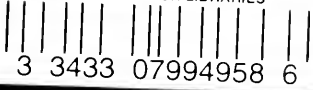
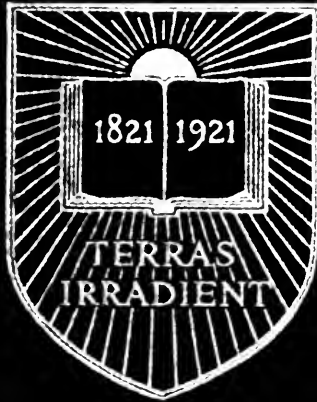


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THE LIFE INDEED

To reach the ultimate, angels' law,
Indulging every instinct of the soul
There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing!
BROWNING, *A Death in the Desert*

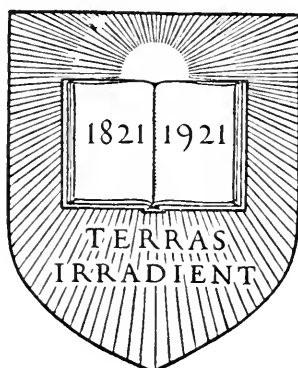
THE LIFE INDEED

A REVIEW, IN TERMS OF COMMON
THINKING, OF THE SCRIPTURE
HISTORY ISSUING IN
IMMORTALITY

BY

JOHN FRANKLIN GENUNG

LATE PROFESSOR OF LITERARY AND BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION
IN AMHERST COLLEGE



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JOHN FRANKLIN GENUNG

JOHN M. TYLER

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century John Guenon, a Huguenot born near La Rochelle, arrived in New York and became one of the first settlers at Flushing, L. I. He married Margreta Sneden, a native of Amsterdam. Not far from 1700 another Huguenot, having the name of Petell, was admitted to citizenship at Boston. His daughter married Andrew Nichols, a Scotchman from the north of Ireland. Their daughter became the wife of Daniel Dye, a soldier in the Revolution, and probably of Dutch descent. The Dyes were characterized by kindness, sense of humor, and love of music: Daniel Dye's wife certainly ought to have inherited an abundance of firmness of character.

The name Guenon had by this time been corrupted or changed, as was usually the case with the fine old French names, into Genung or Ganong. Abram Genung married Martha Dye, and their son, John Franklin, was born at Wilseyville in southern New York, January 27, 1850. Martha Dye had several brothers who were ministers. Abram Genung was partly a farmer, but evidently by preference a carpenter-builder. For this was still the time when the builder was also carpenter and architect and could whittle out a tall-spired New England church or a fine old colonial farmhouse, worthy of the name of mansion. He had vision and a keen sense for proportion and values.

The child John and his twin brother grew up on the farm at Wilseyville. Here was the early environment and education which, even more than school or college, made the farmers' sons of that generation leaders in all communities. Every ploughing probably brought up a new stratum of stones to be

picked up by the boys. The farm was a hive of all sorts of industry. Here the boy had abundant physical, industrial, and manual training: to name only a few of his daily exercises, nature study and care of animals were unavoidable; he had his share in the responsibilities of the family, and it was no small one; he learned firmness and self-reliance, skill and ingenuity through emergencies. The stranger, though a friend, dares not invade and describe the family life, the moral and spiritual atmosphere, of that Huguenot, Dutch, Scotch-Irish household. We know what it must have been; John had time and opportunity to think for himself. Church and "little red schoolhouse" did the rest.

In 1864 his parents "moved to Owego for the sake of better school advantages," — as Professor Genung says in the "Vita" at the end of his doctor's thesis. Here he attended an academy, a great institution in those days, usually led and governed by a man of some learning and more power and vitality. He made such use of his time and opportunities that after four years he was admitted to the junior class of Union College. It was a day of comparatively small things and advantages in all our colleges. Their material equipment was very meagre, the recitation rooms were bare and ugly, the library was practically a sealed book to most students. The professors were pioneers none too well prepared for their special work; but there were among them strong men well aware of their own limitations and resolved that students standing on their shoulders should gain a wider and clearer view of the glories of the promised land of learning.

Among these was one of whom Professor Genung spoke often with especial love and reverence. Professor Tayler Lewis was a deep and broad scholar. In spite of hindrances and difficulties he had gained a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek, Hebrew and Arabic, and was a profound student of the Bible. He was soaked through and through with oriental literature, thought and spirit. In 1855, when the theory of evolution had been forgotten, not to be revived until the publication of Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species" almost fifteen

years later, Professor Lewis published his "Six Days of Creation," in which he showed that the generally or universally accepted crude conception of immediate creation of species was unscholarly and unbiblical and against the whole spirit of oriental thought. He was vigorously denounced by a few theologians and scientists, but was generally disregarded and neglected, the usual fate of a pioneer thinker too far in advance of his age. He replied vigorously in a second book, for he was a "mighty man of valor," and the subject dropped. Professor Lewis showed the hungry young Genung the "beauty that was Greece" and the little known glory and depth of oriental thought, and taught him how to study the Bible and literature. All this was but a small part of what the old hero, laying off the harness, did for his young pupil and disciple. He might well have said with Nestor: "My teaching made thee great."

Mr. Genung completed a course in theology, and was pastor of a church from 1875 to 1878. But during his pastorate his desire to study and to prepare for teaching grew continually stronger. In October, 1878, he entered the University of Leipzig, where he remained for three years, excepting six months' stay in London. He devoted himself to English literature. Biblical study was not neglected, but does not seem to have stood first in his thought and interest. He was laying foundations. His doctor's thesis was a careful and thorough study of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." He returned to Amherst College, taught rhetoric, and wrote a text-book on the subject which has been used throughout the country.

What attracted him most was not so much the beauty of form or style or even of content as the truthful expression of life. His work on "In Memoriam" is a study, not of versification and poetry, but of a soul in pain and struggle. This was the expression of the Huguenot, Dutch, and Scotch strains in his richly blended blood. He loved beauty of expression, but it was largely the beauty of exact, definite truthfulness. The first draft of any manuscript never satisfied him; it must be written again and rewritten. Every word and sentence must

be true to his thought and message, though the rewriting sometimes worked injury to his style. With his ancestry he could not do otherwise than "hold his rudder true."

From the same source came his steady, firm self-determination and his dour pertinacity. He was a prodigious worker, doing a day's task before most of us had left our beds, and still having time for a walk before breakfast. His sturdy body seemed incapable of weariness. He appeared never to have experienced hurry, worry, or fret. His college duties and exercises were never neglected; every lecture and recitation was most carefully prepared. Every theme handed to him was read with painstaking, and usually with pain, and the supposed value was scrupulously entered in a large book. But almost every year there appeared a new study, of close thought and rare finish, the product of a brain which seemed to grow and flourish and work while other men slept.

In the presence of meanness or falsehood he could be a blaze of indignation. But his humanity and humanitarianism were too large to allow him to devote overmuch anxiety to classroom discipline. If certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort" in the rear seats were conspicuously inattentive, listless, and heedless, he quietly kept on "casting pearls." Once in an unusually vigorous written protest he characterized some pupils as *personae non gratae*, but I believe that they remained through the course. One of them is to-day one of his most ardent, though not most learned admirers. Like some of the rest of us, he was sometimes or often imposed upon, but it had its compensations.

Soon the vitality and heart of the man began to draw him from the books of modern writers to the wisdom literature of the Bible, the grand drama of Job, the shrewd results of ages of experience crystallized in Proverbs, and the ripe observation and thought of Ecclesiastes; to the far vision of the Prophets and the companionship of the Apostles and their Master. This was his real lifework, a labor of love, completed by him when the second volume of his "Guide Book to the Biblical Literature" appeared a few months before his death.

He had no great enthusiasm for academic textual criticism, for wild guesses, or for negative results. His sane common sense and feeling of values had taught him that to sift merely the chaff out of a grand literature was hardly worth while. He was searching for wisdom and life, and he either found it, or, if not, he did not publish a tome to inform others how little he had discovered or appreciated in a great treasure house. Scholars and plain people enjoyed him. His research was patient, broad and deep, original and individual, like that of the teacher whose mantle had fallen on his shoulders. He was never afraid to stand alone.

He followed the gleam with intent and single eye, and when pursuing a line of truth he had little interest in any other subject. If you asked him about Jeremiah, you might sometimes be surprised to receive in answer a flood of information about the early Perizzites; and you could not win him over to your interests. At that time his mind was occupied by Perizzites. He thought hard and to good purpose.

He had plenty of avocations. He was editor of *The Amherst Graduates' Quarterly* from its start. He loved music and was always a member of two or more orchestras. On this subject he was ready to talk gladly. He was chairman of the Town Planning Board, and could always find time to map a new street or design a bridge or a building. Here too he showed the same sanity and accuracy of thought that characterized his scholarship. He was the minister's right-hand man in the church. When the Jones Memorial Library was founded, he was eager to help. Some of the choicest sets of literature in his private library will form by his expressed wish the nucleus of a literary corner in its reading room. He had as many neighbors as the Good Samaritan. He once said to a friend: "When I die, I hope some one will say: 'Is John Genung dead? It's too bad.'" His hope was fulfilled a thousand fold.

After his death there was found among his papers the manuscript of a new book entitled "The Life Indeed." Here he brought together the results of all his explorations in modern and ancient literature, in science as well as in the

Bible; in one volume. It is his last message, crystallized out of study, thought, and the experience of trial, struggle, and success — out of a broad and deep life. It is an altogether fitting last word. Life and life indeed was his specialty.

There are some men whose size you do not appreciate until you stand close to them and measure them by yourself. Then you recognize their stature and breadth of shoulders and know that you are looking at a big man. We all had this feeling when we met our friend and caught a glimpse of the size and symmetry of his soul and heart. The Greeks would have spoken of his sound mind and inward strength. There was nothing of Zarathustra's "reversed cripple" about John Genung. Says Professor Huxley: "That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself." Genung pressed towards the goal of a liberal education.

After all, is it true that salvation is nothing more nor less than wholeness, the attainment of perfect health; that health, haleness, wholeness, and holiness are all one in root-meaning? Did we all rightly as well as instinctively draw close to Genung because "virtue went out of him?" Is health more infectious or contagious than disease? And we cannot help noticing that such men of sound sense and good taste as Genung and Dr. Hitchcock always had a surprising predilection and hearty liking for sinners — such apparently was also the mind of the Master. And sinners loved them. Such abounding, overflow-

ing, health-giving lives are the irrefutable argument for immortality. The "narrow stream of death" is altogether too shallow to overwhelm a great soul. Try as hard as we will, it is impossible to imagine them as dead. They heard the sunset gun, rested a little on their arms, but at sunrise were again marching on refreshed and renewed to the service and victories of a brighter day.

I

ON THE LARGER SCALE

BY WHAT MEASUREMENT ALONE AN ETERNAL OUTLOOK
OF LIFE IS ATTAINABLE

- I. THE SCALE HITHERTO PREVAILING
- II. ENLARGEMENT DEMANDED BY EVOLUTIONARY SCIENCE
- III. ENLARGEMENT AS MEASURED BY SCRIPTURE CONCEPTIONS

THE LIFE INDEED

I

ON THE LARGER SCALE

TO believe in immortality is one thing," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "but it is first needful to believe in life." These words, more far-reaching than their simplicity betokens, contain the key to the study on which we are now entering. To believe in immortality, — late as our day of the world is, and full of knowledge, men are still trying as desperately and dimly as ever to do this. But they are so constituted that belief cannot come by trying to believe; cannot be made out of whole cloth, cannot be *made* at all. It is a thing wholly beyond the power of councils or sages or churches or creeds to engender. It must, like knowledge, like science, be built on valid grounds and verifiable data; must in the end be not only desirable but reasonable.

Where then shall the grounds and data of a belief in immortality come from? There has been no lack of strenuous search. Nature and mind, the secrets of matter and the underworld of human consciousness, have been ransacked for them; thus far it would seem, if we may judge by the still prevailing doubt, to little conclusive purpose. The great majority of open-eyed inquirers are still confessing, "We have but faith, we cannot know"; as if this were about equivalent to giving up the case. But somehow the case does not consent to be put out of court. It still has secondary rights to be heard, if not the main one. There yet remains the question how much it means to have faith, as so many have, even against the apparent grounds of faith; and more stimulating still, the question, If we cannot know this, this direct

fact of immortality, what *can* we know? And I think it will turn out that there is more knowledge available, and knowledge of greater value, than we have been aware of. The century's austere spirit of doubt, like a lion in the way, has scared us; so that we were too timid to recognize, calmly and wisely, the data that are in plain sight before us.

The proposition to which this study is committed is, that whatever the ultimate source of these grounds and data of immortality, they can be found nowhere except in life itself, in the normal and rounded life of manhood, what I here call the Life Indeed. Even if they come by what is termed revelation, they must needs come not by portent and miracle, not by some unmotivated irruption from without, but by the way of our common human existence. They must come in response to an appetency and an assimilative power already there, already native to manhood, rather than by something extra-human superinduced. This is but another way of saying what Emerson said years ago, that immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and that he who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now. But this does not close the case; it only opens the more vital question, What is it then to be a great soul, to be fit for immortality? Is it in man at all, as we can compass his life's worth and wealth, to be a candidate for so high a destiny? This throws us back from the grave and its sequel to the arena of character and action; it calls on us to raise manhood life to its highest power; in other words, it stipulates, as I said to begin with, that before we reach the point where we can believe in immortality we learn to believe in life.

If our study were to depend on voluminous reading, there is no dearth of material. The subject, in various stages and aspects, is just now beyond most others, as we say, in the air. For the latest views, kept supposedly up to date, one need only instance the Ingersoll Lectureship; so I need not ask here what Professor Ostwald thinks about it, and Professor Osler, and Professor James, and Professor Royce, and Professor Wheeler, and John Fiske, and Doctor Gordon. Nor

would I here do less than pay them all the tribute of heartiest honor, as men able and authoritative, who have enriched our theme from many sides. It is forever too late, with their weighty contributions in mind, to re-echo that cheap sneer of Omar Khayyám:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
 About it and about: but evermore
 Came out by the same door where in I went.

And yet — can we say that any of them have really, as the old phrase is, touched the spot? As these little books have come out year by year, each from its point of view so frankly admitting that we know but in part, I have caught myself wondering when, if at all, the Ingersoll Lectureship was going to raise the question, What does the Bible say about it? For it seems to me that the Bible, rightly weighed and digested, more nearly touches the spot than any other book or science or philosophy that has been or can be written; that all that is true in these others gets its light from the Bible way of looking at things; and that the gaps and holes in these others are filled and rounded out there. I am not saying this of the Bible, however, according to our conventional way of regarding it; though I raise no objection to this. We have got so used to reading it in a Sunday frame of mind, or only as fitting it mentally to some theological system, that we were well nigh color blind to its natural and cosmic significance. In spite of the analysis and criticism that we have laid out upon it, we are still reading it according to a long stereotyped formula. And so doing we are getting even as Bible scholars behind the age. With minds wonderfully enlarged and quickened in other lines, we are still letting our Bible thoughts jog along in the same old pious and petty harness. We are as yet very imperfectly aware how profoundly the Bible history and thoughts are changed, as we turn upon them conceptions which have advanced, so to say, from Ptolemaic to Copernican.

Here is where the Bible view that I wish now to present

comes in. I want to see how it squares with our common-day conceptions and terms; with the ideas that are potent to-day to move us: how it identifies itself with what nature and human nature are revealing to us otherwise. The Bible has been ignored hitherto, I apprehend, in the interest of science; which supposedly could not mix with revelation and must therefore be its foe. Well, my contention is that this is a false position. I maintain that the Bible itself is in the interest of science, and only so; that on the subject we have in hand, saying now nothing of its other involvements, it is the one truly scientific treatment we have. We may call it, in the most exacting and authentic sense, the world's sufficing text-book of immortality.

Note then that this text-book of ours bears one plain mark of the scientific attitude: it takes its stand on the ground not of theories and metaphysical speculations, but of actual fact. Its method is historical. It records, with clear indication of the time and the causes and the agency, the fact that life and immortality were brought to light in this world. That great event took place comparatively late in its chronicled account. We can look back from it therefore over a period wherein presumably life and immortality were not yet in light but in gloom, or perhaps in a gradually brightening twilight. Looking back, then, as we have such warrant, we find it even so. We come upon a long stretch of time in which no word about a life beyond this life is spoken, and in which the idea of immortality, even if it exists, has no motive power at all. Then later we hear the wisest and piouslest man in the world asking doubtfully, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Later still we hear another wise man, puzzled with the knotty problems of being, almost indignantly maintaining that we can know nothing about it. And yet in spite of this depth of agnosticism there comes later the announceent that life and immortality are revealed, that they lie clear and illuminate before us. Here evidently is the record of a great revolution in knowledge and insight, amounting to all the difference between darkness and light. The Bible history is a history which sounds a dim

and perilous way through men's progressive thoughts and ideals, and issues in immortality.

Note one or two things further. Our text-book does not say that in those earlier times, and for those earlier people, immortality did not yet exist. It raises no question of when it began to be a fact, but simply of when it began to be seen, when it came to light. Note again, that when immortality first came to light, then first life itself came to light; the two came into the field of vision together. It would seem then that in those primal ages of gloom and twilight men did not know fully how to live. Like the animals, in some degree, they were nourishing a blind life within the brain, hardly aware what it all meant. Here then is a momentous history to trace: the long slow development whereby manhood was getting its eyes open to see a destiny which had always existed; the passing from blindness, perhaps through dimness and fitful glimmers, to full eyesight, from midnight to the light of day. Here we are shown what is the soul's plight before the light has come; what its joy and emancipation after; and how that immortality which was revealed along with life looks in the diffused daylight. Such a course of history, which in fact but represents the matter-of-fact scripture current, kindles the imagination by the splendor of its promise; it is close yoke-fellow to poetry; but does it not also look sane and interrelated and reasonable?

We are going now to trace it; very badly and condensedly, as must needs be in our space; but first we must determine the scale on which our minds shall work. On a small scale we can make only small measurements and get a petty outlook. A pint-cup is no fitting instrument to judge an ocean by. Our subject comes into the light of self-evidencing truth only as we approach it on the larger scale. One reason, a main reason I think, why men's endeavor to believe in immortality is beset by confusion and conjecture, is that they are looking for the wrong thing, a thing that even if it exists is not scientifically worthy to enlist a soul's supreme energies. It is a mercy, perhaps, that their eyes are holden until they

are ready to see things commensurate with the dignity of their nature.

I. THE SCALE HITHERTO PREVAILING

To realize how this is, let us take a look at the scale of inquiry and estimate that has prevailed in men's minds hitherto, both in the secular and the biblical standard of view.

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?" is the question which the nineteenth century Laureate, acting spokesman of a whole curious humanity, puts to Lazarus of Bethany, that excepted mortal who, by scripture account, having passed the gates of death and well on into the region of corruption beyond, came back to resume this bodily existence. A question eminently natural, and on the scale of ideas hitherto prevailing, most momentous. The poet who phrased it is half resentful at Lazarus, or his historian, for leaving the answer unrecorded; such answer would, he thinks, so laudably crown our hard-won discoveries in the mysteries of being, by telling what it is to die.

What it is to die, and its correlate, what it is to survive death, — in this strain of inquiry it is that the world's search for immortality centres. It is the kind of speculation and conjecture that rises first out of the phenomena we see, and that takes most immediate hold of actual fact. If only this were known, if only we could push exploration four days, or one hour, beyond the last lapsing breath, what an assured basis we should have, it would seem, for all the rest. At this point it is that knowledge ceases; and at this point, it is reasonable to assume, the broken thread should be joined again. In the quest for evidence of survival, what procedure so obviously fitting as to set up our exploring apparatus at the place where the clue was lost? And with such presupposition it is not unreasonable to suppose that the Bible, if its claim to revelation is authentic, if indeed it would save itself from discredit by dealing with visible facts instead of religious fancies, should on this matter preëminently be luminous and outspoken.

Yet here the Bible is as silent and apparently as helpless as is our baffled experience itself. To the inquiry rising so spontaneously out of this miracle at Bethany no word of reply is vouchsafed.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

Nor does the Bible elsewhere tell us, with any authoritative or realistic clearness, what it is to die. Such information may have been left to biological science, which would seem to have legitimate charge of such things; at any rate, it does not seem to belong to the distinctive range of scripture disclosure. In its large trend the Bible virtually ignores the tomb; and herein it is in great contrast to other so-called sacred books. It is in no sense a rival, for instance, of that portentous Egyptian Book of the Dead, which in its day wrought to transform a nation's religion into a huge funeral service, and made a whole country-side one vast mausoleum. Brought to confront the mystery of man's exit from this material life, it merely has at command the language that human tongues have moulded for it, no more. The dust returns to earth as it was; the spirit to God who gave it. That is its terse summary of things, and that is ours. No voice from heaven is needed to tell us that; nor is there prophetic demonstration or oracle to tell us more.

Before we jump to the conclusion, however, that we have here uncovered a lame spot in divine revelation, or take up with the prevailing scientific contempt for the scriptural view of things, it may be worth while to ask if this silence itself may not have a meaning. There are cases wherein an omission, by the very conspicuousness of the absence it creates, is eloquent as an *argumentum e silentio*. And this, I think, is the plain state of the case here. The Bible makes so little of physical death and its sequel, in spite of men's age-long bondage from fear of death, not because it has met a mystery too hard for it, but because on its scale of disclosure these are

of too little consequence to pay the revealing. All that needs to be known of them can be left to common observation, or to a lower department of science. Its business is with matters of real moment for life. It teaches how to live rather than how to die. In pursuance of this object its range of conceptions shapes itself into a spacious map of being in which, when all vital elements are reckoned, death is seen as a mere incident, nay rather as actually abolished; in which therefore the doubtful and troubled interrogation of death, as if this were of any essential account in the large destiny of man, is needless and supererogatory.

Here at the outset of our study, then, we note a difference amounting to contrast, between the world's prevailing sense of unseen values and the Bible's. On the one side the event of physical death bulks relatively so large in the sum of being that the answer to the question what region it opens, if any, seems the indispensable step to the discovery of immortality. On the other side, that same event counts for so little that the question seems never to have occurred at all. It is evidently regarded as of no essential significance whatever where Lazarus was those four days. A disparity of estimate this, very important to note and weigh. Views so contradictory cannot both, it would seem, be valid. We are concerned to know which is right, and especially which is more worthy of our manhood and of the true dignity of being.

Without dwelling longer on this contrast, however, a few minutes' attention is due, before we enter on the scripture conception, to the involvements of the estimate of things hitherto prevailing, which is trying, so to say, to get a survey of eternal life by peeping beyond the gates of physical death.

We may have discredited spiritualism and occultism; may be wholly skeptical of anything authentic coming from psychical research; and as a matter of fact there is, and seems always likely to be, as much doubt as belief concerning these things. The difficulties are so enormous, the chances of fraud and self-deception are such a constant besetment, that the instinct of straightforward minds is strongly against the whole

uncanny matter. Those who would treat it scientifically, in order to see what there is or is not in it, have to work against great odds of sentiment. All the same, men's thoughts of the unseen future are in general keyed to that scale. If it could be proved that spiritualism and psychic research achieve authentic results, men would be ready to accept them, and for the most part men are not ready to look for a solution in any other way. This is natural, perhaps; I am not blaming them. I am not saying that something may not in time come of it; or even that the eventual result of the present study may not, on its larger scale, leave us in much the same attitude. On any quest for immortality, however, conducted by mere scientific observation we are committed, of necessity, to what may be called a peep-hole revelation. No device of physics, no apparatus of biology, has a lens large enough or fine enough for more. By a natural assumption souls that have passed beyond death are supposedly somewhere in the universe now; somewhere, and in some questionable shape, their once awaited future has become an eternal present. What so reasonable, if this is so, as to try to find them and observe how they fare? This is the tacit idea which not only every spiritualist, but every one who has the spiritualist's calibre, carries about with him. Browning's Mr. Sludge the Medium, fraud though he is, can presuppose so much in his accuser:

Go back to the beginning,—the first fact
 We're taught is, there's a world beside this world,
 With spirits, not mankind, for tenantry;
 That much within that world once sojourned here,
 That all upon this world will visit there,
 And therefore that we, bodily here below,
 Must have exactly such an interest
 In learning what may be the ways o' the world
 Above us, as the disembodied folk
 Have (by all analogic likelihood)
 In watching how things go in the old home
 With us, their sons, successors, and what not.
 Oh, yes, with added powers probably,
 Fit for the novel state,—old loves grown pure,
 Old interests understood aright,—they watch!

Eyes to see, ears to hear, and hands to help,
 Proportionate to advancement: they're ahead,
 That's all—do what we do, but noblier done.

A natural enough conception, to be sure; though of course all this must needs be, on the scale of estimate it connotes, an external, prying, spectacular affair. It is as if the dead had been transferred to a mysterious museum or aquarium, and we who are left could observe them only as uncouth figures moving vaguely about in an element which, though we should win to the sight of it, could yield nothing of its essential nature, its real inwardness. It is very little, after all, that we could get, if we got the utmost we seek.

Then there is the whole sorry business of opening communication with the dead. I must not go into this at all; I could not without having to go too far. Call it by the most dignified name you can, call it science, call it psychic research, call it theosophy; and what is the real purport of it? I have no desire to belittle it, any further than it belittles itself; I wish merely, as the phrase is, to size it up. And this we may gratefully say of psychism: if it has not revealed anything authentic or illuminating about the dead, it is in the way of revealing something about the living; of exploring many secrets of our abysmal personality, many strange mysteries of our subconscious selves. It forces us back after all, you see, upon the study of life; it cannot help this in the long run. To believe in immortality is one thing, as Stevenson has already told us, but it is first needful to believe in life.

What stratum of life, then, shall we address ourselves to, that we may believe in a life immortal; what plane or tableland of life pays the best returns? The question is an endlessly vital one. And the answer is precisely the answer of the Earth Spirit to Faust:

Du gleichst dem Geist, den du begreifst,
 Nicht mir!

thou art like the spirit whom thou comprehendest, not like me. If your comprehension, your grasp of life is large, a like largeness crowns your quest; if small and petty, you fall just so

much below the possibilities of the open secret. Not the mystery of being is to blame, but your self-imposed limitation. What spirit of life, then, what reach and principle of being, does it behoove us, if we may, to comprehend? This is our crucial question.

In business of psychic research there are things curiously parallel to what obtains in other branches of science; the general method, in fact, has not changed at all. We use a telescope to look at the stars; we use a microscope to look at the tissues, the throbbing protoplasmic elements of animal life; and we are at the end of our quest when we have discovered, on the one hand, the courses of planets and stars and suns, on the other the motions of minute organic cells which we can contemplate only from outside, and which have as little realizable meaning as has the glass through which we are gazing. In psychic research, too, the procedure is essentially the same; only, as the question concerns the survival of personality, the lens that we use is a personal one which we call a medium; and we try to make this lens as achromatic as possible by divesting it of all moral character, or rather immoral, like fraud and mercenary motives, and of all spiritual character, by putting it into a hypnotic trance wherein it lies wholly passive to extrinsic suggestion. As the result of our experiment we get back some of our own personality, some of the medium's, and — and — well, is any of the equivocal residuum left over a veritable arrival from spirit-land? It is exceedingly hard to determine; almost impossible to identify and prove authentic. Some doctors say no, some yes; both very dubiously. And what does the thing amount to after we have got it? If it brings any report from a surviving spirit, it seems to bring — I judge from the kind of message elicited — only some trivial shreds of personality, dregs squeezed out as it were from the subconscious self, as freakish as dreams, as inane as a weather report; and no character, nothing large and uplifting at all. No wonder this, is it? For it was not character that set up the search; we did not bring our essential manhood to the quest, but only our curious brain, and that passive lens

which we employed as medium. And it was not character that was sought; we did not address ourselves to that fibre of the spiritual personality which in any worth or dignity of character could repay our outlay of experiment. We were interrogating merely the bare fact of existence and survival, not the contents. Perhaps, after all, we obtained as much as we brought with us, or as we had really at heart. There is no objection, intrinsically, to our getting proof of the departed soul's actual existence if we can; no more objection than to getting proof that the planet Mars is inhabited, if we can.

But what we are concerned with here, is the scale of things, the scale of ideal and spiritual measurement, that all this connotes. Water cannot rise higher than its source; neither can human personality. Of the human destiny that we are setting out to consider we may, with the scientists, freely concede the same thing: it cannot be assumed to rise higher than the power and promise embodied in it at the source. But it can rise as high as this. It ought, if it was well planned and not bungled and thwarted, to rise as high. Have we then reckoned our source high enough? Is the scale of measurement hitherto prevailing large enough, worthy enough, self-justifying enough, to answer to the creative word of Him who when He brought all things, with their store of possibilities, into being, called them one and all very good?

A valid measurement of things, as we know, starts with the choice of a unit of measure, — feet, or miles, or pounds, or dollars. Now the unit with which the prevailing estimate of immortal personality starts is the universal fact of physical death: it takes note of the phenomenon that looms up most inexorable before us and that the world has mourned and feared since the beginning without being able to mitigate or avert. It sees that there is no discrimination; that the unit is as accurate and absolute as that by which we calculate the diameter of the earth; that the sage and the fool, the holy and the profane, the child and the idiot, the criminal and the suicide, all come to death alike, however ripe or untimely the event may be. And it is all held to connote one thing: that

somehow this human nature, so fearfully and wonderfully made, is thereby laid in ruins. The unit, if we may so say, is a unit of dissolution and destruction; and the problem of possible immortality reduces to the problem of discovering some sort of survival, some pieces of the wreck, some flotsam and jetsam, however meagre, rescued from the ravage of death. From the material point of view a hard, nay, an insoluble problem. For when the catastrophe is over, the body is all there still, left on earth, its elements still weighable and chemically analyzable, all accounted for; and we have laid away in earth all the organs of seeing and hearing and handling and thinking, every one. There is no clear sign that some finer breath, some naked essence survives, no more reason on this scale of insight, for supposing that an emanation of the brain goes on to a new life, than for supposing that an emanation of the leg does. We might as well own the fact. We cannot by material science follow up the separation of body and soul. We say popularly that soul and body are two things, and that they are dissociated at death; but for the rest we have but faith. We cannot know — on this scale I mean — even that body and soul are two; all we can see is the body, which for years has been diseased and decaying, and finally lapses back to its elements before our eyes. Then if by faith — or conjecture — we try to trace the history of this so-called surviving soul, all we can image is a part of the man, a piece of him, going on, and that the part that some deem of least value; and so, being only a part, it must needs lead a maimed and crippled existence somewhere, getting on the best it can without organs of sense and activity.

This is not a caricatured description; it was the sad idea of the whole world, Hebrew, Greek, Egyptian alike, before Christ came: it is the idea of millions now. It underlay the imaginings of Sheol and Hades; nor has modern science done anything to mitigate it, except in the direction of annihilation. And the best it can certainly affirm of the other state of existence is, that when the soul was separated from the body it was set free from its pains and diseases, its toils and hardships

too, and at all events is now at rest. To be sure, worthier fancies have not been lacking. The soul has been imagined to be somehow wiser elsewhere than here, and to be able to see into things that were enigmas on earth; and men have put questions to it by necromancy and tried to get light from it on earthly affairs. But these notions were fancies, conjectures; they did not grow as fruitage from a deep-sown seed of vital energy, or rest on a basis of living motive and principle.

All this natural enough, perhaps, but it betokens a sorry, petty, puny scale of things, as compared with the scale to which the Bible conceptions are conformed. It is making death and the survival of death, not life and the ennobling of life, the unit of measure; it is making the effort of man culminate in rescuing a piece of himself from the ruins of nature; it is making the life beyond a virtual prolongation of the life here, with its material and sensual ideals transplanted into a conjectured new environment, which however, so far as inner standards of living are concerned, is a projection of the same old plane. To interrogate that life beyond by mediumship is of a piece with all the rest. Without condemning it as evil, we must say it is low, it is small, it is petty; the fault is in its scale and its unit of measure. The healthy instinct of Scripture, as we know, is strongly against such consulting of the dead. Even in the dim Old Testament days men were guided, whether by Providence or by the disdain engendered of a higher spiritual ideal, away from the necromancy that infested all around the Hebrew people. We recall Isaiah's indignant words: "And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." That is it. The scale ought to be the scale of life, not of death; of life as guided by God and His recognized will; without this scale of measurement there is no light in them. It is only along this line that life and immortality, in the only sense worthy of the large possibilities of manhood, can come to light.

I have spoken of the scale hitherto prevailing in secular and scientific matters. But the prevailing religious and doctrinal scale, likewise, is too small; measured by too confined and partial data; true as far as it goes, doubtless, but needing that juster determination of emphasis which comes of enlargement. For it too is founded on the unit of ruin and rescue, of a fall of man and eventual redemption from it, of a humanity debased by a primal sin which only a world miracle can heal, and of an elaborate plan for curing it so that finally, here or beyond the grave, man may be a whole man, ready to do man's work and fulfill man's functions. Meanwhile the promise and prophecy that has persisted at the roots of his nature in spite of that original ruin, the positive, so to say, which has more than offset the negative, has received too meagre recognition; the stumbling-stone of sin has blocked the way. In other words, the ideal hitherto has been mainly an ideal of mending and cobbling, getting men into a kind of patched-up order to die and render account. The questions about immortality have mostly been conformed to this standard: questions whether at death the redemption, in the individual case, is going to prove valid enough after all to pull the man over the line into heaven; questions of so-called conditional immortality, — what are the conditions, and how Christ comes in for those who never heard of him; questions of the chances of infants and idiots and suicides; questions of what is called probation after death for those who have not had a fair show here. All these specimen things are real problems; a most bewildering tangle of problems, indeed, on the scale of things in which our churches and systems of theology have hitherto been working. I am not going to try any detailed answer of them. I leave them to the churches and the great evangelizing movements of the Christian world. I think I do not court contradiction, however, in saying that, legitimate questions though they be, and in their place crucial, there is the note of smallness about them all; they lack somehow the element essential to make the answer to them self-authenticating. They need supplementation by the realization of another and larger scale

of things. It may be that man *is* a ruined being, who needs mending and cobbler work to get him into repair. It may be that a struggle to regain lost ground is the first thing in order. But ought this idea of him to usurp the whole field? Should it go unexamined and untested, as containing the whole meaning of manhood life?

May we not rather let this retrieval idea rest here a little, in the good keeping of the churches, while we contemplate what man is as well created, what he is in good repair and fulness of function, what he is as growing from infancy and childhood to maturity of powers and ideals, — that is, as a being in process of evolution, gradually sloughing off the old members and functions that become outworn and atrophied, gradually coming into his full heritage of adult manhood, and when that summit of rounded and finished organism is gained, like Job with his life's record on his shoulder, facing the unseen? Surely it is no unsafe procedure thus to strike out a little from the stereotyped order of inquiry.

To contemplate manhood so calls for the adoption of a new scale of values, a new field of investigation, a new kind of apparatus; new and immensely larger. Our imagination must take on cosmic and universal proportions. We have seen things dimly and dubiously so long that we are on the verge of concluding there is nothing to see. But before we so conclude, let us pause to ask if this dimness may not have been because we had not developed eyes to see, or because, with eyes only partly opened, we saw men as trees walking. It is just on this simple line of seeing, of evolving organs to comprehend what has always existed, that our scripture text-book represents immortality as being brought to light; and the light into which it at last emerges clear and self-evidencing, is just the crystalline radiance that beams forth from the life itself, the Life Indeed. This is the summit of the scale.

And this is as we would have it, as our deepest instinct tells us it must needs be. We cannot trust a truth of such tremendous import to the precarious bolstering of logical or scientific proof, which it takes only the next wave of thought to unsettle

again. It must be its own evidence, standing out strong above all our petty scaffolding. On the scale to which we have hitherto been committed we can only gyrate round in circles of alternate gleam and eclipse; and that, we may be sure, is not God's way of proving the truths of life.

II. ENLARGEMENT DEMANDED BY EVOLUTIONARY SCIENCE

To say this is by no means to discredit science, nor to warn it off the field. It is merely demanding that science rise to its occasion. And indeed science is nobly responding. It, no less truly than Scripture, is demanding an enlargement of the scale of vital values; timidly perhaps as yet, and half afraid of the vision that is opening before it; but surely, as soon as it leaves its microscope long enough to think, finding itself launched on a more spacious ocean of being, which sooner or later it must needs navigate. For within the past few years, within the easy memory of men not yet aged, science has named a magic word, the word evolution; and that word has laid down a new unit for all its measurements. The conception of evolution has transformed every view of the world. In these few years it has become a necessity, almost a tyranny, in all our estimates of things; if we do not accept its material conclusions about species and interrelations of being, we cannot help thinking in its terms.

This instinct of the evolutionary is shown very significantly by science itself, in the attitude it takes toward psychic research; which, as we know, has had hard ado to get adopted into the scientific family at all, and even now holds such place only by sufferance, as if it occupied at best only a kind of scientific borderland. I speak of this branch of research merely as it is confessedly looking beyond the bourn of death; when it confines itself to the arcana of personality this side of the veil its legitimation is more freely conceded. Why this strange instinct against it? we ask; and can only answer, because such psychic research is felt to be not in the true evolu-

tionary idiom. By trying, as it does, to look through a mediumistic lens and see what the dead are doing now, to get a sort of back-stairs entrance among the spirits, it is merely projecting the ideal of life onward along the same old material plane. It has, so far forth, no eyes for a larger development of being; it represents, in short, an evolution that does not evolve. A peep-hole revelation, I was profane enough a little while ago to call this sort of thing. George Eliot, who as we know was a strenuous votary of modern science, was more caustic still; she called it "a rat-hole revelation." Now by this healthy antipathy psychic research is not accused of being false, or even unscientific: it is merely felt to be floundering still in the obsolete presuppositions of science, when men were doing nothing but observing, sticking pins in butterflies and making endless collections, while the end of which these preliminaries were but means already looms up far beyond. It is a belated type of exploration; what the slangsters call a back-number. And therefore, while it may still gather much on this material and psychological plane, as regards the life beyond it is bound to be barren. The vast concept of evolution has put it out of court.

Now evolution, if it is a permanent fact and not temporary, has got to go on past the physical death of man. We cannot stop its majestic wheels; cannot think it down to the paltry thing it would be if we put its full-stop there. Consider the case. The highest product of biological evolution, as all concede, is man; the highest that there is room for in this material world. "The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" is how Shakespeare describes him. On earth, as John Fiske said, there will never be a higher being than man; there will never be a higher life than manhood life. The huge tide of evolutionary vitality, which began away back with the throb of unicellular protoplasm, which swept upward through plants and jelly-like things, through rudimental organs and functions, through countless lower animal stages, reaches its climax, its utmost, in that paragon of animals, man. Then it sojourns with man awhile, until he gets started a little on his education,

and it adds an intellectual element unknown before, the growth of self-conscious mind, and with this the growth of arts, and social relations, and institutions, wonderful things all. Yet all this while man continues as frail as any creature below him, and even more subject to infirmities of the flesh; for all his brain achievements do not seem to have mended evolution in this regard. And then, at a wholly incalculable moment, comes death, and so far as we can see ends it all. Reflect that this is the extinction of the highest being yet evolved; that at this moment the vital motion which began so far back and so far down fades out of the tissues, and these revert to inorganic dust. What an elemental injustice seems to be in such ending, and yet how easy. It is not hard to make a man die, as we should expect it would be if death were so momentous a catastrophe. A breath of air, a drop of water suffices, as Pascal says, to kill him; nay, men themselves treat death as a trivial thing, rushing impetuously upon it in battles and massacres and foolhardy risks. Is this then the finality, the end of the play? If so, then evolution is a paltry thing, false and hypocritical; the vast animal world is a botch and bungle; the forces of a universe, with their myriad motions of growth and heredity and development, have been desperately laboring to pick up and lay down a straw.

No; it is unthinkable. An evolution which has proved itself capable of rolling up such a mighty product must still be in full tide, must still go on, beyond our sight and sense, beyond what our brain has shaped in thought, beyond both matter and mind. We cannot put so tremendous a stoppage of the order of things at the moment of man's bodily death. If we could, the power to stay an infinite creative course would be within the compass of puny man, and of the base in man, as soon as he could get his torpedo boats and machine guns deadly enough. No; we cannot think any end to that majestic current of which we, willing or unwilling, are a part, any more than we can think a bound to space or an end to time; we are in it and swept along by it. We have some faint extrinsic notion of its source among the eternal hills; we have a still vaguer

notion of the ocean to which we are bound; but one thing our magic idea of evolution will not let us accept, namely, that it is an ocean of death.

But if evolution goes on, *how* shall it go on? It has done part of its work, and done it well. We are filled with awe and wonder at the infinite plan displayed in it. But its bodily potencies are exhausted in this life and in man; this we know, not because man must die, but because with his larger needs man must go on beyond the point where bodily powers fail, must supplement his eye by spectacles and his hand by cunningly devised machinery. We know it too because these potencies return eventually on themselves; they are not augmented by heredity; the next generation has it all to do over again, going through the endless circle of birth, maturing, and decay. Does then the intellect, which invented such clever tools and made such conquests of thought, give signs of greater promise? Has it through the evolutionary millenniums grown so large that it must have a new world to fit it? Well, that is not so clear. It is not clear, looking over a long tract of years during which knowledge has been increased, that we are very far in advance of the mind of Plato. Besides, too, the mind is at the mercy of the body, yielding to its diseases and casualties; and so at the mercy of environment, yielding to the actions of age and race and climate and custom. Like the body also it seems to return on itself and move in a self-completing circle, from childhood to second childhood. Here then is the situation: the world tide of evolution on the one side, which must go on; universal death on the other, which must exact its due. It is much like the old problem which we used to laugh over as children: if an irresistible body meets an immovable obstacle, what ensues? It looks as if the impossible had become the actual; it *is* so, whether it can be so or not.

Well, we might as well laugh over it as cry; and oddly enough that other old pleasantry comes to mind here, "If you are between the devil and the deep sea, there is nothing for it but to take to the woods." In other words, we must needs

betake ourselves to what the lawyers call a change of venue; or as we are maintaining here, our science demands an enlargement of scale, whereon evolution shall call into play powers hitherto unexercised and unreckoned with. Otherwise, for the great future we are still committed to mending and cobbler work, to extricating the broken and twisted fragments from the ruins of nature and getting them into some sort of repair for a new lease of more or less crippled survival. And this, in itself, is as unthinkable as the rest. We must have a change of venue; must find some vital principle still more august, something which never yielded to decay and deterioration at all, but was in full vigor still and growing when untimely death supervened. In other words, we must seek a principle whose evolutionary potency is just beginning or ready to begin, when other powers yield to failure. If such a principle could be found, it might not only bear the essential being onward beyond death, but who knows? it might conceivably redeem all the rest, furnishing them the needed vehicle for renewed life, and so do the repair work which is so evidently needed; doing it so well that all the cobblings and solderings should be swallowed up in the larger glory and strength. A tremendous dream this; but does not the authentic involvement of continued evolution demand it? Can it accept less?

All this is but another way of saying what John Fiske and others have already said, that from this point onward, from the point where our lenses and calculating apparatus fail, human evolution must be spiritual. Manhood must rise to a higher order and standard of being; its immortality absolutely depends on it. Form, habitat, and laws of that larger being are inconceivable except as coördinated with the life of the spirit.

It is no presumption against the reality of this uprise that we cannot trace it, or cannot on our present scale of biological values even comprehend it. To make room for it and hold it true is only following out the observable order of nature. The course of development that has brought us hither is full of such strange epochs, where all at once a new and broader world

of being opens above, and there flows into it an order of life absolutely inconceivable to the consciousness of the stage below; as inconceivable as is a fourth dimension to us who are so sure that length, breadth, and thickness take up all the space of the universe. Professor Shaler speaks of "many, very many, instances in which the apparently uniform processes of Nature, those which are indeed uniform in their steps of action, lead to sudden and complete changes of result." We can all see how true this is. Water in the fluid state, for instance, if it were endowed with consciousness, could not conceive of itself as a solid, as ice; could not conceive of itself as a gas, as steam; yet these exist under their conditions, with wholly new properties, and it takes nothing, apparently, but a slight change of temperature to make the difference. A plant has the same chemical elements in it, and the same make-up of vital cells, as an animal; yet it is absolutely shut out, except as food and shade, from the animal world above it. An animal has the same protoplasmic tissues, the same endowment of senses, as a man; returns to dust in the selfsame way; as Ecclesiastes says, "one breath have they both." We can enter into *its* life, of sense and instinct; yet the life of our higher world, with its thoughts and ideals, nay with the very use we can make of senses and instincts, is utterly inconceivable to its plane of being. Where and when does the animal evolve into the man, biologists are inquiring; yet at some mysterious rapids in the current of being great Nature made the transformation; and now by the side of the dog exists another animal, his master, who is more than animal, and the dog can only worship and love him, but not understand. Just so we are looking up from beneath to some inconceivable higher stage of being; and men are feeling the need of it and clamor for it. For in one respect our analogy of plants and animals does not hold; the next stage beyond us is not *all* inconceivable. The far-off dawn of it began to stir the East as soon as man launched out from his animal nature to explore new tracts of being. And now in these latest days a philosopher, Nietzsche, whose untempered vision drove him crazy, and a playwright,

Bernard Shaw, whose sense of the world's crookedness has involved him in a tangle of paradox, are calling for a Superman to help us out of our slough, a man who they think, in perverse ignoring of what has long been revealed, is not yet born. And their philosophic ideal is essentially the one to which our new scientific law is forcing us. It maintains, as sound thinking must needs maintain, that manhood evolution, in order to break its deadlock and go on at all, must henceforth be spiritual.

Of this contemplated spiritual stage of evolution, whatever that may involve, I have occasion here for only two remarks; but these are weighty for their bearing on our whole inquiry.

The first is, that this ought to be, as the scientific terminology expresses it, not catastrophic, that is, not coming in by miracle or some supramundane irruption from without, but truly evolutionary, that is, rising naturally out of powers and capacities already existing within our human nature. In this stipulation we may freely concede all that the higher biology demands. We of the churches have reproached scientists for their fight against miracles and the supernatural; have called them skeptics and thought of them as wicked. Well, this is the meaning of their skepticism: they are not perverse, not vicious, not undevout; but they want a life beyond of which we as human beings so marvelously made can avail ourselves without belying the laws of thought and imagination which are already in us. They want to play their part in life and bring the solution of the plot without the arbitrary agency of a *deus ex machina*. Perhaps they are wrong; perhaps they are excluding from their scheme an element of the evolution which, being unseen, is none the less real for not betraying its divinity. But if they, with their loyalty to reason, are wrong, we need not fear to make common cause and be wrong with them. Perhaps it is a question of names after all. What they do not want is the God and the miracles which the narrower and dimmer ages, the ages of the smaller scale, have imagined; and perhaps when they see the real power as it is, working

though it does by traceable evolutionary methods, they will name it God and most eagerly concede its supernatural character. We must all live and learn. And just as Adam in his more primitive world had to name the creatures that were brought to him, so as our world gets more majestic we have gradually to recognize and acknowledge the spiritual powers that we have for pattern and company. Meanwhile let us not shun to take the scientists on their own stipulated ground. Let the life that we set out to explore, with all its strange events, be seen as a life not catastrophic but evolutionary. Let its energies and achievements be seen as genuinely human and available for man as man. And not supernatural too, not divine? Well, that depends on how these connect with the deeper realities of the world. It will not pay to be intolerant and exclusive here either; and if we discover of the soul of man, as did the poet, that

Ere she gain her Heavenly-best, a God must mingle with the game,

we need not put the possibility frowardly away from us. The discovery may be great enough to warrant it; and if so, surely we have no call to withhold its true name.

The second remark is, that on the larger scale of vital values demanded by evolutionary science we need to take fitting note not merely of the fact of continued life but of its nature. The unit of the ideal is not really the immortality of the soul, in the paltry sense that Greek philosophy and modern dualism have given it, the sense, that is, of soul separated from and surviving body. As guided by the evolution idea, indeed, it does not even stop to inquire whether man has a soul, conceived I mean as an appendage to body and brain, and separable in such a way as to leave a piece of the man behind while another part floats away as a conjectured naked essence. All this is still in the dubious idiom of the smaller scale. Of course death, what Dr. Smyth calls the place of death in evolution, has to be reckoned with; but the man who is evolved into the hereafter is the whole man, moving all together if he move at all. Begin to subtract from man as you see him here in the

body, in order to leave a residuum that may survive, and you cannot stop until you have annihilated the man. In other words, it is not survival but — amazing as it may seem — resurrection, *ἀνάστασις*, the rising to a higher life, to a high law and range of being, that, as veritable fact, evolution is forcing us to. This is what makes the matter, on the biological scale, so inconceivable: we are confronting a stage of being as much higher and completer than this as the human is above the animal, with all the values of the present stage intact yet sweeping onward in new conditions and dimensions. There is no name for this but uprising, resurrection.

Let us disentangle this idea from its non-essentials. Resurrection, — does not this connote death, as if one must needs die in order to rise? Well, that is as it may be. The fact that physical death is universal is not to be taken as meaning that physical death is a necessary prerequisite to resurrection. May not man rise from the maturity of nature as truly as from its ruins? Why should the spirit have to postpone its life until the body dies? It is the enlargement of being that counts, the uprising not from nature but from a certain form and organism of matter. Nor will it do here to complicate this idea with questions of the body and the flesh. These will come up for consideration at the due time. Meanwhile it is enough to grasp this truth: that our modern science, our idea that the way of created nature is evolution, is directed straight toward the issue of resurrection. In some sense most real and authentic this is the teleology of life. So we are brought to the point where without equivocation we may answer Professor Goldwin Smith's question, "Is there another life?" No, we may frankly say: this, with its potencies of enlargement, is all the life there is. But if he takes this as evasive and asks, Is there an immortality? Yes, we may confidently answer; for if there is continued evolution there is resurrection, and resurrection includes immortality as the greater includes the less.

III. ENLARGEMENT AS MEASURED BY
SCRIPTURE CONCEPTIONS

That our manhood's evolution, whatever its unimagined goal, must henceforth follow the line of the spiritual; — if this is the pass to which scientific thinking has brought us, we must own how natural it is to turn to the ancient records and ask what the Bible says about it. It is not wise to think scorn of an old book just because it is old and we are new; it is a cheap and childish attitude to take. And especially of this old book, it is like kicking away the ladder by which we have climbed. Here is a book that in quaint Hebrew phraseology records spiritual data from a very early period; no, not a book, a literature rather, written at various times while the phenomena of life were fresh and vital issues; written by a people who seemed to have been set apart for the purpose, who had the genius for spiritual exploration, just as the Greeks had the genius for art and philosophy, and as the Romans had the genius for organization and administration. It is to this Bible of the Hebrews that we most naturally betake ourselves, if we would have an authoritative text-book of the data and principles of spiritual evolution. Whether it will answer to our modern scheme of things, and especially whether in the large it will satisfy the scientific spirit that so conditions our present-day thinking, — well, that remains to be seen.

