Martyn wrote, "Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry and music have had charms unknown to me before. I have either received what is a taste for them, or religion has refined my mind and made it susceptible of new impressions from the sublime and beautiful." "True art is the reverent imitation of God." Its torch is a flame divine.

But neither the torch of science nor the lamp of art is omnipotent. My feet have known ways their light will never shine upon; and my soul has found valleys so deep that their rays have been lost in the upper shadows. No inventor will ever replace a heart that grief has broken; no explorer will ever discover a sea with waters deep enough to drown remorse; no artist will ever make his smiling children of the canvas leap within a mother's empty arms, and no chemist will ever find by laboratory experiments the antidote for sin. The only flame that knows no conquering night is love;—love eternal; love

divine; love omnipotent; love,—the love of God as made manifest in Jesus Christ his matchless Son, the love with which God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten that “whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

And this is the torch that Jesus bears,—the torch of love,—“love, so amazing, so divine,” that it has in it the super-attractive power of light itself. In childhood’s fancy, I have watched the sun draw the moisture from uncovered waters of the earth until it seemed that shining legions were marching up gold-paved ways from earth to heaven. And when we turn our eyes to Calvary and the open tomb, we feel again the mystery of life within us, our hearts open to its ransomed and immortal powers, and we hear the voice which is like the sound of many waters, saying, “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.”

Yes, the only flame that knows no conquering night, is love,—Love is the torch that never fails, the torch that Jesus bears, the lamp He handed on to us. Calvary is the Beacon Hill of the ages, for upon its bleeding brow God’s dear son lifted love so high that to the last man it sends its healing rays.

VI

A MAN'S FIGHT

THE normal man is born with a will to overcome. In earliest youth the spirit to conquer manifests itself, and the utmost wisdom is required to discipline it without breaking or destroying it. The lad who climbs to the top of the old apple tree, or digs a cave under the hill, or builds a rude raft on the pond, or raids an orchard, or plants his diminutive fist in the stomach of a member of some rival gang, who explores the vast unknown that lies just beyond the neighbour's hedge, with scant consideration for fragile flowers, and whose dam across the gutter floods the sidewalk and lawn, is listening to a voice that he does not yet understand, that frequently he misunderstands, but the voice of an inner urge that calls him to the deeds of a man, an inner urge that if given wise direction and control, will make him a useful citizen, a constructive member of society, and that may lift him to heights sublime.

Whence comes this will to conquer? Scientists tell us that out of the past it comes, the

long past before man knew his present mastery of wild life, and before the ways of winds and tides were part of his understanding,—that dire necessity, the instinct of self-preservation, and the compulsion of fear, made him cunning, then combative,—that, fighting, he came to glory in his strength, to go adventuring with his skill, and that at last, when trails became familiar he tired of them, and sought, or made, new paths; that he was constantly seeking for his primal cause, searching for the answer to his being; that always what he could not understand, he feared; but that what he feared, he ever sought to understand.

Science has spoken many words of wisdom. Man becomes an overcomer by overcoming; muscularly and spiritually, he grows and grows strong, by daring and doing.

But for the beginning science must go farther back than the first man, and to find the secret of this vital and all-vitalizing essence of life, science must read not only the story of the rocks with their embalmed footprints of the ages, but the Word and the mind of God.

And God said, “Let us make man in our own image; after our likeness; and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowl of the air and over the cattle and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. And so God created man in his own

image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.”

And whether man in coming into his own, in demonstrating his lordship, has been swift or slow; whatever the details of his past and the plan of his future, his will to conquer and the power that makes him master, that gives unto him dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowls of the air, over the cattle and every creeping thing, that distinguishes him as an immortal soul, is divine, not the result of evolutionary processes, but the gift of God.

In the incontrovertible fact that man must toil to succeed and battle to prevail lies the germ of the argument for war as a roadway for progress. Some of society's greatest minds have declared that without armed conflicts men would become flabby and pusillanimous, that in war the great qualities of courage, fortitude, patriotism and self-denial all find their highest expression and receive their greatest development; that as the result of war the physically sound and morally fit place their stamp upon the race.

But without taking the extreme position of the non-resister, and without denying the justice of many a cause that has appealed to arms rather than surrendering to tyranny, the evils following in the train of Mars as he drags his bloody boots from Europe's mired

fields to-day, lead us to but one conclusion,—the conclusion that the judgments of God are true and righteous altogether, and that they who take the sword shall perish by the sword. The conclusion, too, that war itself has never settled anything, and that for every finer quality of the soul it has revealed, it has unleashed a baser passion.

The murders that crowd fit reading from our newspapers to-day, and the unprecedented number of lesser crimes of violence that attend them, are too frequently if not generally the continuing expression of the malign and destroying spirit we prodded into action with bayonets and kept alive on poison gas.

Now is the time for us to speak; to agitate; to demand a hearing for the sanity in public and international affairs that has outlawed the private feud and duelling; to support the government in every plan for disarmament and to record ourselves for such an association of nations as will give to the world the same solidarity of action for peace as was finally achieved by the Allies for war. Now is the time for us to speak, for when the black curse falls upon a people, and the sons are numbered, it is too late.

Granting that in times past freedom had no other resting place than spearheads, justice no safety without a sword, and that evil might

bow only to a mightier right, do we not now see the utter folly and futility of killing men and women and children because governments disagree? Now is the time to speak! And if men and women will assert themselves with half the courage, determination and faith that finally prevailed upon the battle-fields of Italy and Belgium and France, this world would never again scar her valleys and level her hills to make a field of Armageddon.

What then of the will to conquer; the divine inner urge that sends men against difficulties and strengthens them in great ordeals for yet greater tasks? There are unnumbered moral equivalents for war.

In the past men have taken the adventure trail into the unknown portions of the earth; they have discovered new lands and revealed easier routes of access to the old. With the wand of science they have touched the forces of nature and made them bow to human will, until in the livery of utility and service they have turned the wheels of commerce and drawn the wagons of trade.

Into the darkness of feudal systems men have gone to rescue representative government and free institutions, into fever-laden swamps they have penetrated to storm the fortress of disease, and searching through the hidden secrets of the mind they have found

inventions that light the way of progress and make glad the paths of peace.

What glories and what sacrifices shine upon the pages of the past that bear no mark of war! More than three thousand miles from our eastern centers of education and culture, are the ruins of the small brick edifice that was the science-hall, history, mathematics, and language building, laboratory, observatory, library and office, of the college the writer attended during the four years of his undergraduate life. It stands upon a mountain river where the fir-clad ranges meet the valley. It was built by the hands and faith of pioneer men and women, who even as they felled the trees to raise their first cabins, shaped the bricks of their first school.

Out of their meager capital they laid aside an allowance for educational instruction, and from their busy homes and fields and the virgin timber they spared their sons and daughters long enough to give them the advantages of the wilderness academy. As I think of them now, in a new country, surrounded by Indians who were often unfriendly; far removed from the center of society, and, as they knew, destined to live and die in the wild, rugged environment of the frontier, I marvel at their faith, their courage and their vision.

But though they did not live to see their

brave hopes realized, the children of their children, who stand at last upon their shoulders to see with the eyes of flesh what in that day was but a sturdy dream, revere them for their worth, and glory in the fight they fought.

And does peace have for us to-day no new worlds to conquer? Sometimes we labour under this delusion. There are unnumbered worlds to conquer. In a score of fields we are just at the beginning of great discoveries; we have scarcely glimpsed the mysteries of the skies above us and our adventure trails are as alluring as those the fathers followed.

In the Southwest the regions of the Rainbow Bridge are almost as remote as they were a hundred years ago. In the far north and farther south, are frozen stretches upon which no foot of man has ever pressed; the jungles of Patagonia and Brazil are an unknown land; Mt. Everest remains unsubdued, and Asia, the birthplace of man, in mighty stretches, unexplored.

Daily, by way of the laboratory, new realms are opened for the physician and chemist, while in the yet higher fields of morals and religion, the grim monsters, famine, racial hatred, and war, stalk with insolence unabated. The opportunities that our sons and daughters face to-day are greater far than

any previous generation knew. They are vast beyond our comprehension.

Life for every man is a "man's fight," a battle royal. The tests laid down, the risks involved, and rich rewards, make life to-day a more inviting mystery, a braver romance, a greater adventure, than "When Knighthood was in Flower," and to those who tremble for the fate of man when wars shall no more threaten and "His Peace" shall reign, there comes the answer of Heber's noble hymn:

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain?
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train."

VII

THE ACID TEST

THE rich young ruler is one of the most pathetically attractive figures of the New Testament. Clean and fine, with mind and body trained in virtue's school, he came with honest longings and aspirations that he himself could not define, to learn from the great teacher the way of larger truth. That he had a frank pride in himself there can be no doubt; it was the pride of conscious strength, the strength of chastity and lawful living in a time when these were virtues reserved for age, for those about to salute death.

But while he had pride in his moral and intellectual attainments, he was not satisfied with himself. Woe to the man who is, for his life is as a closed book. Confidence, confidence in one's self, in one's strength, in one's plan, in one's motive, is an essential virtue. Without it no great triumph, no worth-while or abiding fruition is ever achieved. But self-satisfaction is the end of constructive activity, for it is the dirge of ambition. The difference

between mediocrity and brilliancy is frequently the difference between a goal too quickly reached because too lowly set, and an aspiration that forever calls to higher, nobler, more adventurous things.

It was the divine fire of dissatisfaction that sent the rich young ruler running to Jesus with his question. He had designs upon the heights. He was not satisfied in the company of the average well-doer, and his courage was of such a mettle that, though of the temple company, he did not hesitate to seek enlightenment of the despised and outlawed prophet of the poor. Yes, this youth of so many manly parts is one of the most attractive figures of all those who came to Jesus. He had character; he had ambition; and to a certain point, to a remarkable degree, he had courage.

But those who reach the heights must climb, and for every foot in moral altitude attained beyond the common levels, a corresponding tax is laid on brawn and soul. Upon those who achieve distinction and graces above their fellows, is levied an exacting price,—a price that many finally refuse to pay.

“The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight.
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”

The rich young ruler was not the first to turn sorrowfully away, nor has he been the last. But to those who accept the terms of life in her largeness, of life triumphant and perfected, there are rewards of high distinction, and of them it may be said, they are the pathfinders of progress.

The nation has unveiled in the Arlington National Cemetery a striking memorial to Admiral Peary, discoverer of the North Pole. The chronicles of exploration contain no record more inspiring than this of the man who six times braved the rigors of the north before he accomplished his life's ambition, and planted the flag of his country upon the top of the world. In one of his letters he tells us that his great quest so possessed him that he came to live for nothing else; it was his dream by night, his vision in the day; the fire that consumed his bones, the flame that was his soul; for this he was alive, toward this his being moved.

What a disillusionment the life of Peary is for all who labor under the impression or practice the fallacy that merit walks with ease or that greatness is a gift. Along the marches to the North Pole roared icy blasts that froze the marrow and sapped the stamina of soul as well as body; about him was the endless night, the mysteries of the vast unknown, the still-

ness of white death. The bones of those who through a thousand years had perished in the futile quest, called to him from their hidden tombs, "It can't be done." His was the physical agony of frozen feet and shrinking flesh, of labour so prodigious that it became excruciating pain, of loneliness so appalling that reason rocked upon her throne. No man will ever compute the price that Peary paid for the North Pole.

And the record of all who stand upon the summits of supreme accomplishments is like unto this. Was it not Britain's amazing Prime Minister who said when he alone of all the great war figures remained unhumbled in the forum of statesmanship, "The higher one climbs, the colder and lonelier it becomes."

Even frail women may reach the summit of Mt. Washington, and there is a cog railroad to the crest of Pike's Peak, but the Matterhorn remains the conquest of only the sturdiest, and the resources of science are being drained if not exhausted, to conquer Mt. Everest.

The artist whose masterpiece survives the centuries mixed his colours with his heart's blood or drew his symphonies from hidden springs of vital forces his genius left exhausted, paid with life for greatness. Stephen settled for his robe of everlasting glory, with the stones of martyrdom; Lincoln for his im-

mortality, with anguish and a bullet; Savonarola for his crown, with flames, and Jesus for his finished work, with Calvary's cross.

The trouble with the rich young ruler was that he had a good impulse, but without the slightest idea of what following it through might involve. There are many to-day who are like him, men and women who think that they want the activities of the larger life, when in reality they are superficial emotionalists and desire only its emoluments and rewards. When the great opportunity comes to them with its test, they turn away, because the price of its distinction is too great to pay. They are ready to relieve the famine in Armenia or Russia, providing they can do so with a costume ball, or a Lenten dance for sweet charity's sake. Perhaps the rich young ruler, remembering past experiences, rather expected Jesus to stop with congratulations,—perhaps he expected him to say, "Go on, young man; go on." Very likely he was surprised when the great teacher commanded, "Go, sell, and give, and come, follow me."

At the close of a young people's convention in a most unattractive coal town of a neighbouring state, a young lady came to me with the exclamation, "O, I wish that I lived in Pittsburg." After this startling and indeed rather surprising announcement, she went on to

explain that she had a great desire to join the Committee of Three Hundred, which was at that time very successfully engaged in ministering to the needy of Pittsburg's poorer districts. She seemed so sincere and was so full of enthusiasm that I was much impressed, but later in the evening her pastor shook his head sorrowfully and said, "It doesn't mean anything; she is 'flighty'; always seeing opportunities far away, but she sadly lacks the will to even inconvenience herself to do the things that often urgently call her here at home. She refused to teach a Sunday School class because she 'simply cannot get up so early in the morning.' She was our Junior Superintendent for a brief period, but resigned because the children 'got on her nerves.' She sings in the choir when invited to sing a solo, and she is forever moving to Pittsburg or some other big town, to do big things. But she will never go,—I guess that the trains leave too early for her." And that pathetic young woman, and I can hardly imagine a more pathetic one, will never move to Pittsburg until she learns to move in her own community.

Let us examine the test that conquered the rich young ruler. Looking upon the eager, flushed face and loving the youth, Jesus replied to his ardent question, "What must I do

to inherit eternal life?" with "Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come, follow me," or, as St. Mark has it, "take up the cross and come, follow me." But what is the heart of this command with which Jesus answered his eager inquirer? Does he mean that every rich young man must give away his possessions, all that he has, to inherit eternal life? or that by merely giving possessions one may come into the riches of Heaven? I do not think so. Certainly God's favor cannot be purchased with gold, and some of us have seen the evil that results from the indiscriminate, thoughtless bestowal of wealth upon those who have not earned it, and who have no familiarity with its proper uses.

My conclusion from the lesson is that Jesus was strikingly teaching, stating vividly, the great principles of stewardship, that he was telling the rich young man that his possessions were not his absolutely, arbitrarily, that they were his in trust, not to be abused but to be used, not to be hoarded but to be shared. And knowing the heart of the young man, this particular young man, his weakness as well as the strength he acknowledged, Jesus said, "Go." "You go and sell all that you have and give to the poor." And we shall see presently that he was thinking, not of the young man's wealth primarily, but of the young man's soul,

for the reading of the whole lesson leaves us no other alternative but to conclude that this man's god was his gold.

Whether Jesus is speaking to you as he spoke to the rich young ruler, or not, depends altogether upon your attitude toward life; depends upon your ambitions and your treasures. For to each individual Jesus addresses himself in terms of that individual's strength and weakness, need and opportunity.