But, as I have intimated, a great deal depends, nay, for our question, all depends, on the way we read the Bible. A new reading of it is certainly the first requisite. Consider the case. A great expansion of spiritual insight and foresight is in this age coming upon our race; science itself is contributing to it; the Bible as we have read it has laid its foundations and determined its approaches. Now spiritual insight, in its essential elements, is a thing timeless and universal; it makes its way in the ages, not as does logical insight, fainting and doubting under endless mistakes, but rather by trusting its deep instincts as far as they go, and wreaking its wealth of life upon them. Such has been the inner history of man, as Hebrew

insight has traced it. To read the Bible, then, as our too arrogant science does, as if it were an obsolete lie, or a crude nation's vagaries, is to put it at the mercy of time and clime, to make it myopic, like science itself, and subject to the shifts of logic. But to read it as dogmatic theology and religiosity hitherto has done, does not greatly better the case. Our purview must be larger. The prophecy that we find in it must not be of private interpretation. We must estimate it by a larger scale of measurement; must project its histories and conceptions against the background of a more spacious universe. If then it proves too small, or in any way invalid, let the fact appear. If on the other hand it is seen to have risen to the huge occasion, let us not miss the benefit of it. And meanwhile, we can well afford to let some of the lesser questions of detail wait until their time comes, until they can be approached with the fitting presuppositions. We need not begin, for instance, by puttering with questions of a legislated and precarious immortality, questions of mending and cobbler work, of conditional immortality and future probation and general soul repairs. These will fall duly into place when the larger setting is seen as it is, — or else, what is more likely, be lost in light, like the spots on the sun. Nor, in truth, can they be brought to a luminous and self-evidencing solution on any smaller projection of things. In a word, the problem of immortality concerns manhood as a whole, not merely Christian or heathen manhood, and life as a vast world entity, not merely life as doctored up somehow, or as lived by a saint or philosopher. We have the Scripture's own word of its prophecy that this is not of private interpretation. The Bible, no less than science, demands to be taken on the cosmic and universal scale, the scale of eternity. To this scale it is that from the beginning its spiritual findings are adjusted.

In this new reading of the Bible we must needs first of all determine our attitude toward the thing that has done most to give men pause: the assumption, namely, that it is an inspired revelation from the ultimate Source of life, the Father of spirits. This is not a thing to assume, but, if true, to dis-

cover. Every one must make the discovery for himself; no other can make it inwardly for him. And if we waive this assumption, we are set free from the doubts that inevitably go with it, doubts rising out of its literary origin, adequacy, transmission; our evidence is of quite another kind, and not at all at the mercy of such questions. If we still shrink from committing ourselves to the Bible, in nervous dread of miracles and the supernatural, if we quarrel with this element as if here we must put a preliminary negation, let us consider how truly in any case we must confront it and judge it not by names but by its intrinsic merits. We do not escape the supernatural by abjuring the Bible and taking to science. For science itself is forced to recognize one miracle, one absolutely transcendent, inexplicable thing. That is the advent of life itself. We know how helpless the most penetrative stretch of knowledge is before this. With all the savant's pride of explaining the universe, this, the initial fact of all, completely baffles him. Here are two specks of jelly-like matter, exactly alike in weight and size and chemical structure. One is inert, soggy, passive to decomposing forces from without; the other protoplasmic, throbbing with a mysterious energy called life, and in that smallest compass containing strange potencies of growth, organism, inherited traits. What is the point of difference? What is this thing life, and whence? It is here, but no chemist or biologist can tell where it came from, how it got there, what is its relation to unseen forces. It is an unexplained wonder, which they can see only from the outside; and science must, to start with, assume this main miracle. Well, that is all we assume here, all that the Bible assumes. It puts the main miracle just where science must needs put it, and only there. Starting from that, it follows the continuous evolution that begins there; onward and upward to its culmination in an unimagined destiny. On the larger scale which alone can compass the involvements of its record, it is the history of that manhood evolution.

But, it may be objected here, the Bible account toward the end makes another miracle supervene which science cannot

receive so easily: the alleged resurrection of Christ. No; that is not another miracle. It is the other pole of the same, the consistent outcome of the life so begun, so evolved, as the Bible traces its elements. It is the same life raised to its highest power and entering upon its native heritage. This miracle, if miracle it be, the Bible views as essentially a manhood thing; calls it the resurrection of the Son of man, of Him who as intrinsic man identified Himself with the life that it is in man to live, saying, "I am the life." Passing wonderful this is, I grant it; but what otherwise is life itself, as soon as we apply to it the spiritual measure and potency? And with all its miraculous look, it merely gives concrete form to a mystery which science can as little evade as it can the inexplicable beginning. It puts into individual expression the thing that comes of following life according to what science itself acknowledges must be its evolutionary destiny.

The difference is, that while science, going back to the germ, tries to make life as small as it looks, the Bible boldly yet reverently makes it as large as it becomes. In the beginning it already sees the glory of the end. Evolution must needs have a starting-point; and men have groped and dredged for this, in the sea-slime and in the uncouth products of their laboratories, all in a blind guess-work, working at the idea of spontaneous generation. All friendly speed to them; we ought perhaps to test to the utmost what comes, or does not come, of making the beginning of life mechanical and material. The Bible, seeing to what spiritual heights life rises, makes its evolutionary starting-point spiritual. The very first event that startled the waste of chaos was, "And the spirit of God was brooding upon the face of the waters"; brooding, like a mother-bird, as if it would warm the waste into life. So it is that it accounts for the main miracle, the entrance of life on our earth. In that event it sees stored up all the vital energies, all the potencies, that come to light in what follows.

It is very important, I think, to keep in mind this scripture conception that if a God mingled with the game at all He was moving in it from the very beginning. There is no point in the

tide of life where we can read Him out of the world, leaving it a mere weltering chaos; or even where we can put Him on a throne sitting somewhere outside of this mechanism which He has wound up, and seeing it go. That is to say, here in our Bible is contemplated an evolution of which the initial impulse, the determining principle, is not only spiritual but divine. It is here, as we see, that the gulf opens between the Bible and the present-day stage of natural science. Science, we may truly say, is fighting against a light. It insists on postulating nothing supernatural, that is, transcendent. It looks at those palpitating tissues and forbids us to find anything there but motion. The Bible comes boldly to the light, and postulates everything supernatural. Looking at those same tissues it sees moving there a Power that is all the while reaching in from a higher and deeper world. Every life, every act, every energy, is a spiritual thing, deriving from the unseen. And if we ask which of these two, science or Bible, is on the truer tack, the only answer is, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Science is brought to the verge of a great abyss, which it must see is an abyss of life, which yet it will not own to be an abyss of light; while it is forced, without knowing what it says, to call for resurrection. Society, keyed to these self-limited conceptions of science, is in like manner beginning to call for a Superman. The Bible, seeing through ages and eons from the beginning, intrepidly postulates the potency of both, nay, writes the history of their advent. It looks, does it not? as if science must be the one to back down; it must do so, it would seem, in order rightly to explore its abyss of life. I do not mean that it must cease to be science, or even that it must die as science and rise again as religion. In accepting more faith, it must exert not less but more reason. It must betake itself, however, to a more fitting apparatus of search, and thus become a truer science, more tolerant of its own vision, without dying at all; must rise to its mighty occasion, to the ideal of life that is knocking at its door.

Ere she gain her Heavenly-best, a God must mingle with the game; the poet who wrote this was still thinking, as so

many of us do, of some irruption of divinity farther along, some arbitrary interference, it may be, to stay the tendencies of ruin and set things right. The crookedness of the world has got on his nerves, so that he cannot clearly see how God can be in it now. God must supposably come in somehow for the finishing touches only, or perhaps to do mending and cobbler work. And indeed religion too has figured such an arbitrary irruption in its interpretation of the coming of Christ. Nor would we deny this side of Christ's work to the Bible conception. He came to seek and to save that which was lost; they called Him Jesus because He should save His people from their sins. What I wish to deny, however, is, that this was in any sense arbitrary, an irruption from without, a happy expedient, an afterthought. In other words, we need to realize that scripture conceptions, the broad cosmic truths which the Bible holds in solution, are working on a larger scale, a scale of majestic creation and evolution, and not merely a scale of repairing; a scale as large as the whole tract of time, and the whole order of the world, and the whole growth of man. We shall understand the coming of Christ better, I hope, and what it means, as we go on. Meanwhile, we must think of an ancient world in which God could coexist with monsters of primitive form and creatures "that tare each other in their slime"; just as we have to think of a modern world in which, though God is felt as present bringing to pass some great work, He can coexist with city slums and boodle politics and Siberian transportations and Russian bomb-throwing. The game has become very complex, we must needs admit. A very comprehensive conception that must be, which can compass the solution of all its moves. In tracing therefore the tremendous conceptions of a Book which so confidently says, "I see the end, and know the good," can we rightly narrow it to private interpretation? Nay, if it meets the huge case of manhood it must be read in broader light.

I must not take occasion here even to sketch out the Bible description of this spiritual development, as from its starting-point it goes through many obscure stages, a dim and perilous

way; first the natural, as St. Paul puts it, afterward the spiritual. Some notion of this is what we must try to get in the pages to come.

One thing, however, must be noted of its far goal of resurrection, that evolutionary culmination which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. That is, that this is not coördinated with the death of the body, as if all that a man had to do in order to rise were to do what he cannot help doing, namely, to die. We must dismiss this paltry notion; it belongs to the pettier scale of things. When the resurrection comes, as we shall see, man is vigorously coöperating with it, and contributing all that he is to it. In other words, the resurrection which the Bible contemplates, in the spirit and essence of it, begins not with death but with birth, what the Bible calls the birth of the spirit, the birth from above. That may take place here on earth, before we go to that mysterious realm on which physical death ushers us. The life and immortality send their heralds before, and come to light at a calculable point in history and in individual life; so that when we enter the beyond we are already citizens of that country and have the larger light of it within us. This fact, as we see, furnishes a definite and quasi-historic field for our scientific study. We do not have to employ a medium, or wade the swamps of the hypnotic and subconscious; we do not have to leave this visible world; but all our tract of research lies in the wholesome light of day. Between the gloom of the nebulous and animal stage on the one hand and the light unapproachable on the other there is a penumbra, tempered to our earthly eyesight, which we may explore, and know that the elements we find there, being spiritual, are in truth the unseen elements, and are eternal. We can, with our sane endowments of sense and reason, follow the new reach of life beyond where resurrection begins, far enough to know what are its essential elements in any time, place, or state of being; we can, with the spirit that is in us, test it fully and taste its power. In short, there is put into our hands the true and only fitting apparatus of search: we learn to know the life beyond by actually living it.

Such is a hint of the larger scale of values that is to condition our reading of the Bible and evolutionary science; not to deny or discard the older readings, but to supplement them according to the idiom in which we have learned to read the world. Before I leave this introductory discussion, however, two remarks may be appended, about the study we are here opening.

For one thing, I am not asking you, my reader, to take my word for it, as if I were making religious propaganda; am not even stipulating that you commit yourself to what the Bible is found to say. I am merely endeavoring to set forth what I have come to see is a vast cosmic history of life, hid between the covers of this book; and if my exposition of it introduces you to a new point of view, unthought of before, I am merely asking you to treat it as the Bereans treated a view of life new to them; who "received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." The Bible does not need me nor any one else to defend it; it needs no championing against science or social arrangements; it needs only to be known and understood, in the spirit of it. So if there is fallacy or inadequacy in any view I bring you here, and you cannot lay it on me as interpreter, lay it on the Bible. And if there is a great enlargement and illumination of life here, and a self-evidencing truth of being, ascribe that to the Bible too, not at all to me. And as for receiving it as true, and lifting your faith up to its height, and living by it, — well, that is your affair. It will surely do no one harm. Personally, I am willing to accept a life so revealed; the Bible is to me still, in spite of all the monographs of science and philosophy, the real text-book of life.

The other remark is this: we are embarked on the history of the coming of life and immortality to light. To what light? may be asked. To the light of man's intellect and insight and imagination and will. In other words, we see two things here confronting each other: the reality of being, and the mind of man. Our question is the question not merely of what is real,

but of what is seen as real, as far and as fast as men have eyes to see. That is to say, we are embarked on a study of men's conceptions of things; of the great concept of life, contributed to by many minds, in many ages, yet somehow coalescing into one unitary concept, which puts forth shoots from the soil of elemental manhood and blossoms and grows. Now this, as we see, raises us to a region above the choking dust of the prevailing historical and archeological criticism; if it comes to a date when the record was not clear, and so needed interpolation or later correcting, it has but to wait until the insight of man has grown a little larger, and the tangled lines are straightened out farther up. It does not choose its path low enough to stumble over an alleged fact because a later editor supplied it, or because it was written by some one who posed as St. John. It takes what the Gospel of John says as representing the conception of life, and of Christ's contribution to it, which the human spirit was large enough to grasp when that gospel was written. So large a view of life, and of such tenor, was then in the bosom of manhood; it could then be given to the world and presumably understood by them; the generation or the century is a subordinate consideration. This is the reason why I have associated this broader reading, this enlargement of scale, not merely with scripture facts but with scripture conceptions. The history is an inner one, a history of the growth of the spirit of man, and of the increasing light that attended him all along the way.

II

THE TWILIGHT STRATUM

HOW THE SOUL OF MANHOOD FARES IN MORTAL
ENVIRONMENT AND RUDIMENTAL BEGINNINGS

- I. THE EMPIRE OF LAW AND FATE
- II. THE ADVENT OF THE SPIRIT
- III. EARLY SPIRITUAL REACTIONS
- IV. THE BURDEN AND THE CRAVING

II

THE TWILIGHT STRATUM

WHEN the sage Koheleth, looking abroad over the world both of things and of men, said, "Everything hath He made beautiful in its time, also He hath put eternity in their heart," he was living consciously in a confused and cloudy era, was speaking out of the heart of a twilight stratum of personality, which indeed he recognized as such. The finish of the sentence is, "yet not so that man findeth out the work which God hath wrought from the beginning and to the end." He sees himself midway in a great tide of being, of which the beginning and the end puzzle his reason; but there is a power urging him on which he names Eternity, and which, whatever it may come eventually to mean, gives all the beauty of the world its excuse for existing. Not a midnight this, but a twilight, wherein there is light enough to steer by, and wherein already, in the very heart of it, there is promise of a coming dawn. A friend of mine has lately put this thought of Koheleth's into the familiar metre of Omar Khayyám, extracting thereby its fragrance and poetic beauty: —

In my own breast beats on Eternity.
No mirage towers of Dreamlands yet to be,
But — once I bent to taste an upland spring
And, bending, heard it whisper of its Sea.

I shape it not from perishable clay,
Nor muse on clouds and hope to make them stay,
But as the patient shell secretes the pearl
So I secrete my Heaven from day to day.

This gentle radiance of spiritual illumination, giving every darkest era enough light to live and find its destiny by, is no more and no less than the Bible elsewhere avers. It does not

shun the most seeming hopeless places. St. Paul, looking straight into the unspeakable corruption of his Roman times, thus describes it: "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." This is not a mere Jew-bounded utterance, for he speaks with his eye on all the Gentile nations; nor is it a truth of manhood alone, for his purview is generous enough to take in the world of things as well as of men. He is enunciating an elemental truth. In a word, our scripture period of evolution not only begins with the vitalizing Spirit of God, but has the nourishing power of that Spirit, as much as it needs and can use, all along the way.

Our study, it will be borne in mind, is a study of light: how life and immortality were brought to light. We are undertaking to estimate the life of the world, in its various eras, by the amount and nature of the light it had to grow by. Light, so to say, is our testing and measuring instrument. Let us, in imitation of our scientific brothers, call it by an appropriate Greek name, our biometer. We may begin with the twilight; we need go no farther back, because, as we have just seen, our scripture estimate recognizes no absolute darkness. I have called this initial period the twilight stratum, instead of the twilight era. We get into the way, overmuch perhaps, of judging things according to the limiting conditions of time. We must in a measure discard that here. The tides of the informing spirit, we need to premise, are flowing through a hidden history wherein the bounds of space and time are lost, wherein one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years are as one day. So instead of saying there *was* a time when life lay in twilight, we had better say there *is* a stratum, a level, in human nature, existing as truly to-day as it ever did, wherein the soul moves in twilight dimness, seeing as through a glass darkly. We are not dealing, therefore, with ancient history, some long past analogy which we translate into terms of to-day; we are dealing with the thing itself, literal and present. We do not even have to go to the Turks and Bul-

garians to find it; rather, from our purest heights of vision we can all look down into ourselves and see there levels and standards of living which, unless illumined from above, yield only dimness of outlook. The abysses of our nature are all there still, the underworld of crude instinct and earthly response to environment. We never get so far above this but that there come up echoes, however faint and far, of the "call of the wild." We may have risen above the tyranny of such things, but if so we have absorbed them, not abolished them. Or we may figure it scientifically, as soon as we see in man a being in process of evolution. The embryonic life of the body, they say, passes in swift epitome through the inchoate stages of nature: it is a unicellular germ, it breaks up by fission, is a vegetable, a sponge, a fish-like organism, successively, before it takes on any semblance of man. Is the case less true of the embryonic life of the spirit? Must not it too have its period of development in bondage and immaturity and dimness, before it can see its parent Spirit as He is, and before it can see whither it is bound? Well, this embryonic period is the twilight stratum of manhood, the level of life wherein by the nature of the case, the immortal outlook is not yet in sight.

Of this spiritual evolution of ours we have already become aware, doubtless, of another differentiating trait; it is connoted by the fact that manhood, when the Bible first sees it, has already won to the region of twilight and is no longer moving in utter gloom. Evolution, in its lower biologic stages, is figured as a blind fate-like thing, wherein the organism is wholly unconscious and passive, acted upon by mysterious forces which it cannot control or understand. The highest name that can be given to its motions is natural selection; the highest motive, survival of the fittest. That is the way evolution looks, and that may indeed be an incident of its rudimental stage; though, as a matter of fact, we cannot tell how far down consciousness begins, or how soon a spiritual impulse strikes into the game, and there are even those who think that all nature is alive, each thing with will and consciousness

enough to fulfil its appointed function. With these speculations, however, we have nothing to do. We stand on plainer ground. In the stage to which we have attained, evolution is in progress in a being already endowed with reason and a will of his own; a being of whom the quaint Bible record says, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." In him therefore evolution has gained the self-conscious stage: has reached the point where the organism, no longer mere passive clay, no longer even an un-sharing spectator from without, can see its life from within; can cast itself intelligently on life, and cooperate in its own development. So much outfit of life it has, though still in twilight. This is a very momentous element of the case. From this point onward, then, evolution is no longer a blind and arbitrary thing, but increasingly charged with wisdom and light. Already, too, it is deeply prophetic of its august goal, in the fact that it can share, in all its wealth of mind and ideal and will, in the mind of the Father of spirits from whom it comes. The organism now being evolved is a thinking organism. Its moulding power still comes, as absolutely as ever, from the mysterious Reality without; but its light comes from within, or rather by way of the manhood spirit within.

We must speak now in nobler terms than we apply to crystals and germ-cells; in terms of personality. For while the progressive discovery of the path of life may still be like obeying nature forces, like the fire ascending to seek the sun, or the magnetic needle vibrating loyally to the great earth-currents of the pole, yet it expresses itself in the idiom of free strong manhood: it is the son seeking the Father and the ways of the Father's home, and the glory of the family likeness. This it truly is, however for a time it may stumble among dark mountains, or render a dim and wavering allegiance, or even by its own will incur bondage to the conditions of its existence. For its twilight is gradually brightening toward day; its ordered steps are leading in the direction of freedom.

I. THE EMPIRE OF LAW AND FATE

We are now ready to consider what the Bible conceives to be the essential character of this twilight stratum of life. A late scripture writer, tracing the expression of this to a commanding personage, and to its national aspect, says, "The law was given by Moses," — by law meaning the whole comprehensive dispensation before his time, as it is interpreted from an era of greater light. On our cosmic scale, which in spite of its racial unit is truly the scale of the Bible, we may call this the empire of law and fate. It is just the thing that is most plainly and universally before us, saints and scientists alike: the human soul, which never asked or chose to be breathed into earthly life, pursuing its activities here a little while, and finding out the principles and order of them, then suddenly, without will of its own, disappearing into the unseen again. It is the most elemental picture that man can draw of his own mortal existence: the background on which all the colors and shadings of life appear. That this compendious assessment of life is reduced to the term law, and that this law, however rudimentally revealed, becomes a reign of law, and empire over all the centres and outlying provinces of human nature, is not only a deduction of science, a matter of pride for these latter days; it is the recognized commonplace of Scripture, by which its large record of life is defined in two coördinated and correlated halves. If the higher and illuminate hemisphere of life is grace and truth, as these came by Jesus Christ, no less truly its lower and basal hemisphere is law, as this is identified with Moses. In other words, this was the essential character of what we call the Old Testament dispensation; distinguishing it from, and perhaps contrasting it to, what a deep-seeing later thinker called "the dispensation of the fulness of times."

That this empire of law coincides with a twilight stratum of life is indicated historically by the fact that the Old Testament man, from his determining standard of law, has not yet

discovered immortality, except as a vague longing and dread. The life beyond, to him, is not a motive and inspiration, but an enigma; is not really a life at all, but a sort of punctuation mark to earth, a virtual stoppage and negation of life; which at its sternest is figured as an austere paying-off of old scores in the coin of rewards and punishments, and at its mercifulest does not get beyond the idea of release and rest. Under this law empire the human soul is, so to say, caught and tamed; is brought under the all-encompassing domination, I had almost said tyranny, of prescription and prohibition. And as long as he is there he is not consciously the son of God, but the slave and culprit of God, who can hardly choose but err, or the puppet of God, moved by the unchosen strings of his being's law. It is best not to mince matters here: this, reduced to lowest terms, is the real state of the case. No doubt it is right; I dare say it ought to be so; at any rate it is so. The empire of law becomes an empire of fate, which the thought of another life, turned back in recompense or retribution on this, only accentuates.

I hardly need pause here to say, that in this matter we are simply following, at a somewhat higher level, the ascertained order of nature. If there is any one thing that has become thoroughly ingrained in men's minds, as the fruit of the scientific movement of the last century, that has been made the corner-stone and basis of all the rest, it is the idea that we are living under an all-encompassing, inexorable empire of law. It is just this idea that has made us so nervous about miracles and the supernatural or extra-natural; filling, as it does, the universe so full that there seems no room for anything else. It has got into literature as intolerantly as into science: we are impatient of things like the Arabian Nights and Gulliver's Travels, which deal with freaks and marvels, and relegate these to the nursery where fairy tales are more in order; while even there the children are learning to say, "Of course it isn't so, the author just said so." Everywhere we are adjusting ourselves, have adjusted ourselves, to a reign of law. And everywhere, too, we have, in spite of ourselves, very largely

conformed our imagination to a reign of fate, wherein, always at an untimely moment,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.

That is why the idea of immortality still persists as a longing and a dread, or at highest as a safety and a rest, but not really as a life, or as a welcomed birth to nobler things. One thinks of the vague fears and apprehensions that connect themselves with accidents and catastrophes of nature, and chances of sudden death, as if all beyond our control were chaotic and unordered; and then one thinks, by contrast, of that Man who sailed our earthly seas, and who, when the storm was fiercest and disciples were frantic with terror, was quietly asleep on a pillow. The contrast goes deep. It takes hold of the roots of life. We cannot reason it away; our emancipation from such fears must come quite otherwise; and the large scripture way is the only way to bring it about; it comes, so to say, only by the way of the Son of man. Still, quite apart from the proof or illustration of it, the deep contrast remains: a contrast in mood, attitude, tone, between the soul consciously subject to unchosen law and blind fate, and the soul consciously sharing life with the Wisdom and Spirit of the universe. And this is what, in the sequel of our study, the contrast will amount to. It is the unforced consciousness of things, the spirit oppressed or hopeful, that counts in life, not the labored logic by which we try to persuade our minds. We shall follow life to the point where, in the face of storm and mystery, it can calmly rest its head on a pillow; can bask, as it were, in the light to which it has won, knowing that all is well.

But we must traverse a twilight period first, just as also nature must. And the felt empire of law and fate, which gives tone to that period, is a sound and sturdy stratum of life; it develops the principle, the stamina, the strong fibre, by which the soul can do its work in the world, and build its ideals of character. It learns to love its reign of law, and it lays its foundations deep beneath the surface; and though it moves in dimness of outlook, yet the night has its stars and its

brightening East, and God gives it also songs in the night and compensating joys.

It would be very interesting, if we had the space, to follow into detail the dominance of law, gradually widening and deepening, from its rudimental beginnings to the darkest hour of its twilight, just before the dawn. All we can do, however, is to touch on a few salient points. The Hebrew word for law, *torah*, did not to begin with have just the meaning that we have come to attribute to the term, when we speak, for instance, of English law, or of the laws of nature; though it did approach the modern meaning afterward, as it was seen to cover more of life and the world. We have divested it of personality; it has become to our consciousness a sort of mechanical thing, a fate, which renders no account of itself. With the Hebrew, on the contrary, the personal origin of law was of its very essence; in his mind to legislate, to give *torah* as he expressed it, meant nearly the same as to give orders or instruction, as a general gives orders to his army, or as a teacher gives instruction to his class. Further, its ultimate source was always thought of as God Himself; the form it took in the mouth of lawgiver or priest or prophet never dispelled this idea; and accordingly, to the end of the chapter, the authority of law, *torah*, was accepted as absolute. That is, the personal will of God was to the Hebrew practically the same as the order of nature is to us; and his personality, in following that will, went through a development quite analogous to what we recognize in our bodies, in the laws of evolution, heredity, growth, and indeed, when we understand his quaint but seminal Hebrew idiom, identical with what we trace in the human mind, in basal rudiments, customs, institutions, history. Time fails me, of course, to enlarge on this, as given in the Old Testament; but it is all there, and all in a natural and self-evidencing order. It seems to have been the world mission of the Semitic race, as Professor McCurdy points out, to furnish the type, the norm of things, for the Aryan race to take up and fill out in arts and civilization. "In nearly everything vital to human well-being," he says, "the Semites were the

founders or forerunners." And the seminal principles of life, the pioneer impulses, are best depicted in this book of theirs, which just on that account has become the Bible of the educated and civilized world.

We speak, in biology, of the law of the species, that rigid law by which every animal instinctively conforms to the ways of its kind. A blind law, our thoughts make this, a law which the animal has no mind to reason out, and no choice but to obey. Well, the Hebrew law was just a kind of magnified law of the species; only, being personal and conscious, he went into it with his eyes open; and its appeal was always made to his reason as well as to his instinct. In other words, from the very beginning he was expected and encouraged to cooperate with it. There was a two-fold element in it; and the power of two worlds, the austere under-world of his primordial nature, and the free upper-world of his manhood. But for the rest, he never got beyond the tether of his species consciousness. He merely spread it out into wider areas: from the family, taking its law from a patriarchal head, to the clan, Isaac and Ishmael, Jacob and Esau; then to the tribe, tracing up allegiance to a common ancestor; then through slavery and deliverance and conquest to the nation, which for the first time could begin to legislate and write its laws for permanent use, on stone; then finally, as nationality failed, to a race. That is as far as the Hebrew, as such, ever got. To this day the Hebrews remain a race apart, with an intense, exclusive, almost fanatical race consciousness, virtually the species consciousness writ large. It remained for the Aryan race to take up the matter where they laid it down, and develop the regards of men from Judaism to Christianity, from the nation and the race to the world and the universal humanity. They might indeed have done this, and their Pioneer, of their own royal line, was ready; if they had not, in an evil hour, perversely chosen to reject Him, and thus commit their manhood to an arrested development. The result is before us, for the world to see; the enlarging humanitarian consciousness of our latest age is every day making it plainer.

But to go back to the spirit of their old law. Its main effort and impact, as you know, was prohibition and restraint: always directed to curbing and bringing into order the imperious surge of the natural man toward lawless freedom. It took men as we take children, saying, "You mustn't do this, you mustn't touch that, you mustn't." You have noted how all the commandments of the two tables, except one, are prohibitions, "Thou shalt not"; they recognize the things to which men too naturally tend, and put the bridle there. "Ye shall not do," said Moses to them at the outer edge of the wilderness, "ye shalt not do after all the things that we do here this day, every man whatsoever is right in his own eyes." It was a kind of negative life that was thus contemplated. We can imagine some progressive minded man in his audience breaking in here and saying, "You have told us what not to do, but when we have obeyed your prohibitions to the full where are we then? What *shall* we do? How shall we take this *tabula rasa* of a life and enrich it? The decks are cleared for action, all the clutter and impedimenta removed by your 'Thou shalt not's'; now where is the foe to fight, where is the victory to win? All that you have left us positively to do, barring some ceremonies and sanitary rules, is to honor our fathers and mothers; but *we* must be fathers and mothers some day; how then shall we in turn be ourselves worthy of honor, and especially in the new conditions of action that times will surely bring?" Well, that was left to the future, to the time when they would be out of the wilderness, and be no longer scolded children but full-grown men, adult and ready to act for themselves. "For ye are not as yet come," said the venerable lawgiver, "to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you." His law was made for a consciously unfinal stage of manhood; and so it remained to the end, not because it was inadequate or unwise or not voluminous enough, but precisely because it was law. The law, the police regulation of the world, operates to protect society and keep men out of — or put them into — jail; but what life, what ideal, what spiritual energy, does it, as law, put within

them? Clearly, it represents only the negative half of a divided whole; and all that makes positive manhood, according to the Maker's image, is beyond.

From these rudiments of law, wherein we see men just going under the yoke, our thoughts go out to an empire of law, wherein a universe is caught and tamed; we try to think what the world would be like if it were what the biologists want it to be, a world of law and nothing else. We look into the animal world, which God created and called very good; and there we note the species, each in its own compartment of nature, each with its species consciousness and obeying its species law. What do these different species, all from one Creator, do? They fear one another; they fight one another; they devour one another. There seems to be a law in their members impelling them to it. Poets have brooded over it, as if the world were radically cruel and unfeeling; they call it "nature red in tooth and claw." And yet all this seems mellow music compared with what goes on all the while among us. The law of our digestive organs calls for animal food; and what is that army of our species out there in the Chicago shambles doing all day long, and year after year, but kill, kill, kill, — that we may eat the flesh? Or if we have scruples against such slaughter, and, choosing rather to be underfed and anæmic, confine ourselves to vegetable food, we have only removed the matter one step back, we are still destroying the protoplasmic life of lower creatures to build up our own bodies. The law in our members, the law of our species, demands it; there seems to be no consideration of mercy or sympathy or even justice in the matter. It is all unrelieved law: nature preserving her integrity and uniformity, calm and severe, yet beneath the surface full of fear and fighting and devouring.

Is it essentially different when we come to the domain of the higher law, as unrelieved law I mean, with its rigid standards on the one hand, its atmosphere of bondage and restraint on the other? What sort of world would this be if the Old Testament dispensation had been perpetual, and had remained unrelieved by more genial elements, that magnified law of the

species of which I was speaking a few minutes ago? Well, we have a historical example, in our own modern times, to illustrate it for us. We honor the Puritans, and trace much of our noblest and strongest convictions of right and conscience to them. But once in their history they got their doctrines and sentiments a little out of balance, and reverted overmuch to the earlier ways, when the reign of Mosaic law was unrelied by grace and truth. This is how Macaulay describes it:

“After the fashion of oppressed sects, they mistook their own vindictive feelings for emotions of piety, encouraged in themselves by reading and meditation a disposition to brood over their wrongs, and, when they had worked themselves up into hating their enemies, imagined that they were only hating the enemies of heaven. In the New Testament there was little indeed which, even when perverted by the most disingenuous exposition, could seem to countenance the indulgence of malevolent passions. But the Old Testament contained the history of a race selected by God to be witnesses of his unity and ministers of his vengeance, and specially commanded by him to do many things which, if done without his special command, would have been atrocious crimes. In such a history it was not difficult for fierce and gloomy spirits to find much that might be distorted to suit their wishes. The extreme Puritans therefore began to feel for the Old Testament a preference, which, perhaps, they did not distinctly avow even to themselves; but which showed itself in all their sentiments and habits. They paid to the Hebrew language a respect which they refused to that tongue in which the discourses of Jesus and the epistles of Paul have come down to us. They baptized their children by the names, not of Christian saints, but of Hebrew patriarchs and warriors. In defiance of the express and reiterated declarations of Luther and Calvin, they turned the weekly festival by which the Church had, from the primitive times, commemorated the resurrection of her Lord, into a Jewish Sabbath. They sought for principles of jurisprudence in the Mosaic law, and for precedents to guide their

ordinary conduct in the books of Judges and Kings. Their thoughts and discourse ran much on acts which were assuredly not recorded as examples for our imitation. The prophet who hewed in pieces a captive king, the rebel general who gave the blood of a queen to the dogs, the matron who, in defiance of plighted faith, and of the laws of eastern hospitality, drove the nail into the brain of the fugitive ally who had just fed at her board, and who was sleeping under the shadow of her tent, were proposed as models to Christians suffering under the tyranny of princes and prelates. Morals and manners were subjected to a code resembling that of the synagogue, when the synagogue was in its worst state."

A trenchant indictment this; we leave out of the question whether Macaulay exaggerated it, or left it too one-sided. What we are to note here is that this describes not merely an era in history but a stratum of human nature. What is all this but a reversion to the twilight stratum? Given such and such conditions, let the prevailing sentiment, even the sacred zeal of divine law, be too unrelieved and too intolerant, and the Puritan of the seventeenth century after Christ becomes at heart like the Jew of the prechristian centuries; he has magnified that law of the species and of the race until he can hardly let other species and races exist, or at least can hardly let exist what they stand for and what perhaps has been bred in the law of their being.

Yet all this time Jews and Puritans alike have, as St. Paul says, consented to the law that it is holy and just and good; have rejoiced in it after the inward man. The empire of law has engendered ideals; nay the ideal of its own perfection and universality, the ideal of its sacredness and unsearchable depth, was at the bottom of that Puritan intolerance and narrowness. The very law of the species, with its fear and its fighting, is ideally the integrity of the species. All the ideals of character that rose in the mind of the Old Testament worthies merely reflected this fact at different sides and angles. The stern yet tonic ideal of duty, what is this but giving every obligation, every responsibility, every law of our being, its

just due? The comprehensive ideal of righteousness again, which is the high summit to which Old Testament conduct tends, what is this? "In this word righteousness," says Brierly, ". . . we need beware lest we take an emotional substitute for the actual meaning. For, in heaven and upon earth, it has only one meaning, rightness, which again means always conformity to the law of things. In all her myriad departments, Nature has one rule of conduct towards us. She pays according to our conformity to her law." In this ideal, then, we have merely the law of great nature writ large, and made into an empire over our sturdiest and severest character. God Himself, too, is a God of righteousness; He embodies His own law. Or take the highest ideal of all, remote, withdrawn, the ideal that mystics have appropriated to themselves and that seems inaccessible to common and lay humanity, — the ideal of holiness. "This latter word," says Brierly again, "we now recognize as signifying neither less nor more than 'wholeness.' It means the full equipment of manhood, the highest state of body, soul, and spirit." Well, what is being a whole man, but having all the functions in vital running order, rejoicing to obey the laws of their being? The empire of law creates a demand for its own perfection; it is inexorable, intolerant if you please; it will not be satisfied until it has drawn into its jurisdiction the whole man and every man.

And yet at its highest and holiest, the empire of law, as such, is still in the twilight stratum; it has not the light and life of the hemisphere beyond itself. I am not saying this to bring an indictment against law, or to intimate that the twilight stratum is therefore evil. I am optimistic enough to believe, as I look the field of truth over, that things come to light just about as fast as they ought to, and on the whole just about in the order they ought to. You see, the great body of humanity is an inert thing, and stubbornly conservative; a huge mass to move forward through life; and every step of progress has to be naturalized, to be trodden in, until it becomes the possession not of the philosopher or illuminated prophet alone, but of the community, of the rank and file; and it has to become

an atmosphere, which men breathe without thinking, or a sunlight, which warms and guides men while they do not realize its meaning or power. We must judge humanity by its elemental endowments, and by the light which has become elemental within them.

To say, then, that while our nature is still under unrelieved law it is still in twilight, and cannot see the immortal dawn beyond, is merely to say that law can only move in its own orbit until it comes round full circle, can only contemplate its own completion, and that until this is accomplished cannot take up, cannot even see, the next and risen stage of being. Consider the case. We will suppose that a man has walked in all the statutes of the law blameless, that according to the "most strictest" sect of Hebraism he has, like Job, to appear proudly before his Maker with his record on his shoulder. What then? Why, he gets his award. Judgment is passed upon him, the just verdict is rendered for what he is and has been. Or suppose, like you and me, he faces the great Reality of things with many gaps and faults, many evil things, in his life's record. What then? Why again, he gets his just judgment. The books are posted and balanced, all the old scores paid off, and the whole matter of life becomes a finality. That is all that the empire of law, that is all that the man who in his life has only law, can see. His case is settled, and the punctuation mark is appended. The next generation comes on and goes through the same circle, to the same award of commendation or penalty. Again we must ask, What then? The rest, so far as law can see, is fate. The law has not imparted life but only ordered it; has ordered it well, has opened ample room for duty and righteousness and wholeness. But when the law has done with educating the man, and when untimely death comes, it has at best only got him where he is in shape for unincumbered duty and righteousness and holiness to begin, while the most of men, unlike Job, must die with their record of conformity to law still far short of its best. And the light beyond, the next stage of evolution in life, is still as much in the dark as ever. If there had been a law given which could

have given life, as St. Paul says, if life were by the law at all, verily righteousness should have been by the law. The law is not to blame; but when the mystery of introduction to another state of existence comes the law stratum of our being simply has nothing to connote more life, it connotes only its own end and reckoning. We can see now, therefore, why, when the Old Testament men looked at death all they could imagine after it was some kind of payment, reward or punishment, or it may be safety and rest; but that was not new and higher life, that was not truly immortality at all. And this because neither the immortality nor the real principle and fibre of life had emerged into light. It belongs to a higher stratum of manhood, where fate has passed on into resurrection.

II. THE ADVENT OF THE SPIRIT

But what is the spirit doing all this time? We have seen it in the beginning of things, brooding like a mother-bird on the face of the waters, as if it would warm the waste of chaos into life and organism. And the very first thing that took place thereafter, according to the sublime old record, was the beginning of that motion, or pulsation, which we have taken as our biometer, or measure of life. "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." Before the sun and stars were created, as this strange account goes, light came into being; and whether or not, as the scientists are conjecturing, it may have been due to some radio-activity in the inchoate matter, its origin here is described as spiritual, with a mind and a decree and a will working in it.

In our too narrow-minded study of the Bible we have almost lost sight of this initial power of creation and its stored-up potencies. Certainly, it would seem, that spiritual beginning of things ought to have continued in operation, working still at the core and centre of creation, and always radiating enough light to make its presence and nature evident. It has been tacitly supposed, however, that the spirit of God, having come upon the scene and set things running, then proceeded to take

a long vacation, not to be heard of again definitely until the Day of Pentecost, A.D. 33, was fully come; after which date He was a resident of our earth, having infused Himself, like flame, into the hearts of men. The long intervening history, then, is imagined as devoid of any divine spirit; men getting along supposedly the best they could by their own natural light and impulse, and of course always stumbling and stiff-necked, making mistakes or setting up rebellions, and incurring punishments. To be sure, Bezaleel, the son of Uri, who built the tabernacle, was said to have been endowed by the spirit of God for the purpose; and sometimes the spirit came mysteriously upon exceptional men; upon Samson, making him preternaturally strong, and upon prophets, filling them with a kind of divine frenzy and eloquence. But these instances were not supposed really to count for much, and the disposition was to explain them away. The Pentecostal spirit, in fact, was so transcendent, and so immediately reducible to religious insight and energy, that all the earlier history of the spirit was cast into the shade, as if it were a sporadic matter and virtually non-existent. It is as if the spirit had acted consciously in the first impulse, and then become reflex or automatic, working in the world as does breathing or digestion in our bodies, but having to give thought and concentrated will to the starting, just as we have to do in learning to swim or play the piano. It is remarkable that the late Professor Cope, one of our most eminent biologists, gives just this explanation of the beginning of life on our globe: conscious effort at first, enough to set the vital machinery of organism going; this he calls archæstheticism; then, the life-pulsation being trained by repetition into habit, the machinery going on automatically by itself; all of which he calls catagenesis.

But if Professor Cope, looking on as a spectator from outside, can see so far into the creative act as that, we have him at a great advantage; for we have reached the stage of life where evolution has become conscious of itself, and where we can coöperate in bringing it about; we are inside the game, and have a light in our hearts which enables us to trace in some

degree the divine initiative and pattern. To us, as to him, things *look* as if they lived and grew of themselves; but from our high station within, where we can put forth will, and use nature's laws to conscious purpose, and perpetuate life in an image at once human and divine, we ought to arrive at a worthier, less purely mechanical explanation than his. Our scientific apparatus is finer; it can go beyond terms of vibration and natural selection to terms of inner light and volition. And our text-book, the Bible, thinking in these terms, traces life inward to the informing spirit of God. True, it may take a poet, specially gifted and consecrated, to have a keen sense of that spirit's working in nature, and to put that sense into utterance. Enough, however, for our comfort, that the vision exists in humanity; a vision which, because we can respond to the poet, we may deem to exist, though it may be dimly, in all of us. Wordsworth, whose life was consecrated to this very thing, found what his penetrative spirit sought,

a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

But the vision is not the monopoly of poets, nor confined to that sublimated region of seas and skies and sunsets. It exists in things nearer home; its clearest and most motive-giving realization is in the common man. Elihu, you remember, that self-confident young man who was going to set Job and his friends right, puts it into words. "There is a spirit in man," he says, "and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." We have the light in ourselves, shared with the light and will of the world; clear enough for every one to interrogate and utilize in active life.

Here then is the situation of things: the spirit of God, which in the beginning brooded over chaos, and the spirit of man

answering to it, as face answereth face in a glass. But it is time now to begin on a definition; to begin on it, I say, for it will take all the rest of our discussions to compass the matter in full. What is spirit? what is *a* spirit? Well, I do not profess to be enough in the counsels of heaven to define the spirit of God; but we must, and I think we can get a working-idea of the spirit that is in ourselves; that part of power of our manhood of which George Bernard Shaw, else so sure of things, says cautiously, "if I may so name the unknown." We had better begin simply, even though at the risk of landing this side of an adequate conception. We all have an idea what is meant by the spirit of a crowd, or of a poem, or of an age; we distinguish between the spirit and the letter of a law; we have sometimes to take the spirit of a poor speaker in lieu of his clumsy words, like taking the will for the deed. In any such case we have a sense of a certain animus or direction of personality concentrated on some specific object or character, and working as one energy. And now let us think of the man we were describing, a being introduced here into a complex world, which he gradually discovers to be a world of law, with which he must intelligently coördinate his own nature, doing this in a way for himself alone, for no two men are alike. Well, my idea of his spirit is, that it is the reaction of his individuality on his world. Let us not complicate matters here by speculating on a disembodied spirit floating off by itself after death, or, if such a thing is possible, arrested and corraled by a medium; enough for us at first if we can understand a spirit still in the body and in this life. If we can know how it will react on this world, we are in the best shape to learn how it will react on any world, seen or unseen; that, perhaps, is what our bodies are given us for, to be the organs of this reaction and life-energy.

We sometimes get our thoughts tangled up by making a sort of dissection of our nature: as if we were made up of three separable parts, body, soul, and spirit; and the idea of this threefold combination leads to endless puzzling of mind over the question what part each plays in the personality, and

what may be saved from the wreck when the being is disintegrated by the failure of the body. I think that speculations on such a basis are bound to be futile and barren. We cannot cipher out the problem by cutting the man into pieces; he must be and remain a unity, all one man and one character, moving all together if he move at all. We do not save him by working with or supposing any process of disintegration, not even the disintegration of physical death. As to this three-fold division, which is natural enough, we may most simply conceive of it somehow thus: Man *has* a body, by means of which he makes connection with this world, its sights and sounds, its meats and drinks, its pleasures and pains; man *has* a spirit, by which he reacts on a world unseen, its ideas and ideals, its life and light and laws; but man *is* a living soul, subsisting here between two worlds, and electing to give supreme allegiance to the one or the other. Man is a living soul; that is what he became when God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. But that is what also the animals are called: נִפְשׁ הַחַיִּים, a living soul, a living creature. In this respect he does not differ from them; he too is an animal, with the breath of the universal life-force in his body. But he has also this unique endowment, the spirit, by which he moves in a region above the law of the species, and becomes an individual, with a character all his own. I am not saying the animals have no spirit, no reflex of that mighty life-force; "who knoweth . . . the spirit of the beast, whether it goeth downward to the earth?" says Koheleth. With this, however, the Scripture is not dealing; and it is in the nature of the case beyond our ken, which has enough to do to understand the spirit of our kind. But on the principle "By their fruits ye shall know them" we may certainly say his spirit differs from theirs not in degree but in kind: he is of them, with a spirit that rises enormously, infinitely beyond them; nay his spirit is not that of the animal at all; if he suffers it to become so, by vice or dissipation, it is his ruin; he does not even make a decent beast.

Here, then, he is placed, in this world of law, with a light

in him by which he can become acquainted with it, and with its personal Source and Will, and by which he can react on these as he will. There is a long and rugged road for him to traverse, before a personality so richly endowed becomes mature. I am not sure that in this world at all it can become much more than an embryonic life, — on the true standard, I mean; I am tempted to think it cannot when I see what halting, bungling work men and nations make of living. But here he is, getting more life and broader horizons step by step, and getting more light to guide him, as his eyes become better educated. "For with thee," said a Psalmist, "is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light." A curious thing, this gradual education in the perception of light. I read an article the other day in a scientific journal which furnished so striking an analogue to our subject that I first thought anew how profoundly true were Goethe's familiar words,

Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichnis,

"everything transitory is only a parable," and then I half hesitated to bring it in here lest it might seem fantastic and allegorical. It was about the color-sense, as it is found to be developed in primitive peoples. An observer in one of the Philippine islands discovered that the native Visayan dialect had definite names only for the colors at the red end of the spectrum, where the vibrations are slowest; that with the color green the words became vague and wavering, seeming to suggest only the idea of unripe things, like grass or uncured grain; and that all above this, toward the blue end of the spectrum, where the vibrations were most rapid, the dialect must have recourse to the later Spanish. Then on interrogating school-children and others he found that all could distinguish red well and green fairly well, though with some uncertainty between that and brown; but that blue, a bright blue garment for instance, puzzled them all, some calling it green, others black. On further inquiry, by him and others, it was found to be a pretty universal fact that primitive folk discern colors

in this invariable order: reds first, and so on upward, always in the order of the spectrum; but that comparatively high civilization is needed before they be sure of blue at all. All this lies simply in the eye's accommodating itself to different rates of vibration. Is the spiritual order something like this, as men go from animalism upward? They can see red first, the color of blood and raw flesh and war; then they can see green, for it is the color of their green earth, and all growing and unripe things; but blue, the color of the sky, they see last of all, and only by advanced education; to them the sky is either black, like an abyss or a midnight, or else it is green, like their unripe earth, unready for harvest. What a simple and suggestive gamut of light is here, and how it makes us think of that welter of slow development, during which the spirit, reacting on its universe, is approaching the maturity of its powers when, its blood-red wars and violences past, it can look wisely toward heaven and know that it is neither the blackness of death nor the green, immature continuation of this earth life! Well, it is a parable, like everything transitory; but the dream is true. The spirit is receiving its orderly education in life and light; and the two keep pace with each other, each the measure of the other.

III. EARLY SPIRITUAL REACTIONS

But we have kept our empire of law waiting all this time, stationary, while we went back to bring up to date that being who by his endowment of spirit could understand the law and by obedience or accommodation or even transgression react upon it. There it has remained as it will remain, a universal thing; all the creation, high and low, must bow to it late or soon; and one jot or tittle shall not pass from it until all be fulfilled. Now you see what this spiritual reaction is: it is a kind of initiative, wherein man by his innate wisdom or folly takes things into his own hands, and so by experience of effects learns his being's law, and is not merely told it; learns, and if he obeys, obeys freely, rather than like a machine which

is wound up and must go. We have made transition to the higher ground which befits the life of free spirit. The whole scale of things too, for good and evil, is vastly enlarged: the glory more transcendent, the woe more deep and ruinous; we could deal with no mere animal life on such ground. It is the spirit that marks the difference.

Sooner or later, being personal, we estimate things according to our own nature, and recognize the personal source of this empire of law: as the Hebrews figured it in their *torah*, it is like the orders of a general to his soldiers, or the instruction of a teacher to his class. Now what shall be the first personal response, the first spiritual reaction, of a being who to begin with is like a callow child, with no wise experience of life, and no contact as yet with the solemn consequences of things? For so, down in that twilight stratum, we must needs figure man as beginning.

The scripture answer to this question, which is embodied in the quaint old story of Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit, shows the primitive man that is in us two things: first, that a command given from such a source, as we say, "means business," it cannot safely be trifled with; and secondly, the strange principle afterward phrased by St. Paul, that by the law is the knowledge of sin. That silly couple, as we deem them, acted just as we probably should have done; just like those hapless children of whom every week the newspaper reports, who "didn't know it was loaded," or like those idle fellows who out of sheer wanton curiosity toy with a dangerous machine. A great many children of a larger growth find out to-day, I see it not infrequently in students and their reaction toward new college enactments, that, as the slangsters say, it won't do to meddle with the buzz-saw. The spiritual reaction must go deeper than that; we must learn to take our empire of law seriously enough for our own good, and not be so idly facile as to be equally ready, as the chance comes, to listen to a God or a serpent.

I know how much has been made of that Adam and Eve

story; how Milton, voicing an almost morbid Puritan conscience, described its portentous effects:

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky loured, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal Sin
Original.

And indeed the story goes deep; I have no disposition to belittle it, far less laugh it away; I do not profess to give only one small aspect of it. But we see human nature there, our own human nature. We see too, even there, an authentic uprise of the human spirit; and we see how light, our spiritual biometer, kept pace with it. Their eyes were opened, and for the first time man was as gods, seeing good and evil. The effects were bad as well as good; but I confess that if this was the fall of man it looks to me uncommonly like a fall upward.

Our first parents did not take life seriously enough, to begin with; though afterward Adam, having learned his costly lesson, went to work like a good boy, under his yoke of divine law, his spirit bowing itself docilely to the order of things. His eldest son, however, was not so at all; he was what we call a bad lot. Perhaps there was an inherited crook in his nature; at any rate, while on the one side he was energetic, active, unmeditative, thoroughly masculine, on the other he was turbulent, self-centred, blindly set on making things bend to his own untamed will. We may be sure he never would have been tempted to self-indulgence by a woman. It made him sick to see Abel there, so sweetly pious and so in divine favor; though he too went stolidly through the motions of worship and got no inner satisfaction from it. Do you reflect that, for good or ill, here is one half of humanity, the active, over-coming, business half? After his dreadful deed of murder, the supreme sin, he went forth, you remember, to found cities, and subdue the earth, and beget children who were the originators of the arts of life, agriculture, and music, and the fine and useful arts of craftsmanship. From his family, according to the Bible record, came the beginnings of civilization. Evi-

dently here is a strain of human nature not to be ignored but dealt with and developed. Perhaps he took this world, with its worldly tasks and absorptions, too seriously; I am pretty sure that his half of mankind does. And he must be dealt with on his own ground, the ground of his own turbulent masterful spirit. It requires a new combination with the law of things. This is how the Bible story actually takes him. For though he had no heart for the supreme law of manhood, to be his brother's keeper and lover, he did not fall into his murderous deed unadvisedly or without adequate warning. "Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen?" was the question that somehow had already found way into his lowering mind; "if thou doest well, is there not an uplift to go with it, — not a morose, ill-at-ease, falling spirit?" But you want to be doing something, instead of worshipping, do you? It is in you to fight, to make things yield to you, to overcome, is it? Well, here is your foe. Sin, crouching like a wild beast at your heart's door, crouching in craven fear, ready to be subdued. Now fight it; it will yield to you; and you can work out your spiritual reaction, and reach the true expression of your manhood by the negative way, by the way of your own energetic spirit. Don't kill your brother; don't hate him; you need him for your work in the world; kill your sin.

We cannot help sympathizing, to some extent, with the Cain type of man. I think the Bible does. It puts the active, robust, practical work of the world largely in their hands. On the other hand, with all its unworldly beauty, there is a note of the futile and premature in the opposite, the saintly and pious type. Abel, his sweet life so soon and tragically quenched, was as little his brother's keeper as was Cain. Enoch, who "walked with God," lived out half his days, the world seemingly too bleak a climate for him, "and he was not, for God took him." Beautiful this; but all he did was to beget Methusaleh, whose sole distinction among men was to have existed longer than any other man that ever lived. There seems to be little if any robust reaction of spirit here; and as

for Enoch, well, he was like Sir Gareth, the only knight who won to the full sight of the holy grail:

And one hath had the vision face to face,
And now his chair desires him here in vain,
However they may crown him elsewhere.

There is something lacking in this strain of life too.

This Enoch story brings us dimly to an old concept of life and death, which, because its conditions were so speedily overturned, we can now neither prove nor disprove. It seems to point to what might have been the outcome of the Eden existence, if man had never elected to take the fruit, that is, exercise his own initiative out of desire for knowledge. He was in a garden; tended like the plants, caged in strict regulations and unquestioning obedience, like the animals. Unlike the animals he had the power of initiative; its reward, to know good and evil, like God; its risk, to know hardship and death. He might have chosen the passive obedient state, and might have passed out of the earthly stage of existence not by death but as Enoch did. The animals have apparently little real fear and pain of death; he as the more highly evolved creature might normally have had still less, or have passed on like the chrysalis into the butterfly. But it would have been passing onward from a kind of vegetative life, a life passive instead of active, a life not coöperating intelligently with God, but as the unenterprising automaton of God. To exert his spirit, on the other hand, exposed him to deadly risk, nay to deadly certainty, — and he chose, virtually, for the sake of inheriting higher things, to take the risk. He would rather die knowing and originating action than as a passively moved thing. Was it worth the risk? It takes centuries to answer the question; but the freely chosen death of the Son of man, for love's sake, is the supreme answer.

An immense interest there is in those naïve old stories of Genesis, which embody the conception of how man's nature fares before he begins to write his laws on stone: the giants in the earth; the rising tide of wickedness; the clean sweep of the flood and new beginning; the Babel tower aspiring to

heaven; then later Abraham the friend of God, dreaming of being a blessing to all the earth; and peaceful Isaac among his flocks; and Esau the surly, stupid, hungry hunter, whose high birthright carried with it no answering sense of *noblesse oblige*; and Jacob, with his rare combination of business shrewdness on the one side and intense devotion to the ideal on the other. But I must not linger with these old-world tales, full of meat though they are. Is it not clear by this time, that even in our twilight stratum of life that brooding kindly spirit of the beginning of things was neither taking a vacation nor working automatically? We see his work right where we ought to look for it, right where evolution becomes conscious and coöperative; in the answering spirit of man, which as it is warmed and lighted by the spirit of God comes forth from its germinant sleep, and rounds into individuality, and grows. Not always like Enoch or Abel, and sometimes sinking back almost to the abyss where, as Browning says,

God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain;

seldom failing, even in ruins to show, as Hamlet admiringly puts it, "his naked spirit, how majestic," or to prove, by negative vices as well as positive virtues,

That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use.

There are strange and endlessly advancing combinations here, of deep action and reaction, of eternal and transitory, of worldly and other-worldly, of divine and human; and in them all, though universal law is establishing its domain, yet life too, the life of the free and joyous spirit, is surely coming step by step into the light.

IV. THE BURDEN AND THE CRAVING

I can only indicate now in briefest summary, what the tone and temper of life comes to be when man reaches the point where he writes his laws on stone, and is, for good or ill, beyond that blessed immunity wherein, as St. Paul says, "sin is not imputed where there is no law." I have named this the burden and the craving. Perhaps we can put it best in the songs that men sing; the musical outflow of a full and hopeful heart. There is no lack of such songs; we derive our own music still from the Hebrew Book of Psalms. In church the other day I heard the choir's closing anthem, "I will sing of mercy and judgment"; and these words sum it all up, in one melodious utterance. The spirit of man, respond how it would to the law of manhood being, felt the need when the best was done of a forgiving mercy and gracious allowance; yet also felt that the best it could do was worthy enough to welcome the light of heaven upon it and abide the verdict, the verdict pronounced by the eternal court of God. Under these two ideas, mercy and judgment, we may sum up the spirit of man, in this twilight period when the outcome of life was still dim, as living and working.

Let us imagine what must have been the mood engendered, the universal consciousness of things, when the growing sense of law had become the sense of an empire of law, a kind of atmosphere enveloping the whole life and getting into the nerves and blood, a something that must be endured and observed, a something as natural as breathing. That is what the sense of the Hebrew world progressively became, before the coming of Christ. It has been called the night of legalism, during which men became more and more iron-bound and imprisoned, and less clearly cognizant of any outlet but final justice and retribution. It must have been, on the whole, an austere and tyrannous era. Not all could put it into words, but all could feel more or less heavily the immense burden of it; and while the more stolid spirits were mercifully spared the keen sense

of it, with the finer spirits, like Job, the feeling of the arbitrariness and essential iniquity of the world-order rose sometimes to an agony of indignation and remonstrance. When we think how all-encompassing this atmosphere of law became, we almost wonder that men could sing at all. I sum up this felt dispensation in a word, as the spirit of man on the under side of things. It is the same dispensation that Professor Haeckel feels and blindly maintains in nature and material life, thinking of law as an automatic and self-acting thing. It amounts to the same, when, as with the Hebrews, the law is sensed as an empire wherein the spirit of man is subject to a Will imposed upon him from without, and only partially though growingly understood.

Such a felt governance of things is certainly heroic treatment, as befits a being whose naked spirit is so majestic. Its effect in the large, according to his response to it, is one of two things: it makes him either a slave or an athlete.

The sense of bondage, the feeling of being a slave, rises and grows, just as the realization of law, of its largeness and perfectness and majesty, becomes more keen and ample. A simple personal command, to begin with, which its first recipients hardly took seriously, it grew and spread and covered the field of life, it penetrated inward and upward, until it became a thing unsearchable, unfathomable, impossible. If men had seen at the beginning what it would lead to, would they ever have committed themselves to it at all? Yet it was unescapable; the very spirit within them impelled them to it as to a fate, giving such inner warning and counsel alike as was given to the aspiring knights of Arthur:

For the King

Will bind thee by such vows as is a shame

A man should not be bound by, yet the which

No man can keep.

It is by such law as this, consented to all the while as holy and just and good, that men get the knowledge of sin. They develop, in fact, the strange consciousness that a man cannot but sin; that he is a depraved being, totally depraved, his

heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. You remember that awful theological thesis which was the cornerstone of the late Professor Shedd's system: "Sin a nature, and that nature guilt." Well, the same savage theology, fiercer even than Professor Shedd's, was maintained by the friends of Job; who, you remember, took that afflicted patriarch, perfect and upright as he was, and told him that he was being punished not merely because he had sinned to deserve it, but because, being a mortal, a man, he was so impure in the standard of heaven, so innately crooked and depraved, that his utmost punishment was no more than he deserved, nay, was really too good for him. A strange situation this, for man's thoughts of his world to have reached. Yet they could not easily get round the logic of it, if they explored their law of being to its deeper spiritual involvements. It all rose, I think, from the growing sense that their law was so high and holy, and that at every step it had to encounter a law of sin in their members warring against it. "It is high, I cannot attain unto it," was the aspiring yet despairing song that they sang in the night. And along with this sense arose also the feeling that if ever they were to come out well at last they must have mercy accorded them; must transfer their utmost efforts from the sphere of strict justice to the sphere of forgiveness, allowance, mercy. What they came short must be made up by grace and compassion on the part of their Judge. You remember that they dared, in the face of this iron law, to cherish the ideal that came along with the law from Moses himself. "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means acquit." Note that last clause: the Lord will never acquit a man, and say that he did not transgress when he did; the integrity of the law, the truth of things, must be eternally acknowledged; but He will forgive, will take the guilt as guilt, and cover it up with mercy. A sublime discovery this, is it not? the spirit of man rising so out of the darkness and slavery of law, and attaining to such light on the divine life. The

light seemed to come from without, to be revealed; and we cannot say it was not and that men only thought so; but we can say there was light enough in the human spirit to meet it, and put it into words, and trust in it as a support in their empire of bondage and sacred slavery.

But this felt governance of law was also developing the athlete: the man who felt he *could* obey it, and get it thoroughly into his blood and life, and live up to it. The man perfect and upright, whose savage friends so misjudged him, was strong, you remember, to maintain his integrity, to assert it in the face of God, nay, even to call God to account in the interest of the Godlike and compel Him to revise His law; you remember too how Job's last word, before death ushered him, or as he thought would usher him, before the dread judgment seat, was that of lifting up the clean record of his life on his shoulder, which he would bear before the throne like a prince. What a picture of the life athlete this is! And there must have been many holy souls who took up their burden of law, not as men overworked and heavy-laden, but like the strong man rejoicing to run a race. They were eager to commit themselves to such heroic treatment of law for the good, and the strength, and the growth, and the fibre of discipline, that they saw in it. Read the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, that unique panegyric of law, that joyful acceptance of all its phases, if you want to understand the mind of the spiritual athlete; it is a truer picture of the grand old régime, I am sure, than the savage logic of the friends of Job. Think too how lovingly and thoroughly the Hebrews extended the application of their law; even beyond their scripture text into the minute enactments of rabbinism and Pharisaism; hungry, as it were, to make its sphere absolute, extending to every smallest duty of life; until when our Lord came He found it top-heavy and unwieldy with the traditions of the elders. This may have engendered hypocrisy and all sorts of external observance; but think what a vigor of loyalty and obedience must have underlain; think too that such a régime could produce a Saul of Tarsus, who even in the new freedom

of his Christian consciousness could still be proud of having walked in all the ordinances of the law, blameless. Yes: the sense of law had also its tonic and joyful side; it was not all bondage and slavery.

You will notice just here, too, that judgment in the Old Testament is not a thing to cower before and dread, as if man, conscious of having his fling now, or perhaps his stumblings and mistakes, were some day to catch it, as we say, and take his punishment. Judgment was a thing that men longed for, called for; as an athlete, who knows that he has played a good game, wants the truth to appear, and calls out to the umpire, "Judgment!" "Judge me, O Lord, for I have walked in mine integrity," is the Psalmist's prayer. It could be offered only by one who felt that on the whole he had done well, had observed the law of his being; and was not only willing to abide by the award, whatever it was, but eager to know more accurately what is the high standard of things.

For always, with the athlete and the slave alike, there is the sense that man is yet incomplete, that what he does and sees is still only partial, immature, far behind the ideal; hence his craving for judgment, for the pronouncing of things as they are; and that some such day of light will come, when the worn and sinful slave of law shall have attained to what men call salvation, which is only another name for health and undiseased manhood; well, there is not wanting some glimmering of the idea that life will one day be more than work and wages, more than mere judgment on what has been; though in this twilight stratum the light is still dim, only a faint streak above the eastern hills. It is like Tennyson's outlook from his gruesome Vision of Sin:

At last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, "Is there any hope?"
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

III

NEARING THE FULNESS OF THE TIME

WHAT GLEAMS OF NOBLER PROMISE APPEAR AS THE
SOUL APPROACHES ITS MAJORITY

- I. THE END OF THE COSMIC TETHER
- II. ON THE FRONTIER OF ADULT LIFE
- III. THE SOUL OF PROPHECY

III

NEARING THE FULNESS OF THE TIME

A DISCOVERY on which the late John Fiske prided himself not a little, giving him, as it so far forth did, original and not merely spokesman rights in the goodly fellowship of the evolutionists, Spencer and Huxley and Darwin, was the discovery of the relative length of the period of infancy in man and the lower animals. It was Mr. Fiske who set forth the important fact that animals have a shorter and less helplessly dependent infancy in proportion as they have a less complex life to evolve. Man, as compared with the whole domain of animal life below him, has so much more to learn, so much wider relations to adjust himself to, and especially in exploring that new region of intellect and reason which it is his special business to evolve, not only begins life more helplessly but remains callow and immature longer than any other living creature. He comes eventually to more, but he has more, infinitely more, to come to. We can then, to some extent, measure the worth and dignity of his life, as compared with that of his fellow-animals, by the amount of time he must take to get his vital powers in working order and arrive at the fulness of them. It is his relative greatness that makes the difference.

The analogy still holds good, or rather it is not an analogy at all but continues a literal fact, when we enter that higher stadium of life wherein the spirit is waking from its preëxistent torpor and learning in a sort of crude, halting, embryonic way to react wisely on its world of manhood law. If it takes twenty-one years for man in this existence to traverse childhood and youth and come to his majority, how much longer must it take proportionally for the human spirit to

shape itself to the majestic model of the world to come, so that when finally man enters upon his full heritage he may enter as an adult, and as a prince to the manner born? Four thousand years, according to Archbishop Usher's scripture chronology, was the period of man's spiritual infancy, or perhaps we ought even to say embryonic life; it took all those millenniums of bondage and twilight before St. Paul could say, "When the fulness of the time was come." Evidently, then, that must have been a great thing for which such long growth and maturing was needed; we do not half realize its greatness yet.

I have chosen for purposes of our exposition to call this old legal dispensation not a period or era but a stratum; and in the deepest sense this is what it is. Instead of saying there was a time, we may just as truly say there is a stratum of manhood life, of your life and mine, from which there is no outlook but dimness and bondage. But the Scripture puts this before us as history, to which we can apply our historic methods of study, and see its elements actually at work. There was also a time, which from obscure beginnings swept up gradually through increasing foregleams and clearness to the fulness of the time. Just as we figure heaven as both a state and a place, so this immortal manhood of ours is set before us both as an inner spirit and as a development, an evolution, in the care of the hours and the years; and what takes place in one takes place in the other. By the careful study of the time, then, we may get a growing idea of that essentially timeless life within us. The years of the world are man's resource, his opportunity, his mercy.

Wait: my faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.

But what was the *trend* of this long time, this four thousand year period, during which the great blind unwieldy world of manhood was creeping upward to the goal of which finally it could be said, Here is the culmination, the fulness? This is the question that we are undertaking, as guided by Scripture,

to answer. We have seen a little of its beginning; at which, like a hapless child, man did not take the law of his being seriously enough, and found as his first discovery that it was woven with the nature of things and had power to hurt him. We have seen him then taking the worldly tasks and achievements of it so seriously, and so with an eye to self-expression, that he ignored the gentle claims of his brother, — could not consent to live and let live too. We see him then becoming immersed in the affairs of this life, with its call for order and adjustment and human institutions; immersed in them as if they were all there is, and as if like the man with the muck-rake he could look no way but downward. But all this while there was his endowment of the spirit, and even the combinations it made with worldly things were not animal alone, and not merely intellectual, but blindly spiritual, and therefore elemental. It penetrated inward, away from the mere demands of the body and its world, inward and dimly upward, until it stood on the frontier of the world to come, which also was the frontier of its own adult life. Its approaching heaven was also its approaching manhood, wherein all its powers could be sure of themselves, and wise, and worthy of manhood responsibility. The countless reactions of the human spirit, through the long twilight, worked together toward this result, until at length the fulness of the time was near, and the coming dawn was brightening the eastern horizon.

It would be very charming, doubtless, to go on describing all this in poetic imagery; and it has already been abundantly reasoned out in systems of theology. What we want now, however, while not abjuring all that we can get from these, are the large and literal facts of the case. What was the reality of things, as a growing evolutionary fact? I have tried to make a beginning on our definition of the spirit, the active power of it all; but as you are aware, I could get only a little way, and I warned you as much. It still has an ocean of the unknown behind it, and man has to find himself out, by slow degrees, as he goes along. Meanwhile a curious old text in Proverbs haunted me, and I looked it up in the concordance;

here it is, it may serve to give our idea another clarifying element. "The spirit of man," says this proverb, "is the candle of the Lord, searching all the inward parts of the body." Does it not seem strange that the Bible, so jealous as it is for the claims of the divine, did not turn this right round, saying that the spirit of the Lord is the candle that searches the inward parts. This latter is doubtless true, as we should find if we went back far enough; but both things, it would seem, are true, each in its place; for the human candle was lighted at the sun. The proverb calls up in turn a remark of St. Paul's. "For what man," says he, "knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?" This is what we are after: the things of a man, the growing complex of things mounting up to the summit of manhood. Is it not reassuring then to know, and on scripture assertion, that this elemental spirit of manhood, apart from an arbitrary or mystic revelation, is endowed with a kind of radio-active light which is candle enough to light our way, if we will give it fair and adequate heed?

Of the conscious interaction of this spirit of man with the spirit of God, which latter we are thinking of in scientific terms as the eternal evolution spirit, and which the Hebrews suggestively name the spirit of Jehovah, Him who is, the time will come to speak; we cannot take this up now. It is more to our present purpose to note, that when St. Paul announces the fulness of the time, the beginning of what he elsewhere calls the dispensation of the fulness of times, he connects it with the coming of One to whom was given the spirit without measure. We simply note this fact also here; not concerned at present with the question how much more He was than man, how much too high for our manhood to compass. Enough for us that in the same passage St. Paul takes special pains to make Him out true man, "made of a woman, made under the law," that is, an authentic product of the evolution we are tracing. He is squarely and honestly in the line; that is to say, transcendent as we all own Him to be, His appearance on earth is not catastrophic but evolutionary, not an unmotivated irruption from without, but the culmination of

forces working within, such powers as are germinant in you and me and may be traced by the little candle which our elemental being already carries. This fulness of the time that we are nearing, — some call it the coming of the Son of man, some call it the coming of the Son of God; both theological ideas, hard to fathom. But of one thing we are assured, and it is to be tested on the ground not merely of theological conception but of scientific, evolutionary fact: that this fulness of the time was the mark of rounded, matured, adult manhood. If this has also elements of the supernatural, let us at least deal honestly by them; the candle that is in us will, I hope, enable us to see things as they are.

I. THE END OF THE COSMIC TETHER

Standing now on the upper edge of this twilight stratum of life, where we can look back over the way we have traversed, and forward toward what the manhood soul has come to desire and anticipate, what is the scenery of things, what is the spirit of man beginning to discern and demand?

Well, to begin with, I am reckless enough here to quote again that naughty man, George Bernard Shaw, who I think with all his posturing and wrong-headedness is really pounding at a big idea. "We have seen," he says, "that as Man grows through the ages, he finds himself bolder by the growth of his spirit (if I may so name the unknown) and dares more and more to love and trust instead of to fear and fight. But his courage has other effects: he also raises himself from mere consciousness to knowledge by daring more and more to face facts and tell himself the truth. For in his infancy of helplessness and terror he could not face the inexorable, and facts being of all things the most inexorable, he masked all the threatening ones as fast as he discovered them; so that now every mask requires a hero to tear it off. The king of terrors, Death, was the Arch-Inexorable: Man could not bear the dread of that thought. He must persuade himself that Death could be propitiated, circumvented, abolished. How he fixed the mask of

immortality on the face of Death for this purpose we all know. And he did the like with all disagreeables as long as they remained inevitable. Otherwise he must have gone mad with terror of the grim shapes around him, headed by the skeleton with the scythe and hour-glass. The masks were his ideals, as he called them; and what, he would ask, would life be without ideals? Thus he became an idealist, and remained so until he dared to begin pulling the masks off and looking the spectres in the face — dared, that is, to be more and more a realist. But all men are not equally brave; and the greatest terror prevailed whenever some realist bolder than the rest laid hand on a mask which they did not yet dare to do without.”

Of all the scripture men who dared to pull the mask of conventional ideal off from the face of facts, the boldest, the most uncompromising, and accordingly the hardest to accept, is the Hebrew sage who calls himself *Koheleth*, or *Ecclesiastes*. His book stands just at the nodal point of the Old Dispensation, where the so-called night of legalism is darkest and most prevailing, and where, influenced by the self-pleasing Greek philosophy, men are beginning to dream of escape into the sweet lubber-land of immortality. Being, if we except the author of *Job*, the only real philosopher who has invaded the Bible scheme of life, we look to him with keen interest to see what kind of a fist a dyed-in-the-wool Hebrew will make at philosophizing. But we find him not so much a philosopher as a kind of pioneer scientist; he does not speculate at all, but just searches the world for cold hard facts, not blinking the bitter and disagreeable things, or trying to solve the insoluble. His one hungry desire is to see things as they are; his supreme resolve not to cheat himself with glammers or specious excuses. The voluble vaticinations of immortality around him, and the flood of idle words “about it and about” irritate him; for in the prevailing crookedness of things he is well aware that there is not underlying fibre enough of character to make a real backbone for such tremendous presage. So his self-appointed business is to tear the masks off from the facts of

life, to be a realist; and if all is vanity, "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," to own it without fancy or flinching.

Now if this is true, or in so far as it is true, the world cannot afford not to know it and govern itself accordingly. And indeed there are moods of men, and strains of contemplation, wherein Koheleth's words come with all the force of iron conviction. Of course they do not set forth the only facts in the world, but only the facts that nucleate round some one point of view. We must ask of them therefore, On what principle are they true, in accord with what presuppositions are they true? And looking into Koheleth's book for his presuppositions, we find a great truth, namely, that he has reached to the deadlock of life, where he perceives that the old scheme of things is worn out, and the new not yet ready to appear. In other words, from his point of view manhood has reached the end of the cosmic tether; has gone as far in the resources of life as this world and this world's ways will let him; has used up his available vitality, so to say, in adjusting his soul to this prevailing empire of law, and has none left over to colonize a new world and rise from height to height in a new life. This is the deep ground of his strange indictment of things; all his book flows out of this, and all its abysmal sadness.

He begins with the world of nature and of man as man; for in his ponderings his imagination has become enlarged enough to overflow the Jewish nation and its parish affairs, the Mosaic dispensation and its austere legalism, that magnified law of the species in which the Hebrews have imprisoned their sympathies. His consciousness has become cosmic; for him the empire of law has become universal. And wherever law works it exhibits the same traits. It is not a forward-moving thing but a thing restraining and regulative; a routine, a treadmill, a huge wheel of being and fate, which, when it has come round full circle, simply starts again, with nothing new under the sun to show for its labored revolution. The next generation is like this, just as tomorrow's sun runs the same course as to-day's, just as the wind whirleth and con-

tinually, and the sea, never full, returns to its sources in the mountains. And for all the world is so full of labor, yet it all passes soon and is forgotten. Then there is death, at once a spectre and a hard concrete fact, coming untimely to end it all, for man and beast, wise and fool, alike. So this treadmill is virtually a prison, with no apparent release to larger life, but only the opening of the cell to the gallows and the grave. In a word, here in this law-enslaved world Koheleth misses the element of progress and uprising; its ongoings do not seem, as we say, to be motivated; the race of men labors but does not clearly accomplish *a* work. There is a lack of wages, of profit, of surplusage, to crown the life that man expends so lavishly. He can get his fill, in money and luxury and fame; but what is it all when he has got it? Reckoning up the net proceeds of living, on this plane and scale, — what is it all worth, and where the profit?

Yet there it is, the inexorable fact: law, law, everywhere; cause and effect, sowing and reaping, work and wages, the wheel never still. You can imagine what this enlarged consciousness of things must be, when it gets into the blood and nerves of a soul big enough to realize it. It does not drive him mad or pessimistic as it does so many, the Nietzsches and the Schopenhauers and the Ibsens; for his heart is big, and as he expresses it, he keeps his wisdom on top; he is concerned all the while, if not to escape it, yet to bear it manfully and make the best of it. This is his real attitude to things. He will look facts in the face, flinching not before the last and sternest fact of all; he will tell himself the truth; and then he will adjust himself to it. Something good must come, we may be sure, from such an attitude.

Yet when he turns from great nature and the wheel of being, which, though a grinding routine, is at least uniform, equable, calculable, and looks into the world of human affairs, a new and puzzling element meets him. Something there is, as we say, queering the game; turning the machinery askew, so that it sometimes works in reverse order. "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought

out many inventions." Ah, we begin to see what this disturbing element is: it is the spirit of man, acting on its own account, and capable of acting at cross purposes. If it cannot escape the law of being, yet, being shrewd and cunning, it can interpret, and accommodate, and in many ways evade. Hence the oppressions that are wrought under the sun, and the deadly competitions and rivalries; hence the cynical disregard of the poor and helpless, and the crowding of the under man to the wall; hence the cry of the laborer and the sneer of the capitalist; hence the hypocrisy and falseness that creep even into the house of God. We all know how it is and has been. I was reading the other day in Conan Doyle's story of Sir Nigel how things were even in sacred precincts as late as 1348 years after Christ. In a conversation between the Abbot of Waverley and his sacristan, the inquiry is made why the young Nigel has committed certain depredations.

"Because [says the sacristan] he hates the House of Waverley, holy father; because he swears that we hold his father's land."

"In which there is surely some truth."

"But, holy father, we hold no more than the law has allowed."

"True, brother, and yet between ourselves, we may admit that the heavier purse may weigh down the scales of Justice. . . . Well, well, the law is the law, and if you can use it to hurt it is still lawful to do so. . . . I will teach him that the servants of Holy Church, even though we of the rule of St. Bernard be the lowliest and humblest of her children, can still defend their own against the froward and the violent!"

This is a novelist's tale, perhaps you say, and printed in a Sunday paper at that; let us not use it to prove actual facts. Well, let us turn to the present, wherein supposedly the keen brain of society is working to devise remedies and punishments for the iniquities of men; to the present and to actual fact. In a recent editorial on an unspeakable horror which has come to light, I read:

There are times when punishments imposed by man-made laws must ever seem grotesquely inadequate to secure exact justice to all who are concerned in crime. Moral guilt and legal guilt often are not measured by the same standards, and punishments get hopelessly astray.

All this, modern as it is, fits in to Koheleth's picture of the puzzling welter of things on the old law standard; it

is not of a day, but of all time. "God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." The spirit of man, reacting on its complex world, gets sadly tangled up with the laws of things; defines them frowardly or crudely; so that whether he is seeking selfish advantage or strict justice, he makes a mess of it. It looks, does it not, as if the poet's words had got to come to pass:

Ere she gain her Heavenly-best, a God must mingle with the game.

You remember how this same poet's *Koheleth* mood almost got the better of him in his old age, as this same welter of things took deeper possession of his imagination:

What is all of it worth?

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of prayer?
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in
their hive?

The fact is, — and Job as well as *Koheleth* is beginning to discover it, — a world in which there is only law and justice, arbitrary Will and unchosen submission, work and wage, barter and profit; a world in which, from the deeps of nature to the heights of reason, there are only these for the majestic spirit of man to react upon, is only half a world. There is a whole hemisphere of being yet to enter, a hemisphere in which alone, if anywhere, are the ultimate powers adequate to bring these tangled laws into shape and order. No jot or tittle can pass from law till all is fulfilled; but — it must be fulfilled, it must bear its fruit of righteousness and justice. And this it is not doing, with only these elements available; the spirit of man, that unconscionable marplot, has utterly queered the game. And so far as that age can see, the end of the cosmic tether is reached; there seems no room for anything beyond. Is it any wonder that *Koheleth* sternly puts away the dream of immortality, seeing as he does only these confused materials to make an immortality out of? He will not tell himself a lie; and his distinction, sad yet strong, is, that he will not look

at futurity through a hole or through idle speculations; he is determined to work and wait.

All this, you will say, looks like anything but nearing the fulness of the time. It looks rather, if such fulness is coming, like the darkest hour before the dawn. This, indeed, is just what it is; and is not this something? Is it not something for the spirit of man so to have outgrown its environment, as to feel that the potencies of the old order are exhausted? When we reach the point where we can define our world, define it and put the full stop to it, we already stand on the upper frontier of it; it is below us, albeit played-out and dead; and we, as Maeterlinck phrases it, have secured the foothold wherefrom to take flight into life. This is something; this is a great deal. The spirit of man has yet his true history to write; all heretofore has been but a blind welter, as it were the automatic and reflex motions of an embryo, and we cannot rightly interpret their uses until we can see them working out the rudiments of greater things.

For we are Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.

And even to this twilight stratum, in its darkest hour, the morning is surely drawing near.

II. ON THE FRONTIER OF ADULT LIFE

Our thought of the end of the cosmic tether, a tether which the spirit of man strains at and stretches but cannot break, has revealed to us the negative side of the case; and by tearing the mask off the facts of life has disclosed strange discordant powers working there, working crudely, blindly, and sometimes in inverse order. It remains now to look at the positive and upbuilding side of things; to see what elements of solid worth and insight the spirit of man has attained to, now that he has traversed the dim childish tract of life, and stands on the frontier of adult manhood. We can by this means get a clearer notion of how truly he is nearing the fulness of the time.

Mr. Shaw, in the passage I have quoted above, seems to make great virtue of tearing off masks, and looking the facts of the world in the face. He is drawing up a case of forewarned, forearmed; is not that all we need: to see things as they are, the bitter and gruesome things, the inexorable things; and to adjust our spiritual reaction and attitude to them? Realism — that is the thing; to his mind it is the business of the growing spirit to *outgrow* these fond or fearful idealistic dreams. But have you noticed that the spirit of man cannot bear more than a certain limited amount of pure realism? See how it works in literature, which you know is the spirit of man putting itself into words and figures. Notice, for one thing, how sure realism is, in its report of life, to steer either for the disagreeable and dirty facts, as in Zola, or for the commonplace and humdrum facts, as in Howells and his school. Then for another thing notice that realism lacks the tonic element; it sees things as they are on its own plane, but it does not see with hope and uplift; the thing that it detects behind the mask is after all its own image, and the gospel it preaches is the gospel of the fox that cut off its tail and wanted all other foxes to experience the joy of taillessness. But for some reason great Nature had given the fox a tail, a fine bushy member, as it would seem, to make use of. A feeling like this comes by a sure reaction betimes in literature; men get tired of unrelieved realism and take refuge in the wildest, most impossible romance. All this is not an idle figure, it is human nature. Men cannot bear the onesidedness of seeing things as they are; their true desire is to see things as they ought to be. It is in us to dream; all the sleeping half of our life, when the will is quiescent and recruiting its powers, is spent in the mysterious land of dreams. Then add to this fact the strenuous Hebrew view: "We are saved by hope: but hope that is seen — that is, realism — is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." In other words, it won't do, it is not *in* man to outgrow idealism. Idealism has its practical work in life; our whole salvation, our buoyant health of

soul, is dependent on it, is bound up in hoping for that we see not. "Where there is no vision," says the proverb, "the people perish," or as I think the word more accurately means, they are let loose and let down. And that is the certain result of unrelieved realism.

An ideal has been dimly growing, and rounding feature by feature into definiteness, all through this twilight period; like the pattern wrought from the wrong side of some rich tapestry. It is the ideal of free, unimpeded, undictated, self-directive manhood. Men are getting the feeling that they have been governed long enough from some remote and unseen capital outside; they want home rule; they want the seat of government in their own hearts. Even the poor work they make in administering the laws of their being, nay even their impulse to accommodate and pervert and evade these, but serves to intensify this feeling. The ideal is knocking loudly at the doors; it will take no denial. We may focus this ideal, perhaps, in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson: "He may be a man, in short, acting on his own instincts, keeping in his own shape that God made him in; and not a mere crank in the social engine-house, welded on principles that he does not understand, and for purposes that he does not care for." If this rightly expresses the deep consciousness to which the spirit of man has grown, now that he is nearing the fulness of the time, we can realize what a marvelous road of advance he has traversed, since Moses, with his new-made law, took him at the edge of the wilderness and said, "Ye shall not do after all the things that we do here this day, every man whatsoever is right in his own eyes." Yet this advance connotes no spirit of rebellion or evasion; that is the ennobling feature of it. He is getting ready now, at last, to do whatsoever is right in his own eyes, because by a long and beneficent though strenuous education, he has come to identify this with what is right in the eyes of God. It is by no means for nothing, or for a small thing, that he has had his protracted schooling in the ideal of duty — what is due, to God, himself, and his world, — and of righteousness, rightness, straightness, the square

deal. He is ready now to take up that supreme ideal, holiness, the whole man, acting out his adult, self-directive nature.

Here is where St. Paul's idea of the true function of law comes in, what law is really for in the evolving order of things. "The law," he says, "was our schoolmaster, to bring us to 'the point where' we might be justified," that is, secure and embody justice, righteousness, manhood, "by faith." What faith means, we shall discuss later. The word, pedagogue, her translated schoolmaster, does not mean a teacher, nor a master except in limited sense; it was the word used to designate a servant of the house, usually a slave, whose duty it was to conduct the growing boy to and from the public school, so that without molestation or truancy he might be in the way of getting his real education in life elsewhere. You can see then what the word connotes. It recognizes the fact that the child is yet a child: immature, without fully-formed judgment or trained impulse, still looking up and learning, still under the law of enforced obedience to tutors and governors. The law, St. Paul says, was our pedagogue, our childhood guardian. And the man, though with all the potencies of manhood growing within him, is still a minor, not yet self-directive, not yet treated as an adult, not yet ready to take the helm of life into his own hands. He must be led, must submit to leading up to the last moment, yet led in such a way that when the clock strikes he *may* be trusted to take the helm and not wreck himself. When the time comes he must be ready; that sacred trust of freedom, of fully developed personality, must find in him a worth and a ripeness so ingrained that his life thenceforth shall not be a wild anarchy, or a weak failure, or a base reversion to dissipation and animalism. A great thing it is, this educative stage, wherein he must follow his pedagogue and be under tutors and governors. It is the stage in which, before he is held fully responsible for mistakes and errors, while he yet has the immunities and merciful allowances accorded to a minor, he can train himself in the motions and habitudes of manhood, the elements of freedom. The servant is to become an heir and a son; and he who in his dealings with his em-

pire of law felt the sinews of strength is to become an athlete and a victor.

Now as I have just said, this schoolmaster or pedagogue, in St. Paul's view, was not a teacher, nor in the essential sense a master. He was only a guardian, to lead to school, to protect and defend. We do not get our education then, it seems, from law: this storing up of wisdom toward adult life comes otherwise. What then *is* the source of our education? Again we must have recourse to our constant term, which by this time, you will think, is growing monotonous. It is the spirit of man, reacting on his world of experience, and forming therefrom usages and ideals. The spirit of man we last contemplated as a kind of marplot, invading the equable and calculable reign of law and queering the game by all sorts of inventions and perversions. But that reaction of the spirit comes only when the law is felt as an alien element, only when there is lack of or imperfect sympathy with it. And that is one of the limitations of childhood and youth; even to the date of his majority, to his twenty-first birthday, the young man has wisdom yet to learn, so truly so indeed that until then the laws of men do not fully trust him. And all this while the spirit of man has other uses than to evade and accommodate the terms of living; other and higher wisdom than to tear off masks and look the sordid facts in the face. Youth is the favored time for ideals, the time for mounting and abounding vigor to aspire forward and create new worlds. And after all it is only a side-line, only a negative thing, that it should lay out strength and wisdom at cross purposes with the order of things. More truly, more fundamentally, the youth of manhood is laying out its strength, according to its growing wisdom, in manliness. It is coming to see the law of its being as not iniquitous and bungling but as holy and just and good. It is gradually working the law *in*, to the tissues of its being, into bone and red blood and muscle, so that when the hour of majority comes this shall be no longer the expression of an alien Will imposed from without, but what St. Paul calls the law of the spirit of life.

I cannot dwell on this idea longer here; though it opens up many vistas of conduct and noble training and broadening horizons of being. Another time will come to speak of the spiritual athlete, training his muscles to sure and harmonious action, and as he approaches adult manhood rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. Here I will speak of only one thing more. We sometimes see the disagreeable youth, the loafer, who has learned to smoke and swear, and whose attitude to all things fine and noble is bumptious, sneering, cynical. But such a phenomenon of life impresses us as pathological; it is not a health of manhood but a disease; its course is downward, and if it survives from youth to age becomes disgusting and melancholy indeed. To lose reverence for things above us, to lose the capacity of wonder and worship, is the great disaster of growing life. But you will have noticed one thing that in the progress of this twilight period man *did* seem to lose; and that was the sense of God's nearness. Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him; Abraham talked with God at the door of his tent; Moses, the pioneer of law, saw God as did no man after him, face to face. But these things were one mark of infancy, when men had to cling to the arm and word of God for everything they did. When they got along far enough to see and explore their being's law, the person of God began to become remote; He was progressively thought of as a Being throned off somewhere out of sight, and out of our active life. And in the place of this talking face to face there came a sense of distance which wrought to develop a feeling of reverence; for God was no longer on our childish level but high, infinitely high above us. You remember how Koheleth rebukes the chattering empty-headed fools of his day, who brought their unseemly sacrifice of words to the house of God: "God is in heaven and thou upon earth, therefore let thy words be few." Is this then a reversion, an evolution of the spirit of man backward and away from the spirit of God? Not so. The spirit is by such process striking in, becoming more deeply and wisely ingrained in life and manhood. Browning has a striking idea, that God's way with man

is to let him go, put him a little away from Himself, in order that man may have the chance to try his powers and learn what he is made of. It is a true idea; we see it working here at the frontier of adult life, working in the very fact that the consciousness of God has become pale and remote. For along with it the consciousness of life and its claims is becoming larger, nobler, more knit with the fibres of being. And though his wisdom comes to discern that he is at the end of the cosmic tether, yet the tether is not broken, nor can it be; his very sense of greatness, and of readiness to emerge from the under side of things but ministers a greater reverence; reverence both for God and for the boundless potencies of manhood law. So even in the sense that he must obey the law of life, the Being from whom the decree ultimately came forth is really nearer than ever, in his mouth and in his heart.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, "*Thou must,*"
 The youth replies "*I can.*"

I can; think how truly we are on the frontier of adult life when we can look upward and forward and say, "I can." The hour of our spiritual majority is all ready to strike.

III. THE SOUL OF PROPHECY

"I will sing of mercy and judgment." I wonder if we realize how great the boon was to the striving, stumbling, dim-eyed, wrong-headed humanity of the old dispensation, that they *could* raise such a song; that in this rigid empire of law, always exacting its stern tribute of righteousness, there was let down, as it were, over the hearts of men the protecting ægis of mercy, compassion, long-suffering, generous allowance. Consider the case once more. Here was the creative Power of the world manifesting His work and purpose; manifesting it first of all in simple power; the same revelation which the naturalists and scientists of to-day are so desperately trying to trace, the same unity of design and interrelation which is

sweeping upward to include in its purview everything that is, the head and heart of creation, as well as its hands and its hidden automatic energies. The idea of law is this Creative Power's first and fundamental word; the rubric under which, however our thoughts enlarge, we must realize the comprehensive oneness of things. And yet, as soon as we get high enough in the scale to traverse the conscious stratum of evolution, where we can begin to coöperate in the design, we become aware how inevitable is a certain crookedness in things, which keeps back the law, the manhood law especially, from its free and full course. We learn this by our own human experience, the law in our members which, even when we would do good, makes evil to be present with us; so that like Paul, when the sense of it comes upon us unrelieved, we cry out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" This cry is not a fiction of Christian doctrine; it is the cry of the human, as man finds the meaning of his nature and situation in the world. And now consider how much it means that he can sing of an order of things wherein is not only a Power that works but a Heart that waits; waits for better and truer things, and meanwhile has mercy, and makes allowance. The consciousness of that is what keeps the old Hebrew mind sane, enabling it to do its work manfully and cheerfully, in spite of a broken law of being.

You may perhaps have noticed, ere this, that whenever I have come in sight of what is called the problem of evil I have merely glanced at it and gone on my way. That problem, you know, has been the great puzzle of theology; to the untheologized world too, it has in like manner stood in the way as a fated mystery, an insoluble enigma. Why man, the highest product of evolution, should be capable of the lowest degradation, should have in him the ability, nay the tendency, to wreck his manhood by sin, is as hard a nut for science to crack as for theology. Must it remain, then, the impenetrable secret of being, an eternal barrier to the uprising of the highest created thing? I have not avoided it because I would evade it or belittle it; I have kept it for the place in which we could bring

the most elements which make for solution to bear upon it. Nor would I, even now, set my humble self up to clarify what has so long puzzled the doctors; I wish merely to mention the contribution which I think this stage of our study makes to it. Sin, we note, is a discount and an evil which goes along with an empire of law; it is an element of the twilight stratum of manhood; in fact, it is by the law, as St. Paul tells us, that the knowledge of sin comes, and sin is not imputed where there is no law. Yet by the side of sin, in the foul midst of sin, and emphasized even more than *its* presence, is always brought to light this element of gracious allowance and forgiveness. "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin;" this is the burden of the old revelation, insisted on at such length and fulness, before the addition is made, "and that will by no means acquit." He visits iniquity upon generations; He keeps mercy for ever. The sin is regarded from the unseen places as a temporary thing; because, somehow, imbedded in the nature of manhood, there is a healing element, a beneficent waiting and growing power, which sometime will make the sin as if it were not. We see some suggestion of this in the way Nature covers up crumbling ruins with her green vegetation, and makes fertile grain fields out of the places where, in battle, multitudes of men killed each other. But this is only a partial suggestion; for the ruins do not cease to be ruins, nor do the butchered dead come to life, unless it be to a lower form of life. For the true significance of it we must go to a higher level of being; to the plane where the evolved creature comes in sight of his living Source. And there we find this truth: that in all this matter of sin man is persistently and consistently treated as if he were not yet fully evolved, as if he were still a child, with a child's unbridled impulses and unripe judgment, as if he were in a cavern, stumbling along in dimness of light, as if he were a minor, not yet ready for his heritage of free personality. It is no great feeder to our pride, but it is a mercy, that under this legal dispensation we are put

in the class with imbeciles and lunatics and social wrecks; it is a gracious way of holding us less accountable, and of suspending judgment. So the onward way is still left open: it is not contemplated that the ruins should continue ruins, or that the dead should be beyond resurrection. Yet all this does not acquit the transgressor, or blink the sinfulness of sin. It is a way of concluding all under sin, that the gracious power of the world might have mercy upon all. And this it does by the sublimely simple way of treating men not merely as wrecks and ruins, needing a painful process of repair and patching up in kind, but as children, as immature, going through a period of growth and schooling and evolution, and saved for better things by the hope that still throbs through the tissues of his immaturity. In other words, this mercy inlaid in creation is essentially a prophecy of things to come, and a waiting for it.

Consider at what a deadlock the soul of man would be if it were not for this protecting ægis of mercy, this perennial prophecy of a fuller and more adult manhood, to supplement what the law can give. Think first of the scientific consciousness it would engender; we can see this by looking at the consciousness actually engendered in the sad middle years of the nineteenth century, when agnosticism and materialism spread like a pall over everything. You recall that sombre interview with George Eliot, the priestess of the new science, which the late Frederic Myers has left on record. "I remember," he says, "how I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men, — the words *God*, *Immortality*, *Duty*, — pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned toward me like a Sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and

left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates. And when we stood at length and parted, amid that columnar circuit of the forest-trees, beneath the last twilight of starless skies, I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seats and empty halls, — on a sanctuary with no Presence to hallow it, and heaven left lonely of a God.” Infinitely sad this, sadder even than Koheleth or Omar; when man gets into his inner spirit and life the sense of his prison and treadmill existence. Can we stop his progress at this deadlock; and if not, what more is needed, what food for prophecy and hope? Clearly, we must not stop here.

Or take it again when man rises up against his doom, and rebelling against that which is, tries to bring about that which he deems ought to be. It is the impulse, you know, of that surging spirit in man to sit in judgment on the order of things with which he is surrounded and call for a better plan; as Omar Khayyám puts it:

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Well, about this too there is the same note of unfinality, nay of sheer childishness and callow wrong-headedness, as if men had to make all their reforms by rule of thumb, and not only run the risk but inevitably incur the discount of evil on one side or the other, excesses and vagaries, false starts and an impulse generally unbalanced. You remember how it was with the French Revolution, before men got their noble plea of liberty, equality, and fraternity naturalized in the heart of society; why, they are working at it yet. The Russian nation seems to be bungling its job of revolution in much the same way; full of untempered hopes and blind desires, like so many children. It was only the other day that Count Witte said this of them: “The only people who acted in their own interests were the revolutionists. They knew what they wanted. They chose the most effective means to attain it, and they are capable of adopting these means even at the price of heavy

sacrifices. The revolutionists hide all their quarrels and animosities and act together for the end they have in view, which spells destruction. Out of the resultant chaos they promise a new world and an earthly paradise." Is not all this like the untempered judgment of an untrained child, or an unripe youth, not yet fit to enter on his heritage of freedom? And if we would prophesy, have we the basis for believing that some time the spirit of man shall work in the sanity of perfect balance and adulthood, master of himself and his destiny? It is a grave question, is it not, at this age of the world?

Or take once more that highest product of the reaction of the manhood spirit on his world of law: the man who will not be a slave but an athlete, accepting his conditions in all their burdensomeness, and standing up courageous and cheerful, saying "I can." We honor such character; it is what we would all be. But here again we note the unfinality, the need of a supplementing and compensating prophecy. "The moralist," says Professor James, "must hold his breath and keep his muscles tense; and so long as this athletic attitude is possible all goes well — morality suffices. But the athletic attitude tends ever to break down, and it inevitably does break down even in the most stalwart, when the organism begins to decay, or when morbid fears invade the mind. To suggest personal will and effort to one all sicklied o'er with the sense of irremediable impotence is to suggest the most impossible of things. What he craves is to be consoled in his very powerlessness, to feel that the spirit of the universe recognizes and secures him, all decaying and failing as he is. Well, we are all such helpless failures in the last resort. The sanest and best of us are of one clay with lunatics and prison inmates, and death finally runs the robustest of us down. And whenever we feel this, such a sense of the vanity and provisionality of our voluntary career comes over us that all our morality appears but as a plaster hiding a sore it can never cure, and all our well-doing as the hollowest substitute for that well-being that our lives ought to be grounded in, but alas, are not."

It is precisely on this athletic plane that the Old Testament

meets us with its revelation of mercy, the mercy of treating man as incomplete, immature, waiting for larger things. Its generous field of allowance is broad enough to cover also, with the rest, the athletic break-down, on the ground that it is the break-down, the limitation, of youth and upward-mounting strength. You remember that sublime culmination of the fortieth of Isaiah, where the prophet is taxing language and imagery to describe a living God who "fainteth not neither is weary," and who because He can wait will have His people wait and hope with Him: "Even the youths," he says, "shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

We are getting in sight now of what prophecy is for, what in the large essential sense it means. Prophecy is the soul of the Old Testament, making it, as no other book in the world is, the book of the future. I am reverting here to the older and simpler idea of prophecy, the idea that comes unforced into the mind of any unlettered man. Bible students and critics are at great pains nowadays, you know, to get an idea of prophecy which will leave room for a possible falsification of specific prediction: they say that it does not mean foretelling but fortelling, as of an advocate speaking for God, or forth-telling, as of a herald announcing and emphasizing a message. All this is true enough, except the negative; prophecy does include these things. But primarily I take it to mean straight foretelling; it is concerned, in the large, with predicting what the spirit of man shall come to when he has survived his groping callow youthful period and enters upon his full heritage of life; it is the glowing vision of the poet, who

sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away;

but it strikes hands also with the view of the evolutionist, who must needs see his great river of created life going on ever to more life and fuller. This, I say, is the very soul of the Old

Testament; its soul, just as the rigid empire of law is its body. Justice, righteousness, obligation to rule, are in the nature of things as its bony structure, its brawn and sinew, its hands and brain; but mercy and grace, the wise allowance that waits for childhood to be traversed and strength to come, is the inner reserve of spirit informing and vitalizing that same nature of things. Without this, creation would be but half made, and would not be evolution at all. The law of being would be there, but it would harden into machinery and routine, always grinding out, from generation to generation, the same dull grist. You see how it developed in the Hebrew nation, when after Malachi it suffered an eclipse of prophecy and entered upon its night of legalism. Its Mosaic régime developed an elaborate ceremonialism and ecclesiasticism, and after a little its priesthood fell into the hands of Sadducees, who were political aristocrats and skeptics, and not spiritually-minded at all; and so the order of things settled down to live life by frame-work and rule. You can think what would follow such a state of things. A certain public lecturer of whom I once heard, who had to repeat his carefully prepared lecture several times a week during a whole season, remarked that he got so used to his task that he could just set his face going and go off and leave it. Something like this is the besetting danger of ceremonialism and ritual. Dealing with something changeless, established, eternally divine, it tends to put this into the automatic part of our being, and having set it going, to go off (spiritually) and leave it. This is no argument, of course, against form and ceremony, but rather against the indifference to its vital core and essence. And the corrective to this tendency in the Hebrew nation was prophecy; the essence of which, speaking of Carlyle, Principal Shairp thus describes: "In this he was akin to all the prophets, one of their brotherhood, — that he maintained the spiritual and dynamic forces in man as against the mechanical." Thus it was that through a long period prophecy wrought among the Hebrews as the complement and corrective of their ceremonial Mosaism, to keep life and religion genuine. It was the soul of their Dispensation;

inspiring them onward to a nobler future, and keeping vital the claims of growth and spiritual progress.

A question much debated nowadays is, why, instead of sending missionaries and interfering with the religious affairs of other nations and races, we should not be content to let them remain as they are: giving the Chinaman his Confucius, and the Buddhist his legend of Gautama, and the Persian his venerable Zoroastrianism, and the Mohammedan his Koran, and bidding them work out their own salvation in their own ethnical and temperamental way. Do not all these books inculcate lofty morality, and lay down strict rules of worship; are not all of them books of life, as their devotees have come to see life, and are they not adapted to race and climate and sphere of ideas? Well, I waive here the practical test which we might well make, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" I need not open the question which so naturally answers itself, what kind of men, what kind of ideals, what kind of society, what stripe of civilization, these so-called sacred books make. It is a deeper test that meets us here. The thing that differentiates our Bible from all these others — and in this I include the Old Testament no whit less than the New — is the fact that it is preëminently, uniquely, the Book of the Future. Some superintending Power and Wisdom has drawn its lines so accurately and truly that it follows the onward-flowing current of manhood evolution; it deepens and broadens steadily forward toward more life and fuller, toward the time and summit where the spirit of man shall be master of his life and his fate, toward the Life Indeed. In this sense it is, precisely in this sense of victorious evolution, that the Bible, from beginning to end, is of prophecy all compact. By the side of it we place these other books, and they seem to have been arrested in their course, to be off somewhere in the eddies of being, puddling and regurgitating; not in the majestic onward-sweeping main current. Look into them, and you will see them taken up with ceremonies, and repetitions of vain words, and dull lists of rules, with here and there, as it were fortuitously, a glimpse of something beautiful and sublime

But there is a sad lack of central principle and motive; their righteousness is not adequately rooted in life and character; and they radiate not light and inner truth but heat and fanaticism and bigotry. They are not in the current of the future, the river of evolving life, but only in the eddies and standing ponds, where they gather foam and dirt and slimy scum.

Yet these books have more to say about the Hereafter, about immortality and the mode of it, or it may be the negation of it, than has our Bible. They have created the picture of an existence beyond according to their own image: promising to the Mohammedan a sensual and sensuous paradise, to the Egyptian a rigid Rhadamanthine justice, to the Hindoo, with his contempt of the body, a dreamy Nirvana, which is just the negation of all energy, an apotheosis of mental and moral inaction. And all this while the old Hebrew Bible has gone on, developing and systematizing its code of law, accepting its rigid conditions, toning up life always by singing of mercy and judgment, rejoicing in a protecting God, and calling for the divine verdict on its own well-doing; yet never formulating its idea of immortality, or getting it into definite enough shape to make it a motive of conduct. The whole old Dispensation answers fitly to that idea of Koheleth's: of a creation with the vitalizing power of eternity in its heart, yet not yet with the clear sight of the beginning or the end of things. It is consciously in an onward-moving current of being; and instead of concerning itself with the ocean to which it tends, it is mainly concerned with keeping the law-imbued current of life strong and just and pure.