As for the rich young man, sympathize with him and at least try to understand him before condemning him. Not long since I talked with the wealthy parents of a young fellow who had been kept unusually free from the evils that money too quickly invites. They are Christians and eager beyond all things else to have their son remain loyal to his fine standards and wholesome ideals of work and pleasure. As we sat together I was led to say that in my judgment parents of wealth have to-day a more appalling task to rear sons and daughters who will be true to the old-fashioned and fundamental virtues, an asset to society, and a credit to those who bear them, than the parents who fought against the odds of actual poverty to clothe, feed, educate, Americanize and Christianize some of us. Yes, the homes of wealth and their children face peculiarly difficult odds and temptations. No wonder

Jesus spoke as he did concerning the effort the rich must make to enter the kingdom, and here again I prefer the fuller statement of Mark, "How hard it is for those who put their trust in riches, to enter."

It is hard because riches have a separating influence upon men; tempt them to draw away from their fellows; from the needs of their less fortunate brethren,—tempt them, too, to spend less time with real and vital things.

It is hard because riches have a self-satisfying influence. The poor have always a vivid basis for their religion in their daily needs; the physical needs of the rich are instantly supplied. It is an historical fact that in times of financial reverse religion prospers, and I have seen homes of wealth that on being impoverished became again houses of prayer. Even when the rich feel the dissatisfaction of heart-hunger and soul-longing, there is a tendency to trust in riches, to experiment with a thousand hopeless devices,—travel, pleasure, art, even philanthropy, in the effort to secure the peace and satisfaction that no Croesus has ever had gold refined enough to buy.

And it is hard, because riches have a tendency to harden. Some who in the days of their struggles and uncertainty were generous, become in their affluence indifferent and turn a deaf ear to the call of need. Amundsen, the

discoverer of the South Pole, and famous Arctic explorer as well, has written that the Esquimau in his native state, when his very life depends upon the promptness of the spring and the return of the seal, the success of the hunt, shares the scanty stores of his poverty with a generosity and pride that are the chief virtues of the north, but that as he becomes less dependent and more prosperous, and as he comes to know the white men and their ways, he takes to locking up his rude treasures and hoarding his food. The open-handedness of native virtue is replaced by the covetousness of competitive civilization.

That the rich have often been hardened by being taken advantage of by the poor, is only too painfully a fact, and the assumption that in any dispute he is right because he is poor, or wrong because he is rich, is a bitterness-provoking fallacy. But human experience fully justifies Jesus in the clear statement of the difficulties that the rich have to achieve the eternal bliss that came so promptly to the beggar Lazarus.

Let us not lose sight of the fact, however, that the Son of God was thinking in terms of the temptations of riches, and not of riches as evil *per se*. That this was his thought is clearly revealed to all who complete the lesson. Startled and amazed at what at first seemed

his revolutionary declaration, a declaration which seemed absolutely to close the gates of heaven to the rich, the disciples ejaculated, "Who then can be saved?" And Jesus answers, "With man this thing is impossible; but with God all things are possible." To-day many men and women of wealth are demonstrating Christ's words, are blessing mankind with their wealth; their prosperity has become the advantage of many; they are actually doing what the rest of us, were we in their places, might or might not do. They are conquering the temptations to selfishness. They are, by God's grace, meeting the acid test that the rich young ruler was not sufficient for.

I have no desire to see those who have much and are administering it as just stewards, become poorer. Nor do I believe that our social ills and political evils would be cured by the confiscation of wealth. I do wish that those who have needs beyond their means possessed more, and I do believe that only by the equal distribution of opportunity and privilege, that only upon the Christian basis that recognizes brotherhood as fundamental to peace, prosperity and happiness, will we adjust and finally perfect our social order. To-day we are not meeting the strain that time and change have placed upon us. To solve the growing problem, rich and poor must somehow find a

way to labor side by side, for all must work together.

As to Christ's attitude toward property and wealth, certainly he never intimated that in itself property has any rights. Rights belong to man,—to children, to women and men. It is at this point that much of our economic error originates. But let it not be forgotten that children and women and men do have rights,—inalienable rights,—life, liberty, happiness,—and rights, too, in their possessions,—that they have property rights which cannot be despised or repudiated without inviting physical, economic, social and moral disaster.

But the real test, the acid test, that Jesus laid down for the rich young ruler was not in "Go, sell * * * and give." This was the prelude. "Take up the cross and come, follow me," were the words of the supreme challenge to his stamina and courage. The essential duty is not poverty or riches, but obedience. All who reach the heights must obey, for obedience is not optional, and law is inexorable. There are no exceptions, and in terms of Christian character and achievement obedience means "surrender" all and follow Jesus Christ.

The rich young ruler failed in the final test. Only one thing he lacked, but that failure was fatal; that failure vitiated the whole calcula-

tion. I may have sound lungs and a perfect digestive system, but if my heart refuses to function, I die, and so it is with one vice or one vital weakness. General Grant said that as to music, he had everything but the musician's ear, but that failing that, he could not distinguish the "Star-Spangled Banner" from "Yankee-doodle-do." There are many who but for the one thing lacking might have served and greatly blessed mankind; as it was, their one failure was fatal and they lie forgotten, or stand hopelessly on the plains of disappointment.

What is the message of this lesson for us? To every man, to every life, there comes sooner or later, the supreme test. I may turn away sorrowful, or trusting in Jesus Christ for strength, I may go forward to triumph, but the test I cannot evade. For me, as for the rich young ruler, it is Gold or God.

Young people, you especially must prepare to meet the test; prepare now! Prepare in body, mind and soul. Prepare by meeting squarely every minor trial as it comes, by refusing to deny truth when truth itself seems unexacting; prepare in little things for the greater issue soon to be joined.

See to it that when the last dash for the pole of your ambition is at hand, your health is unimpaired by evil living; your muscles steel,

your blood clean, your body sound. Fill the chambers of your mind with wholesome thoughts; turn from lascivious spectacles and neurotic books, as you would shun a pestilence for you are moving toward your great ordeal and he is doomed to fail who is not fit.

Above all, stand by to take aboard the pilot of your soul, for only God can bring you to the anchorage beyond the narrows of selfishness and the straits of sin.

And now the final word: What is your test? What does the great Teacher, the good Master, say to you? Does he say, "Go, sell all that you have," or "Turn from that secret sin," or "Sacrifice that dear ambition," or "Rise above that blinding sorrow," or "Leave behind that memory of defeat," or "Change your life of selfish pleasure to one of ministry"? What is your test? What are his words to you? They may be these or none of these, but these I know they are: "Take up the cross; surrender all; follow me."

One afternoon at the close of a Lenten service in Philadelphia, a young man grasped my hand,—a man who was to me as one risen from the dead. Eight years before, at the close of a men's mass meeting in Detroit, I met him first. Later I spent an hour with him in the hospital where he was pursuing special investigations and serving as an interne. I found

him in deep trouble. Under appointment to China as a medical missionary, and in the mind of his Board already beginning the important and vital work to which he was assigned, he found himself in the valley of indecision. China was far away, uncertain, and for a hundred reasons increasingly unattractive. America, from the professional standpoint alone, was most alluring. He had just begun his research work; great institutions had opened their laboratories to him; the future made exceptional promises, and then there were ties of love and home that he had never before fully realized. It was his acid test, and he did not turn away. He went to China.

Presently I heard bits of news. Then came longer stories, and then a lengthening record of service, until a great communion and the nation knew of the surgeon's skill, the chemist's genius, the executive's brilliancy, the prophet's passion that had established a great hospital and laboratory which were as a city of refuge to the millions of a Province that lay steeped in ignorance and festering with disease. His scalpel and trencher were wands of magic;—the blind saw, the deaf heard, the lame walked, and pain that for ten thousand years had held unchallenged sway upon the

hills of old Hunan made terms with this, another rich young ruler.

The Revolution had no terrors for him; skirmishes in the streets and guerrilla fighting between the north and south only caused his ministering fingers to fly the faster; his wards were full, and to him, whatever flags they followed, all who suffered were as brothers. Then came the great offensive, the hospital itself was in danger. The young surgeon reluctantly left the operating room and planted himself on the threshold of the door of hope he had opened to a struggling race. Like a lion-hearted warder of old he "kept" the gate, and when the danger was past, and the great institution saved, his body bore wounds as heroic as ever opened the veins of a man.

Do you wonder that my heart leaped when I clasped his hand again. By the way of self-renunciation he had reached the heights of opportunity, and the choice that seemed at first to bury his life, released it. He had found satisfaction in sacrifice, happiness in hardness, peace in peril; his hand was the hand of a man who had met the acid test,—the hand of a conqueror.

"Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord.
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word."

VIII

THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR

DESPAIR is defined as that state of being in which hope has entirely departed, or as Dante has said, "It is the damp of hell as joy is the serenity of heaven." The depths of despair are vividly described by the apostle Paul, "We were pressed out of measure, above strength," or, literally, "we were weighed down exceedingly, beyond our power, insomuch that we despaired even of life." The depths of despair may not be compared with any other experiences of physical or spiritual suffering, for they differ from and are unutterably deeper than any other abyss of human woe.

They are deeper than the depths of pain. I have seen a man's body drawn by the agonies of incurable disease until it was bent into a half circle; his joints were slowly solidifying, and the fever ran through his system like flames from the regions of the damned. But he yet fought for life; he hoped to recover; he did not despair.

They are deeper than the depths of grief.

I have stood with a father and his motherless children, by an open tomb, while the chill winds tore the last leaves from the maples, and the fog came up with the hastened twilight of a grey October day, but the voices of the choir sang, "Home of the soul," and in the eyes of the mourners was the light that tears have never dimmed, while the preacher read, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

They are deeper than the depths of perplexity. We may be uncertain of our way, and future, in grave and well-nigh overwhelming doubt, but the fact that we doubt is proof conclusive that we do not yet despair. As Paul testifies in the eighth verse of the fourth chapter of this same letter, "troubled, distressed, perplexed, but not in despair," or, accepting the literal translation of the original, "at a loss, but not utterly at a loss."

The depths of despair are deeper than disaster. I threaded my way through the ruins of San Francisco after the earthquake and fire; the proud city was a smouldering waste; her great buildings were heaps of smoking debris, or skeletons of twisted steel, her very streets had fallen from their former levels. Here and there groups of men searched through the ashes for safes and strong-boxes, while women with children crying at their

skirts waited patiently for the food wagons. The sight was one to appall even the stoutest hearts. But to-day the hills that reflect the glory of the sunsets that flood through Golden Gate are crowned with fairer temples than before, and the thoroughfares are thronged with richer commerce, for San Francisco, crushed to earth, rose again.

The depths of despair are deeper than the depths of defeat. It was March, 1918. The Fifth British Army had been annihilated. The Allies, for a terrifying hour, had been separated from each other. Back, back, and ever backward the lines had been forced, until they were bending behind Mt. Kemmel, and the great guns of the enemy dropped their iron death at the very doorway of England's mighty bases. The last reserves had been exhausted, the road lay open to Paris; the Channel Ports, the heart of France. It was defeat, defeat, stark and terrible, from St. Mihiel to the sea. But it was not disaster, for there above the words of dread, the cries of fear, arose a shout the like of which this earth had never heard before. It was the travail cry of nations in new birth. "They shall not pass!" and in defeat Foch struck and victory was won.

The depths of despair are deeper than the depths of death. Death may be beautiful and

glad. I have watched her pass in glory, tripping forward on the dawn, and I have seen the dying smile, their eyes alight with recognition, as though they claimed old friends again, and passed with them to pleasant places. Deeper than the depths of death. Ah yes, for those who die need not despair, and death to many is relief, to all it may be everlasting life in joy. "Yea, though I walk through its valley and its shadow, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

No, despair may not be compared with any other ordeal or tragedy of human experience. Deeper and more terrible than pain or sorrow, or disaster, defeat or loss, it stands in suffering and woe alone. Indeed, some who have come into it have sought to leave it by a forced march to the grave; to escape its terrors they have deliberately opened their arms to death; but for a life of despair they have come into an eternity of it. No man has ever climbed out of these depths by the rope of self-murder. That way is the way of weakness and cowardice. It is essentially the choice of selfishness, and abhorrent to every right instinct. We may well doubt whether any who choose it retain the command of their godlike faculties. Self-destruction if ever the decision of a responsible creature, is blasphemy, and a denial of God, who said, "Cast

your care upon me," and "my grace is sufficient for you."

One of the two principal questions confronting us is, "How do men and women get into the depths of despair?"

Some by merely magnifying their real or fancied troubles; it is not difficult to become morose, melancholy, despairing, if we live entirely within ourselves, treasuring small grievances, victimizing ourselves with self-pity, multiplying our troubles instead of counting our blessings. A great many of us need to learn how to play Pollyanna's "Glad Game." "Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile!" There are mighty few of us who are not able to think of other people, who are more unfortunate than we are. There has never been a time in my life, sick or well, strong or suffering, when I have not known others in straits far more desperate than mine. "Sometimes," as Charron wrote, "despair is like forward children, who when you take away one of their playthings, throw the rest into the fire for very madness; it grows angry with itself, turns its own executioner, and revenges its misfortunes upon its own head."

But there is no gainsaying the fact that men and women, strong men and women, do come to despair, do fall into its very depths. Paul

was no weakling; in all history there have been few characters as dynamic and resourceful as his. Physical fear was a stranger to him, and morally he was as courageous as a lion. His writings abound in messages of cheer and inspiration to the troubled. His whole life was a challenge to discouragement, but now we hear him say, "I am pressed out of measure, above my strength, I am weighed down exceedingly above my power,—I despair even of life."

In some of the less familiar fragments of authenticated history that have come down to us concerning the early life of the immortal Lincoln, is the record of grief so deep, despair so overwhelming, that twice his reason tottered and his matchless mind refused to function with his will. On one of these occasions he went to Kentucky, and was absent from an entire session of the Illinois Legislature. But out of these depths abysmal Abraham Lincoln came to give liberty a new birth of freedom and to be the saviour of his country.

It was Jesus who cried from the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Indeed, it would seem that the deepest depths of despair have ever been reserved for the strong and great; for the brave and just; for the true and righteous; for the clean of

mind and the pure of heart. Grief, pain, rejection, the sin and shame of loved ones in themselves are not despair, but by them, as the result of them, men and women have found its depths. How helpless we are in the presence of a tragedy that has bowed a proud and noble head; crushed an imperial spirit; words are hopeless, meaningless; the very cruelty of the blow, the seeming bald injustice of the visitation, leaves us overwhelmed and silent.

But there are those who come to despair by ways of their own choosing, by wilful acts of evil; by following trails of selfishness; by wasting health and happiness in sordid lustful pleasures; by robbing others of just profits, or what is infinitely more valuable, virtue and honour. It was the fire of such flames that scorched the soul of Cardinal Wolsey until in agonizing remorse he cried out, "Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate thee; I feel my heart new opened. Had I but served my God with half the zeal that I have served my king, He would not have left me weary and old with service to the mercy of a rude stream which must forever hide me."

And, perhaps, most pitiable of all, are those who are driven to despair; the hopeless victims of the wilfulness or sins of others. One of life's enigmas, one of time's great unan-

swered questions, lies here. The mother on the rack of hopeless grief because of the son who slouched in terror to his death upon the gallows; the wife who finds the convincing evidence of her husband's perfidy; the Saviour who discovers his salvation despised and rejected of men.

"O grim despair, thou art the final death.
Than thee there is no night beyond;
Thou art the bottomness of Hell."

It is here that ancient philosophy stopped, and ancient religion hopelessly floundered. The great and wise were able to chart the way into the depths, but they never found the way out. Even Socrates had no dissertation on "Up from Despair," and speaking to his faithful friends just before he drank the hemlock, in a masterful reaching out after the unknown God, that Plato has immortalized, he tells his disciples that whether he, about to die, possesses, or they who will live on, possess, the better part, he does not know.