Here, surely, is a remarkable thing to note. What is prophecy for, we naturally ask, but to find out the future? What has man's impulse always been, but to peer into the beyond, to find something there by which to govern and direct his behavior here? Think of the clumsy, floundering, blind-eyed means that men have taken to ascertain the will of the gods: magic, necromancy, astrology, the entrails of beasts, the flight of birds; think of the wizards and mediums

and augurs and Delphic priestesses that have been interrogated, in the desperate endeavor to get some light on the future, some direction great or small, for the guidance of life. A sad revelation, is it not, of a universal atmosphere, in all the ancient nations, of dimness and doubt. But in all this you will note one invariable thing: the future direction that they seek is the direction of the man that now is, seeking his own sordid and earthly ends; and the life sought beyond is a projection and extension of this same plane of being on which they are now content to live, and would live indefinitely if the fate of untimely death were not so sure to overtake them. It is through fear of death that they are all their lifetime subject to bondage. The trouble is, they haven't the use of what we have called our biometer; have not the true and growing light on life itself. The life that is, is just as much in the dark as the life that is to be: and they have lost both the thirst for it and the standard of measurement. The Hebrews too, you will say, had their priestly oracle, their Urim and Thummim; a German professor, Professor Siegfried, has even carried his lack of the larger sense so far as to reduce their law itself, their Torah, primarily to decision by oracle, as if their guidance of life footed back to much the same sort of inquiry that the heathen made when they noted the entrails of beasts. But from one thing, you will note, the Hebrew ideal was providentially saved; and it is a wonder too, when we compare with them all the nations round them. They would have nothing to do with necromancy and familiar spirits and wizards that peep and mutter. From the swamps of the occult and mediumship they were mercifully preserved. It would seem as if their conscious walk in the presence and guidance of Jehovah made it impossible so to reduce the dignity of life: their ordinary living, shot through and through as it was with religious service, created for them a plane of larger being from which they could look down on these dusky black arts with disgust and disdain. Yet all this time the eternity in their heart was a living prophecy; it kept the power of the future vital. And the future to which they were bound was ulti-

mately a future life, with all the coördinations and furnishings of life in full working order. They were by no means indifferent to the beyond, though their Book says so little about it. You remember how the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews characterizes those Old Testament worthies and their manly yet always unsatisfied fight for life. "They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country, a home. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city." That was the deep and central tone of the Old Testament heart, as it was struggling and aspiring forward toward the fulness of the time. The whole power of immortality was there, vitally at work, in a deathless energy of endeavor and faith.

But still working in dimness and twilight. Why was this, we ask; why was not the Holy City revealed at once? The answer to this question brings us face to face with the soul of prophecy. Something else must be revealed, an indispensable condition and basis, before the city came in sight, before the spirit of man could find or even see its true home. And so you will have noted that the body of Old Testament prophecy centres not in a coming bliss or a coming existence beyond death, but in a coming Man. It is Messianic; it is looking first for a King of life, an embodiment of full manhood, a Personality from which shall ray forth all the truth of life, in guidance and mercy and judgment. "Behold," says Isaiah, "a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment. And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Nor is this refuge and comfort all that is prophesied. The great thing about it is that when the king comes men shall see things as they are; shall see through good and evil, and false and true; shall give things their right names, and know when a man is good and when he is wicked, when large and

generous and when only small and churlish. In other words, with the coming of the Man will come also the true light of life. "And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken; the heart of the rash also shall understand knowledge, and the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly. The vile person shall no more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful. For the vile person will speak villainy, and his heart will work iniquity, to practise hypocrisy, and to utter error against the Lord, to make empty the soul of the hungry, and he will cause the drink of the thirsty to fail. The instruments also of the churl are evil: he deviseth wicked devices to destroy the poor with lying words, even when the needy speaketh right. But the liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand." Is not this the real light that is needed, the real illumination of prophecy? What would a city be without it; how could men set up a livable existence beyond the grave without being first able to see things as they are, and enter upon the fulness of life as it is? Now you see how divinely wise a thing it was, that the Old Testament did not begin its prophecy with immortality. Before we can have an immortality worthy of the name we must first have a manhood worthy of the thing, a manhood wise and true and merciful and strong. And this Messianic object is the soul of prophecy.

I cannot stay now to trace, much as the subject invites it, how this idea of a coming Man was gradually freed from littleness and limitation; how it was enlarged and enriched and made glorious, how it became an idea in which not the Jews only but all nations should rejoice and be saved, flocking to Jerusalem like doves to their windows, and eager to bow to the sway of the coming King. The prophecy, like all prophecies, is sometimes foreshortened; and men's present ideals cling to it; the King's universal reign over mankind is not without the thought of conquest, in which he will shatter the wicked in pieces like a potter's vessel. We know now how such prophecy was destined to come out; and how the wicked were to be shattered by ceasing to be wicked, and how nations

were to bow because it was seen as their own blessedness and emancipation so to do. All this we can leave the fulness of the time to work out: we have meanwhile the figure of the coming Man, in whom manhood should have free and full course, and be fitted at last for the goal, the Holy City and the commonwealth beyond.

But the idea led on to the depths of being too; and it is no wonder if here the glowing heart of the prophet should pause and study. The coming Man, the Servant of Jehovah, must also suffer; his way could not be all bliss and self-indulgence. Here is a marvelous revelation of the spirit of man dreaming on things to come. You remember how St. Peter looked back on that prophetic time of the Old Dispensation, and saw the prophets at work and their body of prophecy as it were in the making. It is on the sufferings of their coming Man that he sees them studying, that hardest thing to receive; yet the spirit of Christ which was in them seemed to demand it, and they had no thought of denial but only of how to fit sacrifice and humiliation into the times and of the order of things. "Of which salvation," he says, "the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you: searching what, or what manner of time the spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow."

So it was: the soul of prophecy is confronting a great abyss and ocean of manhood life; and it studies it eagerly and devoutly, as it finds itself borne onward toward the fulness of the time. The spirit of man, in that twilight period, has not merely risen up against its doom, nor has it set itself idly to forecast its future; it is concerned to bring into order and harmony all the deeps of being that the growing light has revealed, all of which manhood is capable, its joys, its honors, its sufferings alike, as elements in the way to its ultimate glory.

IV

THE LAW OF THE SPIRIT OF LIFE

WHAT VITAL ELEMENTS INHERE IN THE ADULT LIFE
THAT MANHOOD IS APPROACHING

- I. THE SECOND BIRTH
- II. THE OUTWARD CURRENT
- III. THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN

IV

THE LAW OF THE SPIRIT OF LIFE

IT MAKES all the difference in the world, in our estimate of the Life Indeed, whether we are at a point where we can look back and down upon it, as from a more elevated and sunlit region, or are still plodding forward and upward toward it, as it were through dim defiles and over tortuous and flinty trails, where we come only here and there upon fleeting glimpses of the outlook, as it were by lights broken and withdrawn. Or to put it in the figure we have been using, it makes all the difference whether we see life by daylight or in the uncertain gloaming. The world's realization of life must needs come in this way: first the twilight, then the dawn; first the natural, as St. Paul says, after that the spiritual. We have seen the struggling spirit of man reacting dimly on his world of environment, consciously incomplete and faulty, shaping ideals of mercy and judgment in view of what was yet to be, ideals which gradually rounded into a prophecy of a coming manhood, in whose fulness of life men could see things as they are. We are ready to take up the consideration of this now, as our next historical step forward; but first let us take a breathing-spell to look round us a little and see where we have been and what the daybreak reveals. You remember how simply Bunyan describes this outlook and breathing-spell, in the journey of his Pilgrim; it came after the Pilgrim had been alone all night in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and just as he began to be cheered by the voice of one going on before.

So he went on and called to him that was before; but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke. Then said Christian: "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning."

Now morning being come, he looked back, not out of desire to return,

but to see, by the light of the day, what hazards he had gone through in the dark. So he saw more perfectly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the quag that was on the other; also how narrow the way was which led betwixt them both; also now he saw the hobgoblins and satyrs and dragons of the pit, but all afar off, for after break of day they came not nigh. Yet they were discovered to him according to that which is written, "He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death."

Now was Christian much affected with his deliverance from all the dangers of his solitary way, which dangers, though he feared them more before, yet he saw them more clearly now, because the light of the day made them conspicuous to him. And about this time the sun was rising, and this was another mercy to Christian; for you must note that though the first part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part, which he was yet to go, was, if possible, far more dangerous; for from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all along set so full of snares, traps, gins, and nets here, and so full of pits, pitfalls, deep holes, and shelvings down there, that, had it now been dark, as it was when he came the first part of the way, had he had a thousand souls, they had in reason been cast away. But, as I said, just now the sun was rising. Then said he: "His candle shineth on my head, and by his light I go through darkness."

To name the thing that we are to consider in this breathing-spell of ours, I have chosen a phrase of St. Paul's, "The law of the spirit of life"; we want to know, now that we approach the adult life so long prophesied, what vital elements inhere in it. These have been there working in the dimness, all the while, struggling toward the dawn, putting forth blind and doubtful energies; like Milton's lion in the creation, pawing to get free their hinder parts. As with Bunyan's Pilgrim, the way hitherto has been shadowed by death; but we are coming in sight of a Man, say rather of a manhood, whose mission and function it is to "deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." In other words, we stand now on the threshold of the solution stage of life, in which, as prophesied, we can see and discount things as they are; and the first thing we find here is, that as the growing spirit of man "dares more and more to love and trust instead of to fear and fight," the uncouth objects of fear, like Bunyan's hobgoblins, slink away into their native gloom, themselves afraid of daylight. "The law of the spirit of life," as St. Paul

says, “. . . hath made me free from the law of sin and death.”

I think that when the apostle penned that pregnant phrase he was well aware of the latent contradiction of terms that was in it, and that he took this way of asserting its final reconciliation. The spirit of life, being spirit, connotes perfect freedom of will, freedom from what has bound and impeded, freedom to do as we please. Nay, he says it is the thing that makes free from the old law that has fettered and terrified us. The vision of freedom, liberty, is what nerves and inspires progressive peoples and revolutionists; yet in its cosmic sense freedom is one of the three things, the others being God and immortality, which to men like Professor Haeckel are absolutely inconceivable. I need not remind you further of the libraries that have been written on the question whether the spirit of man is free, or whether in reality he is only a kind of automaton, worked by fated laws of bent and heredity, and having a false sense of freedom. With the involvements of this problem, its physics and metaphysics, men have become so tangled and baffled, that it has come to be taken for granted as one of the insoluble things. Perhaps it is temerity to touch upon it here; but St. Paul's bold phrase helps us see, I think, where to place it. The whole problem belongs to the impedimenta of the lower and twilight stratum, to that level of life whereon, as a slave and prisoner, man obeys one law with the beasts and lies down in the same grave. We have seen how little this animal or even intellectual stratum yielded for immortality; it yields just as little for real freedom. It is no wonder Professor Haeckel denies freedom to the human; his scheme of life cannot see above the eyes and the finer brute. But let the soul of man once reach the higher level, where the instinct of his being is the spirit of life, and the bafflement disappears, the problem is no longer a problem. Freedom, the manhood will emancipated from bondage and fetters, becomes the actual, luminous, boundless fact. Yet just at this point and emphasizing it, St. Paul's paradox and contradiction of terms comes in. That spirit of life, ideally free as it is, is

still the *law* of the spirit of life; Scripture applies to it also another paradoxical phrase, the law of liberty. It is not caprice, not licence, not anarchy; being still law it is inflexibly loyal to order and the fruitful calculable ongoings of the universe; still a higher law even when it boldly ventures on what has been called the higher lawlessness. What was before subservient to routine and the behest of an alien will, is now wedded to the chosen wisdom of life. So we have not risen out of the cosmic empire of law; rather the law of our being is honored and fulfilled now as it never was before, and the weights and sins which so easily beset us are laid aside for wings and the eager strength to run a race and win.

This is hard to understand perhaps, just as the reconciliation of any two mutually exclusive ideas into a larger inclusive one always is, until we have examined its steps and elements; wherefore I must beg your patience through the chapter. Meanwhile an illustration or two drawn from other spheres of life may serve to show how real is the principle we are establishing. I was listening a few weeks ago to a lecture on Greek art, in which the lecturer showed by word and picture how up to a certain point of development the artist, not yet master of his secret, was bound by conventions and prescriptions and shop rules, the exacting laws of his trade; and how accordingly every line, though faultlessly correct, was stiff, angular, as it were concealed in dead formalism. Then all at once there seemed to come a time when the artist, impelled by a more masterful initiative, began to make free with his rules, and dared in a higher interest and vision to disobey them; and lo, the marble began to palpitate with naturalness and strength and the suggestion of breathing life. It was the bondage to time-worn law and convention passing into freedom. In every great art it is so. In our art of life, too, I find a curious adumbration of this, in Koheleth's strange counsel to man not to be too righteous and thereby undo himself, and not to be too wicked either and so die before his time, but to let a sincere reverence be his guide. "It is good," he says, "that thou lay hold of this, and from that,

too, refrain not thy hand, for he that feareth God shall come forth of them all." Do we not perceive here the free spirit of life making its presence felt? Koheleth would have his man an artist in life, a master workman, no more a slave to dead rules of righteousness than to disintegrating licence of wickedness; he must be above his rules, not beneath them; so that in his masterfulness like Beethoven he could break the laws of the pedants and gain his sublimer effect, or like Cromwell could cast the accepted laws of war to the winds and win his victories. "It is magnificent, but it is not war," was once said of such untrammelled boldness. And there must come a time, it would seem, when the growing spirit of man, if he would reach the height of masterful personality, in the image of God, must boldly enter on a stage of being where he is larger than his rules, his codes of law, his conventions, his prescriptions; where the free spirit that is in him shall be his wise and sufficient guide. There is something of the artist ideal here, the ideal of the master workman. It is a phase, or rather it is the core and centre, of the conflict and alliance of law and liberty. This is what we mean by the law of the spirit of life.

But how to get the transition made; what elements of the spirit of man to lay hold of and appropriate, — this is the great question that rises here, like a mystic barrier to surmount. Too evidently man is facing not only an epoch but a grave crisis in his evolution. His spirit has all along reacted bravely against his limitations and his doom; but on the whole dimly and uncertainly, for the onsets of the animal and the worldly have beset him behind and before. Use his being's law as he will, yet he is just as truly used by it, often to alien and evil purpose, and always in the shadow of untimely death. The slave bends supinely under; and even the athlete, rejoicing in his strength, breaks down eventually. To pass from the sphere of well-doing to the sphere of well-being, from the under side of his environment to the upper, where even weakness may have its prevailing fibre of strength; this is the problem that confronts us here, and it is the crucial problem of the Life Indeed. There is a mystic door to open, a veil to

rend, a Jordan to cross. Evolution, no less than revelation, demands it; and if the solution does not lie on the other side, then there is no solution of the life-problem at all. Take it how we will, we must, in order to go on, make incursion here into the unseen; for it is there that the spirit of life prevails and prospers.

It is here that evolutionary science has shrunk back baffled; for here it is that we must lay aside microscope and test-tube and betake ourselves to wholly new apparatus and method of approach. But it does not beseem us to despair, even as scientific explorers, as if here evolution must stop.

What, my soul? see thus far and no farther? when doors great and small,
Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch, should the hundredth appall?
In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest of all?

If, as we have been assured, "the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, searching all the inward parts of the body," let us not discard our sublimely simple apparatus, here where it is most needed. Especially so as our alleged resource is so ample. Here is our chance to consult the scientific text-book of the ages and eternities; to see whether, as asserted, the Word of God proves itself such by being "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." If we have not our instrument of research here, we have none at all. Let us give it a fair test and employment.

According to its concrete folk-idiom, which has been followed out in elaborate schemes of theology and soteriology, the way, until a few decades ago, has seemed very clear. It has crystallized in what has been called the plan of salvation. But somehow since, as I believe, an all-wise Providence has framed the mind of our age to a scientific temper and exaction, a haze has seemed to gather round this venerable scheme of things. The solution it provides seems to be exclusively an affair of miracle and supernatural extrication; a *deus ex machina*, an unmotivated irruption from without, through the arbi-

trary agency of the coming of Christ, with its complex train of redemption and atonement and justification and sanctification. All this looks like an *opus operatum*, effected by one transcendent Being, whether more God or man we can hardly judge, and offered to us to take or leave, but in any case as our only resource. Nay, we have been so assured that He did all the work, and that nothing either great or small remained for us to do, that many have profanely said: "Let Him work; it is only a Hebrew and Jewish scheme after all, and we have no call to bother ourselves about it. If He has done it all, why, we may as well take His interpreters at their word, and do nothing." Now far be it from me to reject or caricature this so-called plan of salvation; my concern is not to prove it false, but to find in what sense it is true. Still, there is this undeniable inertia and indifference to this scheme to be reckoned with; we need, if it is true and has still the potency of appeal to men, to translate it into modern and scientific terms. And this we can best do by heeding the wholesome demand of the age. Our instinctive desire, and it is no profane one or skeptical, calls for a solution not by an irruption from without but by an evolution of forces stored within. We want to see the way to the summit of manhood continuous and growing, with causes and potencies all in their ordained place and doing their work as it were by laws of nature. In other words, it is the *law* of the spirit of life, in its evolutionary order, that we want, not an arbitrary miracle. To this, in our present temper, we can commit ourselves; and if, as it comes about, it reveals a continuous road from that remote time when the spirit of God brooded on the face of the waters, or if at the far culmination of personality it evidences itself as interacting with the divine, why, so much the better. Men have no objection to being sons of God, in character and spirit as they already are in skill and inventiveness and reason; they only wish, in the way that our age's temper has made imperative, to trace the real derivation and family likeness.

This is why I have been searching the elements of the Life Indeed at such length and detail through the obscure twilight

period. It was all-important that when the fulness of the time was revealed, we should be duly aware of what it was that gradually and growingly filled the time. It was the endeavor to see how truly the evolution of manhood is orderly and reasonable, and how when the freedom came it should still include, in unimpaired operation, all the wealth and worth of its antecedent law.

But, now that we have traversed that stratum and stand looking over into the dispensation of the fulness of the times, we are more aware than ever, in spite of the continuous progress of spirituality that we have noted, that we are facing a vital crisis in the uprise of manhood. There is, as I have said, a mysterious door yet to open, the hundredth and last after the ninety-and-nine, a door into the upper spiritual room. There is a note of the mystic and transcendental about it, not to say of the supernatural. The emergence from blind fate to illuminate destiny, from prison to freedom, from the natural to the spiritual, is as it were the birth of a new man, the Superman, as our latest time is beginning dimly to call it. Strange, is it not, by the way, that quite apart from Bible revelation, men should have come to make such confession that the old moral and social order has exhausted its potencies, and to call on the unseen to help them out? The old world of social conventions and manners, of organized good customs, is growing decrepit; and men, created upright, have sought out so many inventions, through which even organized morals may become honeycombed with selfish evils, that we must needs have a Superman, whose habitat is a radically transformed world. The scenery, the cherished ideals and impulses, nay the very direction and current of things, must be as it were metamorphosed. Call this miracle or evolution, call it divine or human, men of sober evolutionary mind are coming to see that there is this amazing transition to be effected, if manhood would reach the height of its craving and promise.

It is just at this point that our scripture text-book puts the supreme vital crisis; here that it puts the one grand uprise, as momentous, as mysterious, as far-reaching as we have

deemed the transition to be from earth to heaven; nay, in the light and power of it this latter fades into insignificance, and death itself is said to be abolished. Right at this point it is that the solution comes in sight; and I solicit your patience if I take pains and space to define it. I do not think that either science or theology has taken anything like adequate account of this tremendous Biblical view of things. We could not expect science to have done so, perhaps; for its field of biological vision is so filled with the life of the body that necessarily its supreme crisis is physical death; or, if it has gone into the higher evolution, it has used up its insight on the phenomena of human consciousness, and does not project its cares beyond. Consciousness — that is only the bare background; the framework in which all that is moral, spiritual, and therefore truly vital, is enclosed. Theology, too, has been so mixed up with law and grace, faith and works, morals and redemption, and has made life depend on such diverse not to say discordant things, that we hardly know whether it is more concerned to get a man good enough, that is, church-going and law-abiding enough, to squeak into heaven through his works, or to make him cling frantically to the skirts of a historic Personage, and thereby get a pull, so to say, with the final Dispenser of destiny. In any case the moment of physical death bulks so large in the scheme, that it is virtually taken as the point where everything is irrevocably fixed and determined. They have no real conception of resurrection, except a speculative and spectacular resurrection somewhere beyond. Now do not put me in the ranks of the scoffers for describing the situation so. Science and theology are both right enough, perhaps, according to their light. But you see they have neither of them disentangled the spiritual from the natural enough to see what the real trend of things is. And indeed, we must not blame them. They have all the complexities of earth to reckon with. The spirit of man is still in a material body, as it were in its embryonic stage, drawing placental nourishment from a world of sense and morals and law; every spirit must get its prenatal education; and not a jot nor tittle can pass until all is

fulfilled. It will not make matters less clear, however, but more so, if we escape for a while from these thickets of theology and science to the broad open where the spirit of man, having surmounted the twilight and bondage stratum, enters royally on its birthright of freedom and adulthood. Here is the birth of the new man; here it is that life and immortality emerge to light; here then is the real vital crisis and spirit.

It is with the incarnation of this spirit of life in a Supreme Man, in a perfect Manhood, that prophecy, as we have seen, is centrally concerned; not with the unseen future, or with mystic states of being, but first of all with a manhood worthy to possess and glorify the future. The soul's home, as the prophets deeply saw, lay in this. That was the wise order of things. Get this object effected, and the rest follows by natural consequence. We saw, though too meagrely detailed, how this healthy provisional instinct, which in Shakespeare's phrase we may call

the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,

approached its object not by drawing imaginative pictures of His person and kingly trappings, nor by casting horoscopes of His exact times. We belittle Messianic prophecy unspeakably by making it focus in such casual things as these. Rather, the prophets were interrogating the spirit of life that was in them, the spirit of grace and mercy and sacrifice, and rounding its majestic demands into one personality; and when they gave this personality a title, Messiah, the Anointed One, it was really the name of that fulness and masterfulness toward which all the avenues of their being conducted, that representative completeness of their manhood whom they could anoint as Pattern and Head, — Prophet to inspire, Priest to atone, King to receive loyalty and fealty. It was the spirit of life in them coming to concrete expression; or as St. Peter defined it when he looked in upon them at work, the spirit of Christ, the supreme manhood, itself. Here is a significant thing. The spirit of life that was stirring there, so long before Jesus, was al-

ready the spirit of Christ, and so of the highest, freest life, reverently interrogating its ideals, and trying to fit these into the times, and not without amazed wonder at the solemn involvements of them. All this is of the preparation, the slow making of man, by the shaping touch of the spirit.

Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages,
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?
All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,

Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,
Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker, "It is finish'd. Man is made."

But we have not to postpone all vision to the far future. The spirit of life is already so aware of itself and its vital principle that we can reduce it to its higher law.

This, in some degree, is the business of the coming sections. We may see then, I hope, how truly this is the law of a higher evolutionary stage, mysterious and inexplicable until we stand where we can see it from above.

I. THE SECOND BIRTH

The spiritual life, like all life, begins with birth. That is its law. It is not a thing put on, like a policy, and therefore with a policy's trend of supple opportunism; nor a thing laboriously ciphered out, like a philosophy, and therefore dependent on depth of thought; not a thing submitted to like an allotment, as is law; nor on the other hand achieved by rebellion, as is an uprising of anarchy. It is born in a man, taking into itself therefore all the native currents of his being, and as solid and calculable as is his personality itself. This is the mystery of it, that it may supervene some time along in life, when as it would seem the bent is already determined, and yet have a wholly new bent and direction of its own, which at once transforms and regulates the old, keeping every good thing intact. We have the description of this second birth from the Man who of all men was most competent to define it; from our Lord Himself, who, regarding the fulness of life that was

in Him, best knew how He came by it, and what it was like. In the name of all the spiritually born He said, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen;" and we cannot go back of His account, to verify or gainsay, until we are like Him, seeing with His eyes. "He that is spiritual," as St. Paul says, "judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man."

Our Lord's remarks on the second birth occur, you remember, in his conversation with Nicodemus, one of the most cherished and quoted passages in the whole Bible. Nicodemus, a man high in Jewish counsels, and so a typical representative of the time-honored consciousness of life, had come by night to Jesus because he, a teacher in Israel, intuitively recognized in the younger man a teacher sent from God. It was, though not without its tremors of caution, the drawing of a sincere and truth-seeking heart. You remember how inexplicable the first onset of the new idea was to him. "How can these things be?" To the Jewish mind, moulded in its consciousness of all-encompassing law and prescription, nothing could have seemed more calculated to dissolve the whole order of things and launch the spirit of man on a shoreless ocean of unrestraint. Apparently to make the shock as great as possible, our Lord springs the new idea upon him without preface or preparation, as if, like the new birth itself, He would impose the very thought of it upon mankind as a kind of crisis and astonishment. Men must be startled, as it were, out of the old way into the new; as must needs be, perhaps, because of the sudden and complete reversal of the currents of being. Yet it is all so orderly and viable too; no labor and logic about it; a moment, and the change is made. The spirit awakes, the will springs responsive, and lo, it is free. It is like that cripple at Bethesda who for thirty-eight years had been lying passive, waiting for some one to save him all volition and initiative and just souse him in the pool. "*Wilt thou be made whole?*" was the question that came ringing to his startled ears one day; but even then, not seeing the point of the inquiry, he began to whine because some one else al-

ways got in ahead of him. "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk," was the only answer to his complaint; and almost before he knew it he was stepping forth out of his hospital, a sound, whole man. Where did the onset of health begin, and was it natural or spiritual? Just so our strange fact comes to us. The second birth is the last term of a long embryonic process, and all the power and growth of the process is in it; but, like its fleshly analogue, it is the sudden opening of doors from a womb to a world. It was of such a described event as this that Nicodemus, still environed by the womb of the old dispensation, still in the unbreathing dark, asked in utter bewilderment, "How can these things be?"

Before we raise Nicodemus' question for ourselves, which we must needs do, and especially in its evolutionary light, let us look a little more closely at our Lord's presentation of the matter. His abrupt beginning relates to a subject which, when He spoke, was evidently in the air — the Kingdom of God. That phrase puts into words a great presentiment that just then was stirring obscurely in men's minds: the presentiment that somehow the fulness of the time was close upon them, and that a new order of things was ripe and ready. Pharisee and fisherman alike, minds set in the legal order and minds tending to the spiritual alike, now felt the strange electric thrill, and were inquiring what it might mean. It was not for nothing, nor for a small thing, like a mere change of dynasty or release from Roman rule, that the surging spirit of man, whose wings had so long beaten, bird-like, against the bars of its earthly cage, now began to feel that the bolts were slipping back in the doors of a larger future.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

When therefore without preface our Lord used the expression "the kingdom of God," He was as truly speaking in Nicodemus' idiom as if He had spoken casually of the weather. The kingdom of God, otherwise called the kingdom of Heaven — what

is that? Evidently some new organized government wherein, as so long promised and prophesied, the will of God was to be the ultimate law, and wherein Heaven was to be the atmosphere and environment of manhood life. What then was it — a thing coming to man, all made, and he needing only to be taken up supinely and soused into it, like the man at the Bethesda pool, or a thing to which man was to come, in the might of his long-ripening spirit, and enter on it like a prince taking possession of his inheritance, or like a youth assuming his majority? Our Lord's words, startling as they are, harmonize accurately with the long-promised transition from servitude to sonship. Only, they conform to the true evolutionary order by making this not an affair of political counsel and legislation but a new birth, a second birth. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again" — *ἀνωθεν*, *again*, or *from above*, or both? — "he cannot see the kingdom of God"; cannot so much as see it, let alone enter it, though it stand as plain as the Bunker Hill monument right before his eyes. You see how our ever-present question of light, of having eyes to see and use the light, comes into the case. Be born with eyes, above the brute's and worldling's eyes, and then you can see. And when Nicodemus' question tries to befog the matter, "How can a man be born when he is old?" our Lord's further assertion assumes the more illuminate idiom, assuring him that man must be born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Born of water — what is that? Water is the natural symbol of purity, of cleanness; and is not cleanness from sin and the soilure of earth the thing after which law has struggled so long, and struggled in vain? You cannot legislate cleanness, cannot get it by volumes and libraries and worlds full of rules and codes. You must be born of a cosmos of purity, that purity of heart wherein a man sees God; must be saturated and enveloped with that bath of cleanness which comes only by way of the inner nature; and the rest follows, by vital con-

sequence. "He that is bathed," as our Lord says later, "needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit"; the disposal of the daily soilure, as he goes about his worldly ways, is an easily adjusted matter then. Born of the Spirit — what is that? What Spirit? for our Lord adds no qualifying or limiting adjective, not even a definite article; it is "born of water and spirit," as if there were but one element, whether in man or in the world or in heaven, that could be so called. No dissociation of elements here, such as we inveterately make; as if there were two things to reconcile: an evil spirit in man, and a Holy Spirit outside of him, always more or less at cross purposes. Whatever truth there is in this idea will come out afterward; here it is ignored; here too the idea, like that of water, seems to be both literal and figurative, for the word for spirit, *πνεῦμα* is taken from nature, meaning literally *wind*, so that in the sense vocabulary He is saying, "born of water and wind." But we can no more let it stay literal than we can the idea of water. And just as the phrase "born of water," of cleanness, solves the ideal of the old order, so the phrase "born of wind," of spirit, opens and makes viable the ideal of the new order. It names the one means of entrance into the deepest world order; the cosmos, the universe, of spiritual powers and values, which are beneath and behind and within all that is. "God is spirit," the same Teacher says later; just as He says God is light, God is love; "and they that worship Him" — they that feel and acknowledge His supremacy, His worth-ship — "must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Be born into the boundless element of spirit, and forthwith you find that your bondage to the lower world is gone; for you become aware that out there in the abyss of light and mystery "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." We have spoken of the spirit of man and its dim crude reactions on the sum of things; here it has become consciously identified with the spirit of the universe, so that one will, one freedom, animates them both. Being born into the spiritual family, we thenceforth live spontaneously as to the manner born, have the large

family interests at heart, being thenceforth workers together with God. A simple elementary matter this, as our Lord makes it out; He even intimates that in speaking of it He is speaking of earthly things. "If I have told you earthly things," He says, "and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things? That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." That ought to be obvious to anyone, even to a legalized master of Israel; it belongs to the very *A B C* of things; "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." The fact, from His point of view, stationed as He is on the upper and illuminate side, is self-evidencing.

Then He goes on to explain, to this man whose ideals are still groping along the under side, what a man spiritually born is like, how we can tell that a new life is pulsating in him, whether we understand it or not. For this purpose He goes back to the natural phenomena of the wind, which He is disengaging from their merely physical motions and pressing into His new sphere of spiritual fact. This is what we must needs do; our thoughts ascend to spirit from sense, to the unseen from the realm of the seen. And I want you to note carefully what characteristics of the wind He uses. "The wind bloweth where it listeth" — that is, it is the one natural symbol of perfect, self-directive, self-poised freedom; "and thou hearest the sound thereof" — that is, you know it is there and is real, by its actual palpable effects; "but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth" — that is, the source and goal of it, as you stand outside of it, hearing it, swayed by it in a way, are as absolutely inexplicable to you as if it were a thing of another world. There is one of the commonest phenomena of nature that you really know nothing about, any more than you know about the real inwardness of electricity, or magnetism, or light. It is there, and it has its world, and you can to a degree utilize its effects; but so far as you are concerned, its *will* is its own, not yours at all. Well, says Jesus, this is the character of the spiritual life; "so is every one that is born of the Spirit." I think our commentators have done their best

to befog this latter assertion. They say it means, so it is *with* every one that is born of the Spirit; that is, that the Spirit, so to say, takes him up and whirls him through the air, willy-nilly, and he has no idea what it all means, where his new life is from or whither bound, but is just swept along on an inexplicable current of being. This explanation, as you see, takes away all his free-will, all his initiative, all his self-directive light of life, and leaves him a more helpless automaton than ever. In other words, it makes the divine spirit everything, the human spirit nothing; and so the dissociation of divine and human is reduced by practically annihilating, or absorbing, the human. And this in the face of the plainest assertion, that the spiritually born himself, not his environment, is in all these characteristics like the wind. Nay, the assertion is further reënforced. "Thou canst not tell the whence and the whither," says our Lord, and He is speaking to a bemuddled Jew. Does He mean, nobody can tell? Why, almost immediately He says, "We speak that *we* do know, and testify that we have seen." Who are "we"? Is He not speaking in the name of all who are born of the Spirit? Who else can the "we" be? He identifies Himself with those who have been born again; uses their emancipated consciousness, gives for all time their marvelous testimony to their sense of new life. "He that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man. For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ." And here is the mind of Christ, making the pioneer revelation of the new life to which the adult manhood is born.

"Thou canst not tell; we speak that we do know." How far this transition of spiritual birth has brought us, and how truly it is an access of light as well as of life, we can realize by comparing with our Lord's assertion the already quoted words of Koheleth written in the midst of the twilight period. "Everything," the sage says, "hath He made beautiful in its time; also He hath put eternity in their heart; — yet not so that man findeth out the work which God hath wrought, from the beginning, and to the end." He is speaking in the cosmic

consciousness, and voicing the cosmic dimness of vision. In this stratum of things his words remain as true now as ever. But all the while, being spiritually sensitive, he is aware of an unresolved element which his cosmic standard cannot measure; as inexplicable to that level of being as was the wind to Nicodemus, yet also just as real in its effects; the element, namely, of eternity, in the heart, bearing us on from an unknown spring to an unknown ocean of being. The vision is becoming clearer now, not too dim now but too glorious for our eyes to see; for it makes all the difference, the consciousness that we are born of the ultimate world order, and can feel and know the life of that Spirit whose first word was "Let there be light," and can look forward in congenial spirit to the far-withdrawn summit where dwelleth He "who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." The feeling of such whence and whither we can store joyously in our growing manhood, when we know that the full realization is precluded only by our own finiteness.

We are ready now, in the idiom of our evolutionary ideal, to raise Nicodemus' question anew, "How can these things be?" to inquire whether this second birth is to be referred to an unmotivated irruption and miracle from without, or whether it comes through the development and illumination of forces already stored in the deep heart of manhood. But first, taking the scripture idea on its own ground, we must heed our Lord's word that this thing can be seen only from the upper and spiritual side. Perhaps that is another way of saying that in order to know the spiritual life one must live it; then he has all his subject of study within himself, his heart, with all that communion and interchange of life values which he shares consciously with the living source. At any rate, it is from this upper side, however wonderful, that we have the warrant for approaching it. We will bear in mind what has been said, that we are working in the stratum of life where evolution has become personal and conscious of itself; where therefore the spirit of man is learning to cooperate wisely with a Spirit like his own, but boundless and universal, learning to embody on

his own scale and in his limits the Will which determines all, recognized and worshipped as

A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

In other words, his growing insight has come to recognize the source and first impact of evolution not as mechanical, blind, as it were fortuitous, but as wise, intelligent, and closing in itself attributes not less high than the highest that man finds in his own potencies and ideals. If evolution must be matched with involution, and man is a product of it, then surely the source and initiative, with the tremendous potencies lying capsule within it, must be as great not only as its highest product man is, but as he can ever hope to be. The glory of the beginning can be estimated only by the glory of the end, where the finished structure crowns the whole work. The unit of measure is not the atom but the God. And as we see man plodding along the way, sloughing off his weakness, his ignorance, his imperfections, and growing in Godlikeness, just according as his spirit sees and responds to the unseen, who shall set the limit?

The great quarrel, as you know, which has hitherto raged between science and theology, has centred round the question whether our universe is a product of evolution or of special creation; whether its complex organism has risen through the steady development of things in obedience to laws and energies stored within, or through miraculous interference here and there from without, injecting as it were a new and unpromised energy and setting law at defiance. It is a dispute about the manner in which things have been brought about; for the wonder of the things themselves is before our eyes, an amazing pageant of glory, as great as if nothing but miracle were concerned in them. The question comes up with special insistence here, because in all our series of wonders this so-called second birth is the thing that *looks* most like a special creation, most as if the shaping hand of God Himself were laid bare. If we

can understand this, then, having the clue to the hardest and highest phenomenon, we have the key to the whole series.

May it not turn out that the whole dispute is the old one of the two sides of the shield? If this second birth were proved to be a special creation, would it necessarily disprove the other alternative? Or is there any alternative at all? It may merely prove that at every step of evolution there are just as many unseen forces as seen, a whole world full of both, each coming from its own sphere upper or under, and all working together to one large result; which result here at this second birth has reached the point where it so declares itself, so takes into partnership the spirit of man and the spirit of God, that for the first time we can begin to see things as they are. It is the coming of life to light, so that we become aware of the real law of the spirit of life. Here then is the unit of evolution. This is the view I am disposed to take of it. If evolution began with personal spiritual energy, then, it would seem, there must come a point in the series where person shall be revealed to person, where spirit shall spring to meet spirit; and so the creation, being endowed with a mind of its own, may become intelligently aware not only of its Creator but of the real inwardness of its own nature and of its trend through the eternities. And it is in the second birth, if anywhere, that this light of life bursts forth.

On this line — on the line laid down by our Lord's definition — let us try to trace it a little way.

Let us begin with the most estranging feature, the fact that to men of the Nicodemus type, whose spirit is set in the lower legalistic key, the birth into a new world of free spirit is absolutely inconceivable; they can no more realize it than we can hear the music of the spheres, which was fabled to be so far above our gamut of sound that our ears could not take it in; or than we can see the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, which yet are there, working their finer effect, in a light unapproachable to our sense. And indeed these casual illustrations launch us into the heart of our subject. They remind us that in many spheres, perhaps in every sphere of life and

thought, we are midway in a scale and gamut of things which in both directions extends infinitely beyond us; and our Lord's assertion is but His way of saying that the second birth introduces us to a sphere of life-values beyond sense, beyond even logic and reasoning. St. Paul says virtually the same thing, in his assertion that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him; but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God"; and even this assertion, as he says, is already written in prophecy, in Isaiah's words: "For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him." Here is the waiting for it on the one side, in prophetic dimness, and the record of actual fulfilment on the other. Manhood has risen in the scale, beyond the point that was such a barrier to Nicodemus. But must we desert our evolutionary analogy here, and betake ourselves to miracle, to a special and unmotivated creation? Scientists have long been trying to make out that in that vast scale of life which sweeps from the protoplasmic cell upward there is an equable and uniform progress, that somehow, if we could but find it, height melts into height, and species into species, with all the connecting links somehow traceable and calculable; and they have been impatient of any other conception of things. But you know too how recently Professor De Vries has brought that notion into doubt, by showing that nature advances not in that equable way but by sudden leaps and metamorphoses, which he calls mutations; so that many a time suddenly, and by some inexplicable agency, a new species appears; and he says the scientific "battle now rages about the question whether these strange mutations are to be regarded as the principal means of evolution, or whether slow and gradual changes have not also played a large and important part." You will recall too what I quoted from Professor Shaler: his remark about a certain instance he gave which he said was "one of many, very many, instances in

which we find the apparently uniform processes of Nature, those which are indeed uniform in their steps of action, leading to sudden and complete changes of result." Why, even mathematics has ciphered out the abstract possibility of all this, in its theory of the fourth dimension. Suppose, it says, a being whose whole life of sense and action moved in a world of only two dimensions, length and breadth. All you have to do is to lift that being up, adding the third dimension of height, and at once it can look down upon its former world, and look inside of its own nature, as it never could before. The third dimension, simple as it was, had been absolutely inconceivable to it, until it was actually transferred thereto. Now, says mathematics, there is no abstract reason why we should not go on adding new dimensions to the three we already know, and as a consequence be able to see inward, penetrate within our world and nature, as we cannot begin to conceive now; and yet, as Nicodemus says, "How can these things be?"

Now this second birth, as our Lord describes it and as St. Paul gives its consequences, has all the marks of one of those sudden mutations in great Nature which are perfectly obvious as seen from the upper side, but from the under side are as inconceivable as is the organic world to the inorganic, as is the animal to the plant, as is the human to the animal. In fact, this is the supreme mutation; the nodal point in manhood development where all at once the landscape of life becomes illuminate, and that fulness of life, that redemption of the body for which the whole creation has groaned and travailed in pain together until now, comes into the field of vision. Passing wonderful it is, I grant you; the glory of it dazzles us as much as it did Nicodemus; but it is not my speculation, it is the absolute assertion and tissue of the Bible idea, and it has all the consistency of the highest evolutionary science.

The supreme mutation, I have just said, is this marvelous birth into the sphere of spirit; the highest change that our earthly vision can see; yet put before us as so much a matter of course that our Lord says of it, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." And indeed our foregoing

studies have shown us the elements that have led up to it; have revealed that it is not an unmotivated miracle but that, as Professor De Vries puts it, slow and gradual changes have also played a large and important part. And now, as to the moment of transition from the long gestation of the ages to the sudden new life, or as we may now call it the shock of manhood mutation, you have noted that the first element our Lord gives of it is, the sense and atmosphere of absolute freedom: "the wind bloweth where it listeth, . . . so is every one that is born of wind, of spirit." It is, as it were, a sudden opening of doors into a larger place, the sudden coming into breath, and light, and song, and joy. Have you ever noticed how our Lord described what He was on earth for, and how much He made of this element of disimprisonment? "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me," He said in the synagogue of Nazareth, "because He hath anointed me to preach . . . deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." He was reading this, quoting it from the Scripture already in their hands; already the ideal had been sown by prophecy into the heart of manhood; "he hath anointed me," Isaiah had said, "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." You remember, too, how later, when our Lord in his parable of judgment gave the principles on which men should be eternally blessed of the Father; among these was "I — that is, every least one of these my brethren — was in prison, and ye came unto me." Nay, his apostles would not let this element of His ministry cease even with His death, but imaged Him as still preaching to the spirits in prison, who in the old Noachic days had perished without law in the blind excess of animalism. What a vast jail-delivery, when we come to think of it, the scripture ideal rolls up around this mutation, this nodal transition of manhood growth! How this second birth seems to open the boundless realm of being and doing exactly what we will, going and coming, working and rejoicing, as the emancipate spirit dictates! It is even so, as St. Paul says: "The law of

the spirit of life hath made me free from the law of sin and death." We have not received the spirit of bondage, again to fear, but the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. When the spirit of man recognizes the Father of spirits, and springs filially to meet the source of its evolutionary life, then farewell forever to the old alien pressure of law, to the old groaning and passiveness under a burden of fate and death; the law of our being is henceforth ours to use, not to be used and enslaved by. "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear," writes St. Paul to Timothy, "but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Is not this, in compendium, the birth of a completed manhood, wherein will and affection and intellect, the whole inner man, stands forth master of his world and his fate?

But here perhaps the question rises, Why a *second* birth? Why, instead of coinciding with our first birth into the world, and so an experience in which apart from our volition we find ourselves all transported and naturalized, it has to be brought about with such travail-pangs of creation, and after so long gestation in the underworld of being? Well, as soon as it is propounded, with its elements in order before us, the question answers itself. The birth is a second birth because it belongs to the manhood stratum wherein our evolution has become self-conscious and personal, and we coöperate freely with it, to do our eager share in bringing its consummation. How could this be with our animal birth? That was a thing beyond our will, beyond our choice, beyond our knowledge. We did not ask to be brought here. It came about, as it were, in the reflex and automatic order of things, in the order that Professor Cope tries to explain with his theories of archæstheticism and katagenesis; a birth, like all animal birth, into the species and the race and the material environment. But this second birth must needs supervene at a point higher up, where two elements can work together, the element of an appealing and vitalizing spirit from the unseen, and the element of glad free human choice, the spirit of manhood, rising to meet it. Being of the spirit, it is the birth into freedom; it is the soul

emerging from its prison into the open air of liberty and light and love. Why, it *must* be so: this birth, from the very nature of the case, must be a birth wherein the spirit is awake, and knows what it does, and makes for itself individual choice of its life and destiny. This is the essential characteristic that makes it so truly not a mere natural and as it were animal growth but a marvelous mutation which seems to open a complete reversal of life conditions.

And here we see, in another light, its real evolutionary significance. What we are contemplating, in the large, is that momentous point of history and growth, the emergence of the full-orbed, full-functioned individual. To this, after all, our period of gestation, our twilight period, has all the while been leading. It is the great culminating point in earthly evolution. You recall Professor Shaler's words: "It is hardly too much to say that on this individualizing process depends all the real work that is done within the universe." We can realize this now, both in the history we have traced and in our own personality. We have seen the spirit of man reacting on the law of the species; gradually enlarging it from the unit organism to the family, from the family to the clan, from the clan to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation, from the nation to the race. We have seen how the Jew, to whom was entrusted the care of this spiritual expansion, stuck fast at the race, and would no farther. The last step was too bold, too much an opening of his soul to all the universe for him willingly to take; he preferred to remain exclusive. But in ourselves, too, we know how it is: what stern bonds our species, our race, our age, our climatic temperament, our work, our wealth or penury, have bound us in; it is only in strictest limits, it would seem, that we can do the thing we would. How far are we, in sympathy, even yet, even we who have named the name of Christ, beyond old Dr. Johnson's surly remark, "For aught I can see, all foreigners are fools"? Then too, how sadly we are aware of the law of sin in our members, warring against the law of the mind. All this is a bar and discount to our free individuality: we are, so far forth, only levers and bolts and cog-wheels in

a colossal world machine, wherein our free play of personality is hemmed in by tempers, customs, conventions, congealed codes of social law. We need, after all, simply to submit ourselves to that highest and freest impulse, to that inviting plane of being prophesied by the whole spiritual surge of the ages, whereon our individual self is at last free, whereon every man and every created thing in its degree is as it were a second self, with its own rights and life, and our soul, emancipated from the narrowing prison of the species, "lies," as Browning puts it, "bare to the universal prick of light." Here is the strange paradox of the whole mutation, that just when the individual seems turned most out of doors, just then his individuality is most truly born into the unitary life of the universe.

But here you say, "If the higher evolution is a movement toward individuality, if the vast forces of the universe have all along been in travail-pangs to get the completed individual personality born, what becomes of our social organism?" Ever since the French Revolution the generations have been desperately at work on that problem: how to bring about a social order wherein liberty, equality, and fraternity shall have free and full course. Haven't we had enough of individual self-assertion, and has it not proved merely that the spirit of man may thereby become only the more arbitrary and oppressive, only the more shrewd and venomous to work his cleverer will against his fellow-man? Do we not need rather to melt and flow together into one great organism of humanity, wherein each individual soul shall get its rights and the free play of life, and wherein the individual units shall have disappeared in the welfare of the whole? Of individual self-assertion and self-containment, I answer, we have had enough and more than enough; it is no recent thing, the world has always had it. And in this new social movement it is by no means quenched; in fact it has a larger field, albeit furtive and hidden, than ever. But you see men are trying to get their kind corralled and bonded under the same old régime of law; trying to legislate their race into loving each other and allowing

each other their rights. Like the Galatians they will not stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ would make them free, but are desperately set on becoming entangled again with the yoke of bondage. Our second birth, our mystic birth into full individuality, clears all this up, if we will but choose and ensue the full power of it. For it is the birth of the free Godlike unit of society. The fulness of the time, in its slow coming, has kept it back, just as Koheleth kept back the vision of immortality, until there should be born a personality, an individual, fit to wield this perilous weapon of freedom. If society starts from and nucleates in this new-born individuality as a unit, then it is sound and free and Godlike all the way through. And only so can it ever be such, strive and legislate and civilize how men may. The kingdom of law can never melt into the one livable kingdom, the kingdom of grace and truth. We must be born again even to see it; must be born of water and spirit to enter its gates at all. So to His little audience of disciples, eager men learning to be individual units in the great universe of life, our Lord says, It is not an affair of discovery and legislation of which men say, Lo here, lo there; the kingdom of heaven, being a thing to which you are born, is within you. And when He simplified the idea, by telling in parable what it is like, He said it is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened. There is the real sinking of individuality requisite for the vitalization of society: wherein every protoplasmic grain, with its free individuality in active and vital energy, is spreading the spirit of God from heart to heart till the whole mass is leavened and light and joyous, like its unseen source of life, through and through. The individual is brought out from the species in order that manhood henceforth may no more be a dead machine, worked by rules and conventions of alien will and prescription, but saturated, as it were, and tingling in every part, with the free spirit of God and man.

Friends, our topic is so large and glorious that it seems never to let go. But I must say of it only one more thing. Our discussion of things hitherto compels us to enlarge our view

of the second birth into wellnigh boundless dimensions; we must rise to an unprecedented height, to cosmic and universal scale, to take it in. It is not a mere ecclesiastical affair; not a mere affair of getting a few individuals out of the world into the church; though indeed we must not discard this, for it is the way Christ took. But as a church we must enlarge our purview, our instrumentalities, our quickening promise to the souls in our care. If not we, who then is there to do it? But we must walk in the largeness of the law of the spirit of life, into which because we see we know that we are new-born; recognizing that birth as the *temporis partus maximus*, the birth of manhood after its longer period of gestation and placental growth, as the marvelous event wherein the true meaning of evolution declares itself. Who is sufficient to these things? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. We have the mind of Christ; we have the instrumentality to our hands.

II. THE OUTWARD CURRENT

But after all, this second birth of manhood, full of boundless promise though it be, is only a birth; only an initial point, a beginning to live; and the whole mounting course of the new life, all that gives it thrust and character and adulthood, lies yet beyond. In fact we have not yet discovered the real principle and essence of this higher stage of personality, any more than we have seen, or can see, in the new-born infant, how its individual bent and endowment are going to develop. I do not wonder that at this point of our study you shake your heads and say, "Well, I must think it over." We are still on the threshold; the *law* of the spirit of life is yet to be revealed.

I think some of our churches make a mistake here, or rather unduly limit themselves, by laying so much relative stress on the moment of new birth, as if all their work and responsibility were over as soon as they have got souls converted. The New Testament way is rather to put its strength into the wealth of being that ensues when the new birth is taken for granted.

Where else, save in this third chapter of John, is this crisis point, this emergence of the free spirit of life, so rigorously demanded and defined; yet where, in the whole New Testament, is it *not* presupposed, as if it were to be treated as an accomplished fact, determining once for all the higher plane, the table-land, on which henceforth manhood life is to move? As far as concerns a Nicodemus, whose being is keyed to the old dispensation of living by rule and law, as far as concerns every one whose life is nothing but moral, this mystic entrance upon the life of the spirit is an absolute prerequisite to further evolution. As concerns the Christian, moving spontaneously in the new environment and atmosphere, why, he was born so, and that is the end of it. When and how that birth occurred is of course another matter; but that it consciously occurred, and with full acceptance of the situation, is a thing taken for granted and no more said. To treat the event as if it were always in uncertain abeyance, or as if the soul thus born were always to be held back by main force and constant revival from lapsing into a pre-natal state, is neither of logic nor of science nor of faith.

But as I said, it is only a birth: that is why we can afford to forget, or rather presuppose it, as we do our bodily birth, while we concentrate our energies on the things that really count, that consort with it. What these things essentially are, we are now to note; but first let us glance again, in summary fashion, at what this second birth has and has not contributed to the Life Indeed.

What to this point has stood out most prominently in its contribution to life is emancipation. By it the individual unit of the higher evolution, the vital molecule, so to say, has become a centre of spiritual force, free to choose and work its work on the individual at its side, and to receive returns of influence from it; each so becoming a thinking active grain of leaven, and all vitalized by a spirit which, "infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part . . . even down to the minutest member." This is a tremendous point gained. And it can be gained only by

such freedom of wisdom and action; by making each unit a vital centre in the tissue, or as St. Peter, who wrote before the days of biology, figures it, a "lively stone" in the vast edifice of life.

But when you come to think of it, freedom is a negative, colorless thing; perilous too, beyond computation, unless there is something sterling behind it. To present a man with freedom is like presenting him with a blank sheet of paper, on which he can write any record he pleases. Nothing has been so abused, or so awkwardly handled, as liberty. "O Liberty!" you remember was exclaimed in the French Revolution, "what crimes are committed in thy name!" And hardly less grave than the crimes of liberty is the unwisdom that so easily besets it, not to speak of the pinches of downright tyranny and intolerance. How hard it is both to live and let live! How many a man, too, whose spirit is emancipated, who rejoices in the law of liberty after the inner man, becomes enslaved again, before he knows it, to some new order of bondage: some doubtful business enterprise, or soulless corporation, or tyrannous union, in which the individuality that is new-born in him is lost and belied. You remember how Bunyan said that the second part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was, if possible, more beset with dangers than the first; only they were dangers of another kind, not the ditch and quag now, but snares and traps and pitfalls, in which the unwary soul, or the soul without daylight, was sure to be caught. Clearly, freedom of itself is a doubtful blessing. It was not made to go alone. What then shall go with it, to safeguard it, keeping it from lapsing either into another slavery or into wild anarchy? Can the spirit of man, after all, be trusted with so perilous a gift? Can the law of the spirit of life function as a real law, a conservator of order and wisdom, and not a fluid, arbitrary, capricious wilfulness? If not, then the fulness of time is here in vain; and evolution has come all this way to go to pieces at the end.

Here, friends, at last, is the time and the place to name the solution of the whole boundless problem, the supreme pulsa-

tion of the Life Indeed. I have kept it back, running the risk of vagueness and dim inklings of the matter until I could trace all the broad steps of reason and science that led up to it; I wanted you in some just degree to realize how great it is, this keystone of the arch, when it falls into its ordained place. The safeguard of the new-born freedom, the fulfiller of the law, the proof that the spirit of man is in its heart of hearts sound and sterling, the guarantee of an evolution that grows onward to the light unapproachable, is — LOVE. The spirit that long ago brooded on the face of the waters and the human spirit, that step by step rose to find its unseen witnessing and thereby advanced steadily toward light and liberty, have in this mighty pulsation of love, or grace, as the Scripture calls it, declared themselves to the worlds and the eternities; and we have the final opening of the mystery now, the mystery that was hid from ages and generations. What was that vital motion infused through the vast evolutionary mass, we have been asking, and no answer could give the whole key to it. Not mere arbitrary power and will; not that, for man found in his heart an excellence greater than that, a human worth against which mere power, with all its tyrannous potencies, was weakness itself. Not mere wisdom, the infinite knowledge which adapted means to ends, and brought a world-order and beauty into being; not that, for the spirit of man found that wisdom itself must bow to a mightier master, else its many inventions would go hopelessly astray; not the absoluteness of mere justice and judgment; not that, for in every tract of that hard heartless empire which such governance would engender must be left open and available a still larger area of mercy, allowance, forgiveness. Somehow, in the midst of his twilight of law and growing wisdom and sense of infinite power, the spirit of man was borne onward toward the conviction that to know all was not to punish all but to forgive all. After all, we are not the culprits of God, not the quarry slaves of God, but the sons of God; and the vital pulsation that courses back and forth between us and the Father of spirits is the communion of that love whose expression is fatherhood and sonship. This is the

illuminate and determining hemisphere of the tremendous map of life, the central character which forever sets off the new dispensation of things over against the old. "The law," as St. John defines it, "was given by Moses; but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." When this revelation was made, men began to live; and the world, by a divinely inspired instinct, has numbered its years from that date, nineteen full centuries now, during which, eagerly exploring its various potencies, men have hardly yet begun to sound its depths and are lagging far behind the unspeakable heights of it. Why, here is work cut out for an eternity: just to realize and embody, to spread and naturalize, the endless potentialities of love.

Love, in that central pulsation which is the heart of love, namely, unbought undeserved grace, is the supreme and absolutely new contribution of the fulness of the time to the wealth of the world. Nothing like it, except as dim and sporadic adumbrations of it, was ever named and naturalized among men before. "The real difference between Paganism and Christianity," says G. K. Chesterton, "is perfectly summed up in the difference between the pagan, or natural, virtues, and those three virtues of Christianity which the Church of Rome calls virtues of grace. The pagan, or rational, virtues are such things as justice and temperance, and Christianity has adopted them. The three mystical virtues which Christianity has not adopted, but invented, are faith, hope, and charity" — or as we better translate, love; and as St. Paul says, the greatest of these is love. "Behold," says Isaiah, "the former things are come to pass" — shall we not say the former ideals of justice and temperance? — "and new things do I declare: before they spring forth I tell you of them. . . . Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert." I shall have further occasion to quote how Mr. Chesterton sets forth the uniqueness of these virtues of grace; here I merely record the distinction, that you may have it as a *point de repère* to bear in mind; that you may know once for all what was the real meaning of things when,

at the end of days the Lord rose up and was wroth, as the prophet put it, that he might do his work, his strange work, and bring to pass his act, his strange act. It was the evolution of grace, in the heart of manhood. With this in mind our business now is, to fit this in, if we may, to our adopted evolutionary framework.

All along we have been aware, through the pre-Christian ages, of a vague prevailing sense of something lacking. The spirit of man could not rest in its manhood attainment; it recognized its manhood as incomplete, its supreme prophetic vision was of a coming manhood, in which man could see and be what he deeply felt it in him to be. This is not speculation or philosophy; it is recorded fact; we have that actual prophetic pulsation of the human spirit to reckon with. Nor is it ancient history alone; it is the present experience of the finest, deepest-seeing poetic souls. In a world full of beauty and splendor, of work and achievement, of ideals of justice and self-control, yet the key of things was so conspicuously lacking that to many a sensitive heart all seemed, as to Hamlet, "a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." You remember how Browning has put this into a poem, and supplied the key. "Wanting," he says, —

Wanting is — what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
— Where is the blot?

Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
— Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
What of the leafage, what of the flower?
Roses embowering with naught they embower!
Come then, complete incompleteness, O come,
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer!
 Breathe but one breath
 Rose-beauty above,
 And all that was death
 Grows life, grows love,
 Grows love!

This, you say, is a poet's dream, not science. Well, then let us interrogate art. Did you ever see that wonderful pic-

ture of Albrecht Dürer's, on which he inscribed the word "MELANCHOLIA"? Dürer, you know, was the friend of Luther and Melanchthon and Erasmus, a man of whom was said, "His least merit was his art"; and he made this picture in 1514, seven years before Luther's great confession at Worms, at a time when the Revival of Learning, then in full sway, was able, as man had not been since Christ, to record the marvelous energies and achievements of the spirit of man. This picture, the verdict of the greatest master of the German renaissance on his day, portrays at once its greatness and its sad futility. A female winged figure, the very embodiment of human wisdom and might, her head crowned with the laurel, and with keys and a great purse at her girdle, sits at the foot of a half-built tower, whose unfinished top is out of sight beyond the picture. It is done as far as the first string course, the basement story, so to say; and on one wall of it hang the even-balanced scales of justice, on the other the hour-glass, its sands almost run, the passing-bell ready to ring the final hour, and the magic square which in every direction, vertically, horizontally, diagonally, foots up ever the same, the emblem, it would seem, of a rounded, self-contained life. The woman sits looking at a shapeless block of stone, and with a great pair of compasses is evidently trying, but hopelessly as her countenance indicates, to plan how it may be fitted into the edifice above. There the ladder is, all ready, the refractory stone at the foot of it; but scattered on the ground lie the discarded instruments of art and research, the jagged and worn-out saw, the useless plane, the broken T-square, the idle hammer; while the sphere, the symbol of perfection, lies reproachfully at her feet, an unapproachable pattern, and the crucible beyond contains no secret of the ultimate elements of being. By her side on a large mill-stone — emblem, this stone, of grinding labor — sits a winged child with stylus and tablet, and the fringed cloth that makes its seat easier seems to tell of that contented spirit which rejoices in work as its portion; but the child is asleep over its reckoning, and at the foot of the stone lies a dog, also fast asleep. All betokens a stoppage and deadlock of achieve-

ment; the woman only being awake, but awake to the most hopeless thoughts. Yet beyond, on the shore of the limitless ocean, is a prosperous city, with its stateliness, its marts, and the ships of commerce in its harbor; no indication here of human failure; while in the sky of the background the most conspicuous object, filling it all with its exaggerated rays, is what we hardly know whether to call a sun or a baleful comet, whether betokening glory or doom, an object left thus ambiguous, perhaps, of the artist's intent. But crossing its equivocal rays, firm and solid as if built into Nature, is the rainbow of promise; while flying away with a cry into the night, its back turned to sun and rainbow, is a strange bat-like creature bearing on its uncouth wings the legend "MELANCHOLIA." Such is this speaking picture, eloquent in every smallest detail. What spirit of life shall break this deadlock and rouse the sleepers? Who shall square that shapeless block, shapeless but noble in size and texture, and fit it for its place in the edifice above? For that winged spirit of man has reached her limit of power; earth's splendid resources are exhausted, and the tower is unfinished; if the game is to go on, a God, it would seem, must mingle with it.

This picture of Dürer's, unlike Browning's poem, fails to vouchsafe any key to the situation. It portrays merely a standstill and an enigma. Even the winged child, if it is intended for the conventional figure of love, is merely love absorbed in art and work, and *it* is asleep. A similar record of deadlock in the Bible, however, supplies, in the writer's own idiom, a hint of what is needed to clear the situation. I refer now to Koheleth, and his trenchant yet true assessment of his legalized, toil-ridden world. It is something, you know, to have reached the point where, whether we know the remedy or not, we can diagnose the disease. Well, this is what Koheleth did for his pre-Christian era. Like Goethe, —

He took the suffering human race,
 He read each wound, each weakness clear;
 And struck his finger on the place,
 And said: *Thou ail'st here, and here!*

Koheleth, you know, looks out into the world from much the same as Dürer's point of view, the point of view of labor and art, and cheerily bids man rejoice in his work; but at the end his verdict is, all vanity, futility, a chase after wind. It is the same verdict from the under side that St. Paul afterward pronounces from the upper, in saying that the creation was made subject to vanity, a vanity not of its own willing. St. Paul tells why; Koheleth merely puts his finger on the ailing spot, in his question, "What profit hath man in all his labor, which he laboreth under the sun?" The thing that is lacking, in all this busy work, in all this ordered life, of the world, is *profit*, something to make the work worth doing, the life worth living. Koheleth, being not a modern scientist but a Jew, speaks in his Jewish idiom of business; but the fact that he immediately applies his question to the ongoings of nature and history indicates that by profit he has something more in mind than work and wages, or dollars and cents. The word means literally surplusage. What surplusage: what is there left over, when a man's work, when a generation's work, when the world's work is done? And you remember how the lack of surplusage in life is emphasized by his thought of things returning on themselves, like a great wheel that comes round full circle and starts again, ever again, but does not get forward; so that when you compare generations each with each there is nothing new under the sun.

Such is Koheleth's picture of his world, comparable to Dürer's; I have spoken of it many times here, because to me it is the most fundamental and searching estimate of the old dispensation that exists; and besides it furnishes the evolutionary clue to the new birth that here takes place. Surplusage; surplusage of life; vitality, as it were, liberated to excess, overflowing; life enough for the soul's own needs, and life to spare for the needs of others: that is what the dead-locked world needed, and what in the fulness of time it began to have. Koheleth had raised the inquiry "What surplusage?" and searching into life had found little shreds of it here and there, in wisdom, in the joy of the God-appointed work, in the faith

which takes all chances. But he had not learned to give this overflow of life the right name; had not reached its innermost secret; and so his search for surplusage remained largely a thing of shreds and patches, nay pathetically small, compared with the immense reality. This we can see, as soon as the reality stands before us. When He who embodied it came, and told the world what He came for: after describing the earlier ones, who came and lived only for what they could get, He said of Himself: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." His word is *περισσόον*, literally and exactly this idea of Koheleth's; — that they might have a surplus, an overflow of life. His whole attitude to life, and all the conduct He founded on it, was keyed to this idea of self-impartment: life imparted, flowing out like the waters of a fountain, working to vitalize other lives; and not at all as a thing taken in, gloated over and made luxurious, or employed merely for what could be got out of it. This self-impartment of life, put into character, can mean nothing less, nothing other, than loving your fellow-man. Under law, you either work for wages or else try to dodge the penalty of transgression; that is about what it reduces to; and it is all a self-regarding, self-seeking, self-cultivating, and so inward-flowing current of spirit, which makes yourself the centre of your system. Under love all this is reversed; the spiritual current is outward, flowing to give life and joy and truth to other hearts; but you do not impoverish, rather you enrich your own life thereby. You are a great deal more of a man than you were before; you have secured the supreme significance of manhood. In other words, you have all the life you need for your own uses and more, nay, becoming more as it spends itself; every pulsation of love for your fellow-man is a veritable overflow of life, from the vitalized heart into the world. That is the reason why I entitle this section *The Outward Current*. From a living soul, as St. Paul expresses it, man has become a life-giving spirit; it is this reversed current of being that has made him so.

Here I think we have an idea of life that fits into our evo-

lutionary conception. It is the law of the spirit of life that at the critical point where manhood evolution merges into its highest and adult stage, there takes place what may be called a liberation of the life-force to excess, an overflow of vitality; so that thenceforth the man is not merely self-contained and self-regarding, not merely a reservoir of vitality; but a fountain of vitality, a source of life and refreshment to the world, self-imparting and self-forgetting. This is the ideal, put in quasi-chemical terms. It is the supply of what Koheleth felt the lack of: the surplusage, which in his world was so doubtful, yet to his prophetic soul was so needful an element to progress. This elementary conception of it has many connotations: it has to be accommodated, in fact, to every dialect of life. We have spoken of the soul under tutelage of law, and with the sense of being a minor; well, here the majority bell has struck, and henceforth the soul is self-directive, a man among men. We have spoken of a pervading sense of bondage and fear; well, here the consciousness that fills the soul is the sense of freedom and confidence. We have spoken of the man whose individuality was baffled by his earthly and hereditary conditions; well, here the spirit that is in him has free course to pour itself forth spontaneously on the world and on the task; and the key to it all, its absolute guarantee of safety and sanity, is, that this overflow of a vitality derived from the spirit of God is just the emergence and pure impulse of love. In this all the stress and struggle after law, obedience, righteousness, and all the livable relations with the world, reaches its perfect and as it were natural solution. He that loves his neighbor works him no ill; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. The ideal of fulfilment so long sought is reached at one easy bound, as soon as the spirit rays outward, as soon as love is in free play. But how crude and rudimental this fulfilling looks, by the side of what more love brings into life. Fulfilling of law is merely the negative and inert side of love — worketh no ill, virtually leaving neighbor alone — and yet the law, as such, is satisfied. But over against it put the whole new world of life values and activities, when the spirit,

vitalized by love, overflows in good sympathies and good works, forgetting self, or rather finding its truest self-interest in the welfare of neighbor and the new-birth of a world.

Such are the evolutionary aspects of the case; and while the contemplation of them throws light on the depths and involvements of being, yet fortunately the world did not have to wait for the era of scientific research to get its revelation of this profoundest truth of the world. We can get at it best, indeed, by attending to the limpid simplicities of the matter. Love is, after all, the great simplifier. When our Lord put before men the kingdom of God, to which men must be born, He treated that birth as a beginning of the simplest, sweetest things; and setting a child in the midst, He said that men must receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child. We can see why, when love is the light of our seeing. Simple and natural as it is, it is the mark of that growth of the spirit which we have already noted, wherein men dare to love and trust instead of to fear and fight. A little child, in its perfect openness of love and trust, is the bravest being in the world, brave because so unconscious of its courage, the bravest and the most overcoming. It has found the sublimely clear way to the conquest of the kingdom. Yes, the child on its millstone, asleep over its uncongenial work, must awake and become the dominating influence of the picture; and as it sends its ray of trustful love into the energies of things, and thus takes the helm of progress, the hard strained look will melt from that mighty spirit of man, and the compasses will strike the right line, and the shapeless block will round into the perfect pattern, the completed sphere of character and destiny. No more a magic self-contained square, with the passing-bell already trembling to strike above it, but the sphere of perfected relations, heart to heart and man to man, ready for its place at the top of the ladder, where the tower goes up out of sight. Wagner, you know, in his Parsifal, is dreaming of an innocent fool who shall heal the diseases and foulnesses of the world; in his Lohengrin, of a spotless yet ignorant knight who shall overcome; in his Siegfried, of an untutored, run-wild

product of nature, who shall somehow, in the twilight of the heathen gods, open the new radiance of Christianity. But none of them strike into the ongoings of the world as a force and power there; they do not create but only suffer and achieve; and they all leave the intractable world at last, by death, or treachery, or translation, — leave it with only the memory of a vision. Our Lord opens the simpler way, the way not for the exceptional knight or giant or fool, but for every common man and every prosaic life. Receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child; dare in the perfect courage of the childlike heart to love and trust, to lay aside fear and fighting and the strain and strenuousness of puzzled study, and the door of the kingdom of heaven lies wide open. How many are ready, even in this age of the world, to commit themselves to this simple ideal of love, accepting it without reservations and safeguardings on this side and that, and to ensue the consequences?

One difficulty is, and has been, that men, though looking out into the universe and seeing love and mercy there, have been too ready to treat that love as working only in one direction; only in the direction from heaven to earth. As the long-suffering love of God became more evident to them, they have hastened to accept it and make it available for their purposes, without adequate committal to the human return it should engender. The power that evolves the universe is a spirit that loves and forgives; what then shall the recipient of such favor do about it? Receive it and make use of it, of course; but too many have stopped there, and just have banked on it, as one more instrument for furthering their own alien ends. Like Heine's blasphemous wit on his death-bed, after a consciously misspent life, their lives have too often and too affrontingly said, "God will forgive, *c'est son métier*, it is His trade." And so that love of God has been allowed to minister to their greed and their lazy transgression; they have lived their old selfish life and banked on getting forgiveness at the end. This is not childlikeness; it is mere perverse childishness. But you must note this: that this revelation of mercy and allowance, is just

the polar opposite of self-seeking or even of justice: it proclaims the spirit of God as a spirit of free grace, as love unbought, undeserved, pouring itself forth on the world out of its own infinite fulness. That is the only true interpretation of love; all that stops short of this contains still some tinge of barter, of reward, of commercialism. And that is the interpretation which has been coming slowly, — how slowly, and with what difficulty, — into the free ideals of manhood. It is the outward current, the free unrestrained overflow and surplussage, which because it is felt in the universe, is by that fact recognized as the real ideal of manhood and life. If the spirit bearing witness with ours is the spirit of God, how can our spirit find true communion otherwise than as a spirit of grace, daring to love not because our neighbor is lovable and deserving, not even because thereby we would secure his answering love and so conserve our greater dignity and safety, but because our spirit of love flows in the same majestic direction as the mystic spirit that witnesses with it. Love unprovoked, without reference to payment or consequences; such is the ideal of life that is struggling to the birth. When we see its height and depth as it is, how can we regard it otherwise than as a transcendent element of life, a miracle, if you please, from the unseen places, far beyond the scope of what may be commanded, far outrunning the empire of law. Yet with the fulness of time the ideal has come; a veritable law of the spirit of life; we cannot deny it, we cannot attain rest until it is in us. You remember how absolutely, how uncompromisingly, St. Paul has set it forth, by drawing out a kind of scale of values, measuring it by the response that different shades of life elicit. "For scarcely for a righteous man," he says, "will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die." The human response may be put forth haltingly and sporadically when some worthy man comes who deserves it, some man whose disinterested love elicits an answer after its own kind. "But," the ideal goes relentlessly on to say, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ dies for us." And who is Christ? Is he

not bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; is He not, in truth, the coming Man, whom law has struggled to create, and prophecy has worked into progressive vision? Is not this the perfect, ultimate expression of that liberation of the spirit to excess, that surplusage and overflow of love, which stops not at desert or answering worthiness in the object, but is the copy of the spirit of God? And if one died for all, then were all dead. There, my friends, whether you take it or leave it, there is the ultimate ideal of manhood's capabilities.

"It is high, I cannot attain unto it," is doubtless the answer that springs into your heart here. Yes, it is high, as heaven is above earth; yet the holiest manhood is committed to it; we are bound that way; we remain in deadlock, surrounded by the broken implements of our toil, without it. And what less can we augur of an evolution that begins with the brooding spirit of God, warming into life the timid and halting, yet ever more confident, reactions of the human spirit? Why, here is the point where the spirit of man, stronger at last than death, steps forth free, adult, master of its impulses and actions. Men have tried, as we saw at the beginning of our study, to peer curiously into that spirit's destiny, by interrogating the occult, by exploring the dim tracts of psychism and hypnotism and mediumship and dreams; but all they could discover was a mysterious underworld of subliminal consciousness, out of which came here and there a fitful flash of some strange unclassified power, they knew not what. Was it not their mistake that they were looking toward the underworld, down toward the instinctive rudiments of being, where men are still the puppets of arbitrary nature? No, not downward is the direction, but inward, inward, inward, to the central point where, in the dawning of light, the spirit of man and the spirit of God are beginning their communion together, in a mystic common witness of which nothing but the final seeing eye to eye in love, and the final coöperation in the work of a kingdom, can be the key. I believe it is so. The central rudimental instinct is the instinct of the spirit; and the only worthy definition and dignity of that we find in the creative

spirit of God. The revelations of our subconscious self are all well enough; we do not reject them; but let us be sure they are grounded in a centre worthy of our highest nature, worthy not only of what we are but of what our hearts beat on to be. Thus it is, if ever, that the unfolding of the life beyond can become clear, and authentic, and pure.

But transcendent as all this is, it begins, it pursues its whole course, in the most universal relations of life. What other thing is there that fills the world so full, after all, as love? Viewed in this supreme manifestation it seems, and is, a transcendental thing, so high that we faint in the contemplation of it. But does not a new world open, and a new impulse of labor and sacrifice, to every young man and every young woman, that have found, out of all the world, the heart to which his or her affections may be married? How God is revealing love all the while in the family, in the friend, in the neighbor; how it expands in wisdom and strength from the neighbor — the boor that is nigh — the tiller of the soil and working man whose activities lie next to ours — onward to the community, and the clan, and the nation, and the race; yes, onward, in a divine momentum, to humanity and the world that God has made. Why, this love that I have been describing is just the final opening of the gates, so that what began with lover and lass, father and son, brother and sister, still narrow and rudimentary in all, though genuine, in all, is an unchecked fountain for all the world, flowing at last free and full, and consciously identified with the spirit of the universe. The race of man is some day not only to accept and acknowledge, but in very truth to *be* the Christ, the Messiah of its promise. This is what the law of the spirit of life, which so long has surged up to light and energy, finally amounts to; the far destiny of its evolutionary uprising lies involved in it.

Our subject has now become so broad, and the radiations of this outward current are so many, that I must needs exercise care here to keep rigorously to the main channel, lest we lose ourselves in complexities. You may know then, if questions rise, that I am postponing many things here calling im-

portunately for remark; postponing them in order first of all to get the one dominating line; and indeed there is coming a more fitting place for the various applications to life. Meanwhile, it is important to note that here we have reached the outer bounds of the world; in other words, the love by which at the fulness of the time manhood becomes vitalized is a love universal. It spreads upwards, downwards, everywhere; free and pervasive as the air; its only sufficing pattern the love of God. You can see what a marvelous chain of sequences lead to this; can see it in the simple terms of his growing insight. There has risen in humanity an ideal that at some stage of being every man, his individuality complete and accountable, may do what seems good to him; but to this end he must attain to a table-land whereon the good that seems shall be real and absolute, whereon he shall see things as they are. Now in order to see things as they are, he must love them; there is no other way to enter into their life, with its motions to good, its tendencies to evil. Without that penetrative, allowance-making love, he stays outside. But further, I am speaking of a communion which can only be with beings like-minded, a communion wherein both parties can enter on equal terms; and man's equal party, his likeness and image, is just his fellow-man. If he has idealized him to the Son of man, still He is the brother-man, wiser and holier, and so Lord of man's will. There is the object of his regard. In order to see the good in his fellow-man he must love his fellow-man; to see it in the ongoings of the world, he must love the mankind that makes up the world; to see it in God, still his way is to love his brother-man, for as St. John says, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" There is a bit of common sense for you. St. John, with all his mysticism, will not have a soul straining itself to get the rapturous emotional attitude toward God, when all the while his heart is hard toward any brother-man. A man that does that, he says, and professes thus to love God, is a liar. All this reduces, you see, to a free play of love through all the manhood being; it has the pulsation of uni-

versality; a man has reached the plane where he loves his kind not because his kind is lovely, or because his love would wait for and depend on any evoking occasion, but just because it is *in* him to love. Therefore it is a love not for those alone who are bound by ties of blood, for wife, family, comrade, clan, race, though all this has had its broadening and beneficent part in his evolution; it is a love also for enemies and persecutors, and for all who are in need or darkness, whether here or across the seas. "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?" you remember our Lord once asked. "And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." Some scoffers have treated this remark as if it betrayed a strain of heartlessness in Jesus, and especially when He startled men by a half-truth utterance of the same principle, saying that whoever would come after Him must hate his father and mother and relatives and forsake all he had. Why, it was just the utterance of a heart as big as the world, His translation of love from the terms of the family and the parish, from a narrow and blood-bound thing, to the free course of the love of God, love universal. A simple thing, after all, though so large; it is the emancipate spirit of life, which we may express in the words in which Lowell described the character of Abraham Lincoln:

Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

I confess there is no other revelation of Scripture which so fills me with amazement, is so manifestly of another world, as this. It almost takes one's breath away to reflect how fearlessly and absolutely this intrinsic love in man, and for man, is identified with the far-withdrawn life of God. "God is love," says St. John, "and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." There you have it; no theologian in the world, speculating on essences and attributes, on omniscience and omnipresence and omnipotence and omni-what you please, would

dare say that of his own motion; it is too sublimely simple. The divine is so revealed in that supreme human trait, the perfected capability of loving without bounds, that what can be predicated of the one is unconditionally predicated of the other.

Here is the essential note of contrast between the old and the new. Under an empire of law the soul looks up from the under side of things to a Power and Wisdom enthroned above it, and stretching out so vastly beyond man's power and wisdom that he cannot emulate them. He can do a little to discover and use them; he can to a limited extent deflect the forces of the universe, physical and moral, to his own purpose; but for the most part his rôle is one of simple submission to the inevitable, and of endeavor to make the best of it. If he is a slave, he looks up to the cosmic burden above him and groans under its weight. If he is an athlete, who accepts and masterfully wields his law of being, he still looks up thankfully to the Source of law, but he is apt also, unless a finer spirit imbues him, to look down on his weaker fellow and despise him; is proud, like the Pharisee, because he can work his law better than can his neighbor the publican. In the empire of grace and truth, the dominance of the outward current, all this is changed. It is no more looking upward, to a remote and alien Will which must be obeyed, nor looking down from a superior height on those whose works are less meritorious than ours. Here, you see, comes in St. Paul's distinction about the grounds of salvation: "not of works, lest any man should boast." No: it is just looking straight out into a brother's eyes, and making acquaintance with his soul, and sharing his human burden and lot. It is looking straight out, too, fearless and trustful, into a universe vitalized by such love. Then comes the amazing consciousness that in this attitude of love he is sharing, on equal and filial terms, in the central life of God; such love being the motion and spirit that rolls through all things. On this ground, as not on the ground of power and wisdom, he can actually emulate God. There is no more near and far, no more sense that the universe is an undiscovered and inacces-

sible realm beyond him, though in power and wisdom he still must keep to his insignificant place; here, in a love which is fruitful and friendly for all, he is dwelling, as at home, in the secret place of the Most High. His very humility but accentuates his essential likeness to God; it is "that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too." This idea, you remember, is Browning's favorite theme; he has laid out tremendous poetic effort on the expression of it. In his poem of Saul it reaches its most glowing height; where David, after having measured himself, in sense of utter insignificance, against the power and wisdom of the universe, goes on to say:

Yet with all this abounding experience, this deity known,
I shall dare to discover some province, some gift of my own.
There's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard to hoodwink,
I am fain to keep still in abeyance, (I laugh as I think)
Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot ye, I worst
E'en the Giver in one gift.— Behold, I could love if I durst!
But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake
God's own speed in the one way of love: I abstain for love's sake.

Thus the power to love rises in man's heart as a discovery, just as we have seen it rising; as a discovery of that in which man can emulate God. Of course he does not gloat over his new discovery long. It raises the question whether, after all, he is so far beyond the Father of his spirit:

Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete with it? Here, the parts shift?
Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—the end, what Began?

Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up or down
One spot for the creature to stand in!

So his discovery of love, with the deduction from it, becomes his discovery of Christ, who after all is his own nature, perfect and ideal.

This is the summit of manhood, as it comes to measure its potencies and use its free spirit of life. As thus in free play these potencies are too great for an earth-trained human na-

ture; but in fact life is not free from its fetters until it has reached this summit. Every point short of this, as soon as we put the check there, leaves life, in one way or another, as much in bondage as ever. Over against each halting-place of love rises a converse of hate or armed neutrality; suspicion and distrust, or jealousy and contempt, dark evil glances over the barrier; while the love that is prisoned inside is no more than a spiritual compact of offense and defense. So instead of making this marvelous pulsation of love a hallowing power to make us love all men better for loving one, every bound set makes an occasion to hate or ignore all outside the circle. This is not grace at all, but only a refined kind of business partnership. Take as illustration the Jews, whose tremendous distinction it is to have been the national vehicle whereby this salvation by grace was revealed. Their law had not dried up or made less intense their capacity of love; they had merely made it too exclusive. I have remarked that their great error was to have stopped at the race, to have magnified the law of the species to that point and then committed themselves to an arrested development. They could not get over the stumbling-block of Christ crucified, could not accept the ultimate consequences of a free play of universal grace. Yet within their bounds their love of race, intense and pure, furnishes almost the ideal pattern of love. Its error is just in its self-imposed barrier, which will not let the passion burst bonds and flow out to all the earth. And so just at that barrier-point cluster evils and hatreds as intense as is the love itself; and these bring on that race the answering hatred and distrust of the world. Like begets like. Here is how Charles Kingsley makes a Jew describe his race as it was in the fifth Christian century. "Alas, my lord," says a certain Jew secretary to the prefect, "you do not know the customs of that accursed folk. They have a damnable practice of treating every member of their nation as a brother, and helping each freely and faithfully without reward; whereby they are enabled to plunder all the rest of the world, and thrive themselves from the least to the greatest." Whether that is a fair description of the nation to-day I leave

you to judge. But that is another story. The Jewish spirit, as such, with its undeniably noble traits, may not be aware what ails it; but some day, St. Paul says, the veil will be taken from their hearts. Well, if it is, look out for the avalanche of human love which will mark their mission. Nor have we, as a so-called Christian nation, any great cause to boast. Patriotism, love of country, is a noble thing; but set the limit of love there and the nation is still capable of rejoicing, as it did a few years ago, over the success of a tariff which takes the bread out of another nation's mouth. I need not extend the illustration to the prodigious navies and armaments, as well as the finely exacting treaties, which one and all are the huge symbol of national distrust and fear; I need not speak of the churchly love which splits a doctrine between north and north-east side to make a fence round it, and has only *odium theologicum* for the outsiders; nor of the rancors and jealousies of private life, which are so often merely the reverse side of a too narrow, too restricted love. No: I give you the exact and rigorous truth: you stay the course and radiation of love at any point short of a whole humanity, and at that point it is not love at all; it is still in the shackles of an old bondage and an old fear.

What then do I owe to my fellow-man? A fair question this, echo though it be of the old Cain question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" What we owe to men, to life, to the world, is just our duty, what is due. The law has taught us that. And St. Paul, speaking for the adult man, and making the height of our duty correspond to the grade of our evolution, puts the whole matter into one short utterance: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." That is the whole extent of our debt; that is to say, we owe to mankind simply all that we are. It is the tremendous crowning-point of evolution, as moulded by the free spirit, that man has it in him to do that. Love does not let us off easily; but we cannot remonstrate; it is love's own chosen way, its only blessedness lies in that perennial obligation.

III. THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN

But a new element rises to view here. A debt so imperative, a self-sacrifice so absolute, a freedom so bound, — who shall lay it upon us as a duty? Through all those centuries of education in godlikeness men have learned to *receive* mercy and forgiveness, and the consciousness of that grace from the unseen places has made two results possible: either to make that immunity an occasion for carelessness, not to say transgression, or to make the law itself all the more holy and just and good. So it is that every advance in insight has its obverse and reverse sides, according as it is or is not accepted in the spirit of it. But when it comes to *showing* that same mercy and forgiveness, and embodying it in loving character, and when this is put before man as a debt that he owes, as a thing that as true man he must do, immediately Shylock's question rises to rebel, —

On what compulsion *must* I? tell me that.

And the same answer meets it:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath it: it is twice blest;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

But to secure the blessing of him that gives; in other words, to commit ourselves freely and without reservation to this new law of the spirit of life; this is the new problem that rises to view here, the last and crucial barrier to surmount. For we have reached the point where we can see over into the new life, can see its glory and its beauty; and we are aware that we have been lifelong recipients of just such grace and forgiveness; but to launch forth on it, as on a returnless ocean, and to make it the rule of living, — who is sufficient for that? Until there is actual committal of the will to it, the heart of man is still merely looking through the gates of his prison, merely contemplating the sunshine beyond. The untasted cup is at his lips.

He saith, "It is good"; still he drinks not: he lets me praise life,
 Gives assent, yet would die for his own part.

And so, high as we have come, dazzled as we are with the glory of it, still we must ask, as Browning asked of Saul, —

What was gone, what remained? All to traverse, 'twixt hope and despair;
Death was past, life not come.

This committal to the new spirit of life, here so absolute a requisite, is what we call faith; and this faith, in its essence, is the evidence, or as some translate it, the testing, of things not seen. It is, in the evolutionary dialect we have chosen, that supreme effort of the spirit of man by which he enters the majestic outward current of the universe, so as thenceforth to be consciously and willingly identified with it. Whether God or he has more part is an idle question; our concern is with the committal which constitutes his part. Until this is made, the whole new life remains merely a proffer, not a gift; and so a thing not understood at all, for it cannot be understood except by living it. This, you see, is only another way of saying, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Faith is the human initiative, as it makes the vital venture and enters the kingdom.

A man cannot make this committal by being told to make it. It is wholly beyond any law that can be laid upon him, anything that can be commanded. It must be a free motion on his own part, his own surrender, his own will. And yet, we do not know how, a strange other half comes to meet his act, and as soon as it comes he feels, he knows, that that other and unseen half is really the vital whole, and his half is nothing. Have you ever waked up in the night unable to stir, — as if somehow the wheels of your being were caught at a dead centre; — unable to make the slightest movement hand or foot, unable to cry out for help, every function but breathing at a dead syncope? You know how awful is the sense of this stoppage of the vital motions, though it be entirely without pain. And yet, the instant you succeed in making the smallest movement, hardly a movement at all, everything is right again, the currents of life resume their normal flow. Well, it has always seemed to me as if, on its

larger scale, the personal venture of faith were like that. One moment the being, though all ready to live, is at a deadlock and standstill; the next moment it is launched in the free current of the new life, with functions in full play, as if it were born so. It is like that man to whom our Lord said, "Stretch forth thy hand." What a command this, to one whose arm had been withered and inert for years, perhaps from birth, an atrophied member. And yet — somehow the effort was made, and the ruddy current of life came coursing down, and the man was made whole. It was, so far forth, the birth of a spirit, a will, and new vitality was the answer to it.

How much this committal of faith means, morally and practically, we can realize better by comparing its bold recklessness, as a virtue, with the self-contained and thrifty virtues of paganism and legalism. You remember I quoted from Chesterton the remark that Christianity had adopted the old pagan virtues, like justice and temperance, but had invented three wholly new ones, faith, hope, and charity, the so-called virtues of grace. He goes on then to contrast these new virtues with the old. Not stopping here to dwell on his first element of contrast, namely that, while the old are the sad virtues, these new are "the gay and exuberant virtues," we note that "the second evident fact, which is even more evident, is the fact that the pagan virtues are the reasonable virtues, and that the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and charity are in their essence as unreasonable as they can be." His exposition of this remark, though it strains the paradox a little, will bear thought. He shows first how eminently reasonable and self-justifying the pagan virtues are. "Justice," he says, "consists in finding out a certain thing due to a certain man and giving it to him. Temperance consists in finding out the proper limit of a particular indulgence and adhering to that. But," he goes on to say, "charity means pardoning what is unpardonable, or it is no virtue at all. Hope means hoping when things are hopeless, or it is no virtue at all. And faith means believing the incredible, or it is no virtue at all." This is his violent way of saying, what is essentially true, that these new virtues,

reversing the whole current of character from inward-flowing to outward, are just as unreasonable as they can be, and do their work of regenerating the decrepit old world by their very unreasonableness.

Before we go on to complete the application of this to our subject, it is worth while to quote Mr. Chesterton a little further, as especially relating to the greatest of these, charity, or love. "It is true," he says, "that there is a thing crudely called charity, which means charity to the deserving poor; but charity to the deserving is not charity at all, but justice. It is the undeserving who require it, and the ideal either does not exist at all, or exists wholly for them." Then later he sums up the general atmosphere, so to say, of the world pagan and the world Christian. "The beautiful and astonishing pagan world," he says, ". . . was a world in which common sense was really common;" while of the virtues which irradiate a Christian world he says: "They are all three paradoxical, they are all three practical, and they are all three paradoxical because they are practical. It is the stress of ultimate need, and a terrible knowledge of things as they are, which led men to set up these riddles, and to die for them. Whatever may be the meaning of the contradiction, it is the fact that the only kind of hope that is of any use in a battle is a hope that denies arithmetic. Whatever may be the meaning of the contradiction, it is the fact that the only kind of charity which any weak spirit wants, or which any generous spirit feels, is the charity which forgives the sins that are like scarlet. Whatever may be the meaning of faith, it must always mean a certainty about something we cannot prove. Thus, for instance, we believe by faith in the existence of other people."

This last sentence is not so much of an anticlimax as it sounds. To have faith in the existence of other people, with all their individual worlds of hopes and fears, handicaps and errors, is really the final application of faith to practice. Let us leave the ordinary notion of faith, that it is assent to a creed; it may include that, but it is a great deal more, and its central essence is something quite other. To say that by

faith you commit your whole being to an ideal is to say that you live *as if* a certain thing were true, conforming all your acts to that idea, and yet the thing to which you thus relate yourself does not yet exist, or if it does you cannot prove it, do not try to prove it; rather your faith virtually creates it, as an object to live for. Your faith is thus a kind of excess, an exuberance of being; you take that attitude when there is no reason in things or in men *for* you to act so; nay, the attitude may be absurd or dangerous from a reasonable point of view; and yet you act so because it is *in* you to act so, it is the spirit, the initiative, of your being so to do. This, you see, is just that overflow or surplusage of life that we have spoken of. It is the vitality that comes into a man when his ideal of things has laid hold of his will; Professor James speaks of it as "the will to believe"; though it is not so much the will to have faith as it is the will which is itself faith at work. It is something like the youthful spirit of adventure for the adventure's sake; only, with all the abandon of that, it sees an unseeable good beyond the adventure. It is like — nay it is, the leap from realism, which sees only a sordid and crooked and toil-enslaved world such as *Kohemoth* and the realists in general see, to idealism, to romance if you please, which creates a world more delightful, more righteous, more courageous, more capable of love, than actually exists, and which then casts the whole weight of its being into that scale. You can think how much this means. Why, it is as much as life is worth to have such faith as this. And it is large, it makes us large, just according to our ideal of the sum of things, according to the mighty horizon in whose bounds we move.

Now the reason why we cannot let faith stop with mere assent to a creed is because it is not mere passive surrender alone; it is an act, or rather a habitude of action; the very highest act of the spirit of man, its act when the spirit of God bears witness with it; it is in fact this life indeed in action. We speak of things at rest and things in motion; we contemplate them, as the phrase is, both statically and dynamically. Well, we have seen the statics of the new life: love to fellow-

man, taking its pattern from the pervasive love of God. Here in faith we have the dynamics of it: that same love tingling and quivering with energy, committing itself to a work in the world, to a creative contact with man as man, and daring to ensue the consequences. That is, it is faith in human nature; it is freely venturing to commit itself to human nature as it is, in that overflow of self-forgetting love; or as St. Paul says, it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." This, not because all things are there to believe in, — or rather to know, because if they were there you would know it, and not have to believe it at all, — but precisely because they are not there, and the faith would *create* them there. And this faith in human nature, as the mighty power of Christian love is with us to testify, is the greatest creative agency in the world. Without it, to call men out of their prison of worldliness, and out of the baseness in which they wallow, where would mankind be? Why, this faith in human nature, which brings love to men and gives them a chance to rise, is just what we have laughed at as an absurd and unreal thing, and the crude view of which has split denominations asunder, — what we call imputed righteousness. Imputed righteousness is just giving man a chance; the same as you give a drunkard who desires to reform all the help and encouragement in the world until he has reformed in actual fact. When he signs the pledge he is not a temperate man; he is the same old sot, with his raging appetite still pulling at his vitals; but you treat him as if he were a temperate man, you open to him all the freedom and privileges of the world of temperance into which you are introducing him; you accord him these though you know he will stumble and fall; you would be heartless and inhuman not to do so. Well, what is that? Imputed temperance, nothing less, nothing else. You impute to him the virtue that is possible, until he has made it real. Just so it is with all the virtues, all the potencies, of humanity. By your faith in human nature you treat them as if they were righteous when they are not righteous; you love them into righteousness; you give them by imputation all the benefits

of the completed virtue, until they have made the imputed virtue real. What else can you do, if you love men at all?

But you say faith is faith in God; you are afraid I will leave out the divine element. Don't be afraid; the divine element is all the while working with the human; it is the divine indeed that from its unseen depth is all the while taking the initiative. Your faith in human nature is faith in the God on whom human nature is to lay hold for salvation, just as you have already laid hold of that spirit which is in you to will and to do; your own faith is the laying hold of that unseen power, and by it you are new-born into that kingdom where He works and reigns. Not to have faith in Him is not to believe, not to take for granted, that He can manage the world that He is evolving and bring it to its goal. Faith in God? Why, God's court, God's believed nature, is just the clearing-house of all our ideas of effective work in the world. That nature of God, walked in as if known, lived in as the only solution of life, is our constant base of supplies. Here is where, by contrast, the deadly blight of agnosticism appears. To live as if the source and impulse of your evolution could not be known is to cling to the bondage, the inertia, the paganism, the death, of realism; you are condemned thereby to treat the world as it is, and to get out all your ideals by experiment, by the rule of thumb, having no clearing-house of love and high standards to measure by. Think how much more it means when, having by the sublime uprising of faith risen out of agnosticism, you hold it true, and live as if it were true, that God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Now you have the principle by which to make your ideal no more a rule of thumb, a thing groped after and always doubted, but real and feasible, and known by its mighty works.

But your faith in God, your primal reference, so to say, to your clearing-house of ideal, translates itself in its final application to faith in your brother-man. It becomes a kind of spirit of adventure in which you go forth to make man from what he is to what he ought to be. In so doing you must

reckon with all his untowardness, all his baseness, all his depths of degradation; and your knowledge or agnosticism is not sufficient to this; it must be a reckless launching forth on the shoreless ocean of faith, must be an overflow of your own life beyond reasonable bounds. As Chesterton says, it is, in its very essence, just as unreasonable as it can be. But it, and it alone, has that other mark of full life that he mentioned: it is full of joy, abandon, gaiety, exuberance. As a virtue of grace it contrasts itself with the sad virtues of paganism, or the painful obedience of that empire of law wherein, as St. Paul says, men were "shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed." Joy is the note of the full tide of being, wherein all the functions of life are in free play, making music together. What a misapprehension it is under which men labor, that the Christian life of love is a solemn, sanctimonious, morose, despairing thing! Do you know that even so great a man as Edmund Clarence Stedman has so mistaken the reality of things as to say that that picture of Dürer's, his "Melancholia," represents the Genius of Christianity! Why, this full tide of faith, wreaking its energies on the needs of the world, is the joyfulest thing, the sanest, most enthusiastic thing in the world. Stedman wrote while our age was still under the morbid influence of a half-faith; you recall the period well; when, with Tennyson and Matthew Arnold and their school, men were trying to have faith in God, and mooning and mourning over the seeming malignities that they found in Nature. It was a kind of dead-lift of faith, trying to pull itself up by the boot-straps, and it found expression, or tried to, in the contemplation of those sad seers

Who trusted God was love indeed
 And love Creation's final law—
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
 With ravine, shriek'd against his creed.

That was only a half-faith, — afraid God wouldn't, or couldn't, do his part; it assumed that if only God would manage things right, humanity could do the rest. But the real progress of things is to get out of this half-faith; to trust in your clearing-

house, your base of supplies, taking for granted that God has as large an ideal at heart as we have, — and then live up to it. The only way to live up to it is to *be yourself* love indeed, and then you are contributing your part to make love creation's final law. And just as soon as you do that, applying that love in the freedom of the spirit to your neighbor at your side, your doubt and sadness melt into an exuberant, adventurous joy. Your life becomes genial, rays out to meet and illumine all other life. You don't have to strain and struggle to live, or figure on how to get up the proper emotional state for happiness, you *live* by radiating life. Chesterton describes one of the well-known men of this age in these words: "He was one of those people who live up to their emotional incomes, who are always taut and tingling with vanity. Hence he had no strength to spare; hence he had no kindness, no geniality; for geniality is almost definable as strength to spare. He had no god-like carelessness; he never forgot himself; his whole life was, to use his own expression, an arrangement. He went in for 'the art of living' — a miserable trick." Geniality — strength to spare — the god-like carelessness which forgets self — these are marks of that adventurous life which has committed itself to faith in human nature. And its alternative is, either vanity, all shut up in the contemplation of one's own cleverness and cultivating the art of living, or else the morbid inertia of that half-faith which cannot take God's gracious love as a thing to be known, and exulted in, and poured out in good deeds on the world.

Such faith in human nature is no weakling virtue. I am not prophesying to you smooth things, or idle emotions of sweet belief; am not opening the vision of a life that drifts lazily down the stream of years with no hand on oar or rudder. No: with all its strain of purest joy, the only true joy of living, such life of faith, which can love enemies and suffer injustice and dare to turn the other cheek, connotes the highest courage. It requires pluck, stamina, to love your fellow-man through thick and thin, to keep that love in you burning brightly and without flicker of inconsistency or abatement; it is as much

as life is worth. "God hath not given us," as St. Paul says, "the spirit of cowardice, but of power, and of love, and of sanity — a sound mind."

We need to keep constantly in mind our base of operations, and so I must have you note again that this life I am portraying — this life of universal love, universal faith, universal hope — is life on the larger scale, on a scale as large as the largest it can ever be in us to be. It is just the life of the spirit, of the outward current, wherein we magnificently dare to take the initiative and wreak ourselves "soul-forward, headlong" on the world as we see it, or rather as we see what is ideally in our manhood. But this larger scale magnifies everything in proportion, and the depths that are possible are correspondingly just as great as are the possible heights. We have become, so to say, original; and both original sin and original righteousness partake in this enlargement of relation. I am using the word original, you see, not in its mystic theological sense but in the sense which we give it in everyday parlance. We have reached the point where it is our adult function to have about us something individual and original; not necessarily that we do differently from everybody else, but that we do it of our own motion. So far forth, as St. Paul says, we are dead to law, that is, to doing things merely because some external will has imposed it upon us. And so our original sin, if we are foolish enough to incur it, is really originative; not a fated thing to which we are born, whether we will it or not, nor a blind stupid pitfall into which we tumble heels over head, and then either curse or pity ourselves because we find ourselves caught, but what is called a "sin against light," a sin in which we know what we are about, and deliberately choose it, and in which our new-born power and love and sound mind are all outraged. In like manner our righteousness has become individual and originative, artistic so to say; it takes the color and thrust of our personality; not a thing which the givers of the law, or the officers of the church, wound up and set going, to run thenceforth of itself, but a thing again in which our new-born power and love and sound mind have free

and fearless course. There is the note of originality about them both; and this is what makes them great and manlike. The adult man ought to count it shame to be like a jelly-fish, which environment and heredity can mux all up and tread into shapelessness, or a chameleon, which takes any color that will keep it out of danger; he belongs to the higher species which has a backbone and an emancipated will, and which to any alien action against it can oppose the overcoming reaction of individual judgment and wisdom.

You remember how Kipling has set forth this need of originality in life, by contrast, in his striking poem entitled "Tomlinson." He has done it so brutally as to make it sound coarse, but this is merely his way of hitting the nail on the head with such a resounding blow that the reader's attention must respond; and we can take whatever truth it has without the brutality. Tomlinson of Berkeley Square, you know, gave up the ghost and went to his eternal account. He had always lived a conventional parasitic sort of life, depending on others and taking the passive color of circumstances; but now he found that in order to balance his books he must answer some searching questions.

"Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer loud and high
The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever ye came to die—
The good that ye did for the sake of men in little earth so lone!"

At which his naked soul grew white with terror:

"O I have a friend on earth," he said, "that was my priest and guide,
And well would he answer all for me if he were by my side."

But to this he only got the response that Ezekiel long ago anticipated, that this was not a partnership but an individual matter, —

"For the race is run by one and one and never by two and two."

Then he could only look vainly up and down, and falter out:

"O this I have read in a book," he said, "and that was told to me,
And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in Muscovy."

But this would not go either, and as inexorable destiny gripped him closer, he could look back and forth and whimper,

"O this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and this I have heard men say,
And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl in Norrway."

But the stern answer to all this paltering was,

"O none may reach by hired speech of neighbour, priest, and kin
Through borrowed deed to God's good meed that lies so fair within;
Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong, for doom has yet to run,
And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley Square uphold you,
Tomlinson!"

Then they took him to the other place, where sat as stoker and judge the Satan who, whatever his abysmal evils, had from the first character enough to have striven with God and taken the consequences; and here the other side of the account was opened.

"Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer loud and high
The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or ever you came to die."

Yes, he could think of a foul fleshly wrong he had done; but, falling back on Adam's excuse, he said it was not he, it was the woman who tempted him; and to this came the same objection as to his borrowed good deed:

"For the race is run by one and one and never by two and two."

Then, as he went on to rake up what he had heard, and what was noised abroad, and what he had got out of French books, only to be met by the peremptory demand,

"Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o' the eye or the sinful lust of the flesh?"

he managed to recall one deadly sin; whereat Satan —

"Did ye read of that sin in a book?" said he; and Tomlinson said, "Ay!"

In utter contempt Satan gave him over to his tricksey crew to "winnow him out," as he said; and they did it with unction;

And back they came with the tattered Thing, as children after play,
And they said: "The soul that he got from God he has bartered clean away.
We have threshed a stook of print and book, and winnowed a chattering wind
And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his we cannot find:
We have handled him, we have dandled him, we have seared him to the bone,
And sure if tooth and nail show truth he has no soul of his own."

So finally he is sent back to earth again, fit neither for heaven nor hell; sent back to carry a sturdier word, the word of manhood initiative and individuality, to the Sons of Men. It is Kipling's strong and brutal version of Browning's similar idea of the awful court of judgment and award,

that sad obscure sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain.