To-night the only real issue before us begins where Socrates retired, and has to do with escaping from despair. The vital question is, not how to fall into it, but how to get out of its depths. Many plans have been proposed and tried by many people. Some have said, we will forget,—but who ever has? While reason survives, memory is not subject

to the will, the deep things of life remain part of our consciousness. We may repudiate them; we may deny their existence, but there is small comfort in self-deception and even when we tell it to ourselves, there is no lasting consolation in a lie. I do not imagine that an ostrich with his head in the sand gets much enjoyment out of his position, and as to peace or security, he achieves neither.

To attempt to lift yourself out of despair by sheer strength of will, by your own unaided grace and courage, is like raising yourself by your own bootstraps, and as for the assistance of friends, they are as you are, unless they have gone beyond their own lives for power. No, for the supreme ordeals of life, for the catastrophes of human experience, to escape the depths of despair, our rescue, our succor, comes not from within, nor from without, but from above; comes from the same unfailing source of supply whence came the relief that comforted Jesus in the Garden. It comes from God, from God who in the language of Paul, "doth deliver." Was not the early father of the church profoundly correct when he wrote, "It is impossible for that man to despair, who remembers that his helper is omnipotent"?

But the assistance that came to Jesus in Gethsemane did not blot out the griefs of His

past; did not remove from Him the burdens of the present. The angels sent from the Father with comfort on their breasts and healing in their wings, did not take Christ back to Palm Sunday; His steps were not retraced; the Heavenly visitants came to make Him strong to carry on, and from the cry, "Let this cup pass" He rose to say, "Nevertheless, thy will, not mine, be done."

The way out of the depths is not the way back, but the way through.

The world is full of despairing men and women to-day, who are staggering under loads too heavy to be borne; groping in darkness blindly, without a guide. They will perish if they go on alone; no one has ever found his way through Gethsemane without divine assistance. Even Jesus would have succumbed there, drowned in His bloody sweat, had He not called out to the Father. Hear David's testimony,—“Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O God. My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning,—more than they that watch for the morning,” and again, “He rebuked the Red Sea and it was dried up, so he led them through the depths as through the wilderness.” “As through the wilderness,” and what a picture of desolation and misery the Psalmist calls up, for until Israel turned her

feet from paths of her own choosing, to plant them in the chosen way of God, how hopelessly she wandered. For forty years she groped in blindness until she had buried the children of two generations in the deserts westward from the Jordan.

There is a message of hope and assurance to those and only to those who cry to God out of the depths. To such as cry, the words of Fielding come with peculiar significance: "Considering the unforeseen events in the world, we should be taught, that no human condition should inspire with absolute despair." If we put our trust in God and call upon Him, whatever our state may be, He will answer us. He cannot deny himself, and He has said, "Call upon me," and "Ask and ye shall receive." To our sorrow He will bring resignation; to our agony of mind He will bring relief; to our weakness He will bring courage; and faith will break the bondage of despair.

Out of her own rich experience Lady Blessington wrote, "Religion converts despair which destroys, into resignation, which submits," and she might also have said, "into resignation which accepts, turns into power that we may press forward, to come off more than conquerors through Christ."

Were I to utterly despair, I would not only

doubt and deny the sufficiency of divine grace, but I would place a limit upon God; I would measure him and judge him by myself; I would limit his "infinite power to my finite apprehensions."

And it is here that so many go astray; not being able to understand, they refuse to accept; because no human explanations are available, they reject. A God that I could explain would be no rock for a weary land; a Jehovah that I could fully comprehend would be no adequate shelter in the time of storm. A Saviour who could be reduced to the component parts of a test-tube demonstration might be interesting, as an experiment, but who then would save us from our sins? It will take eternity for us to begin to know the omniscient, the omnipresent, the omnipotent God. And He it is who hears us when we call upon Him; who holds us fast and leads us through.

One of the finest stories ever told is the answer of George Washington to a certain despairing staff officer. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution; everywhere the British were triumphant. In a moment of utter pessimism the general whose stout heart had at last failed him, cried out, "We are lost! All is lost!" And in one of those inspirations that seem born of Heaven, George Washing-

ton replied, " Sir, you do not know the resources and the genius of liberty."

Are you in the depths? Are you crying out in your despair, " Lost! All is lost! " ? Then, sir, you do not know the resources and the genius of God.

IX

THE HEIGHTS OF HAPPINESS

“**H**APPINESS is a state of being more or less permanent in which a large measure or the full complement of satisfaction especially of the higher intellectual and moral kind is experienced.” This is one of Webster’s answers to the question, What is happiness? Happiness is ultimate blessedness and consists both in what we have and in what we do not have, for fundamentally it lies in our mental and spiritual attitude toward life, all of life, its losses as well as its profits.

In one of the sublimest documents of human history, the words appear, “We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” Has it ever seemed strange to you that the writers of the Declaration of Independence should have given so great distinction to “the pursuit of happiness,” that this should have been made one of the great triad of human rights? Life, liberty, happi-

ness. Of life there can be no doubt, for upon it all else depends; and against liberty no argument appears, for who would not rather die than suffer chains. But why has happiness been so exalted?

Carlyle once said, "There is in man a higher love than love of happiness." Have we not been warned against turning our ambitions to please ourselves? Have we not been challenged to self-denial, sacrifice and hardness even unto death? Has not the seeker after happiness been held before us as a moral waster? There is no conflict between ideals here; there have been misunderstandings and differing interpretations. Carlyle was right. "There is in man a higher love than love of happiness." Indeed, as we shall see presently, the man who loves happiness for its own sake loses it.

What has been called happiness by many is not happiness at all, but a counterfeit, passing current for a time, but failing finally and repudiated when coming under the test.

What is happiness? Comfort, satisfaction, enjoyment, all of these, or perhaps none of these, for it is not conditioned upon them. And it is to be distinguished from pleasure, for it is more serene, more rational, and while pleasure is transient, real happiness is abiding and eternal. An animal may experience

pleasure, but hardly happiness, and we speak of vicious pleasures but never of vicious happiness.

There is a real and worthy sense in which life is and should be a pursuit of happiness, in which all who live well, live to achieve it. Truly, as Burns sang,

“If happiness has not her seat and center in the breast,
He may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can be blest.”

What a background Thomas Jefferson and his associates had for that phrase of their immortal document! “The pursuit of happiness.” They were the spokesmen of a people who had made long journeys by uncharted seas and unmarked trails, to find happiness. They had pursued it by forced marches and from far places. The Huguenots of France, the Pilgrims and the Quakers from England, and the Dutch from Holland, had pressed toward it through storm and wilderness, over imperial decrees, and in spite of the tomahawk of the savage. To them, “the pursuit of happiness” was no idle, no superficial phrase,—it was the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, it was freedom, it was the irreducible minimum, “the least with which we will be satisfied,” of their unconquerable souls.

And the Christians who went singing to meet the lions upon the bloody sands of the

arena, the martyrs who sank upon the flames that clasped them at the stake; the soldiers of liberty who fell forward upon the native soil, their bodies covered from a tyrant's gaze; the adventurers of every worthy cause since time began, were of that innumerable and glorious company, that lived and loved, that sacrificed and died in the pursuit of Happiness.

How far of the truth are we when we conclude that hardships, disappointments, even calamities, are inevitable destroyers of happiness? They rob of comfort; they deprive of pleasure, but by severe and fateful dispensations the happiness of man may be increased and only by the bruised feet of those who climb is the pathway to the heights possessed.

“I questioned death; the grisly shade relaxed his brow
 severe,
 And, ‘I am happiness,’ he said, ‘if virtue guides you
 here.’”

Christ's attitude toward happiness is not open to question; His language in the Sermon on the Mount is unmistakable. In this, the sermon of the ages, thoughts and standards for human happiness are foremost. With Jesus, happiness is not a subordinate result of Christianity, it is an essential part.

What shall we say, then, of men and women who are unhappy, if they do not have an abiding happiness, an undercurrent of blessedness,

even in loss, in pain, in sorrow, and in death:—what shall we say? Pascal wrote, “Happiness is the union of ourselves with God.” Then when we fail of having it, something is wrong, fundamentally wrong in our connection with Him. To a summer cottage on an island of a beautiful New Hampshire lake the electric current is conveyed under the water. Though storms sweep down upon that tiny inland sea, and lash it into sudden fury, though waters whip themselves to wrath above it, the lights upon the island shine serene and undisturbed, because that cable holds beneath the boiling currents, and binds the island to its source of power.

There is no secure, no abiding happiness, that casts its holding lines short of Jesus Christ, but when he is at the other end of the connection, there are no storms that can put out the light of peace and joy. “Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom, freedom none but virtue, virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, virtue nor knowledge has any vigour or immortal hope except in the principles of the Christian faith and in the sanctions of the Christian religion,” thus concluded Josiah Quincy.

How is happiness to be secured? What are the directions for those who turn their feet to the pursuit of it to-day? How many times we

have heard people say,—how many times we have thought or said ourselves, “ I have tried so hard to be contented and happy, but I am absolutely miserable. What more can I do? ” And that is just the trouble. Do not try to be happy. Someone has said, “ Happiness is a sly nymph. If you chase her you will never catch her, but go quietly on in the way of duty, and she will come to you.” Happiness is never found by those who seek her for her own sake. She does not come to those who call her, but always she has called to those who now possess her. She will not stay with a selfish heart; the password to her castle is “ others,” and those who win her must share her, for as Byron mused, “ she was born a twin.”

She has never been found by those who seek the gratification of their lust, and she builds her fairest palaces for mothers, in the land of self-denial. She is not subject to place or earthly circumstance; mind and heart alone can detain her, or know the misery of her departure. Her haunts are varied, but she is found more frequently among little children, by home firesides, and in quiet places. I do not often hear her voice in these crowded, jostling streets, though there is laughter and singing, and when the lights burn white at

night the young and old rush here and there in search of her.

She is not attracted by fame, and her carriage waits at least as often in front of the door of the poor as it does at the entrance of the rich. Aesop, the slave, was far happier than Croesus, and as for history, it is not the king with his glittering hoard but the humble philosopher and writer of fables, who is honoured. The idle rich are marionettes on parade, the workers, rich and poor, are soldiers at war. Gold, joined by idleness, to selfishness, produces boredom which is the exact antithesis of happiness.

No, happiness cannot be purchased and it cannot be captured, but it never fails to find us when sincerely, unselfishly and unrelaxingly we consider and strive for the happiness of others. But neither is happiness to be found in passive acquiescence, for it is a positive, a dynamic, a constructive grace and virtue. It is "a running stream and not a stagnant pool."

What does the Great Teacher have to say about the achieving of happiness? His language is direct and eloquent. "If you know * * * happy are ye if ye do * * *." Among the peculiarly intimate words that Jesus spoke to His disciples in the upper room where He instituted the Lord's Supper, words

which followed immediately after He had girded Himself with a towel and washed their feet, are these key-words of a great lesson. Immediately preceding them are “Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord.” Then follows, “If you know these things,”—“these things!” all that he has discoursed upon as they have celebrated the Passover, together, and all that he has lived out before them, and with them, in the crowded three years of his ministry,—words and principles that while they have been often misunderstood and misinterpreted, will never be forgotten, “These things,”—“if ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.” According to Jesus, happiness lies in both knowing and doing.

Knowledge is power. “Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.” Does this not suggest the reason why some are unhappy and why all are not equally happy? Many have been delinquent in developing their minds and hearts to entertain happiness. They have had no time and no enthusiasm for getting wisdom, for discovering truth. Vessels may be equally full, but the large holds more than the small. Yea, knowledge is power, but knowledge alone is not happiness. The man who spends all of his time in acquiring knowledge finds himself at last exhausted

and standing still with the heights of happiness yet far away. There is pleasure, often acute pleasure, in acquiring wisdom. "Eureka," the cry of Archimedes, was a shout of joy as well as of triumph. But happiness, the happiness we are considering, is more than a shout, it is a continuing experience, an abiding state. We must not spend so much time in acquiring wisdom that we will have no time for using it.

During the winter of 1921-'22 there died in a city of the state of New York a woman richly endowed by nature and with a mind enriched by years of study and travel. Great sorrows had not embittered her. Serene and comforted she journeyed through her days, sharing herself with her friends and ministering to a world fellowship. Katrina Trask Peabody had one of the most refined and creative intellects of this generation, but the happiness which in spite of all she suffered she never lost, and never ceased to radiate, she would never have known had she been satisfied with merely getting wisdom. All that she had she shared. With mind and soul and body and far beyond her strength, she gave and served. Knowledge without corresponding conduct is vain and useless in every department of life. In morals and religion it is reprehensible. "If ye know * * * happy

are ye if ye do," and miserable are ye and mean, if ye fail to do.

Those who know the law, and that in respect for law lies man's security for property and life, should obey the law, the eighteenth amendment as well as the first, the Decalogue as well as the constitution. And those who know that Christ's law is the highest standard should obey that law and conform to its standard. Those who know of human needs and sorrows should relieve the needs and assuage the sorrows. Those who know beauty should reveal it in pictures, in poems and in songs. Those who know wrongs should rebuke them, and those who know that there is a future life, and that they are accountable to a righteous judge, here and hereafter, should prepare and serve for immortality.

There is no happiness in knowledge without action. Knowledge without action is like steam generated but carried off on the bosom of the wind, unharnessed and uncontrolled. It is like the blossom in the springtime for the moment beautiful, but disappointing when no fruit appears.

But it is equally true that happiness does not result from merely doing. Intense activity when not directed by right principles and correct methods only increases mischief and sorrow. To do the wrong thing and to

leave the right thing undone, equally lead to misery. You will recall the story of the stuttering husband who accompanied his deaf and dumb wife who was troubled with an aching tooth, to a dentist. The dentist was both busy and impatient. The interview resulted in the drawing of a perfectly sound tooth from the jaw of the husband. There was action a-plenty, but a painful lack of information.

I will never be able to efface from my boyhood memory the spectacle of a small fire that occurred in our little village. The amateur firemen meant well, but their violent efforts were in one instance at least as ludicrous as they were futile. To get into a second-story chamber, easily accessible by a front window from a ladder, they stood on tables in the parlour and chopped a hole through the ceiling.

In China many native doctors who have no knowledge of anatomy, diagnosis or medicine, but whose ignorance is possessed of all the eagerness of fanaticism, force sharp sticks into the bodies of their hapless patients, to locate the seat of the evil spirit which has caused the sickness. No, those who are merely doers, find neither success nor happiness.

The plan of Jesus for those who would reach and hold the heights of happiness, is found in, "If ye know these things, happy

are ye if ye do them." He does not say, "If ye know these things, happy are ye," nor does he say, "If without knowledge of these things ye exercise yourselves violently and rush to and fro, happy are ye." What he does say is this: "If you both know the truth and then release your knowledge in service for others, you will be happy,—happy with the happiness that the vicissitudes of life cannot destroy, and happy with the blessedness that lasts forever." "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Henry Ward Beecher once said, "The strength and happiness of a man consist in finding out the way in which God is going, and in going that way, too." And here in the words of God's Son and heir, we have the way of God revealed. All human experience has found no other way to happiness than this. Many have been tried; ways of wine and ways of song; ways of lust and ways of pleasure; brilliant ways and golden ways; ways of ambition, and ways that lead by broken covenants and broken laws. Many ways there are that man has tried, but as it is to the summit of the Matterhorn, so it is to the heights of happiness, there is only one way, and those who come on by any other, find disappointment at last.