I keep drawing, as you see, upon the poetry and fiction of our day, the literature that we all have in our libraries; and this I do advisedly, because, when we read it with the key in mind, it is alive with flashes of the truth absolute, which piece by piece God is all the while revealing to men. But the Bible also, whose central theme we are tracing, is a literature; it, like our modern literature, is the majestic stream of story and poetry and parable by which men like us have put into words the law of the spirit of life as it came to light. One main difference between it and our literature is, that in its large outcome it always holds the balance true; while in modern literature it is hard to find a mind, however gifted, who does not err by excess on one side or the other. Here, for instance, our truculent friend Kipling has so violently emphasized the element of individuality that it seems to fill the whole horizon; as if a man's supreme virtue were to have an entity of his own, not a hearsay or book-learned or parasitic entity; while our exuberantly optimistic friend Browning is just about as far over the other way; as if every ruined life had only to await some far time and place to be taken into an irresistible Hand, and in a way apart from its bent or will remoulded to its original heavenly design. Both poets, in their zeal for the truth they see, tip the balance a little one-sidedly; their inspiration, as we should say, is not plenary. The fault is, they have not reckoned adequately with the law of the spirit of life; have an imperfect ear for some chords of its music. The Bible writers also, like all fervid seers, overstate things sometimes; perhaps they could not wake sluggish attention without; but

in the end the Book foots up even, for it has the Spirit without measure, and as our Lord promised to His disciples, the Spirit guides eventually into all truth, by taking of the things of His perfect manhood and showing to men.

But the Spirit also shows them things to come; with the coming of full-orbed life to light comes also immortality. Both these poets speak in parables of another world; they are setting forth, in the images current among men, what is to be when eternity in the heart comes out beyond the bewilderments of time and space. But so also does the Bible speak in parables, in the same images current among men. To balance up these poets' picturings let us turn to the great scripture parable of judgment, wherein the Spirit of Christ shows us the undying principles of things to come. You know what I mean: that tremendous scene in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, where before the throne of eternal award are gathered all nations, Christian and heathen alike. There too the essential matter is not what has been read from a book or deduced from a written code, but what has struck into the tissues of individual life. Let us for a moment dismiss from our minds that picture which has so usurped the main place in the imagination of many: of a great menagerie of sheep and goats, or a crowd standing right and left before a throne, disembodied souls shivering between a glory and a flame. The parable, in fact, does not assume that they are disembodied, nor that they are in a post-obituary world; and each sentence of judgment fills this world as full as it does the other, fills the universe as far as the law of the spirit of life extends. You remember on what that august Inasmuch as ye have, or have not, done it, turns. Not on their being aggressively individual, as in Kipling; though each for himself they are, and the judgment is individual; not on the question of soul integrity or disintegration, as in Browning; though this is a profound element of their case; but solely on the disinterested love and faith that is in each man, on how the spirit of their life has been directed. Those souls have not been buying heaven on their merits, nor incurring hell as more or less blundering culprits; there is an

entire lack of that grading in their awards which such a standard would require. They have just been living their life, a life as spontaneous as breathing; and the question turns on what that life has been, as it acted on man as man. The souls on the one side, you remember, are surprised to find that they have been living a life of eternal blessedness, the self-same life that is in their Judge, when they did not know it; just by letting that divine instinct of love and faith have free course with the least and neediest, whom Christ identifies with Himself as brothers. The souls on the other side, too, are surprised — why? Not because they have done such base and heinous things; indeed they seem to think they have been very worthy and respectable people, ready to do Christ a good turn when they saw Him, — but they never saw Him. They might have seen Him all the while; He had delegated His presence everywhere among them; but they had steeled their cold hearts, or left unopened their sluggish and indifferent hearts, to the plight in which, in the person of the neediest and unworthiest ones, He stood before them. In other words, it is because of what they have left undone; they have not let out their personality in the one direction worthy of full manhood, the free outward current of love and faith. Man's salvation — the word salvation, you know, means the soul's wholeness and health, — man's immortality, lies in his being the glad vehicle of the grace of God; that is the truth of the parable. But, you say, the eternal element, — that awful spectre of everlasting punishment, — what of that? Would you live in a world of law and order and have it otherwise? Just think out what would be if some day the higher order of things, in which we trust and rejoice, should reverse itself, and an apathetic unloving heart be happy. It is the eternal law of being, unaffected by lapse of time or change of worlds, that love and faith in the life are their own blessedness and light, and that the lack of these, the deadness of apathy no less than the burning of hate, has inherent in it the unending curse of the Evil One. Take it or leave it: that is the tremendous alternative revealed in the perfected evolution of manhood.

Such is the unescapable ideal, when life and immortality come to light together. I have already tried your patience, perhaps too long, in tracing its elements; but two or three things remain to say, belonging especially to the fact that this is the life, the motion, of that initiative which we call the spirit. On this larger scale, as I said, everything is large in proportion; and we must accommodate our thought to it, all along the line.

Well, in the first place, you have noticed that this parable of judgment does not say anything to either party about the sins they have committed or avoided,—in the sense, I mean, of the transgression of law, or mistakes and blunders, or failure to live up to their moral obligations. It is all about the spirit in which they have lived; that attitude toward their brother-men, of active helpfulness or inert indifference, which has become to them a second nature, as instinctive as breathing. Strange, is it not, to men who under the long empire of law had got their whole life interpreted in terms of a huge debit and credit account? The debit and credit idea, the question of obligation and justice, has wholly disappeared, and the free spirit of life has taken its place. Mercy, it would seem, has swallowed up judgment, and the sins, as such, are forgiven, blotted out of the book. This is what has been held out before men, as a heartening influence, a reassuring hope, all through their twilight period, when they were as children stumbling along towards the light, or as bond-slaves with the inevitable burdens of life upon them. Where sin abounded grace did much more abound. “All manner of sin and blasphemy,” as our Lord says, “shall be forgiven unto men.” All? All except one; and here comes in the awfulest revelation of the Bible. There is one sin that cannot be forgiven. “Who-soever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.” You know the vague speculations that have clustered round this mysterious sin against the Holy Spirit; I remember how, when I was a boy, people used to con-

jecture, with bated breath, what particular vice or iniquity it might be, and wonder if a man might fall into it without being aware of the fact. It seemed like a kind of trap which the arbitrary Power above had set and hid in the way, for men to tumble into inadvertently. But I think the scale and level of truth we have reached removes the mystery. The sin against the Holy Spirit — the spirit of wholeness and health — is just the rejection of the spirit of life. It takes a peculiarly hardened, not to say utterly perverted and fiendish, heart to reject the gracious spirit of life, when its motions and fruits are seen. You remember what it was that called forth this assertion of our Lord's. The Pharisees, seeing Him do the self-same works of goodwill and love which as Judge He pronounces blessed, said, in a frenzied antipathy of bigotry, "Why, this is devil's work; this fellow is in league with Beelzebub." Jesus did not resent this malignant word as against His person; but, he said, the spirit that can say such a thing, the spirit that would bring forth the fruits of such a verdict, why, it is the polar opposite of anything like forgiveness, love, helpfulness, faith; how can a spirit that cannot forgive be forgiven? It stops, so to say, the circulation of the current of life, which is flowing from the Father of spirits to the least and lowest corner of His creation. So the matter, with all its awful portent, comes back to the same test of life that we have seen applied in the parable of judgment; simple, yet as radical as life itself. On this subject let our American Hawthorne, who you know made such lifelong specialty of the pathology of the human heart, speak the defining word. In his story of Ethan Brand, you remember, he portrays a man who, in the cold spirit of research, set out to find the unpardonable sin; and he roamed the world over, stopping at nothing that seemed to promise a solution of his problem; blighting hearts and ruining many a life, without mercy or compunction; only to find at last that the sin was in his own heart, and had so demonized his nature that his very laugh caused a shudder in whoever heard it. He had come back from his long quest to the place where years before he had worked as a humble

lime-burner; now a highly educated man, with a sardonic sense of utter separateness from his kind, whom one and all he despised, and with an intellect as keen and hard as steel; "but," Hawthorne goes on to say, "where was the heart? That, indeed, had withered, — had contracted, — had hardened, — had perished! It has ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother-man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment, and, at length, converting man and woman to be his puppets, and pulling the wires that moved them to such degrees of crime as were demanded for his study."

Such an extreme of human perversity must necessarily be exceptional in actual fact; there are too many motions of our God-given nature working against the completion of it. Through some chink the power of disinterested love or self-forgetting faith will filter in: through the family, or the lover, or the comrade, or the country, or the cause of generous endeavor, nay, even through the art or research in which for the sake of the world's welfare or instruction a man may lose his selfishness. There are many feeders, when we come to think of it, to our soul's health and wholeness; we do not have to get it all out of a book; many avenues by which the light and life, that are smiting themselves into the universe, come in to vitalize in various degrees our individual being, and help us live, as God lives, for other than selfish issues. The very work we do, which we love and try to make prevail for the upbuilding of the world because in some individual feature we can do it better than any one else, is a means of grace. And so the rank and file of us, musing as we are on how to be a strength and uplift to some less endowed comrade, and how thus to leave the world better than we found it, are in the position of learners undergoing a gracious education; the fact that we are not beyond forgiveness, and that we can bank on sufficient grace, is proof of this. For forgiveness is essentially a recipro-

cal thing; it cannot exist one-sidedly; the fulness of life that we receive is a fulness of grace for grace. It was there for Ethan Brand all the while, just as the air and the water and the food of earth all the days of his hardening career kept him alive and contributed to the discipline of that merciless intellect; it was there though his sin was unpardonable; but because he would not open his being to it, by loving as he was loved, and committing himself according to the committal that life itself had made to him, it must remain an unfinished thing, a proffer and not a gift. It cannot be otherwise; it is the law of the spirit of life. So the prayer that is taught us, by which our daily object-lesson is kept in mind, is, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

But by the same pervasiveness of grace for grace the other extreme of the scale is just as majestic as the one we have considered was terrible; a height as great as the depth. As in the tremendous gift of spiritual freedom there inheres the possibility of a sin unpardonable, so in the same divine trust inheres the potency of a well-being which no discount of flesh or lower nature or evil heredity can impair beyond forgiveness. And this is it. This spirit of life, moving freely as "faith which worketh by love," redeems the whole man. No accumulated debt of the lower nature can over-balance it; it is what the Scripture calls the power of an endless life. We have done our best, I am inclined to think, to make the idea of redemption unreal and remote, by regarding it as a sort of churchly magic, and narrowing its operation to the historic work of one Person. It is Christ, we say, who redeems us, and other foundation can no man lay. That is profoundly true. But as our study has revealed Christ in idea, as the perfect manhood after which the spirit of man has dimly struggled, the idea of the redemption He works is correspondingly enlarged and clarified. We have, in fact, found the essential Christ; found Him in the spirit of grace and the courage of faith. Suppose this essence of highest manhood, by whatever historic agency it got there, becomes the life and motive power of the individual man. Well, this redeems his nature; wherever he is, America

or Timbuctoo, whenever he lives, twentieth century or dark ages; redeems him according to the completeness with which it possesses him. Our best approach to the notion of redemption, I think, is the simplest; just through our everyday current terms. We say of a man he has some disagreeable unpleasant things about him — I suppose that may be said of many of us — or he has the relics of old vices and evil habits; but he has this redeeming character, that he is square as a die, you know where to find him, and that he will stand loyally and comradelike by any one in misfortune or need. And that is the kind of man we can tie to. We can forgive him a great deal, we can forgive him everything, for the sake of that. Well, don't you see, that is what redeems him; the good-hearted, common-sense world pronounces him redeemed by that controlling quality; and do you suppose God will do less? And this simple pronouncement translates these great concepts of love and faith into the idiom of every common life; you can see how they apply to the laborer, and the outcast, and the business man, and the man who is lost in the crowd, no less than to the church member and the millionaire and the man of high position. It is the magnetic pulsation of the great loving, suffering heart of humanity that redeems him, that makes him an uplifting and vitalizing power, and therefore in essence a new man. Every lowliest position in life is its opportunity; its leaven is pervasive everywhere. The living spirit of the universe is there, working according to its sphere; as the mystic beauty of the ocean resides in the rill and the dewdrop. For what is being square as a die, or whatever President Roosevelt called "the square deal," but just the majestic fulfilling of the law of truth; and what is standing by your brother-man in need and trouble, but the practical dynamic of love? It is the one direction in which life may be so focussed as to be aware of its essential unity and common centre. All else — knowledge, culture, money-getting, ambition, power — is centrifugal; it scatters men into classes and warring interests and tends to hardness of heart. But here on this level neither God nor man can be a respecter of per-

sons; the race may have these separating tendencies, but this resolves them and redeems the man.

You know what a rôle this simple idea of the redeeming trait has played in literature through the past half-century. The most popular theme of poetry and fiction, perhaps, has been some form of heroic self-sacrifice, or the finding of a true and loving heart in the most unpromising men and places. It is this detection of the soul of good in things evil that has set authors to raking the slums and the mining camps and the cow-boy ranches and the army barracks of far India; always there is brought to light some pearl of sterling character and unobtrusive sacrifice which has made the most sordid surroundings and the roughest manners forgivable and beautiful. Why, this aspect of redemption has almost become the staple of our thoughts of life. At the same time, we must confess, this same theme, I think beyond anything else, has had a powerful dissolving influence with the masses of men, to keep them out of the churches; due perhaps to the fact that the idea is just now in that unbalanced excess which holds men's eyes from seeing more than one great thing at once. For in the discovery that unexacting love and self-sacrificing faith are the one redemption of manhood, men have got the mistaken prejudice that the well-fed and prosperous churchman stands for something alien to this, something exclusive and Pharisaic, and that while thus the poor have not the gospel preached to them, the heart of the matter, the real saving quality, can just as well be found elsewhere, and maintained apart from ecclesiastical machinery. Of course this prejudice is wrong, and I think temporary. But does it not behoove us, who love the place where the saving Name is named, to see to it that the power of redemption do not escape us, even by one motion of exclusiveness, and take up its recognized abode in places where our refinement and taste have perhaps been indulging a similar prejudice? Let us not lose sight of the real heart of the matter; we can afford to crucify our tastes a little for the sake of seeing straight. Literature has gloried, perhaps overmuch, in setting forth its new theme coarsely and brutally;

but the idea is there, and it has found men's hearts, assuring them, perhaps by its very rudeness, that nothing is henceforth to be despised as common or unclean. Chemistry, as a professor of it once remarked to me, recognizes no such thing as dirt or stench; it is too much concerned with the vital elements of God's world for that. You remember that poem of John Hay's, which perhaps did a leading part to set the ball of this new theme rolling; wherein a swearing, reckless steamboat engineer, when his boat was on fire, held her bow against the bank until every last man was safe ashore, and because he would not desert his post, bravely gave up his life. Here is the verdict that took the popular heart, and has been repeated in many a variation ever since:

He weren't no saint,— but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

The poem, like Kipling's and Browning's, has struck for a single point of truth, brutally and straight from the shoulder; but the point is central, and it translates the redeeming capacity of manhood into the coarsest vernacular. Let us not suffer its rudeness to switch us off on a side-issue, while we gather up our skirts to avoid the contact. For in its heart it is the same thing that we are coming to love and reverence as the principle of holiest manhood; it is, albeit uncouth, a homely echo of the parable by which Christ judges the world.

Thus, I have tried to trace what this life of ours is, when, at the fulness of the revealing time, it has become a free initiative, a spirit, and when in the light that has risen to guide it, it has evolved its own higher law of working. We have seen what man has it in him to do when he does as he likes, and when love has vitalized his committal to his world. It is a divine pattern, an ideal, which now the Christian ages are to

make real, by making it the natural way of living. And now for the slow planting of it in individual hearts, man by man, the naturalization of it in a gainsaying world. It takes long; but its season of springtide and summer and harvest is a season in which a thousand years are as one day. And we cannot get round this fact, that it is the law of risen manhood, and not one jot or tittle can pass until all is fulfilled. Our business, as we see it, is just to live it unreservedly, and by life and word to teach men so. "Write the things which thou has seen," says the Revealer to St. John in Patmos, "and the things which are."

V

THE SUPREME HISTORIC VENTURE

WHAT, AS MATTER OF RECORDED FACT, CAME OF
PERFECT COMMITTAL TO THE LAWS OF
THE SPIRIT OF LIFE

- I. FROM THE EXCEEDING HIGH MOUNTAIN
- II. THUS IT BECOMETH US
- III. TO THIS END WAS I BORN
- IV. THE DECEASE ACCOMPLISHED AT JERUSALEM

THE SUPREME HISTORIC VENTURE

HISTORICALLY speaking, the chapter we have just finished has run far ahead of our subject. We have, so to say, slipped the cable of the actual and launched out on the ocean of the ideal; and this, by the methods of research that prevail in our time, is something not unlike a sin. For a generation or more now, men have been so absorbed in the contemplation of what has been and its laws that they have suffered themselves to become wellnigh color-blind to the all-pervading prophecy and potency of what is to be, which is the law of the spirit of life. And so here at the opening of the twentieth Christian century, we are confronted with the strange fact that the vision of the life absolute, with its corollary of immortality, counts for hardly more as a grounded conviction than it did in the twilight period of Old Testament days. For this there may be various reasons. I can think of two main ones. One is that while the great abysmal current of the spirit has all the while been silently heaving toward its flood,—

Such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,—

yet it has encountered so many eddies and cross-currents of temporary endeavor, so many things that make noise and turmoil, that men have inveterately tended to take the surface for the eternal depths. Another reason, I am tempted to think, is that men's minds have sometimes become darkened from sheer excess of light. They have hesitated to admit the divine, not because it was hidden but because it was so evident; like the bluff, impulsive Peter they have cried out, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Of course they would be slow to own this to themselves, or to declare

for darkness rather than light. Their fault is rather like the fault of those who have an ear for music, and delight in it after the inner man, but put it by as the music of the spheres or of a more ethereal future. As a recent writer puts it, speaking of Plato and his idealizing mood: "Doubtless the concord he conceived was beautiful. But the dissonances he would have silenced, but which, with ever augmenting force, peal and crash, from his day to ours, through the echoing vault of time, embody, as I am apt to think, a harmony more august than even he was able to imagine, and in their intricate succession weave the plan of a world-symphony too high to be apprehended save in part by our grosser sense, but perceived with delight by the pure intelligence of immortal spirits." This, you see, is a veritable recoil from excess of light; the reluctance of man, even though with such ideals surging within him, to own that he *is* an immortal spirit, and that such music is just the idiom of his immortality. The light is good, he says, is glorious; but it is not practical; the use of it must be postponed to a more favorable state. So he shades his eyes from it and turns again to the shadows; ignoring the completed design for the chips and dust-heaps of history, in his search for something more workable and feasible. As a result the thing that he most desperately needs appeals in vain. You remember how Browning makes the aged John, as he is dying, set forth this idea:

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
 Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
 All questions in the earth and out of it,
 And has so far advanced thee to be wise.
 Wouldst thou unprove this to re-prove the proved?
 In life's mere minute, with power to use that proof,
 Leave knowledge and revert to how it sprung?
 Thou hast it; use it and forthwith, or die!

Then by a telling figure he illustrates what is the real ailment of men who so perversely reopen a clear case:

For I say, this is death and the sole death,
 When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
 Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,

And lack of love from love made manifest;
A lamp's death when, replete with oil, it chokes;
A stomach's when, surcharged with food, it starves.

There is something in this thought of the life indeed which we must face and resolve. When the ideal becomes so high, as in the evolutionary course it is bound to do, its first effect is to give us pause. Is this, we ask, the law of our higher nature, these the tremendous exactions of love and faith, when the fulness of the time is here, and our duty henceforth, if we would be free and perfect men, is to take these ideals, these potencies within us, and make them real? And so our tendency is, either to stand dazed and benumbed before them, thus leaving them practically inoperative; or, else, deeming them a misfit on earth, to postpone the working of them to some realm out of time and space, to some mystic heaven, which we dread as much as we desire because there, as we think, we shall have to be good. A misfit here, we say, because here are all these eddies and cross-currents of spirit, and all this law of sin in our members; we could love God and our neighbor if it were not for these, but here alas, we must fight the devil with fire.

Well, we saw the deadlock that paralyzed the growing spirit of man, when the ideal was not yet in sight; here we seem to have encountered a similar one when it is. What then can be done? What shall overcome this strange inertia of the spirit, and start the wheels of being out of the clay in which they are again stuck fast? There has been no lack of effort, no lack of experimenting on life. Men have proved abundantly that manhood has a surplusage of being, a mighty overflow, which must needs be laid out somewhere. As Ruskin puts it: "It has tried fighting, and preaching, and fasting, buying and selling, pomp and parsimony, pride and humiliation, — every possible manner of existence in which it would conjecture there was any happiness or dignity; and all the while, as it bought, sold, and fought, and fasted, and wearied itself with policies, and ambitions, and self-denials, God had placed its real happiness in the keeping of" — well, never mind what; it is not

to our purpose here, and man, I am persuaded, has in him a higher hunger than for happiness. All these things have been carried to the pitch of heroism. Self-denial and asceticism have attended them all, and all are just as susceptible to fanaticism and insane excess as is religion itself. Ruskin says further: "If there were any other mistake that the world could make, it would of course make it. But I see not that there is any other. . . . It has now made its experiments in every possible direction but the right one; and it seems that it must, at last, try the right one, in a mathematical necessity." So it surely does. But now that the spirit of life has evolved its law, and the one way of love and faith stands before men for adoption, men recoil almost in dismay. It is not workable, they say. Heroic as they are in every other direction, here their heroism fails ignominiously. The ideal has revealed itself as

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard

and so, while it may do for poets and musicians, whose business is to dream and sing, for the hard-headed man of affairs it is too evidently a misfit. Pusillanimous mortals! the summit of life has uncovered their weak point. They are afraid to go over and take possession of their kingdom; afraid of what some one else will do, some cheater or traitor, who as soon as they dare to love and trust, will take a mean advantage. If only it were not an individual matter, wherein each must take the initiative for himself, how much more feasible it would be. If only love could be legislated and sworn to, like an oath of fealty; the whole human race dropping its weapons and agreeing with one consent to lift together, heave ho! what a heaven on earth would spring up, to be sure! That is what, as matter of fact, men's dreams of social and national regeneration today reduce themselves to. But no: that does not satisfy other conditions of the ideal; that would be universal bondage again, under another name, not freedom at all; besides love is not love at all, but merely good manners, when it must depend for its existence on law. Its breath and finer spirit evaporate just

as soon as it binds itself to the letter and the oath. Love and faith cannot organize a trust; they must be a life-giving spirit, they must be individual. Men cannot live this highest ideal in a mass; they must come in, and keep in, one by one. You remember the whimsical parable by which Dr. Holmes set forth the failure of massed play on the part of humanity. He figured the whole world as having once agreed together that at a certain specified moment all should raise a mighty shout in unison; and when the moment came it proved to be the only absolutely silent moment that the world ever knew, for every man was listening to hear how mighty the shout would be. Well, the moment of the fulness of the time comes, and men have eyes to see in what its glory consists; but to this day, through all their civilizations and communal interests, they are waiting, and listening, and wrangling and making oath-bound treaties, until all shall be compelled to pull together, and no one shall take advantage of his neighbor. And then they say their ideal is not workable. No: it is not, on such principles.

Earth is silent, ominously silent, when men try to shout in unison. But there was one man, a simple artisan in an obscure Galilean village, who dared to bear His whole weight, without reservation or flinching, on the completed ideal of life; and his still small voice is heard round the world and through the eternities. Under the tumult it sounds ever, the sweet undertone of peace and goodwill; through the jarring discords of sects and opinions and manifold quarrels of men its uniform note is heard, and in the end it compels attention; the very date that we write at the head of our letters and documents numbers the years of his gracious message to the world. The heroism that was so lacking is here at last, calm and magnificently simple; and never, in battle or physical peril, was heroism like it. We are resuming history now, after our long excursion into the ideal; and this is the world-filling historic fact. Nay, the ideal itself did not get into words, until it had this historic fact as datum; we could not speak the dialect of the new life, or realize its rhythms and cadences, until we

heard it spoken, and the word itself had breath, working with human hands the creed of creeds. A word is the embodiment of an idea; and this life was God's idea of men, and man's idea of his own manhood, which had so long struggled for expression. We cannot state in simplest terms the largeness of this historic fact without seeming to invest it with miracle. Yet how sane and sincere it all is; the echo of our central being; the plainest man can understand it. It does seem as if here we were face to face with the secret mind of evolution; as if there must needs be revealed an individual, *the* individual, in whom should be typed the elements of personal evolution. There must be a pioneer in every exploration, a practical designer of every noble edifice. Somebody, some man like ourselves, with our manhood capacities of mind and spirit, must translate into act and life every upbuilding idea; and as the idea is more momentous, his originative spirit must be stronger, his personality more imposing. Must this not be supremely so in the highest ideal of all, the profoundest movement of the spirit of life that ever took place on earth? How large this idea is, and what demands it makes of manhood, we have seen. Think then of the man who is large enough to take it in, and strong enough to live it. No matter if he is a carpenter; no matter if he does not cry nor lift up; no matter if he has not where to lay his head. Life is more than livelihood, and a man's life consists not in the abundance of things he possesseth. The idea it is, and the perfectly adequate committal of spirit to it, which makes him great. Greater therefore than man, a miracle of personality, with hopelessly unattainable elements? Jesus made no such pretension; all the gifts He brought are placed freely at our disposal. But certainly He is greater than any of our race have been, before or since; though His spirit has begotten many a noble copy of His greatness, and many a martyr to it. One and all, however, lacked somehow of the fulness, as the echo lacks the substance and volume of the original sound; then too there is to be reckoned with the greatness of the pioneer effort and committal, like the energy of a chemical reaction in its nascent state. But

mainly their lack was in completeness of committal; to all of them at some flinching point, or some occultation of wisdom, His voice comes as it did to Peter, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Men hold back and tremble, or try to get their fellows to make the start, or wait for some signal when all shall go together. And so they lose themselves in the crowd; their soul is not their own, is not free. That is the history of the mass of humanity. The law of the species, or of the race, or of the land, or of the social convention, is still their tyrant. *They* are not the ones to overcome the inertia of manhood. What is needed, it would seem, at this crisis-point of individual evolution, is just a man who will let himself go, in the perfect abandon of the free spirit of life, trusting that the native powers of manhood, as trained by law and counseled by wisdom, are sound and true, and holding that faith patiently, in spite of evil seeming, until it has justified itself in the answering heart of man. This, it would seem, is required in the large scientific plan, if the completely evolved personality is ever to come to light; an individual is needed to stake out the way which henceforth individuality, free from the trammels of the species, must take.

Such a man has actually lived among us; has lived a life so common and approachable that all may avail themselves of its light; and yet all His life was heroic, in the calm heroism of daring to trust the spirit of life to the uttermost, and venturing on the unexplored ocean of love and faith, undismayed by the storms of consequence, and consistent to whatever end. This is why I call His life, as He went about doing good, the supreme historic venture. That, when we reckon with all its freely accepted elements, is what it amounts to.

What, by fair human view, was the special outfit of Jesus for such a venture as this? I am not referring now to the endowments that connected Him with His nation and its affairs — His advantages of residence, education, occupation, position in society; — these, in the large, we have fully in mind, and know that they created so little distinction for Him that even a near-by neighbor exclaimed, "Can any good thing

come out of Nazareth?" He owed as little to environment as does any common man. What I refer to rather is the endowment that connects Him with the unseen, and with the tide of new life that was waiting only for such venture to break forth and flood the world. We look perhaps for some super-eminent saintliness, or eloquence, or sense of leadership; but these it was not, and the still unsaved world had always had these. Well, let us ask John the Baptist; he as the authentic embodiment of the old prophetic insight was entitled to judge; and among them that were born of women there had risen no greater. He, you know, with all his spiritual aggressiveness, felt his own limitation, and the limitation of all that he represented; knew that he was not the coming One. He spoke a word of God, but not *the* word; he was a voice, not the full-orbed life; a keynote and prelude, not the symphony and diapason. But of Jesus he said, as if he were defining a whole manhood in Him, "He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the spirit by measure unto him." Here we have the outfit of Jesus: the spirit without measure. The spirit has been as it were doled out before, as men could contain it and act upon it; as food had been doled out in Jerusalem, according to Ezekiel's prophecy, when men ate bread by weight and with care, and drank water by measure and with astonishment. Here at last was a Man who had opened all His being to the influx of the spirit, and so had become a pure initiative and imparter of life; could let himself go, abandoned as it were to the current of being within Him. And the consciousness in which He could do this was just the simple consciousness of being the Son of God, with all that interplay of love and power which inheres therein. "The Father loveth the Son," said the Baptist, "and hath given all things into his hand." No more the spirit of bondage, again to fear, but the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. You see how many of the elements we have traced meet here and are resolved: freedom, adulthood, the son's estate succeeding the slave's, the manhood majority and inheritance succeeding the period of nonage, the release from

tutors and governors. Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; and where the spirit is without measure there is the mighty pioneer outfit, the impulse for the supreme historic venture. Simple and obvious it is, when we see it, but tremendous.

This word venture is just another name for faith. That, you know, is how I have defined faith: a venture of the will and life on a course which, by worldly and pagan view, with all its hedging and caution, is just as unreasonable as it can be. He was bearing His full weight, and without reservation, on life as He saw it; in the conviction that manhood life is from God and of God. To venture thus was to work that life out in the dues and duties that come to Him, high or lowly; to wreak Himself on life as a man of men, not merely as a Jew, or a king, or a priest, or a prophet; to work out its common details and teach men so, sharing life with them. No small thing this, as a pioneer thing, naturalizing a standard of life unheard of before. Can we call such simple faith as this anything short of heroic?

Now this venture, fitting accurately as it does into the Bible scheme of higher evolution, has its scientific significance, no less than its religious. It focuses our attention on a work big with results for all the world and all life, present and to come. On its immensely larger scale it has all the marks of penetrative wisdom, keen testing, verification, choice of practical agencies, which we associate with such men as Koch and Pasteur, as in their quiet laboratories they devise means for the healing and happiness of men. Nazareth and Capernaum, the wilderness and the Holy City, in those years 30 to 33, are a world laboratory; and the eyes of God and angels are fixed on the patient but mighty research that is going on there, the exploration of the evolutionary secrets and healthful remedies of life. And that life of Jesus, we say it though with reverence as literally as we would of any study whatever, is the most colossal scientific experiment that the world has ever seen. This I say is literal matter of fact; we have only to project it on its cosmic background and its evolution-

ary setting to see it so. The experiment was made in a remote corner of the world; but that does not matter; our laboratories are all remote from the crowds of men, and no palatial structures. It was made by a humble, unobtrusive villager; but that does not matter; we did not know Koch and Pasteur until their deeds made them great. And if it was well and thoroughly made it was made once for all; it need not be repeated or corrected; it needs only to be utilized and naturalized, in the fulness that all we have received of Him, and grace for grace. As matter of fact, the world has no occasion to demand repetition or correction of it; they could not conceive how to add truer vital elements to it; and they are still far, very far, from having exhausted its benefits. The experiment has abundantly proved, and is increasingly proving, its entire success; and men have crowned Jesus not only Saviour and King, but the supreme scientific evolutionist of the ages.

That whole-souled venture of His, that pioneer experiment, has also its literary bearing; for literature, you know, is just the getting of the spirit of manhood into illuminative words. The designation that comes to be given to Him is an essentially literary one: the Word who was with God; the expression of God's idea to men, and of man's idea of his holiest manhood. "Wherefore," says a scripture writer, "wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." That is what, in various phases and involvements, with applications great and small, in many lights broken or crude or pure, the world of men has been doing ever since — considering Christ and getting education from it. The Apostle — one sent forth from the presence of the Father of spirits; therefore God's representative and ambassador to men; and to this day men have not found or desired a representative more answering to their highest conception. The High Priest — who stands between men and God, to voice their prayers and embody what they would fain be; who thus is the representative and spokesman of men to God; and to this day men have

neither sought nor desired to be better represented. So far forth the word, the idea, is finished. This we know because Messianism as a prophecy, that prophecy of a coming Man which once focussed the hopes of the world, has disappeared, its complete fulfilment being taken for granted. But the Messianic idea is an idea that grows for ever; its involvements, its perennial applications to life, are never finished. It still has its prophetic pulsation, greater than ever; only the ictus of it has changed; not the coming man now, but the coming life. In two directions this idea is working, intensively and extensively; the direction of its depth, and the direction of its breadth; in other words, the prophetic soul of the world is asking, on the one hand, What shall become of the individual? and on the other, What shall become of the race, of society? Just now this latter inquiry has the floor; and so predominantly that for the moment it seems to fill the horizon. Questions of social betterment and of the massing and mutualization of large human interests — how to regulate capital and labor and rates and commerce and industry and education, how, in a word, to make the vast social organism what it should be — are the overwhelming burden and pain of the age, like an uneasy obsession. And meanwhile the question of individual salvation has quite passed into eclipse; and men have almost ceased to inquire or care about personal immortality, except here and there in vague psychic research and spiritualism, — as if immortality *could* lie in that unsavory direction! The most of men don't want it, if that is all there is to it; they would rather save their interests for something of real uplift and importance. Well, the situation has its noble features; noble, and eminently wholesome. We think infinitely more of a man who is toiling and studying to regenerate his fellow-men and to make the corporate life more livable, than of a man who, like a miser with his gold, is scheming how to evade the fire and secure safety for his own measly greedy little soul. Yes: we have no occasion for pessimism about the race so long as the hunger to be saviours and benefactors so pervasively possesses the souls of men. But

just here it will pay us to release ourselves a little from this sociological obsession, and return to the question of the individual. After all, the individual, *our* individual personality, has the first claim. We make a grievous mistake if we think that mankind is to be saved in a lump; nay, the undeniable good that we can bring to them in a lump, by legislation or sentiment or public benefaction, is only good of a lower and material kind, such as expresses itself in terms of comfort and ease and wealth and general externalism. And our return to the intensive side of our prophecy, to the individual life with its ideal endowment of freedom and independence, does not quench but rather intensifies our impulse to promote such good as this in the world. It is indeed the one true spring of it. Christ, the unique individual, is by that very rounded fulness of individuality the representative of the living God, "who," as St. Paul says, "is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe." His great venture of love and faith began with the neighbors at His side, with the villagers of Galilee, and His cousins by the lake-side, and the sick who gravitated to Him in their feebleness; and He helped them not merely by healing, or by preaching better wages and shorter hours, but by giving each man of them a new idea to live by. His venture was directed to making regenerate individuals of them; and he left the rest, the social betterment, to follow by natural consequence, by their own individual motion.

We did well to dismiss our care for immortality, so long as it was merely a refined dream of greed, or a question of going to heaven when we die. For if personal immortality is anything, it is the polar opposite of this; it belongs, as we have seen, to the outward and love-current of life, not to the inward and selfish one. This is the truth that Christ came to establish, when He brought life and immortality to light. But His immortality, you see, is not revealed as a thing to work for at all. It does not come as wages, or reward, or even as rest. It does not contemplate that we should get tired of what we are doing now, so as to need rest; or ashamed of it, so as to need a change and a kind of cleaning up. It is, in fact, merely an

incident of life, which, with the spirit of life in control, we can leave to take care of itself. To take thought for immortality, in this narrow sense of personal safety, is not of the idiom of that faith which we are now defining as a disinterested venture of life. One of the most salient elements in this historic venture of Jesus was His magnificent disregard of what would become of Him as the sequel of His chosen work. He might be revered as divine, He might be scorned and put to death; it was all the same, so far as the integrity and thoroughness of the work were concerned. This feature of his life is what St. Paul honors in his idea of the *κένωσις*, or self-emptying, of Christ; "who," he says, "being in the form of God did not deem his equality with God a prize, a thing to be clutched at and maintained at all hazards; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." This is how the Christ-life looks from the unseen places, where the divine who is in act to smite His nature into manhood is initiating the movement of uttermost love. From the human side, as we see it in the deeds and words of Jesus of Nazareth, it has a simpler look, being translated into the present-world idiom; but its principle is the same, its primal impulse is identical, starting as it does away inward in that sacred withdrawn centre where the spirit of God is witnessing with the spirit of man. In this manhood idiom it is simply taking outward consequences, of humility and hardship and scorn, as all in the day's work, all inherent in the strange new venture, but never availing for a moment to warp the spirit from its divinely plotted orbit. The truest and strongest elements of the human, the seeing eye and the stedfast will, are as inherent in it as is the mystic divine. And we, as emulators of that same self-forgetting faith, are nearer to it when, seeing it truly, we just let ourselves go, as it were instinctively, on the limitless current of love and faith, regardless of the untoward things we thereby incur, than when we are nervously apprehensive about heaven and hell. Every stop that we make

to count our personal chances of ultimate safety or reward is essentially a self-limitation; and love and faith will accept no limitations.

We have just considered St. Paul's interpretation of this self-emptying of Christ, an interpretation made from a point of view the other side of the veil, as if he had been admitted into the secret counsel of God. How do you suppose he got there? There are many other such interpretations of things in Scripture: the whole fabric of what we call revelation is just that: men by an amazing presumption taking upon themselves to assert what the Spirit of the universe thinks and plans, in His vast creative work of evolving a humanity. How do you suppose they got the other side of the veil? We are not in position to say, it is presumptuous to say, they did not get it by an authentic report from the unseen places; and of one thing we may be sure: they did not get it by psychism and occultism in any form; psychism and occultism do not bring that kind of news. These are as earth-bound as we are; as earth-bound as is any casual, vagrant dead fact; for all the uncanny facts it can accumulate, and all the facts that historical research can verify and sift, are of the letter that killeth; in themselves they are not truth, are not the spirit of life. But we do not have to depend on that kind of news; our faith is not at the mercy of manuscripts and various readings and documents. No: if we have a report from the unseen, Christ Himself is that report, Christ the perfected manhood; and the way we recognize whether the report is authentic, or as the scientific jargon puts it, veridical, is by the spirit within us, the highest and purest possession we have. But you say, How do we know that supreme report from the unseen except by the words that have been written, and how can we tell what those words are, except by sifting and keen criticism, by which we may separate what actually was said and done by Him from what men afterward thought was said and done? Here again we are not at the mercy of documents. We have one unshakable historic fact: the fact that one Man, in a way that showed He had the spirit without measure, dared to make the

supreme venture of love and faith, and to work it out in terms of the common life. In this fact inheres all the rest, even to the end of time. And now, ever since that fact emerged to history, the mind of the ages, as I said, has been considering the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus. They began to consider Him just as soon as He had lived His life; for they knew by a secret instinct that here was a unique, a world-filling thing to consider. They were dazed and bewildered at first; naturally; we cannot pass the definitive judgment on historic events while they are in progress; our historians must have time to digest and coördinate and assimilate them. So it was in the scripture age; our Gospels did not assume their present shape until years afterward, some think nearly two centuries before the last of them was done. But what does this show? Merely the inevitable movement of the human mind, merely what all literature shows, that —

— the past will always win
 A glory from its being far;
 And orb into the perfect star
 We saw not, when we mov'd therein.

That is why, in reviewing this record of the Life Indeed, I reject nothing. It is all a part of that literature which sprang out of that one colossal fact; it is the effort of men to get that fact into meaning and coördination; as Matthew Arnold expresses it, it is language thrown out toward an object too large to be fully comprehended. And that effort has by no means prisoned itself between the lids of our Bible. It is going on still; I dare to say that what has made the poetry and philosophy and fiction of the ages vital, has been in its essence just considering Christ, and therefore is making, in ever-moving discoveries and concepts, an unending Bible. What matter if there are errors of judgment and faults of transmission? These may be left to the mending hand of time; they are corrected best, not by the letter which always has the corruptions of a thing that is dead, but by the spirit which giveth life. And the spirit sends us back, or rather inward, to that supreme fact,

which being expressed in human life was not at the rude mercy of the letter. Jesus wrote nothing; He lived.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.

I confess to something very like reverence to the great, surging, unwieldy, yet desperately earnest body of human literature; the voice of their poetic and prophetic spirit always making itself heard; I can enter into the feeling that Jesus had in the wilderness when to every suggestion of the Tempter He responded, "It is written." I think we do ill to limit or confine its multifarious utterance, except as we judge it by the mighty spirit of life. I have been struck by a remark in Sabatier's "Life of St. Francis of Assisi," who of all saints is by many deemed to have been most like Christ; the author says: "Only a profoundly religious and poetic soul (is not the one the other?) can understand." Is not the one the other? I ask of the thoughts and images that come to me in literature. And when I read a book like Professor Schmidt's recent work "The Prophet of Nazareth," and see how he labors to show that none of the prophecies meant Christ, and none of the types meant Christlike things, and the term Son of man only meant this little thing, and the term Son of God must be whittled down to this other, — as if it were essential to our view of truth that we reduce everything to lowest factual terms and sail as it were under bare poles, — I feel that I am asked to give up the thought of the ages, the words in which unwittingly men from the beginning have been helping Christ to live. We make nothing by this; we lose unspeakably. The world's interpretation of Christ will not bear limitation; it is growing all the while. Why, this view of Him in the cosmic and evolutionary reference, which men are trying to portray in scientific terms, is a product of our very latest time. But is it any less likely to be true? For it foots itself squarely on this colossal world fact, this supreme historic venture.

So the world is still recording the meanings of that experi-

ment in life; and their record, in spite of mistakes and vagaries and aberrations, is like a steady voyage of discovery. The cry "Back to Christ" is all very well, as a return for orders to headquarters; but it will not do to make it an occasion for narrowing or belittling the Christ idea; rather, with the spirit of that initial venture in mind, let the watchword be, "Forward, ever forward, to the Christ that is to be." For that historic venture was only a beginning, an opening of the gates; and the end is not yet.

In a summarizing word we may say: As the lower evolution, which has to do with the life of the body, finds its norms and types in the species; so this higher and conscious evolution, in which the spirit coöperates, and which therefore tends ever from the fettered species to the free individual, has developed its supreme spiritual type in one Man; who now, as perfected personality, embodies the life to which all manhood life is organically related, the foundation other than which no man can lay; and the love and faith which characterize the completed ideal are the vital pulsation in which alone, henceforth, manhood achieves its rest, its fulness, its joy. In this Man, as He stands unique and towering, it is impossible to say which is more evident: His manifoldness of human relation, or His utter singleness of motive and aim; His individual remoteness from all, or His universal intimateness with all. Is not this the mark of the type? It takes away the future tense from that verse of Isaiah's, making it present:

A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind,
And a covert from the tempest;
As rivers of water in a dry place,
As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

But whatever more we recognize in Him, this much we may say, in a more pregnant application of Shakespeare's words: —

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

These words were said, you know, of that noble Roman Brutus; but Brutus' nobleness was obscured at one point; he got

entangled in a conspiracy, and yielded part of his soul to evil counsel, and went under. This Man trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him. To be a man: that was the quest for the sake of which He laid aside His divine claim. Alone He ventured forth; alone He traversed the whole consistent, heroic way; alone He passed out of our sight. Where would we be, what our way of life, what our hope, if at any point He had flinched or failed? The question opens for the whole world an alternative too awful to face.

I. FROM THE EXCEEDING HIGH MOUNTAIN

His kinsmen, you remember, when they saw how His ministry was going, tried to lay hold on Him, saying, "He is beside himself"; and many of the Jews, when they listened to His interpretations of life, said, "He hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye him?" Such were among the things He had to encounter. It is our business to-day to inquire what method there was in His madness; in other words, whether this strange unique life of His was a thing into which He drifted as it were by accident, and then found later that He was so committed that He could not consistently withdraw, or whether from the beginning it obeyed a plan, a foreseen determination, and all along bore the fruit that belongs to its kind. Astounding as it was to all, not all judged it as madness; to some it opened a dim vision of something transcendently great and beneficent, they could hardly divine what. "These are not the words of him that hath a devil. Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?" Some there were, then, who were trying to pass upon His life of the spirit the common-sense judgment of effects, though the mystery of the cause stretched far beyond their ken; just as He Himself had said to Nicodemus, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the spirit." In Him the great free atmosphere of the spirit was stirring in the world, the breath of another and higher world; and from the effects of it which they could see,

its contact with their lower life, they were gradually, according to their fairness and openness of spirit, to judge of its inner nature, which they could not see. By their fruits ye shall know them.

But to begin with, we have before us just such a thing as we see everyday, just such as everyone of us has by experience to meet and solve: namely, a young man, with a young man's hopes and energies, setting out upon life and livelihood. To Him, as to us, the alternative that rose before Him was capable of a very simple reduction: which shall it be, life first and livelihood incidental, or livelihood first and life the incident, the uncared-for thing? All depended, with Him as with us, upon the spirit that animated Him. To make its significance more real, let us put beside it Carlyle's account of his young contemporary, John Sterling: "Here, then," he says, "is a young soul brought to the years of legal majority, furnished from his training-schools with such and such shining capabilities, and ushered on the scene of things, to inquire practically, What he will do there? Piety is in the man, noble human valor, bright intelligence, ardent proud veracity; light and fire, in none of their many senses, wanting for him, but abundantly bestowed: a kingly kind of man; — whose 'kingdom,' however, in this bewildered place and epoch of the world, will probably be difficult to find and conquer!" You remember how, in thus starting his hero forth, Carlyle makes assessment of various pursuits and professions: divinity, law, medicine, public life; only to find that none quite suited his aptitude, except "the anarchic, nomadic, entirely aerial and unconditional one, called Literature." He, too, then, like his great Prototype, had the controlling bent to be a word to the world, to coin his life into expression; and if we had time to follow him we should find, as we find universally of men, that the success of his impact on the world depended upon the largeness of the life and the fulness and beauty of the expression.

I have chosen this case to set by the side of ours, that we might have a kind of unit to measure by. The earthly conditions, not greatly different, were if anything in Sterling's

favor. He was finely trained and cultured; but he had no profession and was casting about for one that would suit his temperament. Our Lord already had a means of livelihood, the carpenter's trade; but He gave it up, and did not work at it any more; it afforded obviously too narrow a vocabulary in itself, to fill out the expression of the life that was in Him. His giving it up, however, cast no slur on that or any other trade; rather it left them all glorified, while he passed beyond questions of livelihood to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. And here begins His vast differentiation from men; so great that it seems almost profane to set any other man by the side of Him. Yet it was no differentiation that He sought; it all came about rather by His single-minded determination, incidents and accidents of life ignored, to incarnate that essential vital principle wherein He could stand as a brother by the side of every man. No one had ever made this determination before; no one, before or since, even with His spirit to help, has made it to such purpose. There is a strange universality of appeal and relation to reckon with here; we cannot account for it all, nor for the vital part of it, by saying that in the reign of Tiberius a young carpenter of Galilee resolved to be very good and carried out his resolve consistently. This is about what it amounts to, if we regard Him merely as *a* man among men; even reckoning the wise things He said, and the death He died. Rather, somehow His personality overshadows us as that of *the* man we would all be, as the type of complete manhood which all that is holiest in us is struggling to realize. Here is the phenomenon to resolve: the fact that this Man's personality is the touchstone of hearts. As Napoleon Bonaparte is reported to have said: "Jesus Christ has succeeded in making of every human soul an appendage of His own."

I am led to these remarks by the thought of Professor Schmidt's book, "The Prophet of Nazareth." It is one of those books of which the coming few years are likely to see a considerable crop; for you know Biblical criticism is shifting its ground now from the Old Testament to the New, and

its austere historic method is going to sift the records as they have never been sifted before. I tell you this that you may not be unprepared when it comes; also to record here my conviction that the historic method itself — as exclusive matter-of-fact research I mean — is on its last legs, and that its sting is in its tail. It must give place to something more genial and constructive. The book I mention will prove, I think, to be one of the ablest of these investigations; as it certainly is about as sweeping and radical as it can be. Here we have about the utmost that a rigid, purely factual, unimaginative criticism can do. I respect the book, with all its relentless rakings from the German workshops, far more than I do these touch-and-go books that will soon take occasion from it to scatter fire-brands of raw second-hand assertion, or sparks of *ad captandum* superficial reply, saying, "Lo here, lo there!" Its object, on its factual scale, is to reduce the life of Jesus to lowest historic terms, to an irreducible minimum; and this by disengaging from the gospel record all that it deems the fondness of disciples, or the looseness of tradition, or the interpretations of poetry and theology, have, during the succeeding ages added to it. The Gospels, you know, did not reach their present shape until many years after the ministry was done; and books like this look upon the intervening years as a sort of run-wild garden plot, out of which it is concerned to pull the too luxuriant growth of weeds. Its excisions are startlingly radical. It rejects the fourth Gospel altogether; leaves out virtually all that precedes the beginning of the ministry, all that follows the crucifixion and burial, and all the miracles except a few doubtful cases of mind-cure; and almost totally ignores the Epistles of Paul. So the Jesus it would leave us is about what a man in the street, with a head for nothing but sense-perception, would see from the outside, and would report as men report a street-fight, saying just this and that, without any varnish or frills, is what occurred. And the writer apparently takes comfort in the thought that he has got down to literal bed-rock; which in his view is, that Jesus neither professed to be, nor was, anything more than a wise and well-disposed

prophet, whose life was remarkably sincere, and whose views of life were so astonishingly correct, even by our present complex standards, that they are worthy of a fuller confidence and application than civilization or the churches have ever accorded to them. All this Jesus certainly was; we can go with the writer so far, and still have the richest legacy of the ages. But I confess I am suspicious of every man and every method that sets up an arbitrary limit and says "Nothing but." And when I see that "nothing but" applied to the life of Christ — when I measure it up and ask "Is that all?" — forthwith there rise to my thought many vital elements of being, many strands of life even in my poor ideal, to which this frigid criticism is blind. It is not on the Christ scale; not even on the scale of inner creative history; but only that of newspaper journalism and courts of law. All that makes the life of Christ perennial, a present power and pulsation, has evaporated; leaving only a few stray annals of ancient story, and a few precepts to learn by rote.

Now I am not concerned to refute this book, or to warn against the danger of it. That is why I am so free to call attention to it. If it has found the irreducible minimum of fact, let us be glad; for there is no danger in authentic fact. The Bible itself invites the scrutiny of facts; we have not followed cunningly devised fables. But there are facts *and* facts; and on top of all this external history there is this larger fact to be reckoned with, that from Jesus' day to this the world has not been able to look at His life cold-bloodedly. That life lays hold on men; it enkindles their hearts, gives them peace and joy and energy and a sense of solved existence, — why? Then forthwith there spring up all around it, like a springtide luxuriance, art and poetry and vitalized thinking, — why? Then we become aware of a vast new movement of the spirit of man, all tracing back directly to that life, as to a mighty seminal impulse and power, — why? A mere villager who has left his carpenter's bench to become a self-made prophet has no business, it would seem, to figure like that in history; if he has, and if this paltry fact accounts for him, what has become of

all the prophets who have done similar things? This is a world of law; and like causes ought to produce like effects everywhere. And if Jesus so figures in history not by virtue of what He was and did but by virtue of the halo with which others have invested Him, how resolve the halo? Did it take other minds, then, to piece His out and make a Christ of Him? And if so, where do we find the real Christ nucleus, in A.D. 30 or some vague time in the second century? If we must throw away the Gospel of John in order to get the authentic Jesus, I submit the serious question rises whether it wouldn't be better to throw away the history-shorn Jesus and keep the Gospel of John. For somehow a Christ, the recognized summit of manhood — not a mere carpenter-itinerant — has out of the nebula of history orbbed into concrete being, and become the greatest theme of literature and life. Did that Christ live, with the supreme manhood in Him from the first, or did a company of poets and fictionists create Him out of a Jew? If the latter, then must we dismiss Jesus and put our faith in poetry and fiction? We might do worse. I am not sure but we would do worse, by cramping our faith down to the sight of the eyes, to a casual fact seen only from the outside. There is in these more of the spirit which giveth life than there is in a congealed external letter which killeth. And if we insist on reporting this majestic Christ phenomenon as one would a street-fight, we abjure all our heritage in the loving, creative, assimilative mind of the ages which forthwith made all the Christ events its own, and quickened its holiest ideals by them, seeing in them not only the fact but the eternal truth without which facts are nugatory.

I seem here to have made a long digression; but by the scale on which we are thinking I have not. For it all belongs to the answer we must needs give here to the question which our Lord himself put, "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?" This, in scripture terminology, is really the crux of our inquiry. Our foregoing investigation, following the higher evolution of spirit up to the law of the spirit of life, with its supreme instinct of love and faith, has brought us up to the

point where this answer is the next thing in order. Shall it be a petty answer, from the outside, or shall it, from the inside, be large and roomy? In other words, it is time now to project our view of Jesus of Nazareth on the background of the ideal of life which somehow a long line of manhood striving has evolved. Does He stand the test, or look we for another? He Himself puts the question, offering Himself thus as a candidate, whom we, according to our insight, are free to take or leave. Nothing could be fairer or more above board. He calls himself the Son of man; He arrogates nothing higher, and even this term He uses in a theoretical way, not as a personal title, but as a means of defining what, in this case and that, the Son of man would naturally be and do. Thus by His very use of the term He is demonstrating, point by point, His conception of manhood life and character. Men ask Him in bewilderment, "Who is this Son of man?" and He only refers them to the light that is with them, by which they may judge for themselves, and ought to make up their minds in the little while that the light is with them. Some ardent souls like Nathanael carry their insight further, and say, "Thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel"; but this is not His assumption, it is their inner recognition; they come to see that He answers their conception of what the Son of God would be like. Once indeed He is reported to have asked a man whose eyes He has opened, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" and when the man asked, "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?" He answered, "Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee." But this is not an arrogation; it is a revelation to one whose opened eyes and heart are ready for it, one who has become like Nathanael.

The Son of man, the Son of God, — what shall we make of these terms? Professor Schmidt juggles with them; puts them through the philological mill by translating them back into Aramaic, the presumed language that Christ spoke; discovers that in this and cognate languages the word son means virtually one of a species. That is all right; a higher critic's mind is built that way. The Son of man, then, becomes a specimen,

one of a species, a specimen man; and the Son of God is, — why, is a specimen God, as if there were a divine species for Him to represent; this latter definition having to be fortified by heathen usage, in order to make up gods enough to furnish an average specimen. But his main contention, after all this juggling, is that when Jesus says Son of man He means simply a man; and Professor Schmidt's rather lame conclusion is that Jesus never said it at all, but some later marplot said it for Him. Well, we won't quarrel with his philology; his conclusion, it is evident, is of a piece with his prevailing desire to make Christ as little as possible, so that the average man, continuing to be an undifferentiated specimen, can grasp Him. But when we see, as we see on every gospel page, what Jesus conceives the Son of man should be and do, we can hardly think He has the average man, the mere specimen, in mind; for certainly the race in general had not averaged up, when He spoke, to being Lord of the sabbath and forgiving sins and rising from the dead. Rather He is describing the ideal man, what man, as his evolution dictates, has it in him to be; and in His own person He is working out the elements of that ideal before men's eyes. Not the specimen, but rather, so to say, the whole species stands before us individualized, and conscious of closing in itself the ultimate manhood type and value. This from our scientific point of view is reasonable and feasible; for our evolution course has all along been working steadily toward the perfected individual, of the species yet more than a specimen, a prophecy, rather, of what shall be in the ages to come. If human evolution begins with the impulse of the unlimited spirit, it seems as if it must in course of time evolve the Christ, the Son of man and the Son of God in one, as soon as it reaches the point where it has the spirit without measure. In this sense we need not be afraid to say Christ is a product of evolution; for the cosmic energy, which is love, must do so much, with all the self-emptying and sacrifice involved therein, for pure love's sake. How could love reach its full expression otherwise? How could it stop one step short of this?

Now the discovery of all this might conceivably have been left to the scientific mind of the twentieth century to put into word and definition, according to its current notions of biology; in which case man would be at the mercy of the scientific vocabulary, and evolution would be a thing for scholars and philosophers. But this concerns every unlettered man; every man who knows what it is to be a father and a son has a vital individual interest in it. How then shall he find it out, in the language in which he was born? What way so natural, so reasonable, so universally adequate, after all, as for the Spirit of the universe, the Father of spirits, to announce, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and for the supreme Personality, once evolved, to say and show to men what the Son of man, the Man of men, should be and do? This is precisely what the Scripture says took place, and this has ever since been recognized as an authentic revelation from the unseen source whence the power and spirit of it proceeds. How the announcement got into words, and when, is by comparison a paltry matter; we have the revelation, and the great heart of mankind, and, I think, the large reason of evolutionary science, set to their seal that it is true. Evolution has become a matter not of bondage and blindness but of sonship; and the terms Son of God and Son of man are doing the best work that it is in words to do.

Now when this Personality, whose double witness that He is Son of man and Son of God constitutes Him the supreme Personality, sets forth on human life, how shall He behave? What shall He assume that He is; in the way of love and faith I mean, — in such a way that not only shall men recognize Him as He is, but what is of paramount importance, that they shall commit themselves, in the same love and faith, to that spirit and current of life? It is a great evolutionary problem, which not science alone but the universal mind of man is called to solve. Is it not a crowning mercy that one mind solved it, instead of leaving the matter floating through the ages for a scientific syndicate of minds to solve?

So here we are brought back to the young Galilean Jesus

setting forth, as did John Sterling, on life, but on a life how much greater. If He has not solved the problem, no one has. Shall He solve it consciously alone, or shall He make equal connection with the Father of spirits who is witnessing with Him? In other words, shall He be an agnostic, as so many thinkers are now, or shall He live and act as if He knew the source of His life? Here is what the agnostics are saying: I quote from a book entitled "A Modern Symposium": "Man is in the making; but henceforth he must make himself. To that point Nature has led him, out of the primeval slime. She has given him limbs, she has given him brain, she has given him the rudiment of a soul. Now it is for him to make or mar that splendid torso. Let him look no more to her for aid; for it is her will to create one who has the power to create himself. If he fail, she fails; back goes the metal to the pot; and the great process begins anew. If he succeeds, he succeeds alone. His fate is in his own hands." In this programme of life man not only bids farewell to nature, which is all that God has ever meant to him, but regards himself as a splendid torso, with the rudiment of a soul, which he is to complete without any pattern to work by, except what is furnished by his own wisdom and will. All this is in polar contrast to our young Galilean, for whom nature means father and God, whose soul is no rudiment but completed through the vital upbuilding of love and faith, and who from a living soul is setting forth to be a life-giving spirit. All the agnostic seems to think of is self-building; the manhood he would create is a hard, self-reliant, self-regarding manhood, in all the pride of his intrinsic greatness. The Galilean hardly seems to think of Himself at all; He is not here to please Himself; and this gives an attractive, sympathetic tone to all the record of Him. It is an infinite relief to turn from the cold self-sufficiency of the words we have just read to the more winsome idiom of the gospel narrative.

Imagine what would be the effect upon an ardent-minded, true-hearted young man, if there should come pressing into his consciousness, as from some far-withdrawn inner depth,

the assurance, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." This, you know, is what is reported to have happened to Jesus at the Jordan. Along with this assurance, as the same report relates, He saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit came upon Him in the bodily shape of a dove. Whether this was the first time such consciousness of His significance in the world had been with Him is not quite clear; most likely it was, like a great awakening from dreams and desires that had been beautiful and true, but more or less undefined. At any rate, we know that from the beginning He had had the bent, the appetency; at twelve years of age, He was impatient to be about His Father's business, and thereafter, until this scene at the Jordan, His wisdom and His favor with God and man increased with His stature and age. The germs of the matter were always in Him, just as the child is the father of the man; but this is different from coming, as from a long orphanage, to know how great His paternity was, and to be confronted with the question what to do about it, how to maintain the family likeness and tradition, how to be true to this tremendous *noblesse oblige*. All men have it obscurely in them to be sons of God; but to be the beloved Son, the first-born of many brethren, and therefore to make the will and nature of the Father palpable, and to give to as many as received Him power themselves to become sons of God, — was not this the greatest task, and the greatest glory, ever laid upon a son of man?

That He took that majestic trust with full appreciation of its huge involvements, is evident from the next thing that occurred. That sweet spirit, so accordant with the angel's earlier song of peace, goodwill to men, proved at first to be anything but dove-like in Him; it led Him, or as St. Mark says, it drove Him, to the wilderness, where a spirit of very different sort awaited Him, where, we may say, two spirits of a diverse impulse were fighting to obtain possession of His life, and where He, from the wisdom and fibre that was in Him, was to make the momentous decision. Will the manhood which the ages have evolved and concentrated in this person-

ality stand the stress, will it define in truest manhood terms what it is to be Son of God, so that henceforth the felt spirit of the Father of spirits shall flow consciously and wisely through the deeds of men? It is a breathless moment of history, this forty day struggle in the wilderness. For Satan's wisdom and methods, which whether true or not are mighty, have hitherto usurped the spiritual field, and if they are dislodged must give place to something yet to be tried, yet problematical and experimental. I have spoken of Christ's life as the most colossal scientific experiment that was ever made. Well, here in the wilderness it begins: He must determine by what apparatus, what procedure, what behavior in all the details of life, He shall make it. Hitherto men have been the slaves of nature, of expediency, of custom, of law; but all this, in the view we have been taking, was an obligation of their infancy and childhood, as they came up from the animal to the spiritual; so their bondage has been, after all, to God, who has evolved their lower nature as well as their higher; and this other spirit, now recognized as so malign and destructive, is virtually raising the question, not whether these lower wisdoms and methods shall cease from man, but whether they shall be on top, shall control his action as if they were his highest self-expression. It is a question, at bottom, of the all-directing current of spirit, the tide of manhood, whether, as a felt pulsation of God, it shall be inward toward self, or outward toward the vitalizing and uplifting of the world.

I cannot stay to dwell long on the stages of this temptation in the wilderness; full enough though they be, each one, for a whole season's study. You will note how accurately adapted to the situation every temptation is: how the lower spirit says every time, "If thou be the Son of God," do this, make the fact evident in this way; you will note too how every time the answer is, not God's son should assert Himself so and so, but *man* shall not live by bread alone, shall not tempt God, shall worship none other than the very highest and holiest that he feels God to be. Christ is here to express God in terms of the human; and so alone can He express the human in terms of

God. But if it is this latter that He will express, it shall be the human as it is at the fulness of the time, when the current of love and faith is ready to have free course; not as it was in the groping, twilight, childish times, when men were governed by environment and expediency. We can see from this how wisely and truly Christ always expressed Himself when He set forth what the Son of man, man in His idea, should be and do.

The first temptation, beginning on the lowest and most obvious plane, is as rampant now, the world over, as it was here in the wilderness. Man, feed yourself; use your opportunity to get the comforts, the bodily supports, the gratifications of your body; see what a chance you have; if you are the son of the creative power of the universe the very stones may at your word be your bread. Well, we know what marvelous inventive skill man can put forth to make this assertion true; there seems to be no end to his power to take the resources of nature and turn them to his purpose; and how predominantly, in the spheres both of labor and luxury, it seems to reduce itself to getting enough to eat. How much of civilization focusses in this. Here is how a recent book puts it: "For, as we read history, the economic factor determines all the others. '*Man ist, was er isst,*' as the German said; and morals, art, religion, all the so-called 'ideal activities,' are just allotropic forms of bread and meat." The man who wrote this has heard Satan's temptation and answered it the other way; he too represents himself as trying to uplift the race, his panacea for their ills being a socialistic scheme; and what he wants to do is to give everybody enough to eat, so as to build up their tissues into healthy, happy physical men, from which, as he thinks, the sound mind in a sound body will follow by natural consequence. What an opportunity for Christ, — to steer men to their God-sonship through the tissues of the body! But no! man's spirit is set in a better way; his true life comes through the words of God, and when these are his meat and drink, as they always were to Christ, the wants of the body will be cared for as an incidental thing. When later He said,

“What man of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?” was He not thinking of His own hunger in the wilderness, and from His own experience putting it upon men to take the God part, not the man’s, and to be sons of God by giving the best wheaten bread, and the best that is in them every way, rather than the animal part, by going through life an embodied hunger and craving? And when He fed the five thousand, was not every word that through his filial lips proceeded out of the mouth of God so much greater food to their souls that the five loaves and two small fishes were an object lesson of how easily, with God’s words to supplement, the body could respond to the fulness of the spirit? Truly, these wilderness lessons became a very vital reality in the ministry that succeeded.

The second temptation takes another ground, I was going to say, higher, but I am not so sure. It is as extreme on the mystic side of life, as was the first on the animal. Man, if you are the son of God, use the fact to reveal God’s secret and astounding working; you can show He is in you by making exceptions to the laws of nature, and by a wonderful feat of levitation actually put Him at His word, and showing a gaping, wondering world that when He promised to bear men up by angels He meant what He said. This temptation, you see, was a hoary old thing; its principle came down from the time when the serpent in Eden had said, God said you would die. Try it once, ye shall not surely die; put Him at His word and see how false it is; or as here put Him at His word and demonstrate how true it is. This opens the whole sphere of the marvelous, the occult, the exceptional, in a word, of the things wherein especially gifted souls may separate their life from the general ongoings of humanity. We know what has come of this in history: the unhealthy effort to make men trust in powers exerted for them and not in them, powers available only to the skilled and initiated, and exhibited as a holy show and not as a universal and practical vitalization of character. If Jesus had yielded to this He would have committed Himself to going through life as a kind of fakir, astonishing men by

occult feats, or perhaps as a sort of Indian yogi, sitting apart from men and playing the rôle of an inaccessible, withdrawn sanctity and wisdom which can only be looked at. You see the polar opposite of this temptation to all the wholesome bent and spirit of Jesus. No: not tempting God by putting the word on which you feed to a doubtful test, as if He were some cosmic spirit mystic and only exceptionally manifestable; but taking your common life, in love and faith, down from the pinnacle to the needy hearts of men, and making it their universal resource and working tool. Put all that is mystic and holy in you to the homely and practical issues of life; so only shall you prove yourself Son of God, in terms of believing, energizing, life-giving manhood, the perfect son of man.

If Jesus had succumbed to this second temptation, which I am disposed to regard as the subtlest and in the end the deadliest of the three, the game would have been up. It would have amounted to expatriation from the spirit of the whole family in heaven and earth, the Spirit of God and the spirit of man alike. For while, on the God side, it would have seemed in the innocence of exaggerated trust, to be leaping into the arms of the divine, by emphasizing this at the expense of the human, in naïve contrast to the first and third temptations, which emphasized the human at the expense of the divine, in reality it would have been blind committal to the God power at the expense of the God love, which latter is the central God essence. Or to put it in another way, it would have been using God's freely proffered love, making traffic of it as it were, without the spontaneous interchange of love in return; for it would have been detachment from the God-spirit and transfer to the attitude of the doubter and tempter, who instead of moving freely in the love current tries freakish experiments on the very life in which he lives. But this is not the worst of it. On the man side it would have made the Christ inaccessible, by making His manhood not a universal uplift but a clever, magical performance, a thing to be looked at, not emulated. How easily this temptation may steal upon us all!

The thing can be done by the popular orator, by the brilliant scholar, by the talented business man, by the unscrupulous millionaire; by any means, in fact, whereby a man occupies a plane of privilege or cleverness from which he is merely a detached spectator or exploiter of the great common life below. Consider, then, what resistance to this subtle temptation means. This straight-seeing carpenter, filled with the Holy Spirit, not partly filled, is bent, according to his insight, on making the will of His Father prevail. And here comes in His wholly new reading of that will. You remember how cleverly Matthew Arnold phrases this ideal of His; so cleverly that we do not at first recognize how fatally he limits it. Matthew Arnold says that the supreme Christian ideal is to make reason and the will of God prevail. Reason? Why, that is the ideal of the Greek philosophers; if they had their way, perfect reason — justice and temperance and all the self-contained, self-restraining virtues, — would prevail, and the world would still be congealed in heathenism and triumphant law. Jesus' ideal is, rather, to make the unreasonable virtues and the will of God prevail; for in His reading God is identified with the unreasonable virtues, the virtues of grace; is identified with love and faith and the hope for mankind that springs out of these. These, you will recall, are the new invention of Christianity. And what hope, what surge out of the deadly restriction and self-bondage of the present heathen and legal dispensation, except by a grand venture and abandon on the new ocean of love and faith? It is just to this new ideal that Jesus' resistance to this second temptation commits Him, commits Him and confirms Him in it.

To leave the Christ inaccessible, to emphasize the god, is, however, alluring and self-pleasing, to leave the rank and file down there at the foot of the pinnacle where it was before. The heathen and the legalists already know what it is to emphasize the god; they have described it and prophesied it; it is no new revelation. Jesus defines it in human terms; but it is by turning their ideas face about. "You are making Him more supernatural all the while," says one of my friends.

But I am not trying to; it is He that is doing it; in spite of all my efforts to hold Him back He keeps getting beyond me and beyond the old humanity. He is doing it just by *not* emphasizing the god; and as Browning puts it, so when we bethink ourselves we say,

Such ever was love's way: to rise, it stoops.

In other words, in all His transcendency He is emphasizing the god by making *man*, with whom He has thoroughly identified Himself, more supernatural; is emphasizing the god by launching Himself on the divine, unreasoning tide of love, and inspiring men to commit themselves to the same. So He makes the Christ accessible by coming down from the pinnacle to the broad plane of help,—that is His answer. There are two ways to get your ideals into the hearts of men; and they show themselves in the simplest matters, as simple as the writing of a paragraph. One is to make everything so plain and easy that they can understand without putting forth effort; very desirable this, but there is the risk that they will hold cheap what they get so cheaply, and so just look on and let the writer do all the thinking. The other is, while putting before men a hard thought or ideal, to stimulate them to do enough more, in cerebration or in spiritual response, to appropriate it. There cannot be much question which alternative is the more valuable. We have Jesus' way before us. The divine is here, expressed in your own terms. Rise now to meet Him. You can if you will drink of His cup and be baptized with His baptism. To do more, to take of the energy of love and do unreasonable things will then be easy, nay, the natural way of living.

The third temptation, not now on the solitary pinnacle but on the exceeding high mountain whence are visible all the kingdoms of the world, enters that sphere of practical action with which Jesus must needs reckon; for if He is Son of God, He is obviously the one to bring about that kingdom of heaven which John has preached, which the prophets have prophesied, and which He Himself has supremely at heart. "Behold, a king

shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment," the old-time seers had said; here now was the grand opportunity. If you think this opened a dream too vast for the young Galilean to cherish, consider what possibilities must have risen, to the mind of one who had received assurance that He was the beloved Son of God, and who afterward, in the very pursuance of His lowly mission had to escape to a mountain to evade those who would make Him king by force. To set up the kingdom of heaven, with a Prince of the blood, as it were, upon the throne; what thoughts of ways and means, ideals and principles, must have inhered in the conviction that He was the chosen One to do it. John had just been depicting that kingdom in austere hues, with the stern alternative of fire and the axe as penalty of the rejection of it. Men had always hitherto been driven into kingdoms, that is into subjection; the one dominating idea was that it was the business of the rank and file to be governed, not to govern themselves. Men would not come to subjection of their own motion; they were proverbially stiff-necked and rebellious, the best of them. Therefore drive them; force them; raise your sceptre and put them in the forms of government, if not the heart. Then you could bend them to your will, as it were in detail. I stood once on a hill in Germany, Hohen-Syburg, where was an old pool or spring, in which the tradition says the Saxon Duke Wittekind, with all his people, was forced by Charlemagne from heathenism into Christianity by the simple method of compulsory baptism. What other plan of empire so time-honored and compendious? But no: that was Satan's way, the external, the way of war and tyranny; that was giving the worship — the worth-ship — to the adversary method, as had always been done. The temptation had only to be raised to be summarily rejected; there is a trenchancy about the answer which seems to betoken that the mists and glammers of things were at last cleared away, and the baseness of the whole proposal stood forth in its naked ugliness. Worship God: ascribe the worth-ship to the God you have come to see, and the spirit with which your life is filled, — that is the answer.

Whatever sovereignty comes from that comes by the way of service to that all-controlling ideal.

Such committal to kingliness as this sheathes the sword, and in lieu of it opens the way of repentance and humility.

Repentance — have you considered what this is? It belongs to the new idiom of things that is coming in; it is the all-men's means of entrance into the kingdom. John had introduced the word; but he was still of the old order, and to him it meant mainly what men should repent *from*; and it came to many who did not feel the need of repenting from anything, being already candidates for the kingdom, as children of Abraham. What need for them to change their minds *from* something, or bother about their spiritual attitude at all, so long as all the kingdom they had minds for was already theirs by right of birth? But Jesus, who came down from the mountain to preach the same duty of repentance, had supremely in mind what men were to repent *to*. For it was no longer a question of being children of Abraham, and ruling the earth; it was their marvelous opportunity of becoming children of God. "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," He said; change your minds, then, throw open the doors of your spirit, to get ready for it, and welcome it as it is. It is a new thing; you cannot enter by the old ways. It is a new life, for every man that comes in; there is no antagonism of ruler and subject here, nor any pride of birth or office-holding. It is a kingdom where all are made kings, and priests of a higher king; and this by simply opening their hearts to receive the kingliness into themselves. This is a new definition of repentance. The old world was crowding the idea out of its scheme; was taking pride in a heart fixed and changeless; nay, its law was making it feel that a man once established thereunder could not change himself, and need not. The same idea pervades our scientific thinking, which will hold a man prisoner to his environment and heredity. It is almost an axiom of science and common sentiment that as a man is, so he must remain, that it is not really in him to change his heart and mind.

The world will not believe a man repents:
 And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
 Full seldom doth a man repent, or use
 Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
 Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
 And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.

So a wise poet has made King Arthur say. But this Galilean king committed his procedure to the idea that a man *can* change; that the mind and heart of man are not of necessity hard and rigid but flexible, capable always of being opened and expanded to the largest growth and nobleness. I have the idea that repentance is not a momentary thing but permanent; its other name is readiness, to rise out of hardness into love, to commit itself to a more generous effort of faith.

We needs must love the highest when we see it,
 Not Lancelot, nor another,

said once a guilty queen, waking late to the high possibilities of her life. And such an ability as this is what Jesus took for granted, in His sublime faith in human nature. Everyone can; there is something in him that can; when the door is open he can enter; for when man is evolved to the point of adulthood he is not a rigid and unchanging thing, like a higher automaton; he is for the first time free and adaptable. Therefore our Lord's first business, when He comes down from the mountain to announce His kingdom, is, to treat men so. Do you see what a new stimulus to development this brings to the sons of men? It takes the race of man, at the deadlock to which the empire of law and reason is conducting it, and virtually says, You can overcome this deadly inertia; you can vibrate responsive to these higher things; you can stretch out your withered hand and open your withered heart, if you will; for there is enough in your own higher nature, so capable of love and faith, to be your support and strength, if you will but exert it. This, to my mind, is what is involved in repentance. The command to it, in Christ's royal reading of the term, is His divine expression of His limitless faith in human nature.

But when He came down from the exceeding high mountain, He came with this assurance still in His mind, that He

was the beloved, the unique Son of God; He was not to make His way and build His kingdom by ceasing in any whit to be that. He was simply transferring the same ideals, the same consciousness of life-values, to another field, or rather to the universal field. He had rejected Satan's way, and in His mighty experiment was taking God's way. But how shall the Son of God, thus moving among men, look? How shall He comport Himself? Jesus was not without prophecy to guide Him and lay down His programme; that very announcement of His sonship at the Jordan was a quotation from the second Psalm, which may have come to Him at once through the channels of His own memory and out of the ethereal realm about Him. And that Psalm lays down a programme for the Son of God, as the ideal existed when the Jews had earthly kings and kingdoms to pattern from. You remember how crude that early ideal is: it represents God as sitting in the heavens and laughing in derision at earthly kings and their futile oppositions, and the Son of God as a capricious Being who must be propitiated and conciliated lest He be angry and kill them; and all this in support of the conception that He is to make His enemies His footstool. That ideal, made venerable by age and classic song, still held the ground when Christ came; it was at the basis of Satan's temptation, and so had wrought its work in Jesus' own mind. It must be reckoned with; and He must take such a course with men as either to confirm it or dislodge men from it. It may be too there were elements of truth in it, a larger truth, it may be eternally true that the Son of God is destined to reign until He has put all enemies under His feet. But in what sense is this to be true? He must take the way that shall disengage the purer sense from the cruder, and preserve the truth for higher uses. The old seers and psalmists had a real vision of the great things to be; but in their foreshortened notions, which were just like ours, they seized the kingship and its results while their eyes were still holden from the real kingliness. What is real kingliness, the kingliness that is patterned after the King of kings? Is he a real king, who sits arrayed in splendor, and walks in

luxury, while under his sway are gnashing teeth and turbulent rebellious hearts, and while all around him are rags and squalor and the sigh of the oppressed? Shall the king keep his iron foot on these, or shall he be a beneficent influence, like the God whom he represents, to relieve, to uplift, to help men bear the burdens of existence? The true kingliness wins, not subdues; or rather, it subdues by winning. A story is told of an old-time Oriental monarch, who on coming to his throne in a time of revolts and wide-spread disloyalties, boasted that he would slay all his enemies, and when later, in the era of prosperity and good-will that he inaugurated, these very rebellious ones came to do him enthusiastic homage, was reminded of his boast. "But are the enemies not slain?" he replied; "They are no longer enemies, for in my reign of kindness and wisdom and peace their enmity is dead." Here was the real kingliness, a kingliness that created, not destroyed; that gave the sterling allegiance of his subjects a chance to be, not crushed and outraged. And that, in Jesus' view, is the kingliness of the Son of God, to which His programme of life must be adjusted. It is His reading of life, as it has emerged from the searching fire of temptation and shaped itself into the duty of the Son of man.

Here comes in that other virtue of which I spoke, the virtue of humility; a phase of the new pulsation of life which we have not yet considered. I quoted, you remember, Mr. Chesterton's remark that while Christianity had taken and naturalized all the pagan virtues, it had invented three absolutely new ones, faith, hope, and charity, and that these, as distinguished from the dictates of reason and common sense, were the absolutely unreasonable virtues. But to this list he later added this fourth virtue of humility, saying that this also was new invention of Christianity, and that the hope of the world depended on it, as on the others, for its deliverance from deadlock and its progress to higher things. Humility — what is this? It is not a self-pleasing thing; we would all much rather be proud than humble, and if we haven't anything to be proud of, too many of us try to make up the lack by being vain. But the

fact that humility is not self-pleasing is just what saves it and makes it a new power of life. Humility is no more self-abasement than it is self-aggrandizement; rather, it is the adjustment of our spirit to life as it is, large or lowly, and as we essentially are, without reference to self at all. It is in fact just what comes into life from the elimination of the self-element. Think of that, and you will realize how it makes things fall into their real and related place. When self is eliminated, for the first time life and the world are seen and treated as they truly are, without the obscuring glammers of self-interest or pride, and without the twist of jealous prejudice, to distort the view. For the first time, then, Sophocles' ideal is truly realized, "to see life steadily and see it whole"; it is only the humble man who can do that. This helps us to understand why Jesus saw so much more in manhood than had ever been seen before; and why, in spite of all the discounts that he must make for sin and depravity — and how great these were He, who needed not that any should testify of man, for He knew what was in man, He was well aware — yet He trusted Himself whole-souled to the deeper human nature, in order that by the power of such trust the good that was possible in it might some day become real. To the unregenerate heart this humility looks like a weakling virtue. It looks like knuckling under, or at best like an enthusiastic Quixotism, treating men as they are not. Well, it is, but it is none the less the hope of the world. It is just the practical attitude that this supreme historic venture takes; the huge experiment in life which aims to awaken an answering life. When it is carried far enough to turn the other cheek to the smiter, yielding, as it looks, it is at least strong enough to remain steadfastly the same in spite of evil provocation and contempt. And when the same lowly virtue goes steadily and faithfully on to death and the cross, its real strength becomes manifest; it is the manliest, mightiest virtue in life, so transcendently great that Jesus' death, with the staunch humility of faith that led to it, has been laid hold of as the one concrete event that redeems the world.

How easily we deceive ourselves about the values of life, until we get down to the eternal principles of things. Here is a man who, making no adventitious claims for self, calmly endures contempt, ridicule, torture, death, His self-reverence and self-control being all the while intact and prevailing; while all round Him are men who, in their nervous dread lest their self-dignity should be invaded, bolster it up with scorn and great swelling words, and would if the stress came run away from a cow. And here we see how truly humility is a new thing in the earth, a Christ invention. The ancient and modern paganism makes the supreme quest of life happiness; the happiness of a proud, prevailing egoism. And it gets happiness; it is the law of our being that we get what we supremely want. Mr. Chesterton speaks of "the absurd shallowness of those who imagine that the pagan enjoyed himself only in a materialistic sense. Of course, he enjoyed himself, not only intellectually even, he enjoyed himself morally, he enjoyed himself spiritually. But it was himself that he was enjoying; on the face of it, a very natural thing to do." It was the reasonable quest of heathenism; eminently reasonable; we see its result in the Pharisee, who was really nothing but a Jewish pagan, as he stands hugging himself in proud delight, and thanks God that he is not as other men are. But, as Mr. Chesterton, in his contention that humility is a newly invented and essentially unreasonable virtue, goes on to say: "The psychological discovery is merely this, that whereas it had been supposed that the fullest possible enjoyment is to be found by extending our ego to infinity, the truth is that the fullest possible enjoyment is to be found by reducing our ego to zero." This is just what Jesus, the carpenter Son of God, did; and we name the virtue humility; and at the end, in the very shadow of the impending cross, we hear him saying, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Oh, friends, a prophetic soul in the twilight period had said, "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow," and modern interpreters, applying this to Jesus, have called him the Man of Sorrows. Behold and see: is there any

joy like the joy of a strong, self-denying, creative, humble faith?

When Jesus came down from the mountain where in sight of all the kingdoms of the earth He had met and solved the problem of life in His own godlike way, He came down to what Satan and the world would have called an inglorious anticlimax. He had stood before the opened heavens and heard the Voice; had received the baptism of water and the spirit, dove-like yet with eternal power; and the upshot was — He went home to Nazareth, among His old-time neighbors, bent on healing diseases and opening prison doors, on cheering the poor and turning His hand, as you and I may do, to

— that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love;

not going out of His way for the activities of life, but taking them as they came. And when men, dimly feeling the power of the highest in the humblest, began to respond, coming in crowds to the light and warmth of His presence, He "was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd"; their ailment was not that they were hungry, that was only incidental, but that they had not discovered the principle of self-guidance within them. So He was not supremely concerned to give them a meal of victuals; that again was only incidental; rather "he began to teach them many things." He labored to make men see and accept life as the indwelling grace of God has given it promise and potency. He did not bring up their past before them at all; rather He took His stand on the new beginning of things, blotting out that past in which they had wrought the will of the Gentiles, and opening the future. So it was consistently in His treatment of all. When the woman whom the hard legalists were ready to stone for her sin was brought to Him, ashamed and cowering before the purity of His light, He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." There had come a new and endless opportunity for every one. And before His ministry was over, He had announced that the Son

of man — the man that He would have all of them be, according to their faith — was Lord of the sabbath, forgiver of sins, and candidate for resurrection. The heavens that opened to Him are thrown freely open to all.

II. THUS IT BECOMETH US

And now, in this new warmth and light and life, what shall the spirit of man do? What shall he do, first of all, with the law, under which hitherto he has subsisted, and which the mind and customs of men have laden with prescriptions, and conventions, and all in which the good order of society is involved? Ours is a world of law, unbending, impartial; science and history alike have discovered that; and however bold and free the venture of the spirit, it must not be toward anarchy or toward a wild caprice; the tether of law and order is still there, no jot nor tittle impaired. The spirit of life, evolved to this godlike point, must have its higher law of the spirit of life; else it will be the slave and irresponsible minor it has always been.

I have already described this law of the spirit of life, psychologically, as a kind of overflow or surplusage, whereby the life of the soul is set in the outward and neighbor-regarding current, not in the inward and self-regarding; and the spirit of man itself, when it is committed to this great reversal of direction, I have described as free from all tyranny of alien will, joyously free to be and to do just what it wills. We are now to see how this grand reversal was applied to the laws and prescriptions of men; how that spirit wrought as a simple object lesson in the life of the Son of man. What can pure initiative, instinct if you please, when vitalized by the spirit without measure, be trusted to do in the realm of conduct; or in other words, when it makes its own law and adopts, or overrides, the laws already in the field? The law has been the great world burden. The spirit is the great emancipation. Shall the spirit work then by throwing off the burden and abrogating law, in other words by debasing the long evolved ideal

of living; or shall it confirm and exalt the law by stimulating men to do more, and thus stand strong and loyal under the burden? It is the decision of this alternative that we look for in Christ's life, as applied to the laws that men have come to reverence. The law of Christ. — what shall it be? Well, St. Paul sums it up not inaptly, and throws a gentle radiance over the whole ministry of Jesus, when, in terms of exhortation, he says, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." This really tells the whole story of Him who emptied Himself of heavenly distinction and dignity in order to identify Himself with the estate of manhood. Being found in fashion as a man, He bore the burdens of a man, and was constant in helping others, and infused the spirit of rest into all who came to Him laboring and heavy laden. "For," said He, "my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Yet this was no truckling or nerveless acquiescence: it tingled with wisdom and searching criticism of the empire of law; nor was it without moments of flaming indignation directed especially against those who were most scrupulous and strenuous in maintaining the law, the Scribes and Pharisees. He was an iconoclast as truly as He was an upbuilder. It is important therefore that we note, in this new light of the spirit of life, both what He built up and what He tore down, in His dealings with the prevailing structure of law.

To get at His spirit of upbuilding, of uttermost constructiveness, we do best, I think, to interrogate His attitude toward the small things of the world's rules and customs, the things that because they are insignificant or do not happen to apply to us, we are apt to neglect or disparage, making an exception in our own favor. There are many such things: in fact, for the most of us, the law, as related to our conduct, is almost wholly made up of such little observances. We never figure in police and court-room annals: the big laws against arson and house-breaking and fraud are dead letters to us, wholly out of our inner world. It is the little things, the trifles about which is said *de minimis non curat lex*, the law does not care for trifles, and which can be measured only by the general

spirit of observance or transgression, that really enter into our lives. And of these Jesus taught that the spirit which is tenderly observant of these small things is really the largest, most constructive spirit; He singled out, you remember, at least in the kingdom of heaven, him who despised one of the least of these commandments and taught men so, while He called men great in the kingdom according to their attitude toward little and non-essential things. Get the spirit of your life rightly related to these, and the essential things will take care of themselves.

And so, as best expressing Jesus' fundamental attitude to the laws and rules of men, I have chosen the remark He made in answer to John the Baptist, when He came to the Jordan to be baptized. The rite of baptism, as John had instituted it, connoted sin and repentance; it was the act by which men told the world that a revolution had taken place in them, that they had broken with an old order and were making ready for a new one. In Jesus, as soon as He appeared, John recognized an exception to this rule, an exemption, if ever there was one, from the requirement. "I have need to be baptized of thee," he said, "and comest thou to me?" Jesus knew this as well as John; He knew what the sound sense of the situation demanded. What a chance there was for Him here; how easily He could have told the world a new thing, — that here among them at last was sinlessness, fulness of life, perfect immunity from the evils and depravities of the human lot, and therefore perfect freedom from men's blundering laws and institutions. How easily, even before He went to the wilderness, He could have yielded to the second temptation, and emphasized the god! But no: He had not come to the Jordan to pose as an exception to rules; if men came eventually to recognize His godlikeness it must be by another way, by a way in which they also might be included. "Suffer it to be so now," was His reply to John, "for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." What depth of meaning in that word "us" here, and what liberal and limitless interpretation of that eternal ideal righteousness! So he submitted to this perfectly

unnecessary and for His case meaningless thing, in order to march shoulder to shoulder with those everywhere on whom life had imposed prescriptions of law and rite and custom.

This was not a solitary example. It laid hold on the whole fibre of His manhood spirit. A later incident reveals how truly this compliant obedience was of His very nature, and no mere expediency or opportunism conditioned by occasion. The Jewish officials came once to Him and His disciples to collect the temple-tax of half a shekel, a poll-tax imposed on every member of the state church. He knew, and He made His disciples know, that as Son of God and therefore essential Lord of the temple He was exempt. To tax Him at all for the services wherein His was the spirit to be worshipped and maintained was an anomaly and an affront; and to pay it was really to buy the worship of Himself. That is not the way, He said, that kings of the earth do; they take tribute of strangers, and the children are free. True worship, if it is anything at all, is a freedom, a spontaneous uprising of heart. There was a principle at stake here; as truly as there was in Boston a century and more ago, when our forefathers met in the Old South Church and refused to pay the tax on tea. I am not judging them. But what does He do? "Notwithstanding," He says, "lest we should offend them, go thou," — provide the money for every one of us and pay the tax. Offend them — whom? The government of nation and church; an institution, an abstraction you say, under which, if men can make their case good, a great many feel perfectly free to declare off or scale down their taxes. Here again I am not judging; it is the spirit of the thing that counts. And the spirit that was in Him was not determined by this or that opportunity, this or that abstraction, this or that loop-hole of exception; it was the intrinsic spirit of love itself, which is as mighty to abstain from causing offense, as it is to exert itself positively. And it was by this very act of abstaining from offense, of guarding His good from being evil spoken of, that the way was kept open for the positive beneficence which He had supremely at heart.

In fact, this whole business of law, so far as men can embody

it in enactments and institutions, is mainly an affair of abstaining, the negative matter of letting your neighbor alone, so that he can be as free to live as you are. That is why all the old commandments are couched in the words "Thou shalt not." They are adapted to a lower human nature, not yet fit for freedom, which unless restrained would tend always to molest the neighbor and make his life and property insecure. The law, after all, is only the established way of clearing the ground so that love to neighbor, when it is positively evolved, may have free course. And so it is an embodied prophecy of the coming freedom; a prophecy and preparation. But the essential command of the developed freedom is no more negative but positive, "Thou shalt"; it is the outward current of spirit, engaged in actual service and upbuilding. It takes men on the ground of their higher and regenerate nature, and sets that in motion. This is what, if we read them in the new spirit, all the old commands really meant. "For this," as St. Paul says, "'Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet,' and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." And when the question comes up, "Who is my neighbor?" you remember how Jesus answers it. Your neighbor, *a* neighbor? Why, every one who has the spirit of loving-helpfulness is a neighbor; a Samaritan, an outcast, just as truly as a priest or a Levite; there is no aristocracy or foreign element here. You recall with what wonderful skill, in His parable of the Good Samaritan, Jesus turned the point of His critic's question: His answer amounts to this, It is your business not to hunt up a neighbor, or to ask whom you can secure that will neighbor you; it is your one business to *be* a neighbor, and the rest follows of itself. And however far upward that spirit extended, He never limited it. Even when it reached the source of law and obligation, that abstraction which we call government, His answer, classic for all time, was, "Render therefore unto

Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." It is all, from beginning to end, a free rendering, no compulsion or evasion; it is a motion of the law of the spirit of life.

In his Sermon on the Mount, you remember, our Lord runs over some of the main points of the venerable laws and customs in which He finds men moving; and it is passing wonderful how, as soon as He touches them, He lets in the light and air of the spirit upon them, so that things fall into their real perspective and balance. And every one of His principles, when He says, "Ye have heard how it hath been said of old time, . . . but *I* say unto you," — every one of these turns on what our fellow man is to us, and what our inner attitude to him is. If you are doing your duty to fellow man — and this is what ideal law connotes, — a great deal, I was going to say everything, depends on what you take your fellow man to be. I was quoting, you remember, Carlyle's description of how his friend John Sterling entered upon the life in the world that his character and education fitted him for. From this description he goes on to say: "For alas, the world, as we said, already stands convicted to this young soul of being an untrue, un-blessed world; its high dignitaries many of them phantasms and players' masks; its worthships and worships unworshipful: from Dan to Beersheba, a mad world, my masters . . . Truly, in all times and places, the young ardent soul that enters on this world with heroic purpose, with veracious insight, and the yet unclouded 'inspiration of the Almighty' which has given us our intelligence, will find this world a very mad one." The world is indeed a fair enough place, Carlyle continues, to get rich in, or to raise a little temporary applause of flunkies and toadies; but "for any other human aim, I think you will find it not furthersome. If you in any way ask practically, How is a noble life to be led in it? you will be luckier than Sterling or I if you get any credible answer, or find any made road whatever." A promising approach to the world this, for a young man, is it not, to presuppose it as made up of madmen and fools, and you the only sane mind in it? What is such

a world going to be, in its response to you, or you to it, in the things you undertake or inculcate?

Our Lord's polar contrast to this disparaging attitude illustrates what it is the business of this chapter to trace, His divine creative faith in human nature; a faith which goes beyond man as He finds him, as far as eternity beyond, and adapts its working to the nobility of nature which is in potency, and which through the power of that faith is yet some day to be. And His attitude toward law, in accordance with the trend of law, expresses the negative side of this faith, — what man is *not* to be, as related to us. He begins with the greatest crime a man supposedly can commit, the crime of murder. What is the real essence of murder? If you kill, He says, you have, under the law, put yourself in danger of the judgment; you have raised the question how far you are or are not justified. But I say unto you, if you are angry with your brother causelessly, and call him Raca, a good for nothing, treating him so, you are in danger of a higher judgment, the inner verdict of the spirit; and if you call a man a fool and treat him so, you are in danger of a great deal fierier thing than judgment; it is the worst way of killing him, so far as you are concerned, for it puts him with the brutes and cuts off his chances of life altogether. This strikes a pretty high standard, to begin with; but from this He goes on to even graver things. He next raises the question, How shall you treat that woman, any woman, no matter whom? Shall you treat her as if she were not even so high as a fool, but only a soulless thing, to minister merely to your wanton lusts? Well then, you have broken the commandment, in the very worst way. How shall you treat that wife of yours, that divinely ordained partner of your life and lot? Shall you treat her as if she were only a slave, or a casual toy, whom, as soon as she does not furnish all the congeniality and domestic mating you crave, you may heartlessly turn away, into all the risks of destitution and sin? Why, just as every man is your brother, so that woman, whoever she is and whatever her legalized relation, is your sister, one of the same great family, a

potential temple of the same spirit that dwells in you. Let therefore that spirit at its best, which is the spirit of universal love, have free, patient, forgiving course; and be not too ready to forbid its working. It comes back, after all, not to her but to you; are you able to bear your weight on that spirit? Then a step further still He goes, and brings the solution of it all in view. How shall you treat that enemy of yours — no fool or soulless thing this time, but in active hatred and malice against you? Here is your chance to treat men as they actually are. Well now, are you going to hate him back again, giving as good as you get? Why, then, you are weakly letting him set the copy for you to live by. Your regard for him is just as big as his for you, no bigger; and so your treatment is just the same as the old crude notion of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Is it for you, in your adult ideal of life, to be such a helpless echo of another that you cannot love him until he begins the game and loves you, or do him a good turn until he has virtually compelled it by doing good to you? Why, sinners and publicans, the very outcasts do as much as that. What thanks have you, what surplusage and overflow of life, if you do no more than that? That is not the copy that is set for your living. Look up to the God who made you and him, and in whose creative love all your life has grown and thriven. He is all the while sending His sun and rain on the evil and the good, on the just and the unjust alike; even in their blasphemy and rebellion they are living on His unwearying grace. There is your copy. There is the law of your adult manhood. Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect. A tremendously high standard this, I grant you; but not to be like Him, when you see Him as He is, is to be like a publican and a sinner, is to be less than your accepted standard, your legal standard even, of the human.

So then, by Jesus' estimate, it ministers neither to life nor law to treat the world of men like fools or things or aliens or enemies; what if, as Carlyle assumes, it *is* "a mad world, my masters"? The dictate of this new pulsation of faith, so di-

vinely unreasonable, is not at all what the world is but what *you* are, and what your brave insight sees the world, far hence, to be capable of being, — capable because it is your family and you, as brother of the world, are capable. But this, you say, produces a misfit of conditions. Yes: it does. It was just to this misfit of conditions that Christ, in His supreme historic venture, committed Himself. He was courageously working for the far result; was sowing the seed of love and faith which would little by little germinate into a springtide and harvest of new life. What a tremendous originality and initiative in it all! He knew how the first generation, His own contemporaries, took it and would take it; knew what is in the childish heart of man always. They were like children sitting in the market-places and peevishly reproaching their fellows for not playing as they wanted. John the Baptist was too austere and ascetic; and you would think they wanted nothing but gaiety and comradeship. Jesus was a comrade, entering into all the amenities of society and eating and drinking; and you never saw such ascetic people as they wanted to be; all his good fellowship was to them only gluttony and winebibbing. There is the childish in man to be reckoned with; to go consistently on your own higher way of life runs all the risk of being a misfit. But wisdom is justified of her children; the leaven of the kingdom will work unseen; and here and there men who will stop being childish long enough to be really child-like will find that the power of that strong consistent love and faith which makes them dare to live their life as it ought to be lived, is their one hope, their one open door of salvation. Think then how much it means, that when Jesus put Himself under the law of His kind, He did *not* treat His kind as depraved and corrupt, as law-breakers and sinners, but rather as heirs of a limitless potency of life. And as the foundation of His theology He lays it on us to treat men likewise, and to dare the consequences. Does it not look, friends, as if, when we read His life in its large proportions, we must change the centre of gravity of our whole dogmatic system? Have we not tried to save men by cobbling and patching-up work long

enough? Does not the time past suffice us to have treated our brother's human heart as deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, — whether it *is* so or not? It is time, I think, to try Christ's way, the way of divinely directed spiritual evolution, whereby the law of His being is fulfilled by the outward current of grace. That is what it amounts to.

To me one of the most touching incidents of our Lord's whole life is that single gesture recorded of Him when they brought Him the woman taken in adultery. There they stood, sinners all, looking in ill-concealed glee to see what judgment He would pronounce on their broken law. There was she, guilty and ashamed, expecting that this holiest Being of all would the next moment give the word that would put her out of life. It was a moment big with suspense and heart-searching. "But Jesus stooped down, and with his fingers wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not." What did He write? men have curiously asked and conjectured; He of whom this is the only record of writing, He who alone is authorized to write the sentence by which the whole world is judged. Many are the answers given, according as men read the mind of Christ. Did He write their sentence there? Not so: rather, they wrote it themselves, in their guilty slinking away, just as soon as He spoke again. Was it then an evasion on His part, whether because He was at loss what to say, or because He would not give words to His indignation? Or was He, as some think, hiding the blush that rose to His face at thought of the whole shameless business? None of these conjectures are satisfying, and perhaps we are over curious to inquire at all. It has always seemed to me as if this simple act were His way of keeping silent about the shame that He found in His adopted family of man; as if when they would force Him to declare judgment He would not bring Himself to tell tales out of school. If we all are reticent about our domestic affairs, and especially, as the phrase is, will not wash our dirty linen in public, would we expect Him, the most tactful and charitable of all, to blurt our human baseness to the universe? His silence was His loyal reticence about the adopted family,

His brothers and sisters, for whom by His faith He would hold the gate of life always open.

Yet, as I have intimated, this very Son of man did not scruple to be a flagrant law-breaker and iconoclast, when men's laws had ceased to be God's law, and no longer ministered to life. The life of man was the supreme concern, not the law. So it came about that the very law by which the Scribes and Pharisees set most store, and which perhaps they had reduced to the minutest and exactest enactment, was the law that He cast bluntly back in their teeth as an unholy thing. I refer to His treatment of the prescribed Sabbath observance. Here was a law that could be accurately codified. The elders could measure off just how many inches a man might travel, just what things he might and might not eat, just what he might do about cooking and dressing and visiting and worshipping and working; it was all capable of iron-bound rules. And being so exact on the side of the letter, it was equally susceptible to evasions and accommodations and scalings-down, when one had not the spirit of it in his heart. Our Lord, you know, went on doing His works of mercy without stopping to inquire what day it was, and when His disciples were hungry let them pluck the corn and eat; to Him the day was just as sacred, and just as great an opportunity, as any day. This exasperated them; it did not beseem a prophet and teacher of men; did not make the Sabbath sanctified enough, in other words gloomy and lazy and useless enough, to suit them. What is a holy day for, except to be useless to any one but God? Well, you remember what an arrant Sabbath-breaker He was; and how consistently He devoted the day not to excuses for laziness and austerity but to royal opportunities for man's highest work, his work of helpfulness and mercy, which can be so much better done then as he has not the cares of daily livelihood to interfere. "My Father worketh hitherto," He said, "and I work." One is holy enough for that or any day, if he does as God does. So His ideal was not to break the Sabbath but to fulfil it by putting it to the highest uses after which a true man's life yearns and longs; to make it the

best day by doing the most godlike things. That he will do, if it is supremely in him to do it. It comes back, after all, to the spirit of man. You cannot make a man keep the Sabbath by legislating a Sabbath; and a man cannot keep the Sabbath by going through external motions, however pious, or even by lying abed all day. If it is separated from other days it must be separated on some other principle. It comes back to the spirit of the man himself; the active, unforced, spontaneous spirit of life. When the apostle John Eliot, at Newton, tried to evangelize the Indians, it is said he had very little difficulty in persuading them to rest on the Sabbath; the real difficulty came in when he tried to get them to work on any other day. There was the rub; I don't think, however, we would call it too much Sabbath, but too little man. As for the Mosaic Sabbath, the day of rest, — well, there are two ways of getting at that. One is, if the bent is in you to be useless, to make it a day of cessation and inaction; the other is, to make it a day when, like a sweet home-coming and recreation, it is rest and refreshment to you to do the highest manhood work. The Sabbath was made for man, for man at his best, not man for the Sabbath. And what that noblest manhood work is, we have the life of the Son of man to answer, and the restful work of love that He never ceased to do. "Therefore," He says, "the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath." I think the Christian world has done not unwisely, by changing the day of the week and the name of the day, to transfer our holy day from the ideal of cessation to the perpetual ideal of the highest to which the Son of man may rise, the ideal of resurrection to new life; I think it not only immensely hallows the day, but better fulfils the Mosaic law of rest too. Here therefore, as elsewhere, our Lord came not to destroy but to fulfil.

Our Lord's severest denunciations were directed against those leaders and pace-setters of society who would take occasion of their position to bind grievous burdens upon men, and then not stir a finger to lift such burdens themselves. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Abraham had once asked of God. Shall not the judges and guides of men

obey their own laws? It is a very easy and hypocritical thing to live under an empire of law if the other fellow is to do all the obedience. Jesus' sympathies were always with the under man, the bearer of the burden, the man whose business it was to be governed; He would begin with this man because He would make the law of his being sound all the way up, from bottom to top. Into this essential man He would breathe the spirit which would enable him, in a new athletic vitality, both to make and to keep his own law. The law itself would turn out to be the same old law of manhood which the ages had already hallowed as the law of God, only transfigured, quickened, made self-acting; and this it would be by being taken in on the way, as man commits himself to the full outward current of life, the current of grace, love, forgiveness, brotherhood. This is what it all mounts up to. The law is there, intact, no jot nor tittle lacking; but it has become a thing of course, an incident of life. In the life of brother love there is no more call to bother about rules of living than there is to take thought for breathing or digestion. As a body of prescribed rules telling you what not to do, the old law is dead; not, however, because it is abrogated, but because it is buried up in the natural functions of life.

In the ancient prophetic ideal it was said of the Servant of Jehovah who was to come: "The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake; he will magnify the law, and make it honorable." And is it not so? The self-regarding leaders of Israel, priests though they were and endlessly self-righteous, had run their law into pettiness and limitations; had fenced it round everywhere with puerile interpretations, which were one and all like breathing-places where a man could stop obeying and begin to evade or accommodate. They had belittled the significance of the very terms they used; like the French, whose word *homage* is attenuated to mean outward flattery of women, and whose word *vertu* is whittled down to a fine piece of furniture or old china. What do you suppose the upper class of Jews called *righteousness*? They gave the name to alms-giving; that was doing righteousness; and when our Lord

tells His disciples not to do their alms before men to be seen of them, He uses the current term, telling them not to do their righteousness in that way. Righteousness, that far ideal of truest living, had become largely a thing done for show, like a contribution to charity, a thing in which it was quite feasible for the spirit not to go along with it at all, but just to send a check — and get a popular credit on the books for beneficence. Why, the poor widow with her two mites, all she had, was doing more righteousness than the whole crowd of them. And so He told His disciples, whom He was educating in the spirit, that except their righteousness exceeded the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees the kingdom of heaven was no place for them. For the thing that He had unearthed in their lives was, not only that their petty interpretations and restrictions had belittled the whole scheme of the law ideal, but that they had honeycombed it with hypocrisies. He told His disciples to beware of their “leaven,” which is hypocrisy; all that silent pervasive ferment of influence and spirit, which we figure by leaven, and which is the most beautiful illustration, on the true-hearted scale, of the growing kingdom of heaven, was in them an unreal thing, a lie, making a pretense of things that are not. The Greek word for hypocrisy, you know, is the word that they use for play-acting; an actor, whose business it was to represent the shows of things, was in their language a hypocrite. So His indictment against the Scribes and Pharisees was that they were living a put-on life, pretending to be righteous while they were not, and putting their righteousness into the concrete observances that men could see and applaud.