And this way, this only way, it is the way

of the words of Jesus; it is the way of pleasantness and it is the path of peace. Of it the sweet singer of Israel wrote, "As for God, His way is perfect." And again, "Lead me in the way everlasting." Isaiah called it "The way of holiness," and Jeremiah named it "The way to Zion." Of it Nahum declared, "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind," and Jesus proclaimed, "I am the way, the truth and the life." And so we come at last not to the words, but to their speaker, and in finding him, we find the way, the way that like the path of the just is "as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

X

A RELIGION OF ADVENTURE

MAN is born an adventurer. The first connected words that fall from his lips form a question. He wants to know. Through every field of human research and endeavour he takes the forward-leading trails of discovery. In a single year in one great department of science sixteen or more expeditions have been organized and sent forth. They were meteorological, zoological, ethnological, geological and biological. Six groups penetrated the Polar regions; four at least found their way into African wildernesses, and others toiled expectantly by the foundations of ancient cities and the shrines of long-buried civilizations.

Sir Ernest Shackleton's comrades—Shackleton, the gentle spirit and courageous soul—drove forward to circumnavigate the Antarctic sea, dash to the South Pole, locate new whaling grounds, and discover gold, silver, coal and ruby fields. Captain Amundsen plunges into the North again. Knud Rasmussen is off on a five-year trip studying the

Eskimo tribes. Donald MacMillan, one of Peary's intrepid men, plans to circumnavigate Baffin-Land. Other explorers are equipped to do scientific work in China and Thibet,—Thibet that was the bright hope of the martyred Dr. Shelton,—and in the Pacific Islands, in Ecuador and Peru, in New Mexico, in Nova Zembla, in our own Southwest, so rich in ancient Pueblo ruins; Dr. David Starr Jordan explores the vast unknown of the Amazon. Man is born an adventurer.

The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of adventure and the greatest of all adventures is the adventure of faith. Abraham, who, being called of God, while he was yet in Mesopotamia, who turned his back forever upon the homeland in Ur of the Chaldees, and who "went out not knowing whither he was going," was the first of religion's great adventurers.

What romance and mystery hang upon that phrase, "Not knowing whither he was going!" Out of the east and into the west; out of the known into the unknown; upon the civilization and established society of his time he turned his back and faced the desert's broad expanse, and the silence of the wilderness. Faith spoke, and Abraham deserted the ease and comfort of his time to embrace loneliness and danger. Faith spoke, and he went

forth upon an unmarked way, pitching his tent and building his altars.

You may be sure that the marching song of Abraham was not "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee." Nor was it "hide me till the storm of life is past." It might have been, "I'll go where you want me to go,—over mountain or plain or sea." Or it might have been, "The Son of God goes forth to war," or "I must fight if I would reign."

The petition for safety and for rest, the eager and often pathetic quest for a quiet harbour, are true and worthy prayers of the human soul. The hymns that give them voice are rich and noble, often they are sublime. When a life is broken upon the reefs of experience, it must be saved; when years and cares have bowed a heart that once was strong; when grief has worn the soul, we crave the shelter of the rock that rises in a weary land.

But an undiscouraged and expectant life, a normal and expanding life, the life of youth and growth, wants not a peaceful haven but the open seas. No narrow valley, sheltered from the bending storm, but unknown lands with winds of risk to drive its argosies of hope. Life's normal thought is adventurous thought; the mind, the body and the soul were built to stand the buffetings of danger and to over-

come the hardships that lead to great discoveries. Our prayer is not for peace but for power, not for immunity but for courage; not to be declared exempt, but to be found worthy; not for the privilege of remaining in Ur of the Chaldees, but for the chance to go adventuring with faith; to seek the city that hath foundations, whose architect and builder is God.

The Christian religion deals with life as it really is, and when rightly interpreted and enjoyed, it does two things:—answers the cry for comfort, satisfies the desire for security, and gratifies more fully than anything else in the world, the spirit of adventure and the will to conquer. Its final reward is a haven of rest, where we shall lie down in green pastures, beside the still waters, and a Heaven of achievement where things begun in time but never finished, shall be perfected and where dreams come true.

The religion of adventure possessed the soul and dictated the life of Paul. He caught the lightning from the sky, and was forevermore a torch that flamed afar. The Voice from Macedonia is brother to every voice that has called man into strange lands and unknown countries. Marquette, LaSalle, Marcus Whitman, David Livingstone, William Carey, Savonarola, St. Augustine and others, beyond num-

bering, were Christian adventurers, intrepid heralds of the faith.

As we study the lives of these early fathers and missionaries, and the lives of their spiritual sons and daughters; as we familiarize ourselves with their characteristics of strength we catch the impulse of their courage, hear the echo of their virile voices, and know that Christianity conquered them, because it captured their imaginations and commanded their wills. Strong men were these,—not weaklings,—men born to find new lands and make new ways, men who in religion discovered a task worthy beyond all others and most alluring.

The Pilgrims were adventurers of faith. Literally they went forth not knowing whither they were going. To settle “in the northern parts of Virginia,” the ancient document reads, and they landed in the snow and ice of New England. But a voyage undertaken “for the glory of God and to advance the Christian faith” as they declared and so bravely demonstrated theirs to be, could not be stayed by storm or death. Another has said, “They refused to starve or to quarrel or to retreat. Not to play safe; but to face risks for a great cause, not to save life in Old England but to lose it in New England. Not to cling passively to the Cross of Christ; but to take up passion-

ately their own cross and to carry it for His sake. "Through peril, toil and pain,"—these were the moulds of Pilgrim character that deeply blazed the trail of our American civilization.

And these are the characteristics that find their highest expression in the life and ministry of Jesus Christ. Had he been satisfied to be good and to do good without challenging the evil; without rebuking evil-doers, and making an issue of righteousness, he would very likely have died a peaceful and natural death, honoured for his gentleness and acclaimed for his miracles of mercy. But his were restless feet; his was an impatient heart. He was not satisfied in the beaten paths of the fathers; he was not content to leave things as he found them; he outgrew Nazareth as Abraham outgrew Mesopotamia. Socially and religiously Jesus was an adventurer; the great adventurer, and he called men to break with age-old traditions and superstitions; to march out; to deny self and walk with him in the ways of a new order. The words of the Sermon on the Mount, so eloquently commonplace now, infinitely high above our practice and our living though they are, were a revolutionary pronouncement when Jesus spoke them, and it was as a revolutionist that the defenders of a decadent civilization and a degenerate church

he refused to acknowledge, pursued, persecuted and destroyed him. And I am persuaded that were He to return and bring again this message, speak again his words, this generation would crucify him in less time than did the Jews and Romans.

But Jesus knew that the adventurer must accept the adventurer's risks and in the end embrace the adventurer's death. As for us the servant is not greater than his Lord.

“ Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.”

The man who asks to see the end from the beginning; who demands assurance of success and insurance against disaster and hardship; who insists upon knowing the way before him more than one step at a time, is not a Christian after the order of Jesus. The Abrahams who go out “ not knowing whither they are going ” but answering to some Divine inner urge, obedient to some Heavenly vision, as was the maid who heard voices in the air, are the pathfinders, the discoverers, the emancipators, the empire-builders of the race.

All of life is an adventure. They exist, but do not live, who refuse to hear its call and accept its risks. In business, in friendship, in the home, in society, in politics, the achieve-

ments that bless, that call forth the admiration and gratitude of one's fellow men, are the rewards of a courage that does not ask to see. I have very vivid recollections of a man who with brutal frankness once said to me, "I would not be a father; the risks are too great. In these days of abnormal living, of superhuman temptations for the young, the odds against parents who above all things else in life are concerned with the moral and spiritual welfare of their children, are too great." He spoke of the vices and superficial ideals, the vicious standards of popular society, the passing of the old home wholesomeness, and repeated, "I would not be a father."

God knows that motherhood and fatherhood are appalling responsibilities to-day. Often the difficulties and discouragements, the problems, seem great beyond human daring. Always the future is obscure and at best uncertain. But God pity the men and women who turn deliberately away from home responsibility, who choose to remain childless, because of the sacrifices and risks that come with the patter of baby feet. God pity them, for they not only leave the future of the race to its less fit and its unfit, but they renounce their right to mortal's purest bliss and open arms that children should have filled, to loneliness and an old age uncomforted.

Now and forever and everywhere the world waits for women and men of the adventurous faith. The international chaos that feeds the beasts of famine and anarchy will yield to no vacillating and uncertain statesmanship. The advices of fear will leave us in darkness as cruel as that which preceded the reign of terror. The industrial unrest, the economic waste, the impoverished credit of our time, the hate, the social cruelty, the interracial bitterness, a running sore, a festering wound, waits for the adventurers of a new order who will cry down the pathways of the world the answer of the Son of God: "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

Everything else has been tried and what a hapless, hopeless world it is. The great Conference called to advance peace, thus far has planted new fields to bitterness, sown fresh trenches to war. What a hapless, hopeless world it is for all who are not Abrahams, who are unwilling to go forward, not knowing whither they are going. The devices of traditional statesmanship are impotent; for vengeance is the creed of fear and only faith can captain this salvation. International relationship needs not a surgeon, not a soldier's separating sword, but the poultice of magnanimity.

We have celebrated the 100th anniversary

of the birth of Ulysses S. Grant. When he turned his defeated enemy away from Appomattox, conquered by generosity, he rendered his greatest service to his country and to the world. His decision that day was a conclusion of faith. He committed the United States to a great spiritual adventure, an adventure in reconciliation, and the Union, the Union restored in spirit as well as in form, is his sufficient vindication and his noblest monument. Nothing short of such a surrender to the eternal principles of human brotherhood by the nations to-day, will ever bring order out of this chaos, will ever win this misnamed peace.

“God give us men, a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands.”

What a challenge the church faces to-day. To conquer the Far East for the Prince of Peace would be a mightier triumph than to humble the Central Powers; to capture New York City, for instance,—to capture New York City for Jesus Christ as the early church captured Rome, would be a greater adventure than to smash the Hindenburg line. Day after day I jostle my way through the appalling crowds upon Fifth Avenue, and often I have brooded and trembled for the future of my country and the institutions of her Christian civilization. We are practically helpless be-

fore our problem. We do not even have the ears of these hurrying millions; their minds and hearts are strangers to us. They do not contend against us, they do not despise us, they do not ignore us,—they are unconscious of us. While their ancient faiths have been forgotten in a new land, they are among us as worse than heathen, for they have no gods but gods of mammon.

May the God of Abraham pity us for our indifference, for our self-complacency, for our lack of initiative, for our cowardice, for our unwillingness to try the untried, for our fear of breaking away from the conventional,—God pity us, for a judgment is upon us if we go not out by new and untried ways to capture the soul of the city. And this is but one item of the budget, but a tiny fragment of the plan,—the most stupendous challenge that ever came to man.

Do we discuss our failure to win youth to the church in larger numbers? “Church, wouldst thou call youth into thy service? Call him not, then, with plaintive music and soothing sermon. O never for him expunge and soften the words of Jesus, but gird on him the sword and buckler and send him forth with trumpets sounding the call of Christ’s crusade.” This is the call that youth forever hears,—the call of danger.

Sometime since I attended an annual meeting of one of the great foreign missionary boards. In the closing session I listened to seven addresses delivered by as many young people who represented a class of more than seventy under appointment to various overseas fields. One address I will never forget. It was delivered by a young man who said, "I received my first missionary impulse in a Christian Endeavour convention in Seattle. Afterward I became a Student Volunteer. Then the war came along, put a uniform on me and I marched away. One afternoon I sailed down New York Harbor, out by the Statue of Liberty, and as through a half-closed port I saw the shore line of my country fade into the mist, I promised God that if I lived to return I would sail away again. Now I am about to sail. Within ten days I shall sail down New York Harbor again,—out by the Statue of Liberty, into the Narrows, and on until I shall see the shore line of my country fade into the mist," and with a profound emotion the young man concluded, "And this second journey to my life-work on the Nile for Christ and the Church, is the greater journey of the two."

"And he went out, not knowing whither he was going, for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose architect and builder is

God.” Ah, we have not completed the text, for Abraham went, led on by faith, and not knowing whither he was going. But let no man say that he was an aimless wanderer. He had a destination. His was a quest and not a ramble. He had a purpose, a great objective and a divine impulse led him out of old lands into new, from ancient superstitions into a living faith, from the flesh-pots of time to the altars of eternity, from self to God. The difference between Abraham and any other sheik of the Chaldean Plain was the difference between a nomadic wanderer following the trails of tribal wealth and an inspired adventurer on the path of an exalting quest.

And here forever lies the difference between the glittering tinsel of a cheap and transient fame and the abiding qualities of true greatness. The difference between reputation and character, the difference between the searcher after temporal gain and those adventurers who cross uncharted and mysterious seas or deserts unexplored, seek for Canaan, look for the city, which hath foundations, whose architect and builder is God.

Mr. Roger Babson, in a recent book, tells of an experience that came to him while the guest of the president of a South American republic. During the conversation the statesman asked this very unusual question: “ Mr. Babson,

how do you explain the difference in development between North America and South America? South America is at least as rich in natural resources as North America. South America was settled first, but in education, in business, in science, and in government, South America has been generations slower than her northern sister. What is the reason? ”

Mr. Babson parried the question and evaded it, and then the distinguished host said, “ Mr. Babson, I think that I know the reason. South America was settled by Spaniards who came to find gold. North America was settled by Pilgrims who came to find God.”

What are we looking for? God or Gold? the wealth of riches or the riches of character, reputation or integrity, a cheap distinction or a distinguished service, a valley of fatness to feed the flocks of selfishness, or a city,—a city that hath foundations, that shall not pass,—a city whose architect and builder is God?

XI

THE PRICE OF PEACE

ONE of man's great quests is the quest for peace, serenity of mind, health of soul, and it is this that Jesus promised to his disciples long ago, when he said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." It was both a bequest and a gift; theirs it was to hold, and theirs it was to have.

The words that Jesus spoke were the words of an easy and accustomed Eastern salutation, but there are times when an ordinary phrase or sentence may become invested with immense significance; there are moments when into one word may be condensed the passion of a supreme hate; the fear of an overwhelming terror, or the love of a lifetime. Christ into these words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," pours the yearning, the fire, the passion of His unchanging and eternal love.

It is not to be assumed that this gift was an arbitrary one. The disciples could have refused it, and, indeed, for a time did. But it

was an absolute one, given never to be withdrawn; given once and given for all. Ours it is to-day, as theirs it was yesterday, for the opening of our minds and hearts and the ordering of our lives to receive it.

“Peace,”—it is on the lips of the great captain in the morning of his triumph. Before him is the humbled, the defeated army of the military genius who has so long opposed him. About him are the resolute men who have followed him through hardships and dangers. The cause of his people is victorious at arms. But beyond the furled battle-flags his prophetic eye looks to a day when the very animosities that still engage the souls of these men who have laid their weapons down, will have been assuaged, and he utters the words that will survive long after rust has eaten through the gallant sword he wore,—“*Let us have peace.*”

“Peace,”—the heavy shades are drawn; the chamber, richly furnished, is silent save for the whisper of nurses and physicians. A great life draws swiftly to its close,—a life of rich emoluments as society judges reward. The grey head tosses upon its pillow, and the mind, once master of the intricacies of trade and the problems of commerce, knows now only that pain is departing. Long since the cares, the anxieties, the disappointments of office, the

ambitions, the satisfactions of success, have passed from the sufferer's consciousness, and now the watchers hear him say, "Peace, peace, peace."

"Peace,"—we look upon the placid brow, the pallid cheek, the folded hands. The room in which she lies is small and mean. About us are the broken things she toiled in vain to hide beneath such tawdry coverings as poverty could buy. The man her girlhood loved and trusted sits half asleep, and quite alone. The children,—there are five,—are weeping as children weep who have lost their all. The plate upon the casket bears a single word, "Peace."

Peace! What multitudes poured into the streets and what demonstrations of joy swept through our cities, across the nation, and around the world, when that word so long delayed, so ardently hoped for, came out of the Armistice Conference in France on the 11th of November, 1918. "Peace,"—the end of war; Peace, the return of loved ones;—no more agony of suspense, no more weeping. Did ever the human soul entertain so rich a mixture of emotion as it did on that Armistice Day which saw the manhood of the world released from grips with death?

But we were not long in discovering that Peace had only begun, if indeed it had begun,

and that it, too, must be won. We waited expectantly for the treaty, and when finally it issued from Versailles we found that at best it but recorded progress. There were many who said that it was in reality a backward step. Upon one thing we were all agreed,—until the Peace had been won, the war itself could not be said to have been won, and that to lose the peace, to fail in perfecting the peace, meant to lose the war.

The war had settled nothing finally. Fundamentally war never settles anything. At best it opens the way for certain issues to be settled; makes an opportunity for great principles to prevail. But the constructive processes are always processes of peace, and upon peace war lays heavy burdens; for every opportunity to which it opens the door, it creates a handicap. In this regard the latest war, the war we call now the Great War, has been no exception. Every great issue raised by it has been turned over to Peace for settlement, and who can name a problem that it has finally solved?

Did we imagine that once and for all nations had turned their backs upon great standing armies? Then hear the tramp of Russia's two million conscripts, and listen to the arguments advanced by France for continuing to maintain a vast military organization. The rea-

sons given in each instance are reasons that have their origin in the war,—the war that was supposed to have forever ended such reasons.

Surely, if there was one thing that civilized man agreed must be eliminated forever, it was the ruthless attack of the submarine. “Remember the *Lusitania*,” was more than a battle-cry,—it was humanity’s horror of savagery made vocal; it was the expression of the morality of the conflict to democratic peoples who held peace so dear that they were ready to give everything to retain it, short of truth and honour. But only a few days ago we found a great conference of nations in which Germany did not participate, unable to agree upon the elimination of the undersea killer, while a recognized authority of one of the participating countries argued for its unrestricted use.

Nor has this war bound the governments that joined each other in it more closely together. Rather it seems to have set in motion influences that now force them apart, and those who discuss possible new conflicts speak of the friends of yesterday as the foes of tomorrow.

What judgment shall we bring upon that stupendous struggle, that bled Europe white, and shook the very foundations of our American institutions? It stopped Germany; it de-

stroyed the 20th century dream of absolutism, for one imperial crown, but who shall say that in itself it was a victory for the Allied Nations? It was David Lloyd George who first declared, "Unless we win the peace we have lost the war." By implication at least, he sounded the warning that the Central Powers might yet bring triumph out of disaster, and if his words meant anything at all, they meant that war could be only destructive, that war could at best only tear down, burn away, and make space for the structures of peace. History has again and again demonstrated that many so-called victories have been too dearly bought, or too unwisely, too selfishly, administered. Time frequently names the conquered as administrators for their conquerors.

Contemplate a few of the handicaps that war has placed upon peace, a few of the burdens that because of war peace must carry as she faces her appalling tasks, and problems, as she marshals the forces that Mars has left her, and moves on the strongholds that must be taken, before the foundations of brotherhood can be laid down.

Financially, peace operates in a bankrupt world:—only the fact that practically all nations are in the same embarrassment makes it possible to proceed with economic processes. No statesman, no captain of finance, speaks

with authority. Many are opposed to every method for liquidation proposed, and no plan thus far presented has the complete confidence of its own proponents. This is not an indication of a collapse in leadership. The problem is vast beyond all previous problems, and men find no stars by which to chart their course. They sail the unknown seas of a new world.

The direct cost of the war was 186 billion dollars, with an estimated total loss, including destroyed shipping, damaged property, loss of production, etc., of \$355,291,719,819. To-day the United States of America is investing 92.6% of all her appropriated moneys in wars, past and anticipated; only 1.3% remaining for public welfare, 1.4% for public works, 4.8% for the administration of government. And if Peace staggers under the load, do not point the finger of scorn. It is estimated that there are as many as one and a half billion people now alive on the earth, and the cost of the war participated in by the so-called civilized of these was 186 billion dollars!

Contemplate the waste in men,—19,658,000 killed in battle, 30,470,000 lost by an increased death rate, 39,500,000 more cut off by a decreased birth-rate,—a total human loss of 89,628,000. And remember, among these men were the finest flower of mankind;—the strong-limbed, the brave-hearted, the clear-eyed, the

young and the ardent. In the loins of the potential fathers died the poets and musicians, the inventors, the preachers, and the statesmen who would have been and who now can never be. And so, when Peace thinks slowly and seems to be moving forward by hopping on one leg, remember the limb that she left in the Argonne, and the brain that was seared by the white heat of the shell. I hear war say, "Peace, I set before you an open door. Behold a field ready now to be harvested." And I hear Peace reply, "Ah! but where are my harvesters?"

But what of the Peace? What is it, or rather, what is it to be? We still find ourselves absorbed by this question. Manifestly there has been a difference of opinion, or the question would have long since been answered. At the risk of seeming to be presumptuous, let us try to answer the question,—not as Americans, not as Allies, not as victors, but as Christians. What kind of a Peace shall we have?

Not a peace of secret diplomacy, which is a peace of intrigue, a peace of suspicion, a peace of secret treaties. Not a peace to be maintained by fortifications and armies supported by fleets, not a peace which enriches some nations at the expense of other nations, even though the nations impoverished stand convicted of high crimes against humanity. Not

a peace of selfishness. Not a peace of isolation, that promises safety to those who live apart and are remote, for there is no isolation now. No, and not Peace, physical peace at any price, for chains are worse than bayonets, and truth surrendered to her foes is worse than war.

What kind of a Peace shall we have? The peace that Jesus promised,—the peace that Jesus gave to his disciples, the peace of Christ!

And what is this peace? Humanly speaking, it is the peace that “ passeth knowledge,” the peace that man cannot understand, and that he will accept only when all his own resources and expedients have failed. But it is the peace that survives, and from its plan shines man’s only star of promise.

It is peace that hath foundations, that stands upon eternal justice and righteousness; no whim of a passing hour, no passion of an evil day dictates it; it is not the creation of compromise. It is the settlement of “ I must.” William Penn, when remonstrated with because he treated with the Indians and reimbursed them for the lands which he could have taken without consideration for their native occupants, replied, “ I must, for it is right.” This is the sentiment of Jesus, the peace of Christ. The peace of Christ is the peace of a

fixed standard, the peace of morality. It is an absolute peace, and William Penn is but one example of the fact that "to the peaceful peace is seldom denied."

It is at this point that the peace settlements of the nations break down. They are settlements that balance power, that distribute profits, and that follow vengeance. We speak not as a judge over our brethren, our words are those of confession, for the hour is man's hour of humiliation. Man has failed. No peace of suspicion and hate, no peace of national covetousness and fear, no peace of compromise, no peace of revenge, will survive. Man's peace is the wrong peace. Let us take counsel from Jesus when he said, "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you." The peace that the world needs to-day,—aye, the peace that when we know ourselves, when we approximate our best, the peace that then we want, is the peace of Christ. His is the only peace that lasts, for it is the peace of truth, and truth is eternal, for truth, though "crushed to earth, shall rise again."

The Peace of Christ, then,—how shall we win it? It is won by sacrifice and unselfishness, won as the war was won, by giving, by giving much and by being willing to give all. But how difficult it is for us to see this, and to accept it. We gave our money, our children, and we

risked our individual and national existence in armed conflict with the Central Powers. Men tore off the garments of selfishness and wept in the shame of their offering after they had given all, so small the gift appeared in the white light of that occasion. Now we discuss, we argue the terms of peace, as though we could have so precious a thing, for nothing.

What was the strength of the United States in the Washington Conference? I rather think that first of all it was the strength of sacrifice and unselfishness. Not that great sacrifices were offered or actually made, but there was at least a gesture of renunciation. America did sacrifice ships and plans that had stirred her heart with national pride, and when before has any government deliberately resigned the high distinction, "Mistress of the Sea"? This was the contribution of the United States to the war against war, her gift for brotherhood. She said to England and Japan and France and all the others,—“I have this power; this glory is in my hand, and none can take it from me, but I yield it for the common good.”

There are those who seek to arouse our suspicions and fears to-day; who stir our passions and play upon our national pride. If we were to grant every danger that they so loudly proclaimed, we would yet be risking and giving

infinitely less for peace than we gave for war. We have at least begun an experiment in unselfishness, an experiment on a large scale, to be sure, but one that our returns on a similar investment would seem to justify.

When after the Boxer uprising the United States returned to China, above actual damages, her share of the indemnity money levied upon the Chinese government by the great powers, and when she refused to accept that uprising as a pretext for acquiring concessions and zones of influence in the Far East, she deliberately denied herself profits, that her commercial rivals accepted. But for any losses that may have come to her, then, there have been moral gains that wipe them out. China has never ceased to be grateful, her confidence has never been destroyed, though diplomacy has sometimes shaken it, and now appear financial and economic returns that strengthen us in the old-fashioned conviction that honesty is not only the best policy, but that it pays to be Christian. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," and thou shalt surely find it after many days.

How win the peace? This peace of Christ? It is won by faith. The voices that call up our fears to-day are voices of blind leaders of the blind. Between Canada and the United States,—rather, between the British Empire

and the United States, on our north, is four thousand miles of demonstrated faith in international honour,—as James McDonald used to say, “ a thousand miles of mountains, a thousand miles of plains, a thousand miles of lakes, a thousand miles of rivers, without a fort,” and without a soldier armed for military action, without a vessel on hostile mission bent. A hundred years and more of peace between the two great peoples who in all that time have never dug a gun-emplacement against each other.

The world has adventured her fears, her lust for power, her pride, her selfishness. She has gone to the end of the trail with her outgrown devices of statesmanship. She has tried every other way, and all roads have led at last to the same catastrophe. Let her now adventure faith. We must turn from ourselves, we must burn behind us the bridges of fear and go to Christ for His peace. For nations as well as for individuals, He is the way, He is the truth, He is the life.

How win the war? Win it with love. On the front page of the British *Christian Endeavour Times* for November 4th, 1920, appeared the picture of a portion of the delegation attending the first German Christian Endeavour Convention held after the war. On the

inside of that page was a paragraph announcing that the President of the European Christian Endeavour Union, pastor of the largest church in Europe, St. Enoch's in Belfast, had been invited to attend the next German Convention, which was to be held in Berlin.

When I read that announcement a chill of resentment swept over me, and then I asked God to forgive me. In August, 1914, I tramped with the President of the European Christian Endeavour Union among the sand-dunes of Cape Cod. We talked of many things, and he told me of his son, Paul, a glorious youth, the apple of his eye. Even as we talked, the furies turned upon the world. John Pollock hurried home to see his lad march off with other North of Ireland men. But when the war was over, and the regiments returned, Paul did not march back again. The trail runs clear and true to Flanders, but stops somewhere at an unknown grave beneath the poppies of a battle-field. And what of that invitation? It was accepted. John Pollock went to Berlin.

The peace of Christ is the peace of "love ye your enemies, and forgive them that despitefully use you." This is the only peace that will bring order out of chaos; the only peace that will remove the sword of revenge that to-day hangs above the head of Europe, the only

peace that will win the war; the only peace that will last. We do not find it in ourselves; it is a gift. "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you."

XII

HOW TO BE BORN

BIRTH is the great mystery of life's beginning. Science has charted the far country and eased the pain of the journey. But an understanding of birth is as our knowledge of the winds and the lightnings. We comprehend it as we comprehend nature, and Tyndall in his "Forms of Water" concludes, "We are absolutely unable to comprehend either the origin or the end of the forces of nature." They rest in nature's omniscient and omnipotent God.

As upon woman has been laid the burden and the pain of birth, so hers is the glory and the crown. The travail-couch becomes the greatest throne, and mother is the only universal queen.

The supreme business of womanhood is motherhood, and by as much the supreme business of manhood is fatherhood.

I cannot change the facts and antecedents of my own birth, but I can influence these facts and antecedents for my children. Physically, mentally, morally, I am not so much

concerned about my ancestors as I am that I shall be an ancestor. Whether, as men judge such matters, I am or am not well born, I am responsible, so far as fatherhood is concerned, for the birth conditions and environment of those who come after me.

In this lies fatherhood's supreme obligation, with its supreme joy or supreme agony.

I have a friend whose parents so loved this country that before his birth they undertook a hazardous journey in order that their child might first see the light of day beneath the Stars and Stripes.

Lincoln was born in a log cabin, and so was Grant. Washington was born in a mansion. Jesus was born in the Bethlehem manger.

But the question is not where to be born, nor when to be born, nor what to be born; the question is how to be born.

As a lad perhaps you called fate cruel because you were not born when knighthood was in flower, or when Indians ruled the Western plains and buffalo roamed the desert. But no time was ever more adventurous than this time. There are tasks a-plenty. Life is rich with high adventure. Where in history do you find a more thrilling career than that of Roosevelt? *Now* is always the great moment in which to live. The question is, *How?*

Glad I am to be an American, and

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
‘This is my own, my native land!’
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burn’d
As home his footsteps he hath turn’d
From wandering on a foreign strand?”

But others are equally happy because they are French or Italian or British. Bloody Mary was born a princess; Booker Washington was born black, and the son of a slave. How to be born, that is the question.

Thank God, if you were born strong of body, clean of blood, cheerful of disposition, and resourceful of spirit. Thank God, if you were born well. But I hear a vast company say: “What of us? Whenever and wherever and whatever and however we may have been born, we *are* born. We cannot change the facts of our birth. Granted that we may affect these facts for others, that we may in some vital measure affect those who come after us, here we are, born wrong, many of us, with weak bodies, with tainted minds, with sour souls. What about us?” And there is only one answer, the answer of the Man who spake as never man spake, “Ye must be born again.”

Here is a great mystery, a mystery more profound than that of the physical birth. But the fact of it is no less real than that of the physical birth, no less real because it is spir-

itual, no less real because to the physical eye it is invisible. We cannot see the wind, but we can record its effects and register its power. The new birth is subject of demonstration; it can be proved. And the proof of it is the fact of it.

Do you say that you cannot understand the new birth, that being born of the Spirit is a mystery? You say nothing more than Nicodemus said, nothing more than Jesus gave assent to, in that midnight interview. But do not deny the fact of the new birth, and do not for yourself reject it because it is a mystery. It is real, as real as the winds, as unmistakable as the lightnings; and it is more vital, more powerful, than these. The proof of it is as clear-cut and should be as convincing as the proof of the physical birth.

We know that you were born, and we know that you were born because you are. And all about us are men and women who have been born again, who are new creatures because they are in Christ Jesus, whose deeds are different, whose words are changed, whose very countenances have been altered. How do I know that they have been born again? I know that they have been born again because they are and because they are new. Because the man that was is no longer, and because the new man, the man that is now, finishes old,

tasks, rights old wrongs, forgives old injuries, loves the unlovable.

Physically they may be mean and dwarfed, hopelessly deformed; but, while physically a new birth is forever denied them, spiritually they may become men and women perfected and glorified.

While attending a Christian Endeavour conference in a Western college town a few years ago I met a young woman who was carried into my meeting. Drawn and humped, limbs twisted and hands gnarled, hers was a pathetic figure. But she was beautiful; spiritually she was angelic; mentally she was an exquisite creature. She not only refused to centre her mind upon her own difficulties, but she insisted upon bearing the burdens of others. The young people of her church and community looked upon her as a leader, and were enriched by her friendship. Her disposition was singularly winsome; her personality attracted people who were drawn to her, not by pity, but by admiration and love.

She had not always been thus, however. There was a time when she was sullen and morose, harsh with her parents, and bitter against God. She seemed hopelessly afflicted in soul as well as body, destined to be a burden until death should relieve both herself and her friends.

And then she was born again. Those who knew her testify that they knew her no longer. The old had passed away; she was a new creature; and the difference between what she had been and what she had become, was as great as the physical difference between two women who have no resemblance. She was born of the Spirit. It was not a change of scene, nor a change of task, nor a change in physical condition. She continued to go about in an invalid's chair. It was not new friends, nor the resolution of her own will, not any physiological reaction. It was a change of heart. It was God. It was God through His Holy Spirit. She was born again.

A new task is not enough. Unless a man is himself new the seeds of failure will remain, and they will be carried into new endeavours, where presently they will sprout and grow. You have known men, as I have, who complained that their work gave them no opportunity to reveal their worth; and there are cases where individuals potentially great, through circumstances beyond their control, have been chained to failure by labour that was bondage. But that vast multitude roving about in search of the "big strike" and laying their defeat always at the door of the particular "poor job" they happen to be leaving, will not be saved by any new thing they

may discover. The work they spoil will wait for some new man to save and perfect it.

There came into a college community some years ago a brilliant young fellow whose father was at the time in the United States Senate. He had only recently graduated from a great New England university, married the reigning beauty of his home city, and begun the practice of law. Then suddenly his wife and parents discovered that he was a drunkard. They were overwhelmed and broken-hearted. Hoping to save the fellow and to keep the honoured name from humiliation, they sent him away "to find himself." They believed that in new surroundings and with new associates he would get away from the curse that had gripped him.

For a time their hopes seemed about to be realized, and they began to look for his return. He had been a great athlete, had captained his varsity, and made the All-American. That first winter he coached the local football team that won a State championship. Men loved him. He was generous to a fault, an ideal companion. He and I have followed game trails together. We have whipped mountain trout-streams together. We have slept under a rubber blanket and beneath the open skies together.

But he did not find himself. The last time

I saw him I travelled across three states for the meeting; but, when I looked into his eyes, I found no light of recognition. His shoes were broken; his clothing was ragged; his hair was matted; his face was marred by the lines of many excesses. He never went back. His father needed him, and left public life because of him. His mother needed him, and died broken-hearted when he did not return. His wife needed him. His baby son needed him, but never saw him. New surroundings and new associates were not enough. The only road that led back to the heights from which he had fallen he refused to take; and, trying to get up by another, he came to his ruin.

Out of a railroad section camp a profane and ignorant lad came years ago to hear the story of God's redeeming love and transforming power. Hearing, he was moved, and, confessing his sins, he cried out for pardon. Rough and uncouth, mentally untrained, unmoral rather than immoral, as he was, the profound change that took place when his penitential prayer was answered left the earnest people who had gathered about him at the altar of the pioneer church in a riot of emotions. Afterwards they testified that a very devil came in and a very saint walked out. That he was born again, his life from that night forth was unwavering evidence.

He went back to his camp, back to his work, back to his associates. The camp was unchanged; his work was the same; his associates were as they had been when he left them. But he was a new man; he was changed; and because he was changed the camp changed. His work there never looked again as it did when he left it for that old-fashioned revival meeting.

And so unique and powerful a thing was this new life that had taken possession of his herculean frame that immediately it began to change the lives of his brawny and elemental companions. As they had followed him rioting, they began inquiring of him the way of righteousness.

Eventually he entered upon new activities, but not before the old had responded to his zeal and tireless endeavours. I say that eventually he entered upon new activities; he became a preacher. He had a stern and long road to travel. He could not write his name when he began. Well-meaning friends did their best to dissuade him. But they remembered the former man, the old man, and reckoned not with the new.

When I became acquainted with him, he could still hold his frontier audience, but he was as convincing before a college chapel. One evening his hand dropped upon my shoul-

der and his rich voice whispered in my ear the searching question, "Why don't you square away and give yourself to Jesus Christ?" It was the night that I became a Christian. That great and glorious gentleman, who, being dead yet speaketh, is all the proof I shall ever need of the fact of the second and spiritual birth.

XIII

HOW TO LIVE

A YOUNG man stood before a great king. He was the new favourite of a sturdy nation. He had saved the armies of his ruler; had become so distinguished as the result of his feats of valour that the monarch felt that his own prestige was threatened; and, while he spoke with honeyed words, there was sinister plotting in his mind. Even as he promised the youth his daughter in marriage he planned his death.

This is the setting for as fine a statement of unaffected humility as ever fell from the lips of a brave man. Bowing before his monarch, David replied to Saul, "Who am I, and what is my life, or my father's family in Israel, that I should be son-in-law to the king?"

There are many answers given to the question so strikingly asked by the conqueror of Goliath. Life is brief and as a vapour. Life is sorrow and misunderstanding. Life is a great uncertainty. To some life is a holiday. To others it is a business proposition, and

yet others enter it as athletes enter a race, competing for success against their fellows and often at the expense of their weaker brothers.

Perhaps the greatest mistake is the mistake of the individual who looks upon life as absolutely a selfish proposition, who regards it with no thought of those who come after him, and who does not take God into consideration at all.

“What is my life?” The answer depends upon how you live it. The vital consideration is not where I live, nor how long I live, but how I live. There was never a finer statement of the creed for life than that of Bryant in “Thanatopsis”:

“So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Life is brief, but, though brief, it is long enough if lived well, and, after all, he lives long who lives well. Another has said, “Live well, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long”; and of the young who are captured by death it has been written:

“They pass from work to greater work;
They rest before the noon.
Ah, God is very good to them,
They did not die too soon.”

We are immortal until our work is done. Campbell Morgan once wrote, “When a man’s life, however humble, is set to the will of God, its time-schedule is kept in heaven.”

Jesus Christ in thirty-three years lived for all the centuries.

Nor is life a tragedy if lived well. Those who pass through the deepest sorrows may be transparently happy and contagiously cheerful. Life is like mountain lands and Alpine countries where winter and summer are always side by side, and where it is but a step from a glacier to a garden.

Life is a series of surprises, but it is not a gambler’s throw of the dice. It is the beginning of an unapprehended but immortal destiny. The great unknown is kept for us, for God is thinking of us always as we think of our children, and nothing is left to chance.

Life is a business, a co-operative business, for we get as we give, and there is opportunity for each and for all.

Life is a race, but it should not be a heart-breaking competition, with final success at the expense of those with whom we run. All may win. The reward is universal. We run with men and not against them. If we live well,

life is for others. More than a score of times the New Testament enters upon the record, "He that loveth his life shall lose it." Emerson wrote, "Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous task." The supreme joy, humanly speaking, is the joy of the mother who gives all.

Life is, and it is one day at a time, and one day after another. The first fact suggests fatality; the second implies repose; and the third visions culmination. To-morrow will be better than to-day. The dawn will bring a new page upon which we may write with a firmer hand.

Life is not mine. I have no absolute possession of it; for He is my life, and that which I call mine is a sacred trust. When I fail to live in Him I am not truly alive, for I am dead in selfishness and, as an ancient book has it, "in trespasses and sin."

Life is not mine, for I did not create it; I did not find it; in me it did not have its beginning; in me it does not end, nor can I terminate it. From me it will pass on in new forms and faces. It is mine for the moment, to use, to enjoy, to enrich, and to invest.

The only adequate standard for life is the standard that one set for himself and for his associates nearly two thousand years ago, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy,

acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.”

Such living is level-best living. Such living leads at length to the apprehension of a great truth, the truth that we have not given at all until we have given all. Such living leads at last in victorious service to immortal triumph.

“ We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

There is an Arabian fable that tells us life is composed of two parts, that which is past, a dream; that which is to come, a wish. Dreams and wishes, memories and hopes!

Dreams! Dreams of long ago! The green meadows of childhood; the companions of youth; father, mother, books, trips; the dog that came at your call and hung at your heels; the great tree that was your castle and the creek that floated your argosies; the city that reached out and enchanted you; school-days and college friendships; the grit of the cinders under your spikes; the crash of the gridiron; the first fish you ever caught; your first party, your first job, your first earnings; your first heartache, your first night away from home, your first great triumph, your first great grief; your decision for a life-career, its high emotion; the supreme experiences that senti-

nel your way, their pain or joy, their success or disappointment. Dreams—and who does not have them?—the bitter and the sweet, dreams that make you happy and dreams that make you sad.

Hopes! hopes that blossom in childhood and that never fade; hopes that send you for the first wild flowers of springtime and that fill your arms with crimson leaves when summer is past; hopes that live and hopes that burn; hopes that tunnel mountains and compass seas; that chart the earth from pole to pole and map the courses of the stars; hopes that heal bodies, hopes that restore minds, hopes that mend hearts; hopes that bridge failure and hopes that are a breastwork against fear; hope for ourselves and hopes for our children; hopes for a better and a happier world, for peace, for justice, and for the universal brotherhood.

Hope, the great hope that entereth within the veil, that beholds the city lying foursquare, that possesses the house not made with hands, that clasps the loved one lost awhile, that sees man's destiny completed, and that ends with Christ in God. Hope that springs eternal in the human breast, that lives forevermore.

XIV

HOW TO DIE

DEATH is, and it is inevitable. The flowers die, and the trees, the days, and the seasons. Man may conquer everything but himself and death. Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, died from being hit by a cricket-ball. Louis VI met death as the result of a pig's running under his horse. Fabius, the Roman praetor, choked to death on a single goat-hair found in the milk he was drinking. Otway, the poet, when starving, had a guinea given him, but he strangled on the first mouthful of the bread he had purchased with a portion of the gift. William III died when his horse stumbled over a mole-hill; Napoleon died in exile; Mary, Queen of Scots, was executed by her kinswoman, Elizabeth; the great Lincoln was assassinated; and Jesus expired upon the cross of a slave.

The young die as well as the old. "The aged go to death, but death comes to youth."

It has been said that man fears not death, but dying. Perhaps, if we could choose our end, if we could shape the plan, we should not

be troubled when we think of the great and dark event.

It was not California the golden that troubled the hearts of the pioneers and adventurers when the first caravans turned toward the sunset in 1849. It was the dangers of the westward trail.

What is death? The answers that science brings are not convincing. The termination of life, the cessation of respiration, the paralysis of bodily functions, eyes blinded, ears deafened, voices silenced, minds frozen,—the answers do not satisfy.

One has said that death is paying the debt of nature. But to the Christian it is bringing a soiled and worn-out bank-note for redemption and receiving gold in exchange, accepting for a cumbersome and diseased body health and joy, life forevermore.

Death is not necessarily a punishment; for the first man to die was Abel, who pleased God, while Cain, the first murderer, was condemned to live on.

Death is the great liberator. Death is glorious. This is the spirit in which Nathan Hale cried, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

"You were done to the death? Well, what of that,
If you battled the best you could?
If you've filled your place in the world of men,
The Critic will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce;
But whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only, 'How did you die?'"

Ah! that is the question. Henry Ward Beecher said, "You may live a king, but you must die a man." Death is a great leveller, and in dying we enter a great democracy. It was Elizabeth, the queen, who cried, "A million of sterling for a moment of time." It is said of Alexander the Great that, coming upon the cynic Diogenes fumbling with a pile of bones, he asked the question, "What are you doing here?" and received the answer: "I am looking for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish between your father's bones and the bones of the slaves."

But in death as in life I am a free moral agent. I may choose. Under God I am the master of my fate. I may die like a man if only I have lived like one.

To die with a full heart, one must not fear to face death with an empty wallet. "There is no pocket in the shroud."

The greatest boon that anyone can ask is this: to die in action, if not with the powers of the body and mind undiminished, at least "with the sword-arm still swinging its blade, and the soul still master of fate."

How to die? There is only one way to die. If you would die without fear, you must die

in love; for "love casteth out fear," and God is love. Would you die without remorse, free of the knowledge of guilt, with your mistakes covered, and your sins forgiven? "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Would you die without the appalling sense of loneliness? Ay, it is the loneliness of dying that we fear. Once, while wax-like fingers trembled in my clasp, I heard a faint voice say, "Do not leave me;" but even then we had reached the end of our travelling together, and then it was that the great White Comrade came, and I seemed to hear again, from lips that nevermore would speak, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Would you die with assurance, with the knowledge of your destination, possessing already the things that are hid with Christ in God? Ah! blessed indeed are those who die in the Lord, for it was He who said: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for,

you, * * * that where I am, there ye may be also.”

This is the death of victory, for this death and this death alone finds no clouds upon the sky, sends man forth with songs of rapture and with shouts of triumph. And, though they pass from mortal gaze, the incense of their lives remains. “Their works do follow them.”

I stood upon a summit in the Canadian Rockies at the sunset of a winter day. About me were frozen peaks and glacier crags. The forests on the ranges stretching at my feet and mantling all the lesser mountains were bowed beneath their weight of snow. A dozen lakes flashed signals upward through the icy air, and far below the river wound, a silver thread. The sun sank into clouds and fog, and then the glory came.

The mists shot through with gold were as the breaking surf of some celestial sea, and rainbows arched the sky until I stood beneath a vast cathedral's gem-set dome. The mountains rising tier on tier were lofty pillars of the nave; the river was a marble aisle, the lakes were altar-fires, and the bending pines became the figures of a mighty throng of worshippers. I stood within a flaming temple of the sun.

Then came the softening afterglow. It lin-

gered long upon the peaks; it kissed the snows until they blushed and stole away when twilight set her candles in the sky.

Thus is the passing of a good and righteous man. He sinks to death, but "the sky of the world is luminous long after he is out of sight."

XV

HOW TO LIVE FOREVER

WHEN the writer was a lad, one of the thrilling experiences of his life was to visit the temporary camps of the Oregon Indians who came down from the mountains to pick hops in the Willamette Valley. At the close of the working-day, men, women and children would gather about a great central fire, sing their tribal songs, and join heartily in their festival dances. There were unique gambling-games, too, that not only took the profits out of many a brave's buckskin pocket, but robbed the evening of good humour, and led to quarrels of more or less serious character.

In one of the songs which the men sang in the Chinook language, as they danced about in a great circle, was a strange chorus. It was repeated over and over again, sometimes in a mighty shout, then in a deep, guttural whisper, "Siah cupa Canaan ill-ah-ee." It is quite possible that some of these words are misspelled, for I last heard them years ago, and my only vivid recollection now is of the deep impression they made.

But, roughly translated, the chorus is, " Beyond the hills lies Canaan, the happy land." How the word " Canaan " found its way into the Chinook language I do not know. There are a great many theories, of which perhaps the most romantic as well as far-fetched is that of the Mormons, who hold that the American Indians are direct descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel. But the word is there, and its presence is another indication of the fact that universally man hopes for and expects a life beyond the grave.

To the Christian the conclusive evidence of immortality is the Word of God, the irrefutable message of the Bible, the promise of the heavenly Father. Indeed, it is at this point that the Christian religion speaks as does no other. It is in this faith that we find consolation for the brevity of a physical career which makes it impossible for a great genius to finish his work. We know that he will have eternity in which to finish it, that there will be for his spirit unending time.

In the fact that every other natural desire finds its natural satisfaction we find reassurance when we are troubled about this supreme desire of our souls. Do we thirst? Water has been created to quench our thirst. Do we hunger? There is food to satisfy our hunger. Are we susceptible of natural attachments? There

are men and women for us to love and who love us.

Every prejudice and unbelief breaks down before this passion to survive death. No program of atheism has ever been able to withstand it. By the side of an open grave Robert Ingersall stands and cries: "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. * * * But in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

This is the song of the flowers and the message of the harvests. The seasons that go and come again are full of it, and memory, that has each day for us new resurrection dawns, confirms the faith that drops its holding anchor behind the Word of God.

What is eternal life to the Christian? It is the continuation, with every physical limitation removed, of the life that we now live. As another has said, "This life is the childhood of immortality." And Christianity has never found a more comprehensive statement of the difference between mere immortality and the everlasting life that Jesus Christ proclaimed to His disciples, and promises to His children, than that of Socrates, who spoke before the Day-star of hope appeared. "All

men's souls are immortal, but the souls of the righteous are both immortal and divine."

What is everlasting life? It is the gift of God. As men we stand helpless and entirely inadequate before the great and mysterious fact. We cannot achieve it. It is impossible for us to take it by force of arms. But the weak as well as the strong possess it. It is at the end of no long and hazardous trail of discovery. We seek for it without success. Ponce de Leon at last found Florida, but his quest of the fountain of eternal youth was as vain as similar quests that the voyageurs of science make to-day. It is not ours for gold. A great queen cried, "A million of sterling for an hour of time!" But she could not complete the bargain. It is a universal gift. All races, all generations and all classes clasp it to their anguished breasts and hold it as the dearest promise against their broken hearts.

We do not understand; quite impossible is it for us to apprehend; but neither do we fear, for it is the gift of love, and always love casteth out fear. It is the gift of an all-wise, of an all-powerful, Love. How comfortable an assurance there is in the fact that, whatever else everlasting life may prove to be, it is entirely sufficient, altogether adequate!

But while it is a gift, while it has cost us

nothing of value that may be counted upon the tables of trade or weighed in the balances of commerce, it is inexpressibly precious, and it is ours at a price, the price of the blood of an only-begotten Son.

Some things we value entirely because of their associations; they have no intrinsic worth. In my mother's room at home is the picture of an ancestor of mine, quite unknown to fame, but he served his day and generation well. He ministered in forgetfulness of self to the people of the pioneer territory in which he lived. He was revered in his life and beloved in his death. The picture will be mine some day; and, when I receive it, I shall value it above all the richer treasures I possess.

But this gift of life unending is not only a gift which has unspeakably precious associations. What is eternal life? It is the lifetime of God. In it is everything that His life provides, for we are His sons and His daughters. It is work forever, congenial and satisfying. It is health forever and peace forever. It is friendship and love without end.

You have been asked what assurance you have that it will be possible for you to recognize and know the friends and loved ones you associated with in time, and then lost awhile. I know that I shall recognize and fully have them in the great to-morrow, because I had

them here. My eyes will not be less keen to recognize them then; my ears will not be less alert to hear them then; my heart will not be less prompt to claim them then. Every spiritual faculty that we have made use of in time will be carried over into eternity and perfected to the relationships of immortality.

How desperately sorrowful an experience life would be, if we were finally convinced of the fact of everlasting life, only to discover that some of us would never enjoy it! The very knowledge then of its existence, and of its existence forever beyond us, would be an indescribable agony.

Everlasting life is, and it is for me. But it is a conditional gift, a gift the conditions of which have been set for our own good, for our own final and larger joy. The most satisfactory endowment plans are those which pass large contributions into the hands of trustees, provided conditions are met which ensure the permanent upkeep and the larger life of the institution. This surpassing gift of God, which is ours without money and without price, which we have only to accept, to enjoy, rests upon two conditions; and Jesus sets them forth in His own matchless way, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life."

“He that heareth my word.” The implications are moral as well as physical. “He that heareth my word,” to do it. “He that heareth my word,” to follow me. It was to the rich young ruler that He unfolded in challenging sentences His larger meaning. To this youth, eagerly inquiring the way of life, He said, “Go, sell all that thou hast, and come, follow me.” “He that heareth my word.” Stephen, Paul, Augustine, Calvin, Livingstone, Carey, the wise and good who in all ages have counted life only in figures of unselfishness, and the simple people of the village kirk, of the Pilgrim shore, of the crowded city, who have kept His faith and fitted their feet to the red trail of His Calvaries.

And the second condition is vitally associated with the first. “He that believeth on Him that sent me.” This everlasting life of which we write has its foundations planted squarely upon faith in God; and, were it possible for us to receive the gift without such belief, how unsatisfactory a gift it would be! The only measure that we have for the value of that which we receive from the hands of a giver is the measure of our love for the giver and our confidence in him. If I have any of the instincts of a sound character, I return gifts that come from those in whom I have no confidence.

How shall we live forever? Men and women live forever, so far as history is concerned, when they relate themselves to causes that can never die. Some one has written that monuments are a protest against oblivion. The only monuments that do not crumble are those that are raised by the hands of noble deeds in the hearts of humankind.

Shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War Rufus Putnam, cousin of the more widely known Israel Putnam, received a grant of land on the Ohio River. He removed with his family and many of his associates to the section of country where Marietta now stands. He was the founder of the first Sunday School attended by white people in the great Western Reserve. The Moravian missionaries a few miles farther north on the Tuscarawas River had already gathered together the Indians for religious instruction.

Eventually Rufus Putnam felt the weight of his years, and was no longer able to attend regularly the "means of divine grace." It was in the closing days of his eventful life that a young minister came out to Marietta from New England. The pastor was of course very soon conscious of the absence of his distinguished parishioner. Feeling keenly his burden of responsibility as the shepherd of the flock, and determined to do his full duty by

the aged man, he called upon Father Putnam and inquired into his state of grace.

The story runs that the venerable man did not at first grasp the full significance of the visit. He sat in the great chair, and smiled, and rocked. The young minister, not at all satisfied with the progress of the interview, finally drew his chair very close to that of his host, and, lifting his voice, questioned: "Father Putnam, how is it with your soul? Father Putnam, are you afraid to die?" And Father Putnam heard. Suddenly he became alert; his rocking ceased; his eyes fixed upon the face of his youthful pastor; and, reaching for his cane, he straightened and steadied himself until he stood erect. Towering now above his interrogator, he dropped his hand until it rested upon the clergyman's shoulder, and said in a voice that rang with the vigour and fervour of his youth: "Young man, I shall never die. I shall never die; I shall live forever! I fought for liberty under George Washington!"

XVI

DO THE DEAD RETURN?

SPIRITISM, by whatever name called, is as old as history, and its record is found in every race. In an address delivered in 1922 before the American Oriental Society in Chicago, the story was told of an Egyptian politician who in the year 2,000 B. C. was attempting to communicate with the spirits of the departed. In our own land Indian lore, particularly that of the Southwest, is filled with the fear of witches and the terror of sorcery. The Bible chronicle begins soon after the creation and carries through the New Testament; it is a recital of the practices of Israel and the Egyptians; and the witch of Endor; the story of the magicians of Babylon and Nineveh; the activities of Magus, the damsel of Philippi, the vagabond Jews, the sons of Sceva, the astrologers, and the false prophets.

That the ancients all testified to a mysterious power, a power that could not be explained, is recognized,—a power feared and generally condemned by those responsible for

government and ordered society. Its oracles were consulted in secret, although among the Greeks they were accorded a certain public consideration.

As a rule, a clear distinction was made between good and evil spirits; the former were honoured, the latter appeased. But those supposed to be possessed of an evil spirit and able to assert mysterious powers as a result, were almost universally made the objects of persecution, and death seems to have ever been the penalty of witchcraft.

Perhaps this came about as the result of the superstition that whoever sought a boon or was shown a favor by a witch, or one thought to entertain a familiar spirit, sold his soul to the Devil, was fastened upon by a curse, that always an evil toll was exacted for prayers answered.

The reaction of normal men and women even in primitive times was unfavorable to spiritism. To-day it finds its opportunity in grief, disappointment, financial difficulties and age. At all times superficial and volatile people, emotionalists, are influenced by its spectacles and attracted by its claims. But strong and vigorous thinkers too have felt bound to study its amazing demonstrations. Certainly these demonstrations will not be dismissed by

satire and ridicule, and it is not the writer's intention to thus treat them.

While spiritualists are always with us, the experience of the recent overwhelming war tragedy and the social and industrial upheavals which in some countries approach chaos, which have followed the war, are certainly responsible for the present great and world-wide revival in spiritism.

Then, too, the lack of a religious world impulse, the contentions among Christians, and the falling off in financial contributions which seriously threaten the missionary enterprise, the sag in public morals, apostasy in the church, the loss in so many instances of the pulpit's passion and faith, have all conspired to set the stage for the aggressive prophets of spiritism. The human soul is at all times hungry, and must be fed; in hours of special trial it searches with the famine appetite for food, and morally and spiritually we live in a starving world to-day.

The writer's introduction to spiritism came very early in life. Our village was not free from the more common manifestations. But we were kept from finding any zest in the matter by the simple, natural, unmistakable Christian quality of our home influence. Measured alongside the profession and character of a devout mother and father, spiritism could

never become attractive. We know of no stronger plea than this that could be made for family religion and sound Christian instruction.

But on the other hand what are we to do with the perfectly frank and far-reaching scientific claims made for spiritism. We have no disposition to enter the field of controversy; nor is it our purpose to do anything more than bring to you the results of spiritism as we have found them, but certainly reference at least must be made to the scientific claims now advanced by our leading spiritualists.

Solemnly they affirm that scientifically it can be proved that the dead do return, and that the living communicate with them. That there are influences, manifestations and powers employed in spiritualistic demonstrations, whatever their origin and effect, that we do not understand, cannot be denied, and Sir William Thompson has truly said, "Science is bound by the eternal principle of honour to look fearlessly into the face of every problem that is presented to her." Progress made in science in the last century has shown that Argo spoke well when he declared, "He who promises anything to be impossible outside the field of pure mathematics, is wanting in prudence."

Let us pause, then, with some of the most

serious claims yet made for spiritism. A Harvard post-graduate student has taken certain critics of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle vigourously to task for failing to recognize what he declared are now clearly established facts, and he links the alchemists of old with the spiritualists of to-day. He also suggests the identification of the "first matter" or mercury about which the great secret of the alchemists centered, as the "ectoplasm" now affirmed and quite minutely described as exuding from certain portions of the body of the medium.

What of this ectoplasm? Indeed, photographs of a materialized spirit face in formation have appeared in certain of our daily papers, composed of this viscous matter called ectoplasm, and said to issue from Mlle. Eva, the noted French medium. Sir Arthur thus describes it, and testifies of his personal experience with it:

"From the medium the ectoplasm is seen coming out. It goes forth from her body. Ectoplasm has weight, the medium weighs less when it has emanated from her. We have tested by weighing the chairs. It is a tenuous, gaseous form, and the spirit of the dead enters into it. It is so delicate that the character of the dead persons can be impressed upon it.

"In Germany and France they are testing this substance now. They find it contains sul-

phates, carbonates, phosphates and other substances of the human body; and then something unknown is mixed with it, which they imagine is etherialized matter.

“ This substance is the link between two spheres. Professor Charles Richet, of Paris, has experimented with it, extensively. It is moulded by the spiritual forces at work about it.

“ I saw my mother’s face, wrinkles, and gray hair, as rēal as anyone could ask for. I found on the table, after the seance, a note in her writing, signed with a pet name no one there knew, and misspelled, as she used to by writing the final ‘e’ to look like an ‘n’.

“ Wasn’t that good proof? We see loved ones moulded into these masks before us.”

“ All the visitors at the seance heard my son’s voice, as I did. There were always from four to twēlve persons present.”

“ This experiment with the emanation of ectoplasm is the basis of all the experiments of Dr. Crawford. * * *

“ Many mediums seem to act in a suspicious manner when they are quite honest. Then the medium is under control of a sort of guardian angel, who acts as master of ceremonies.”

The novelist, J. D. Beresford, who writes on psychical research in the March (1922) Harper’s, refers to the large claims made for the

ability of this same French medium, Mlle. Eva, to exude from the facial orifices a substance called ectoplasm, which takes on human shape. He says that these claims are neither "ill-founded nor exaggerated." He asserts as a definite fact that Mlle. Eva has been able to materialize the perfect body of a tiny nude woman which moved with all the material actions of life." Paris despatches quoted Professor Richet as subscribing to the same belief in ectoplasm. And to quote Sir Arthur Conan Doyle again, writing for *The Strand* in 1921, in an article entitled, "The Absolute Proof," which described Mlle. Eva's seances, he declared of the substance she produced that "a personality which either is or pretends to be that of the dead takes possession of it."

Claims so direct as these and from such sources cannot be lightly dismissed. The volume of the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research was reported editorially in the *New York Evening Post* in May, 1922, and in the *Saturday Review*. This volume contains a report by a committee appointed to examine Mlle. Eva in London. Forty sittings were held under conditions fixed by her and her friend, Mme. Bisson,—carefully shuttered windows, a pitch-black cabinet, and mere momentary observations by the light of a torch controlled by Mme. Bisson. According to the *Saturday*

Review's summary, the report is an expose: "We have here," it says, "an extremely polite, kindly, gentle, but none the less effectual and conclusive pricking of the great bubble of illusion which has hitherto surrounded Eva and her ectoplasm. For particulars of the ridiculous * * * trifles that after much panting, straining, moaning, slavering, and retching this so-called medium ejected from her mouth, the curious must be referred to the report itself. * * * The plain truth about Eva seems to be that she is what is called a ruminant,"—i. e., a person who easily regurgitates swallowed substances. Nothing appeared that could not well have been swallowed, as paper or wax. * * *

"There will not be much patience with those who assert as unquestionable facts phenomena which are highly dubious or worse."

We have no disposition to become facetious at the expense of the famous writer of detective stories from England. Indeed, we are possessed of a feeling of sadness. No man cares to have something or someone his youth well-nigh idealized made to appear ridiculous. The atmosphere of the audiences in Carnegie Hall toward the close of the addresses of Sir Arthur on the occasion of his visit to the United States in 1922 seemed to be increasingly one of sadness as well as disappointment.

And granting the sincerity of the speaker, certainly he was releasing dangerous influences without warrant; encouraging vicious practices, promoting the victimizing of troubled souls.

If it is true, as Sir Arthur seemed to believe, that we are on the threshold of a new science, let us deal with it scientifically and not as some fresh-found music-hall attraction. The reference to the Rev. Dale Owen "as a great seer" surely left those who read the Owen book as it appeared serially in the *New York World* in 1921, nauseated. We have never read anything more ridiculous, pitiable and disgusting.

After following the distinguished visitor who started with the advantage of having often held us in the grip of his genius for story-telling, we became uneasy and suspicious. There were so many essentials lacking, so many purely human and material circumstances were introduced, that we could not escape the conclusion that the gentleman had been deceived or was self-deceived.

Frankly, is this heaven of his which is palpably the heaven he would desire, but which is so easy to reach, and in some respects so unheavenly when reached, heaven at all? We fear that his medium central is as incompetent as the lady of our poor and unwarranted tele-

phone jokes, and that she has given him the "wrong connection."

But let us return to the dictum of science, and admit again that science is in honor bound to look fearlessly into the face of every problem. We most emphatically affirm that such scientific investigations as these, for the sake of accuracy and to protect the general public from exploitation, should be locked up with trained minds and in places set apart for profound research. It is speaking kindly and saying little, to declare that the matter is still one of very doubtful experimentation. No man should exploit his opinion or commercialize his honestly held conviction at this point, in such a way as to strengthen the hands of shameless charlatans who break hearts, divide households, and destroy minds, in such a way as to injure society. We believe and have reason to believe that the public exploitism of spiritism is a bitter and dangerous thing. Were it otherwise, we would be glad to remain silent and allow the more pleasing statements of our defenders of spiritism which at the best are pale imitations of the golden reassurances of the Bible and of the great Teacher, to come to the people unchallenged.

But as it is the earnest and often sorrowful seekers after truth who should have our frank judgment of the too much published matter.

The public exploitation of spiritism as we have it to-day is as unwise and dangerous as the unrestrained and general experimentation with malignant disease germs would be. It is like making a plaything out of nitro-glycerine, or inviting the general public to observe close up tests with "T. N. T."

In this matter, to the scientist we say, "Out of Carnegie Hall and into your laboratories;" to the general public we say, "Avoid it as you would a contagious disease, for it is a plague;" and to all others we say, "Shame, and the curse of light and truth be upon you!"

But there are other considerations which to us are far more basic and vital than these we have just discussed. Let us grant at once that it is manifestly unfair to judge anything by its counterfeits, or to condemn a cause because evil elements fasten upon it, and we will accept in good faith the hot condemnation passed upon the sorcerers and covetous soothsayers by the duly accredited spiritualists. But we are bound to look upon the results of the thing itself, and "by their fruits ye shall know them."

Were we to grant the fact of communication with the dead and the instances as claimed and described by spiritualists, what has been added to our body of knowledge concerning the further state? We have read much and

listened to a good deal, but we have found nothing, absolutely nothing, added to that which the life and ministry of the Christian church has not already and far more convincingly revealed. The only times that we have found spiritualism approaching a convincing gesture is when it falls into the language of the Bible, or plagiarizes Jesus and the prophets. Otherwise the future it pictures is materialistic, unattractive, even gross and loathsome. We hear of gates of liquid stone; vast lecture halls; English pipes, spiritual cigars, dogs, cats, uncongenial mates exchanged for spiritual affinities, and even whiskey and soda. In an English pamphlet issued recently a spirit made a communication that he had just returned from casting his quarterly vote and was "weary."

The clergyman referred to as a great seer by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gives us anaemic and nauseating descriptions of the beyond in which small family quarrels are dignified by intervening spirits; and in which spirits talked always with the clergyman's accent and colloquialisms and smoked the clerical's favorite brand of tobacco. What utter disregard for their fellow spirits; the poor unfortunates who have suffered all their mortal lives from involuntary nicotine poisoning will be quite sure I know that the clergyman referred to was hor-

ribly deluded in thinking that he was in communication with Heaven. We have never read a record of this sort, from whatever hand, William T. Stead or the Fox sisters; from distinguished and sincere minds or from the mercenaries, without being affected with feelings of pity, resentment and disgust;—pity for the hungry soul deluded, resentment against their exploiters, and disgust with shameless and revolting things masquerading as the holiest treasures of the immortal soul.

A distinguished spiritualist tells us “ Our after life is like this, only all is happiness.” A newspaper of New York, commenting editorially, concludes, “ Then give me annihilation. A savage on the edge of the Congo in this creed sees a Heaven exactly as things are with him,—a black gentleman eating portions of a dead hippopotamus on the edge of a river, and going to sleep swollen but happy.”

Even for purely fanciful and imaginative descriptions, spiritualism at its best falls far short of such works as “ Gates Ajar ” and “ Intra Muros,” which make no mediumistic claims, which are deeply devout and which we advise all to read who desire to know how humans talk when, without sacrificing the essentials of Christian faith, they attempt to put into words their own interpretations of the life beyond. But before reading these, read again

the 14th chapter of John and the 21st of Revelation. Better still, browse deeply through all the reaches of the New Testament. But Gates Ajar and *Intra Muros* are unspeakably clearer, saner, and more wholesome than the words we have heard declared with scientific soberness from the public platform of American cities.

When spiritualists are most convincing and talk of the land of fulfilled desire, where men grew strong and more able, women more beautiful, and where children reach manhood and womanhood, there is no reference to Jesus as the One who conquered death for us all and in whom we all live and move and have our immortal being.

In the wake of every revival of spiritism are unbalanced minds. The unfortunate woman who slew her babe and herself because she wished to enter the spirit world and give counsel from that vantage to her husband, who was in financial difficulty, merely went on to a logical conclusion from the major premise that she had too literally accepted. Spiritism leads to no satisfaction; it engages more and more the time and energies of its followers, and leaves them forever unsettled. The real lesson to be derived from the witch of Endor and Saul's conference with her is that of dissatisfaction. Whether she actually called

Samuel from the dead or whether he came merely in a phantom of their minds or whether God sent him and surprised the unfortunate woman, as some authorities hold, her startled cry proves, is after all immaterial,—Saul got only woe and agony out of the experience, and this is the fate of those who follow his path of inquiry.

The fruits of the tree of spiritism are unrest, domestic infelicity, marital infidelity, and too frequently, gross immorality. The record of the Fox sisters, remembered by older members of our present generation, is a warning to every man who values his children's love and every woman who treasures the loyalty of her husband.

We have never known a single man or woman to be made better, more useful, truer to home and country through spiritism. We have known personally some who were ruined.

We know of no medium whose activities have been recorded, who did not at times practice deception, and the greatest frauds yet perpetrated by spiritism are of recent date. But loyal followers of a medium are not greatly shaken by discovering her in fraud. As indicated in the quotation from Sir Arthur, they find excuses for her trickery. It is said of a sorrowing son who had been persuaded to at-

tend a seance in the course of which his mother's spirit was supposed to have spoken to him, that on being strongly urged to give expression to some feeling with regard to the matter, he said with a great deal of feeling and an implication that was unmistakable, "Mother, mother of mine! Well, I'm surprised to find you in such company!"

Spiritualists seem to be always in touch with spirits who are earth-bound, whose interests are here and whose ideals seem so often to have amazingly lowered since they passed beyond. The character of the mediums and controls selected by some through which to reveal themselves after death, leaves one no other alternative than to conclude that either they have sadly deteriorated in the next world, fallen in with evil ways, or the whole thing is a cruel hoax. A distinguished British newspaper writer says that Flammarion, the French astronomer, when this point was put to him, felt that an explanation was required. And what was it? Well, he thought that souls, like the gases in a balloon, have density. Heavy souls hover near the earth. More refined souls speed further away. And it is thus with the denser souls only that we can communicate. But if the soul really responds, like Newton's apple, to the force of gravity, then it follows that we are enveloped by a Dantesque

materialism. And any soul that goes astray into stellar space may have to cling to the moon or to the planet Mars, instead of to our more domestic earth. What science makes of spiritualism is, perhaps, a less important—a less pathetic—topic than what spiritualism has made of some scientists.

After all, the immortality of the soul is best demonstrated, not by photographic effects, familiar in many movies, but by the lives—indeed, the martyrdoms—of the millions who for thousands of years have striven and suffered in this sure and certain hope.”

We have never known any person to be made more truthful through spiritism, and in every case that has passed under our personal observation, judgment has been uncertain, and unreliable. There is food for serious reflection in the general character and quality of mediums; as a rule they are crude, uncouth, many are ignorant, and not a few have been sadly worse. A recent disappearance caused a great outcry in Paris against (according to the daily press) 30,000 charlatans and fortune tellers who, posing as oracles of spiritism, were victimizing the people.

Some mediums may be victims of their own physical natures. The darkness and secrecy in which spiritism produces the manifestations that have so wrought upon the minds of men,

stands shamed in contrast with the white light in which Jesus moved and laboured, and lead one irresistibly to the conclusion, "They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

We have found spiritism to be essentially, hopelessly selfish. According to the records, those who are called back are called not for some good that they may derive out of the interview, but to minister to the living. And in what trivialities they are engaged!—moving chairs, rapping on tables, directing hands to write strangely incoherent sentences. A venerable clergyman of Philadelphia reported that his wife returned and told him where to find his fountain pen. A friend inquired why a first-class wife should be called from the immortal life and tasks of Heaven, even for a moment, to find a second-class fountain pen. What utter folly!

The emphasis of spiritism is a false emphasis,—fundamentally, profoundly false. It is an unseemly crowding toward the things hid with God, an unnatural effort to live the hereafter now, an abandonment of present duty, an attempt to anticipate the great inheritance and at the expense of sacred moral obligations. Spiritism weakens body, mind and soul to do the work of the world. We will enjoy the life to come in proportion as we

have prepared for that life by our daily living and ministry here. Hourly we are building for eternity. With us eternal life is not an anticipation, it is a fact, it is already begun. He is a sick, an abnormal person, who does not rejoice in being alive now and on the earth.

But spiritism has no dynamic for the great and needy now. The writer became acquainted with a particularly distressing case. A refined and educated widow was spending practically all her time, concentrating all her energy, in communicating with the dead. Apparently quite rational in other subjects, she declared with all the earnestness of Sir Arthur, that on St. Valentine's Day she received a valentine from George Washington. Unspeakably sad was the fact that the mother had so influenced her daughter that she consulted the young girl as a medium. Thus two lives were wasted, made useless and worse.

We turn from this pathetic home to that of a father whose son was suddenly killed; the great soul was crushed for days; the broken heart refused to function in old tasks, and then the man arose and opened his empty arms to all the homeless lads of his community. He built them a club-house; he taught them the joy of self-help and the dignity of labour, and when in peace and with

many honours he turned to his last couch, he said, "For the lad that was taken, God gave me many sons." His is the true message for life.

But some of us are not satisfied to rest this matter with science and the mediums, nor with their proponents, nor entirely upon the visible record of results. What does religion have to say on the matter? What are the historical statements of the Bible?

Certainly the Bible contains a recognition of spiritism with an acknowledgment of its peculiar power but distinguishes this power as the strength and genius of the devil; draws a straight line between miracles of the faith and the witchery of fakirs, or the revelations of those having familiar spirits, those apparently acting as mediums between the living and the dead. As in Galatians 5:20, the Bible always classes spiritism with the evils of the flesh. Recognizing the havoc wrought by spiritism the people were enjoined against associating with it in any way, and in Israel its practice was punished by death,—a severity that has left a stain upon our own New England history and which the love of Christ certainly does not include. The power of Satan has always been recognized as second only to the power of God himself, and always the two have been found mightily contending

for the souls of men. The Biblical condemnation of spiritism is decisive, "Regard not them that have familiar spirits neither seek after wizards: the soul that turneth after such I will cast off from among his people."

We know of no more effective instrument being employed to-day to enslave the human mind and heart, to vitiate the human will, than spiritism.

Spiritualists do attempt to identify Jesus with spiritism. Sir Conan Doyle declared that His writing on the sand when the woman taken in adultery was brought to Him, was automatic writing, and even went so far as to associate the contortions and so-called agonies of mediums with the agony and sublime passion of Christ, but aside from this or some similar blasphemy, spiritism has no conception of Jesus as God's only begotten son and the Saviour of man. That it denies the fundamental claims of the evangelical church for Jesus Christ is not denied; for his peculiar nature and mission it has no room; as the propitiation for sin and the conqueror of death, He is not needed.

"If Christ be not risen, then is your faith vain." If there is no Easter morning with its empty tomb, if there is no apprehension and acceptance of the risen Lord by your mind and soul, then is your faith vain indeed.

Compare for a moment the noble assurances of the Scripture promises vindicated by rich Christian experience, with these weird contortions and messages from the seance's darkness. "The sting of death is sin and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" and the sublime comfort of the 14th chapter of John, "Let not your heart be troubled * * *." What more can spiritism tell us than this,—that we go to a place prepared for us by Him, where He is, prepared in love, love omnipotent, prepared by the mind that forgets nothing. And I reserve for myself the right to build in moods of exaltation the grounds and trace the river's course about my mansion in the sky! Far more satisfaction is there in this than in having another fill it with so many things which to him may be Heaven but which to me would be disappointment and disgust.

The heaven of the Bible is the land of all the perfections that the famous writer enumerated, and of glad reunion with loved ones lost awhile. How cheap and tawdry the words of mediums become in the presence of the conversation upon the Mount of Transfiguration and the mighty sentences of John upon the Isle of Patmos! "And I John saw

the Holy City.” And how smoothly roll the words of Peter, “an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away.” What more could be told in a volume to those who anchor their faith behind Jesus Christ and in time’s dark hour lean upon His word and not upon a failing prop, who listen to His voice of matchless love. The language and wiles of spiritism are as brine to famished lips that cry for water. “Ours is the continuing city whose builder and maker is God.” for he, who hath the son, hath life!

For us it is to choose between the leadership of God and the sometimes amazing but never satisfying demonstration of spiritism. “It is the Saviour who points to mansions above.” In Him we “know how death was conquered;” that “joy follows sorrow, light scatters gloom, and Jesus it is,—Jesus who has brought us the morning of gladness.”

Distinguished spiritualists would replace all this with spiritism, and they profess to see the breaking up of the Christian Church within fifty years. The Rev. Clarence May, of England, well says, “The religion which commands the allegiance of those who desire the highest and best, follows truth for truth’s sake, and must be free from even the suspicion of fraud and follow. Whatever the result of spiritism may be in the future, it is cer-

tain that up to the present such messages as have been published may very largely be described as foolish, flippant and negligible.”

The Lambeth Conference declared, “ There is nothing in this cult (spiritism) that enhances; there is much that obscures the meaning of that world and our relation to it as unfolded in the Gospel.”

Yes, it is in the challenge and unfolding of the Gospel in the ministry of Jesus that we have our sure revelation of the way, the truth and the life,—life now and life hereafter. Again, in the language of the song, “ Seek a new life and go forward to meet him! ” Do the dead return? How unimportant the question now appears. Am I going forward to meet them? How infinitely important is that question! How futile, were it possible, to sit in darkness and wait for them to come back in ectoplasmic form! Seek a new life, and go forward “ to meet them.” The words of the broken-hearted shepherd king above the empty cradle of his child have a peculiar significance for us now. “ He shall not come to me, but I shall go to him.” It is not a question of what can be, for to God all things are possible, but what is God’s way, what is the Divine will, that is the question, and here in David’s lament and declaration we have it made plain. His plan is for us to go to them

and in the words of Jesus, "That where I am, there ye shall be also."

It is in such revelations as these that we find the companionship of our ministering spirits, the strong sense of our ever nearer approach to our dear departed, the ineffable comfort that bears us forward as with them, hand in hand.

Would I call them back if I could? Would I turn to a seance if I knew that there I might hear and see them as others say they have communicated with theirs? Absolutely and forever no! It would break my heart to have them thus. It would spoil the glory of anticipation in which I live. It would dull the eagerness with which I travel on toward the appointed tryst. It would be the sublime made ridiculous, heaven made earthlike and love made common. It would be the folly of selfishness and in selfishness as always the agony of the disappointed.

Perhaps the writer, though not an old man, has watched death come across the fields of life as often as any other person who will read these lines. I met him first as a little boy when he hurried just ahead of me into the tiny room where lay my baby sister. I have looked him in the eye as he took the mother from her sobbing children, the father from his son, the golden-haired bride of a day from her frantic

husband, the strong athlete from the midst of his robust companions. I have waited for his coming in the silent watches of the night, and I have seen him work his fury on the hills of battle and down the plains of war. Once I went with him out to the edge of the world into the silence and peace where one ceases to battle for life and then a stronger will than death's or mine turned me back again.

Sometimes I have caught upon the faces of the dying the light of an expression that only one word of human language describes, and that word is recognition. It was as though they looked upon loved forms and faces and passed with them into the mansions and the gardens of the soul. Thus I have watched them go and none have ever returned. They are there and I shall go to them, and always, moment by moment, we are nearer and yet nearer to each other.

Ah, and I have high hopes set upon the city that lieth four-square, for when I stand beside the green mounds where I laid the quiet forms of my beloved dead, or take the trails that lead me to the graves that lie so peacefully beneath the western skies among the bell-shaped hills of God, "I know Him whom I have believed," and that though they shall not come to me I shall go to them; that we shall greet and clasp each other in the morning.



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