And all the while there stood the law of righteousness majestic before them, confessed in their words and their fashions, a silent monument of the homage that the counterfeit always pays to the true. We do not counterfeit worthless things but valuable things; our hypocrisies are our testimony to the law of truth, that it is holy and just and good. But with Jesus, the true Servant of Jehovah, the ancient prophecy has come true, by the plain and sterling way of the inner spirit. “He will magnify the law, and make it honorable.” With Him it

has become a thing large and universal, a law of highest nature; no longer a thing for the under man to groan under and for the upper man to evade and falsify; no longer an affair of codes and fine distinctions, as if it were a thing made out of paper; and no longer restrictive at all, nor any bridle on the free spirit of man, which is the spirit of brotherhood. Its very negative trend, its "thou shalt not," has become the fine and delicate tact of Him who will no wise hurt or offend. So in the honorable relations of man and man which it establishes, when observed in the spirit, we know now for the first time in history what its supreme ideal, righteousness, means.

III. TO THIS END WAS I BORN

Very evidently it is a King of men who is moving so calmly and genially among us; the more kingly as His presence is more approachable, and as by His impact on every individual heart He works to make His realm a veritable democracy of kings and priests. We have seen it in the laws He reaffirms and interprets, and in the steady attitude of upbuilding which He has at heart. We are to ask now how He Himself defined all this, and what end of it He set before Him. His plans were broadly laid. He came down from the exceeding high mountain not only with a plan of life which could be carried out in humility and open-heartedness, but with a plan of empire. We cannot, as some do, think, with the words "Thou art my beloved Son" in our ears, that His career was in any sense an accident or a makeshift. When the temporary emergency arose He indeed did, as the old phrase is, "the next thing"; but it was always both the preordained thing and the most far-reaching thing, a thing which never had to be undone. Every event in His ministry, being an event of the typical manhood, came to stay.

The upbuilding, vitalizing agency on which He relied, as we have abundantly seen, was simply love, or as St. John calls it, grace: which is just love initiative, love which does not wait for merit or dignity or loveliness to call it forth, and which

does not make demands or conditions, but exerts itself unprovoked out of its own infinite fulness, which is identified with the creative and upholding power of the universe. It is this grace that He lives; this that He brings in all lowly offices of good to His neighbors and to needy ones; this, in its application all the way from kinsman to enemy, that He lays as ideal on all who would learn of Him. This was the initial kingliness He brought to men; this, in application, constituted His social norm and code of law.

But this new way of treating men, inoffensive as it was and the highest note of evolution, could not have undisturbed course. The very contrast it made men aware of in their own hearts would of necessity make it a standing reproach to their ways, and so cause reaction. Too evidently, at the first impact, it would not bring peace on earth, but a sword. Therefore such love to men must have not only impulse but staying-power. As some one has expressed it, "An icy air and the hard rock of selfishness were conditions which hindered the growth of the germ which lay in the creation." Besides, in the view of things to which men were used, the very completeness of that grace seemed an element of weakness; it was so tender, so undemanding, seemed as it were a kind of collapse of the whole pride of aggressive manhood. To this day we all find it the hardest thing in the world to incorporate in our nature. Men can so override it, so take advantage of it, so trade upon it, as if having only grace to play against they had all the tricks of the game in their own hands. A schemer, or a bunco man, it would seem, could not desire a more facile prey than this offers; so apparently unsuspecting that all the zest is taken out of the game. And so of those who are good without any spice of malice or retaliation we get up a proverb, saying, "So good that he is good for nothing," and think there is something lacking in their brain; and of ourselves we say, "Yes, I can forgive, and I can love my enemy, up to a certain point, but" — and that *but* sets a limit, lower or higher, where we can stop loving and begin to pay the world off in its own coin. We have moments when, as to Machiavelli it seems to

us, "That the Christian faith has given up good men in prey to those that are tyrannical and unjust"; and we subscribe heartily to Lord Bacon's wise advice: "Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness; which taketh an honest mind prisoner." There is an authentic strain of integral human nature to reckon with here: our grace, our goodness, must be wise, must be an art of goodness, with tools, for all our strong personality to use, and sphere for all our skill and tact to work in.

How shall Jesus meet this reaction which His grace is so sure to induce, meet it so that in the long run His meekness and humility shall not go under but survive and conquer? Shall He be gracious and nothing else, or must something more be added, to complete the endowment of the Son of man; and if so, what?

St. John, you remember, in speaking of the Word made flesh, adds another element to the account. There He stood among men, God's idea spelled out in human life, and we beheld His glory, so pure and perfect that we saw therein the only-begotten Son of God; and the life He lived was full of grace and truth. This characteristic was what differentiated His era from the old dispensation: the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. We have seen the grace in practical working; going about doing good, healing diseases, announcing goodwill to men, as if these were all it had to do. And we have seen how lamblike and apparently defenseless such grace is against the evil onsets of men. What now shall we make of this second element, this supplementing endowment of truth, added to grace? St. John, who for all his mystic and poetic strain was a keen thinker in a logic of his own, has the most to say about truth of any of the New Testament writers; it is through him that we get the term and the large idea. But it is a tissue of many threads, both of thought and of life; and the other evangelists, though they do not make such free use of the name, contribute their part, as important as St. John's, especially in their record of the deeds He did, and in

their revelation of His mind, which merits no less absolute name than the truth of life.

Along in the middle of His ministry, or a little beyond, there came to Jesus what we may call an enlargement of scale: His realization of His mission broadened and deepened; this we may say, whatever view we take of Him, for like all of us He lived and learned, learning obedience by the things He suffered. An untold shock it must have been to Him, that single-hearted villager working in such purity of love and faith, when the elders and scholars of the nation called it all devil's work and interpreted it by Beelzebub the prince of devils. It was this, you know, that called forth His warning about the sin against the Holy Spirit which could not be forgiven; to Him it was like an utter reversal of the laws of being. To think that the accredited guides and leaders, in whose keeping were the ruling standards and sentiments of men, should read life by the polar opposite of the real truth, was the sharpest stab that could have been given to His sensitive spirit. At that point a gap must needs open between Him and His beloved nation, that nation of which He had said, "salvation is of the Jews." Soon after this rebuff He extended His journeying into the coasts of Syro-Phenicia, the only occasion in His ministry, so far as we know, when He went beyond Jewish soil and came in contact with a foreign nation. And there, you remember, He found hearts just as hungry for life, and just as responsive to His healing power, as He had found in Galilee. The Syro-Phenician woman, who would not accept His word, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs," but was eager, like the dogs, to take some crumbs from the Master's table, — this woman conquered by her faith, and thus proved to His ever-open heart that foreigners too and heathen, alien in thought and antecedents, were just as truly open to the light He brought, and just as capable of assimilating His way of life, as were the lost sheep of the house of Israel. This discovery, though He had all the germs and premonitions of it before, produced a great enlargement of His scale of things; henceforth the whole world, and not a mere Jewish corner of

it, was the sphere of His love and power. What if now the Jews did reject Him, and what if this contemporary generation should vent upon Him all their malice and caprice, doing with Him as they listed, the same as they had done to John the Baptist? He had come in sight of a larger outlet of life, broader and loftier than could be cramped down to space and time, or thwarted by the prevailing evil of men. He had discovered that this life of His was adapted to work universally, and that the deep heart of man, wherever and whenever the life found it, had the susceptibility to lay hold of it and live. And we may be sure He was not slow to grasp and formulate the meaning of all this.

That it worked on His heart and engendered great thoughts we know from the question that He asked His disciples on His way back from this foreign trip. Then it was, it would seem, that the tremendous idea of Messiahship came into His mind; He had hardly brought Himself to cherish it before, at least for Himself; He would not, until He had felt His way and knew He was right. And when now He did broach the idea, it was not by assertion; that was never His way; but by getting the opinion of those who, being always with Him, were best able to judge. "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" The disciples gave Him various answers, floating opinions like gossip, all more or less vague and laden with crude superstitions. Some, they said, called Him John the Baptist, come back from death to finish his work; some, Elijah, the prophesied forerunner; some, Jeremiah, come again perhaps to bring back the ark and the holy vessels which he had hid in a cave; and still others, one of the ancient prophets come to revive the prophetic word so long silent. None had made any large or lucid interpretation of Him. "But whom say ye that I am?" He asked; and when one of them, Peter, answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," His reply, so accordant with the thought that was surging in Jesus' heart, was hailed as a discovery revealed not by flesh and blood but by the Father in heaven Himself. But He charged them to tell no man that He was Jesus the Christ;

the thing was too sacred to be thrown like an idle gossip to the raw crude conceptions of men, or to make its way by proclamation, with its inevitable uprisings and revolutions; it must come to them by the way of their own hearts, as it had come to Him and Peter, and come only as their hearts were large enough to interpret the real glory of it.

Here I must speak of an interpretation, lately promulgated, which I think errs by belittling and in a way belying our Lord's attitude to men and to His work. We have seen how He always spoke of the Son of man and the Son of God as if He were, so to say, working out a study, a theory, an ideal, of what this personage, whoever He individually was, should be and do. It was as if He were here on earth creating out of existing material an authentic type of manhood for the world to see and judge and accept. This type He was shaping every day, not by words and philosophy alone, but by deeds and by the way He met experiences as they came. But when it came to applying the names to Himself, or making high assumptions, that He left to others; His sane humility would not let Him claim for Himself more than men out of straight-seeing eyes could see. So when men asked Him to declare Himself, He always put the matter back upon them; as if He would have them put the data together and judge for themselves whether He answered to their ideal or not. When John the Baptist, who felt that the truth of his own announcement was at stake, sent from the prison the inquiry "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" the answer sent back to him was, "Go and tell John the things which ye do hear and see," — as if Jesus would say, There are the data; you ought to know. Now the belittling interpretation of which I spoke relates to the answer that, as we note, He always made to His questioners, high-priests or potentates, whoever would fathom His personality. "Art thou the Christ — the Son of God — the King of the Jews?" "Thou sayest," was always the answer. Now Professor Schmidt says that He made this answer as an evasion, because He knew He was not the Messiah and was honest enough to avoid saying He was, and so parried the

question. This, it seems to me, introduces a false note into Jesus' character; if it makes Him honest it makes Him also cowardly. Why, I think that answer is just in the idiom of His whole non-assuming transparent life: "Thou sayest" is equivalent to answering, "That is for you to say." This coming of the Christ He regarded as a sharing, coöperative matter, wherein men had their part as well as the Christ. If it was for Him, or any one, to be the Messiah, it was for them to see Him as He was and name Him, according to the answer of their hearts. Else He was no Messiah to them; nor did He desire to be, on any other terms than free choice and recognition.

You know what happens as soon as Peter has made his confession, showing how Jesus has come to impress a big-hearted, genuine man of the people who has companied with him long. He calls that confession, and the spirit that can make it, a rock on which the church may be so built as to stand against the gates of hell. Then at once He begins to ponder on that great sacred trust of His, just as He had pondered on being Son of man and Son of God; as if He would study out its mighty content, and learn what the Christ should be and do. The Christ idea had become so hallowed and magnified by the imagination of the ages that, like all great historic ideas, it had acquired an almost superhuman remoteness; but also there had gathered round it unworthy accretions of superstition and belittlement. And now that it had come close home to Him, to His own lowly life, the first thing to do was to clear up the idea, making it sane, livable, accessible. It was as if a world burden were laid on His shoulders. The wholesomest thought, duty, imagination of the ages and the lands were concentrated in Him, this clear-seeing artisan of Galilee. He had been chosen for this high trust for the spirit that was without measure in Him; the working of it out, then, must be as it were an obedience to heredity, the consistent way which His whole nature had already started upon. Priests and Pharisees, with their sneer of devil's work, must not deflect Him one inch; He was on higher ground than the whims and blindness of a generation

or a national form of religion. The hungering heart of aliens and heathen, sharing in the same large humanity, was calling Him; He must not disregard this universal need and capacity for a common faith. The Christ, the anointed King of men, must be a Christ for the ages and for the world; the redeeming Head of the whole family in heaven and earth, the firstborn of every creature. Such must have been the nature of the ponderings which Peter's confession and the events of the latest few days pressed upon Him. He was confronting the greatest idea in the world, and was undertaking to incorporate it in His own life. No such sacred trust had ever been laid on mortal man before; no more godlike opportunity could ever come again. It must not therefore be entered on lightly or hastily; its deepest ultimate meaning must be studied out in secret, and preclude the risk of any false step. No wonder He told His disciples to keep quiet about so tremendous a revelation, until He could have time to feel and know His way.

But as soon as He reached this table-land of Messianic consciousness, one element of the idea came to Him at once as an essential, elemental requisite. The Son of man, the anointed King and Type of manhood, must die. Death was a part of His kingliness; it stood there plain and obvious in the path to His glory. To be sure there was the death that all must die, the common lot of man; but in this new case the death, just because it was the common lot, must be other. It must be a death freely chosen, the more freely because it could so easily and naturally be evaded. And so it must be a death for men, a death that came as the uttermost expression of love. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." If, as hitherto, He was committed to the complete and ultimate revelation of the love of the Father, He must not flinch from this. In a world where sin so abounds, and where men's eyes are so blinded by it, grace must much more abound; it must prove that it *is* free grace, and the most godlike pulsation of all being, by abounding; it must abound by outlasting the deadliest that sin can do. If it cannot so outlast, taking sin's most venomous onsets yet remaining con-

stant and active, then there comes a point where grace goes under and sin is the ruling element in the world. This must not be; God, who is love, must not have created and led forward His handiwork in vain; manhood, whose spirit has risen dimly to such heights of capability, must not fail of that height which is the crown and solution of all. So there is nothing for it but that the Christ shall lay down His life for the world. He must do it, in order to be true to the ideal He has already pursued as Son of man; not to do it is to go back upon its sacredest demands and own the evil of man's heart too strong for Him. Now you can see how little of that "facility or softness" which Lord Bacon deprecates, and which the world in its false pride despises, there is in boundless goodness to men. It is not "bondage to men's faces or fancies," but the polar opposite; not bondage to their stormy malice and blindness either, but the heavenly freedom from it; it is the strong thrill of the eternal life smiting into time and putting there the vitality which overflows and outlasts. You can see now too how that strain of grace is also the strain of truth; it is true to itself and integral even to the end; meek and yielding as it seems, it abates no inch of its principle; it has the power and constancy of the eternal ongoing of the universe.

So when the disciples get their glimpse of His essential Messiahship, the next thing Jesus does is to take them and solemnly tell them that the Son of man must be delivered into the hands of men and die at their hands and rise into the fulness of life that way. This is estranging to them and inexplicable; it contradicts all that their imagination has shaped of the Christ. When the Christ comes, must He not abide for ever, and if so, must He not be the grand exception to nature and be gloriously exempt from ignominy and death? If Enoch could be rapt away from earth without dying; if Elijah could rise in a chariot of fire; if Moses could fall asleep by "the kiss of the Eternal"; if these could be historic exceptions to the mortal lot; how much more the highest and holiest of all, He whom God has anointed and crowned King of men. No, said Peter, right on the heels of his great confession; no, this humiliation

must not, cannot be. But here he met his sharpest rebuke. He was wrong, he was blind, to say so; it was, though he knew it not and though it was the impulse of loyalty, it was the Satan in him that urged the self-aggrandizement of Messiah and the royal exemption from death. How easy it thus was, in the presence of this ideal of outlasting grace, to become the tempter, the mouthpiece of the Adversary himself! John the Baptist had come, and rightly received, he had all the spirit and power of the promised Elijah; but men did with him what they pleased, and they pleased to put him to death, just as they had served the other prophets. So with the Son of man; they will do with Him what they please; but at all events He must be to the uttermost the subject and target of their free will, and their salvation must hang on what they please to do, on the spontaneous choice they make, not on what they are forced to do. At all hazards the human spirit must have free play, whether in hatred or in love; in no other way can the freedom which is love have its supreme opportunity in their hearts. But so also must the Son of man assert His freedom: just by being true to Himself, true to the extreme of laying down the life that their blind hatred demands. Nor only so. If you, He says, my disciples, are going to follow after me, learning my way and sharing in my kingliness, you must every one of you deny yourselves, and take up your cross daily, and trudge forward patiently, stedfastly, strongly, in the way of that same death to sin. This is not the way for one anointed, glorified man alone; not a performance for your magnified Ideal to go through and leave you down below gaping in wonder; it is the godlike way of every man. Death too, for me and every man, must be no longer a bondage but a freedom; you must learn to use it for all there is in it, by living the life that rises above it. For your goal is not to evade death, or even to get ready for death; your goal, no less than mine, is resurrection, the uprising of life on which death, though it come as the extreme of injustice and cruelty, has no power.

We come here in sight of a new truth, a truth of untold significance for every man. In His wise way of bringing things

into sound balance and relation, you remember how Jesus made it clear that law, that universal empire in which all nature is, is for the completed man merely an incident of life. Here now we behold a truth greater yet: that for the Messiah, and so ideally for every son of man, *death is an incident of life*. Amazing as it seems at first to us who see it taking away every dear one we have and waiting inexorably for us, this is the calm assurance on which He enters His high mission. Death is not extinction of life, not deflection from the life's currents, not stoppage and delay of vitality; not what to the eyes it seems to be at all. It is merely a station on the way to uprise and resurrection. Therefore it is not a motive of life; as if our business were to prepare for it, or in any way to change our attitude of life, in conformity to a thing that comes without preparation, and has no moral worth when it comes. There is nothing in it to make a motive out of. The life remains intact, with all its endowments of loyalty, righteousness, grace, truth; steps down to the tomb with all these vital motions strong as ever within it. At the same time Jesus hallows death into a life element, makes it from an inert characterless thing into a vital motive, by accepting it as death for the world and for truth, swinging it thus into the consistent line of love. It is an incident of life; but being the last enemy to be destroyed, it may be made the redeeming, crowning, holiest incident. And His death, with its world accompaniments, shall exhibit death to all the ages in its ultimate type and beauty.

What then does this crisis in Jesus' ministry, when as Christ He confronted the eternal issues of life and death, demand? Simply that He go on being true to Himself and to life as He sees it. He is here, a man among men; working out the details of manhood life; He will not therefore take advantage of His Messiahship, as Peter urged, to introduce an exception into the order of things, or any miracle except such as by faith all could work. He will not assume the god, just because He is Messiah; rather He will be the more truly a man. The Messiahship has not changed His nature; rather it has given His Son-of-manship free course. This must express itself to the

end, or rather, regardless of the end. It must use death as it will, putting it into its true subordinate place; and thus, by a supreme object lesson, deliver those, the shivering, paralyzed humanity, who through fear of death have been all their lifetime subject to bondage. For the Son of man has it in Him to conquer that last enemy, by making it an authentic element of life.

From this time, then, the record goes on to say, Jesus set His face stedfastly to go to Jerusalem, where He knew death awaited Him. There was a Messianic dignity and sublimity in this very resolve, which showed itself in His whole appearance and mien. It seemed to make Him larger than human. The disciples, you remember, were amazed as they saw Him going on before them; and like men dazed they followed, not knowing what it all meant. So in course of time He came to the capital city; and it happened to Him as He had foretold. Calmly and wisely He made His preparations, preparing His disciples for the event and for what should follow; putting into their minds strange words and predictions, which some time, when the stress and the need came upon them, they would remember. Then He was set before the high-priest and questioned on oath, Art thou the Messiah? "Thou sayest," was His answer; that is for thee to say. But how do you prove it? There are my works and my words, open and plain; in secret have I said nothing. But He added a significant thing. This life of mine, it meant, is just the way of highest manhood, and whether you accept me or not, hereafter you shall see the Son of man, the divinely perfected manhood, coming in the clouds of heaven. That is the far end for which He is living, whatever the event to Him individually. Then later He is brought before Pilate, the highest representative of kingly might and authority. Here is one of the sublime moments of history; a greater scene than Joan of Arc before her accusers, or Luther at Worms: the king of the land, with the handling of brute life and death in his hands, and the King of men, with the gift of eternal life before which death becomes a paltry powerless thing. "Art thou the king of the Jews?" Pilate first asks; but

Jesus puts the question aside as not relevant to Pilate himself; it makes no difference to Pilate whether Jesus is king of the Jews or not; that is a question for the Jews to determine. "Art thou a king then?" Pilate goes on, in vaguely prescient apprehension, to ask. And the answer seems to me one of the most wonderful answers in all history. "Thou sayest that I am a king"; it is for thee to say whether I am a king, to say according to what your heart tells you. The appeal is to the heart of a Roman potentate, the representative of a mighty world-power whose genius is for law, organization, order, justice; such a representative ought to know. Then He goes on to give the data: telling this king of the earth, for him to weigh and judge, what it is to be a king. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." A marvelous way this to be a king: just to be a true man, according to the ideal of manhood that birth, and the wise ages of prophecy, and the free movement of the spirit have put within Him. Such true manhood as this men will hear and obey, and thus make it their king, as soon as they will let the manhood that is in them speak and the true currents of being have free course. But the definition is too simple for Pilate. He has always been so tangled up with expediencies and opportunism, with schemes for keeping his position intact and keeping his head on his shoulders, with politics and complicated policies, — in a word, with what we in modern days call the policy of "get there," of securing immediate ends, no matter what, by hook or crook, — that all conception of a determining truth and principle of being, of a character moving consistently and all together and to an ideal end, is atrophied and lost. "What is truth?" he asks, in utter bewilderment; and turns away; and belies the timidly rising nobility of his nature by yielding once more to the tyrannous necessity of keeping his head on his shoulders, and weakly letting the clamorous Jews have all their will, and by trying to wash his hands of the whole matter. So that interview of the two kings resolves itself into the truth of life and falsity and

weakness of life confronting each other. We see where the real strength remains, and when it comes to the encounter, which goes under. We see too that the power put momentarily into the false one's hands to crucify the True has nothing to do with the issue, except to make that Malefactor's death for ever glorious.

How we have suffered ourselves to belittle our idea of truth! How far we have fallen short of seeing the sublimity of this simplest thing in life, being true to self and ideal! We too, like Pilate, have become tangled up in our expediencies, and our temporary makeshifts, and our worldly machinery, and our too convenient assumption that it is the business of human nature to be more or less sinful and fallen; until the straight road of life has become blurred and befogged, and our paths have become crooked. Truth is not a thing to tell; it is a thing to *be*. "I am the truth," was our Lord's word to His disciples; and when He says to Pilate He has come into the world to bear witness to the truth, do you know what the word "bear witness" means? It is the same word from which comes our word martyr. I am come to be martyr to the truth; that is what He says; to hold and live the truth of life in face of all that comes, be it policy or persecution or rejection or death; to hold up the truth of essential manhood high for all men to know. And in an age which had forgotten what truth was, and would not lift a finger for anything but its own selfish interests, He put a strain into the hearts of lowly men, fishermen and mechanics and the weak of the earth, which impelled them to walk joyfully to the stake and die for what was in them, martyrs to the same noble witnessing to truth. And He revealed that this is a divine thing; for a little later, when the meaning of things has time to shape itself, we hear St. Paul saying that the Holy Spirit witnesses with ours, is a martyr along with us, as we work out the wondrous determination to be true. It has become the glad freedom of life, according to the word which He said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

We have seen Him resolving on death, and setting His face

stedfastly to go to Jerusalem. All this had a great philosophy of noblest life underlying it, a philosophy which, according to His wont, He drew from the analogies of God's great world of nature. When the Greeks, you remember, came to ask Him about His principle, He hailed the moment as the moment of His glorification, and gave them this explanation: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." The same truth this, that St. Paul afterward takes up and restates, almost in scorn for those who will not see a thing so clear: "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." What a different face this puts upon death, just because it utilizes death in the way of being stedfast, and strong, and true. Such death, or rather such oneness of purpose and consistency to holiest manhood, opens the Christ way for every lowliest, weakest one. He first trod the wine-press alone; was the pioneer to open the strange new way of life and truth, He who *was* the way and the truth and the life; but thenceforward the gate stood open for every one to enter. And as for Him, who first made this witnessing for truth the great object-lesson of martyrdom: "And I," He said, "if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." That is the crown of His kingliness: is there any other real test of kingliness adequate except this, that men come eagerly to be subject, to be loyal and free in His presence, because there is their one blessedness? How different from the dominion that Satan promised Him on the exceeding high mountain! It is the kingliness in which, by our response to the same spirit, we all become kings in our degree; all living the same strain of life, all bound for the like ending of it. So a little later we hear the same note of truth addressed as a hope and promise to every one: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

IV. THE DECEASE ACCOMPLISHED AT JERUSALEM

We have seen the end which Jesus set before Him from His baptism: to be faithful to His ideal of Son of God by being

consistently Son of man, and therefore the Brother of every human soul. We have seen how His thoughts were enlarged as the sense of His Messiahship came in full force upon Him; and how the enlargement was after all but the intensification of life in the same predetermined direction: faithfulness to the lowly occasion, and duty becoming faithfulness, bearing full weight of witness, martyrdom, to the full truth of manhood. There is no alteration of principle here; only an enlargement of scale: bearing witness to the truth is just faithfulness carried to its larger ultimate. If it is required of a steward that he be found faithful, of a king likewise, who is the steward of a loftier trust, it is required that He be true to the kingly ideal that is laid upon Him. And in Christ's case the idea reaches the height of grandeur from the fact, in which He and the Father were consciously at one, that the lot of the eternities had fallen on Him to be the Anointed One, the firstborn of many brethren, the King of kings. And we have seen how, "being found in fashion as a man," with the noble humility of manhood upon Him, He at once recognized that the logic of His situation required Him to be "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

We have now to inquire how this end, which to Him was merely bearing witness to the truth, actually came to Him. Our inquiry will reveal some marvelous things, of which I can only say, you must not take them on my say-so, and it is for you to determine whether you will take them at all. My business is merely to tell you what the Bible says; and if the Bible, which with all its wonders of record speaks throughout in the tone of perfect sanity and soberness, — if the Bible account is not true, well, we are left with life infinitely poorer and leaner, and we are yet in our sins. Hitherto it has lifted us step by step to heights of vision and an awesome rarity and purity of atmosphere; let us trust its pinion a little farther, and tell out the tale to the ending.

There is a thing much spoken of in literature, and held as an absolute requisite to the art: the thing that men call "poetic justice." The poet, you know, was figured by the Greeks,

who are our arbiters in art, as a maker, a creator; that is what our term poet originally means: a creator of new ideals, new worlds of thought and imagery, new ranges of spiritual existence. And it was required of these new creations that they be organic and self-consistent, and that when the end comes it shall come out right, with the potency and promise of its whole structure fulfilled. Otherwise its creative justice fails; it has not obeyed its law of being. As soon as we apply this principle to the literature of the Bible, we have brought this too into the court of poetic justice. Does this too come out right? I am not asking now whether it accords with that truth absolute to which we may commit our lives and destiny; that is a thing for our personal faith to settle; but whether it comes out consistently with its beginning and its whole creative course. One thing we have noted about the life of Jesus: He has lived throughout as if He were a poet, creating a new world of ideal, putting into concrete expression the terms Son of God, Son of man, King of men, Messiah, the loftiest terms that can engage the poetic mind; creating this new world not in words alone, or philosophy, or beautiful imagery, but in the far more cogent eloquence of perfect deeds. In these, in bearing witness thereby to the truth as He saw it, His life has been absolutely of a piece. His committal to it has been the committal of uttermost faith. What now does the report tell us of the poetic justice of the case? How do things fit together, and how do they fit the larger meaning which we now know was the sequel to them? This, you see, is not the question how some deed of His would have looked at the time, to a company of bewildered disciples who had no key to its purport or motive; but rather how it came to look when they saw how it came out, and when the spirit, their guide to truth, was taking the things of Christ and showing to them. Therein lies the key to this grand organism of poetic justice; it is quite analogous to the true reading of all inner history. There is poetry, spiritual creativeness, as well as fact, in every great movement of life and mind; much more then, it would seem, in the greatest movement of all. Goethe, when he wrote his autobiography,

called it "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*," poetry and truth; and many readers since his time, hide-bound in external fact, have accused him of taking liberties with reality and recording things merely fantastic and imaginative. Not so: that is what his life meant, to him; it took more than deeds alone to compass it; there was also, in the motive and meaning of the deeds, and in the ideals he had at heart, a claim of poetic justice. Just so, in its purer and loftier degree, in the life of Jesus: that too was truly a poem, which if true to highest manhood, must be as it were a work of divine art, and come out according to the claims of poetic justice.

On our way, then, to the marvelous outcome of His life, let us pick up some of the connecting links and indications, and see how they fit together.

We saw how a little past the middle of His ministry there seemed to have come to the carpenter-prophet a great enlargement of range and scope; how He felt that the scale of His life and being was greatedened; and how this was intimately connected, as would appear, with His consciousness of Messiahship. This enlargement of range we might describe to our metaphysician friends, who surely ought to have due deference paid to their idiom, as an expansion of being in two directions: the direction of space and the direction of time. In other words, it was as if He had come to see that in order to be truly Messianic the life and light that were in Him must be universal, fitted not to Jew alone, nor any mere ethnic condition, but to Greek and heathen, to man as man, to the spirit that was dimly stirring in every remotest human life. This in the space direction. Then as to the time direction: the Messiah had from earliest times existed in the prophetic soul of the world, and He must, when arrived in flesh, be the same yesterday and to-day and for ever. As Anointed One of the ages He must, so to say, embody a power which should be at once active, pro-active, and retroactive, the divine power of the eternities, made visible and operative in human personality. No less tremendous ideal than this could fulfil the promise and satisfy the colossal poetic thought that had so long been strug-

gling toward expression in the mind of the centuries. Does now the record of His life, from this enlargement onward, shape itself in some authentic degree to such poetic justice as this? If so, what gleams and flashes of this greater relation of things shall we find in One who, even while He is aware of His majestic position, will not consent for one moment to cease being the approachable comrade and brother of every humblest man? This is the situation of things that we are now confronting.

Well, from the beginning of His ministry, we have noted a steady movement toward the first of these, toward universality of work and love and sympathy. In meeting His deadliest temptation, He would commit Himself to nothing which should interpose the slightest bar to this. His interpretation of the law transcended every thing merely Jewish or ceremonial or conventional, and brought the spirit of the law home to the universal heart. Then as He went on, He whose very ideal of law had made the family so pure and sacred a centre of relations, He outgrew the bounds of family; saying to His mother, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and when she with His brothers would confine Him to the tether of an earthly family, saying to all His hearers, "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?" Then stretching forth His hand toward His disciples, He said, "Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister and mother." A harsh answer this has seemed to some, but only to those who would make their love an enclosure, in which regard for the little clique inside might be a motive for enmity or indifference to all others. Such exclusive love, as between man and wife, has been thus described in a most popular recent novel: "Yes," it is said of Simon Rosedale, "he would be kind . . . kind in his gross, unscrupulous, rapacious way, the way of a predatory creature with his mate." The Jewish feeling, you see, the law of the species sharpened to a point. The soul of Jesus, King of the Jews though He truly was, could not cramp itself to anything like this. For His love to man, patterned on

the love of God, was love absolute; so that if He loved His family, as He probably did and provided for them by His actual labor till His thirtieth year, that fact only made Him love everybody else the better, according to the relation He could establish with men. Love, with Him, was not a family or parish or provincial matter; it took account of no such bounds, but only of its own intrinsic motion, as free as the kindly offices of air and rain and sunshine, and as indiscriminating. So it went on; His consistency to this ideal always in control; so that when in His Messianic consciousness He spoke to the Sadducees, who deny resurrection, and described the resurrection to which He and all His were bound, we do not wonder that He corrected their materialistic cavils by saying, "Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." The uprise to which His life was directed was not an affair of the perpetuating of sexual and domestic matings; there was enough in earthly ideals of love already to hallow these, if vitalized by the spirit; it was rather an uprise into the love that binds the universe of hearts together. And when, on that last sacred evening, He gives His little circle of disciples His parting words, it is of a piece with all the rest of His life that He says, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; . . . and other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." He has become consciously the Head of the whole family in heaven and earth; and all their interests are dear to Him. Such has become His felt relation to the great spacious world, spreading out from where He stands and suffers and dies to the remotest corners; spreading out from the central luminary to the confines of darkness. Wherever the spirit of Christ is, there is the centre of things, and there the sheep of His pasture may be folded. It is not in the bounds of space, or nation, or family, or species, to interpose barriers to the limitless love of God, manifest in the flesh, His incarnate Word to men.

But just as He came, in His sense of Messiahship, to move

consciously in the brotherhood of all the earth, so also He entered consciously into the brotherhood of all the ages; and here we approach a strain of His life which as yet we can but dimly understand, nor can we understand it at all except as we know within ourselves the power of His resurrection. We can only note the strange indications, as did the bewildered disciples; can note too, as we put data and data together, that all belong to a marvelous tissue of poetic justice. If a new life is to be constructed on His plan, and if it is the summit and crown of manhood life, we can truly say these wonders are strictly homogeneous with it; though they seem in calm sober sequence to have thrown down the barriers of death, and to have introduced man into the felt company of those who have gone before, as if they were present all the while, waiting only till we have eyes to see and life to appropriate. That pulsation of the world love engenders its own consciousness of company and fellowship; and as it enlarges no past is past, but all its wealth of life is a perpetual present, as real as is the actual presence of our brothers on the other side of the world. This, I say, is hard to understand; for here in the flesh our eyes are still holden; but something like this is involved in Jesus' life from the Messianic recognition onward; He lives and acts and talks as if this were so.

About a week after He had so solemnly impressed upon His disciples His mission of death and rising again and theirs of self-denial and cross-bearing, there came a wonderful manifestation of the new order of life and relationship in which He was moving. It came to only three of the disciples, the three who, it would seem, stood nearest to the divine secret of His heart. He took them up into a mountain, and there He was transfigured — metamorphosed, the original word is — before them; and again in His history, as He stood there shining and glorious, with the luminous cloud above Him, were heard the words, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear him." Then the doors of the mighty past seemed all at once to stand wide open, and the eternal unseen was disclosed to mortal view, and Moses and Elijah were there, talking over

the great things of life and death with Jesus, as if already He were of their company and in His own fitting home. They spake, St. Luke says, of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem; the thing which He had already told the disciples must needs be: His exodus, the word is, His going out. Noteworthy, is it not, that they did not speak of death; they gave this event another name, a new name perhaps, coined for the new thing. It was the same tremendous subject of discussion which one of these disciples, Peter, afterward said had been the carefully studied theme of the ancient prophets, the *crux* of their prophecy; "searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." No new theme this; it had been vital and paramount in the unseen places for centuries; and immortal beings were waiting in wondering suspense for the solution, on the eve of which the world seen and unseen was now standing. Here, among the immortals, was the very Spirit who had given them insight and foresight, speaking of the very event which so long ago had engaged their most amazed study. It was like a council of the holiest minds of the ages, planning for the crowning glory of the fully evolved manhood; as it were a kind of rehearsal and understudy of the supreme uprising, now so near at hand. That it meant something like this would seem to have been Jesus' explanation of it; for you know He told the disciples to say nothing about it until the Son of man had risen from the dead, that they might have that event to interpret it by.

The Transfiguration has all the elements of a clarifying, and surely much needed object-lesson. It seems to reveal the true situation and relation of things on the Christ scale: life and death, survival, immortality, resurrection, all seem here to fall into place and coördination as in no other event of Scripture. Of course there is an easy way to dispose of the whole matter, Professor Schmidt's way: to say that it never occurred, that it is a fancy picture. That kind of denial must have been urged long ago; for Peter takes pains afterward to say of this

very event that it was actual fact, and that we have not followed cunningly devised fables. But this consideration apart, there is still the congruity and harmony, the poetic justice of the case, to be reckoned with; for as soon as we lift ourselves from material facts to that higher order and scale of events in which the whole life of Jesus and the whole history of manhood evolution moves, this fits in perfectly as a natural and vital ingredient. It is as if for once we were reading the highest and deepest things of life from the inside, where we see at first hand the powers and motives that give it meaning. Let us see how this is.

I well remember the feeling that came upon me when in one of the Passion Play years I entered the little village of Oberammergau. As I walked through the street, with its neat white-washed cottages, each with a picture of some scripture scene painted on its front, then saw the dominating parish church in one direction, and in the other, at the edge of the hamlet, the more dominating open-air theatre where the Passion Play was given, and behind it all, like a guardian, the cross-crowned summit of the Kobelspitze, it was like being transported into another world, with all the feelings of life, its ways and motives and sentiments, suddenly made other. The noise of commerce was far away; and here among the hills a little community of peasants were feeding their souls year after year on that same prophetic and historic theme, "the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow;" and the whole atmosphere of their little world was made sweet and calm by it. I wonder if it was not so, in truer reality and degree, on this mountain of Transfiguration, when the disciples trembled as they entered into the cloud, and found the glory almost too great for their waking sense to endure. Yet it was a real world, and adapted to their souls; so restful and congenial that Peter wanted to make tabernacles and stay there. May it not have been a momentary unveiling, for love and humanity's sake, of what is always near, always present, waiting only till the Christ-formed manhood has eyes to see

and heart to appropriate? How like it is to that vision of the supreme world-day which a poet has thus put into words:

Soon the whole,
Like a parched-up scroll,
Shall before my amazed eyes uproll;
And without one screen,
At one burst be seen
The presence wherein I have ever been.

It were over-curious, perhaps, to assert this; but how fruitful the whole scene is of imaginings. And especially it sets us wondering whether, after all, the transition to the unseen world may not be a much less violent and catastrophic thing than our fears have figured; and whether it may not be in us so to live that all the likeness and congeniality of it, save the sudden rapturous moment of entrance, may already be full-formed in our nature. At any rate, here, to my mind, is the unending marvel of the scene: the chill and wrench of death is totally absent, unreal, abolished. As Tennyson expressed it of certain trance-like states of his, death seems here an almost laughable impossibility; and yet this is no trance but a sane and matter-of-fact opening of the accessible realm where mortality is swallowed up of life. This is what the Transfiguration event looks like to me; and as such it is not an exhibition or performance but a most weighty revelation of the significance of life. Here, if anywhere in the Bible, is unveiled the world eternally beyond death, beyond the bounds of time, and far within the encompassing limits of space and race and cramping custom. And an essential part of it is that strange mystic change of form, the same, it would seem, that St. Paul afterward calls the spiritual body which he regards as forming itself within us all the while, and which is just as real and congruous as the rest; a thing which he even dares to make the subject of a Christian command. "Be not conformed," he says, "to this world: but be ye transformed" — transfigured, metamorphosed, precisely the same word as used here — "by the renewing of your mind." Nor is it the mind alone that is concerned; for this command comes just at the heels of an

injunction to present our *bodies* a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service. Can it be, then, that in a true sense transfiguration is in the list of the new life's duties, as if it were the most rational thing in the world for us, whose citizenship is in heaven, to seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God? And have we not here a glimpse of the scenery and the company that we are in, just, as it were, beyond the violet rays of our spectrum? It is not for me to say; but such, in our grand poetic justice, seems to be the Bible assumption.

Here we must pause to note another thing which seems here brought to light: a discrimination so momentous that we can only deem the event which makes it clear one of the greatest boons ever vouchsafed to a dimly-seeing humanity. If, as intimated, transfiguration and resurrection are correlative, explaining each other, if here we are looking for once at the very core and article of eternal life, then we see how distinct from it, nay opposed to it, are all men's vague notions of immortality, in the sense of a survival of soul, separate from the body. This is the thing that men have always dreamed of and psychic research is trying to prove; fastening their eyes always not on life but on death, as the necessary prelude which must somehow be resolved. Jesus had called people back from death; the young man at Nain, the daughter of Jairus; and in a few weeks he would do a more wonderful thing still, calling back Lazarus from his four days' entombment. But these were not resurrection; they brought no higher thing with them; they were only resuscitation. They are not in the class with this event at all. They left the resuscitated body still as mortal as ever; and all the process of dying had in time to be undergone over again. Our Lord did not set store by these miracles, as in any way enriching the sum-total of life. His ministry was otherwise directed; directed to an uprising of life, inner and outer, wherein there should be no separation and joining again, no ruins and subsequent repair, no wreck and dubious survival, but one integral wholeness of tissue and harmony of progress and birth to the new range of being to which

manhood is bound. By the side of this, even as here fleetingly glimpsed, how paltry appear men's crude notions of a piecemeal survival of death. His miracles of resuscitation from the dead serve a useful purpose, if only for the object-lesson they afford; we have in them something to set over against the larger reality; we can sense by them how small a part death plays in the grand total of evolutionary uprise. And here on Mount Hermon, far more truly than at the grave of Lazarus, here by His mingling with the great minds of the ages and by the revealed splendor which is so obviously His native element, He has vouchsafed to men a view of the summit to which the Son of man, bringing with Him the bidding for all men to hear and become with Him sons of God, has at length ascended. It is high; but humanity too is there, intact and glorious.

The splendor of the hour faded, and when it was over the disciples again saw no man save Jesus only; but from this hour onward this wonderful event registered the true measure of Him. Henceforth, Head of the family in heaven and earth, He moved consciously among the eternal verities, lived and thought and spoke as to the manner born. His consciousness seemed to be enlarged in the time direction, as well as in the space direction. He spoke of Himself in terms deeper than human; calmly assumed to be contemporary with the men of old. "Verily, I say unto you," He boldly told the Jewish elders, "before Abraham was, I am." He met the Sadducees' denial of resurrection, and proved that resurrection is a present fact, by the truth, to Him as evident as the existence of God, that Abraham and Isaac and Jacob are alive. He spoke to Pilate of His kingly purpose in coming into the world, in just such terms as one uses who is moving in the consciousness of preëxistence. We can little understand this now; we need the completed resurrection to explain it; but we can see the harmony of it with all the rest of His life, the poetic justice of the tremendous drama He was enacting. And is not that very grace and truth of His, so at one with the eternal mind of God, the clearest road to the realization of the mystery; may not a love so large have carried with it the timeless con-

sciousness of eternal personality? Do we not even in our earthly love, when it reaches its purest expression in perfect union with another soul, have the sense of an eternal new world opening, and as if here were a pulsation from a limitless past? Of this sacred experience I may not speak out; I leave each of you to think how it has been in your own soul. In a recent play it has been put into question and answer; wherein a poet, sensitive to the purest breath of love, comes to feel that his soul has found its perfect mating. "How old are you, Eugene?" he is asked. His answer is one that none of us will read as meaningless: "As old as the world now. This morning I was eighteen." This sounds almost flippant, perhaps, by the side of our larger subject; but the supreme venture of history has labored to prove that love is as old as the world, and He who committed Himself to the proof speaks just as if He had entered into the secret of that consciousness. When we have fathomed the greatness of His Messianic personality we shall be slow to deny to Him the ability to say the word, "Before Abraham was, I am."

While we are on this high ground, though we cannot now build tabernacles and stay, we must needs note one more thing. In the light of the evolution we have traced, with all its transcendent elements, this change of form into a spiritual body seems, and I think is revealed to be, the natural transition of the completed manhood from this earthly stage of being to the stage beyond. It is the way that is taken when death is abolished. It registers the supreme effect of the spirit of Christ on the whole life, body and all. He might have gone out that way; for already the gate stands open; it was the next step. His fulness of love had already proved too strong for death to handle; there was nothing for corruption and decay to lay hold of. It perfectly suits with the logic and fitness of things that this should have been the absorption of His life into the higher stage and element; the whole current of His being drew that way. Amazing as it may seem, this transfiguration of Christ, so far from being a miracle, looks like the most natural and as it were scientific outcome of the his-

tory we have traced. Its theoretical claims are satisfied. We could never have impeached His perfect sinlessness, His complete realization of manhood, His divine wisdom of word and work, if when Moses and Elijah vanished from men's sight, He too had vanished with them and been seen no more. If it were only law and merit and righteousness that He came to fulfil, here was the fitting crown and ending.

But right here, though our thoughts of this story have mounted from height to dizzy height, we must reopen the case higher still, and note the thing which, as Browning phrases it, "shall crown him the topmost, ineffablest crown." All this opportunity to enter the fulness and glory of life He puts aside without regret, without flinching; His chosen way, the way to which His love for men points, is other. There below Him, all over the world, are men sinning, struggling, laboring, dying; even now, while He is standing beyond the reach of death, a hapless boy on the plain below is writhing in the full possession of "him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil," and no one, not even the disciples, can help him. But if He goes now, what of all these? If He goes now, how shall men lay hold on the same power of life that is in Him, and make it also their own? Something more is needed than that it shall be shown to them, and then, when its wonder is greatest, be withdrawn. He himself would not hold His life on such terms; and heaven would not be heaven to Him if the door were shut from any who were in uttermost need. So here, at the very door of light and peace and reward, He turns away, and goes down the mountain slope toward Gethsemane and Calvary. It is no more as if He had to die. This very scene has demonstrated that He does not have to die, that He has the power to escape the mortal lot of man. It is in the very consciousness of this power that He takes His life in His hand and offers it as a sacrifice on the cross. "I have power," He says, "to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." It is the freedom of truth that thus speaks; and in the light of this His obedience to the death of the cross acquires an ineffable grandeur.

So though for merit's sake He might now receive His wages, for love's sake He will live out this human life to the ending, and sound the depths of all the experience that sinful man must sound. This death, being the supreme expression of love, has thus become an active principle of life, a thing taken and applied to the salvation of the world. As He regarded it, it is like a seed sown in the ground, which by its very death and rising again bears much fruit.

To what depths of spiritual suffering, to what abysses of the underworld of being this chosen road of death led Jesus, we can little know; we can only veil our faces before it. This aspect of His life presented itself to Him as like a cup which He must not only taste but drain to the dregs. Earlier in His ministry we hear Him asking His disciples, "Can ye drink of my cup?" and predicting that they shall do so, though they are so little aware what it means. But as He approaches the actual setting of the cup to His lips, it requires the utmost that is in His manhood to nerve Himself to it; it seems to be something by the side of which standing before Pilate is almost an insignificant thing. The first shrinking of spirit from the tremendous thing before Him was shown when the Greeks came to inquire of Him, and get, so to say, His manifesto, His account of what His mission meant. "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour. But for this cause came I unto this hour." Then He went on to speak of the corn of wheat dying, and of His being lifted up from the earth; and as in the same connection He prayed, "Father glorify thy name," there came the third voice of approval from heaven, as it had come before, at His baptism and transfiguration, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." This was His last sign of the Father's approval; but as the awful gloom deepened it was enough; His spirit held out. We hear Him later praying in Gethsemane that if it be possible the cup may pass; but always with the addition of uttermost obedience, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Then a few hours of indignity and silence and brave witness for the truth; then the crash of the nails through His

feet and hands, and the prayer for their forgiveness; then that strange cry as from an unfathomable depth, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" We cannot understand it all; there is an uttermost of divinity as well as of humanity in it which stretches away beyond us and beyond our earth. We only know that it was in the road of what He freely chose to taste for men, and for every man; we know too that here on the cross, as put in words in Gethsemane, there was uttermost surrender of the human, with all its depths of life and love and faith, to the will of the divine. And in a few hours more the cup is drained, the spirit has survived its shrinking and conquered, and the final word is *τετέλεσται*, "it is finished."

When Jesus went down the transfiguration mountain toward Calvary, He went not only in love, a love which would leave no son of man out of His beneficence, but He went also in faith, just such faith as you and I have in something that we have not verified, and therefore do not know. He knew, by this touch of His glorification, that there was a way to the higher existence wherein death was abolished. He believed that that same higher existence was approachable *through* death, and to this belief, not as knowledge but as a sublime experiment, He committed Himself. That meant committal to all that it involved. His surrender to death was in just as good faith, and with as little experimental knowledge, as if death were to be utter extinction of being or the ending it seems to be. He said He had power to take His life again; but no man had done it, nor had He anything but His sublime faith to make the assertion on. After all, to surrender Himself thus to death was going into the black; it was a colossal venture of faith, a venture on the supreme vitalizing power of love.

And as the apostles soon began to preach, the great committal was fully justified; the venture, the experiment, proved its success and opened a new world of life and truth to men. Death wrought its worst on Him, in agony and suffering; but death could not hold Him. It had merely added one more ingredient in His sum of holiest manhood life. When, a few

days later, He appeared in another form to two of the disciples as they went into the country, His triumphant question to them was, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to have entered into his glory?" He had made the mightiest venture that manhood had ever made, had sounded the extremest depths of love and faith, had turned the doubtfulness and gloom of our human life into sunlit eternal certainty; and yet all this in the sanest and most self-evidencing way, the way that when it was seen must needs appeal to every true man. He had royally and consistently done what as Christ, as Son of man, He ought to do.

VI

NATURALIZING THE ACCOMPLISHED FACT

HOW THIS SOLUTION OF THE LIFE PROBLEM WAS
INTERPRETED TO THE WORLD

- I. EYE-WITNESSES OF HIS MAJESTY
- II. SINAI VERSUS SION
- III. THE MIND OF SAINT JOHN
- IV. THE MIND OF SAINT PAUL

VI

NATURALIZING THE ACCOMPLISHED FACT

THE most momentous single word ever spoken in this world, most momentous and most abysmally significant, was that last word spoken from the cross, *τετέλεσται*, "It is finished." We can never hope to comprehend more than one half of its meaning, until we are where we can see it from the other and inner side. It is the announcement of a great accomplished fact, as great as the whole history and evolution of man; a fact on which through the growing ages God and man have been working together in a mighty partnership. On the evening before the word was spoken Jesus had said to the Father: "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." Some colossal thing is recognized here which, even before Gethsemane or the arrest or the cruel execution, is already complete; what remains is only making it plain in the sight of men. Throughout the huddled scene of the cross too, as through the swift turmoil of arrest in the garden, there is on His part the same note of deliberateness, calmness, as of one who is bringing everything into final order, even down to the details of caring for His family and His followers. "Of them which thou gavest me have I lost none," was His word about His disciples, fulfilled by His letting them go their way in Gethsemane; and you remember too how, when He had committed His mother to the beloved disciple's care, He knew then that all things were now accomplished, and received the vinegar and spoke the final word. About this going out which He accomplished at Jerusalem there was nothing

hurried or disordered, as if it were a catastrophe; no loose and ravelled ends of life and speech. It was the same on the third morning afterward, when the tomb was found empty; no marks there, as it were, of a sudden tumult of triumph, but the linen clothes lying neatly together and the napkin folded in a place by itself. From greatest things to smallest, the world could see not only a tremendous finished work but the minutest finishing touches, as if every proper and tasteful impulse of a finely touched nature would be satisfied. How that word "It is finished" seems to enlarge and expand, upward and downward and inward and outward, until it fills the horizon of the universe full.

The great fact is now accomplished; Jesus names this in terms of glory. He had in all the lowly deeds of His life glorified the Father; the Father, answering at every step, down to the deepest and obscurest, but culminantly in this final lifting up from the earth, had glorified Him. Here at last was the long event, emerging from the unseen places of the universe, in which God and manhood were in full harmony together, each revealing the plan that had eternally occupied his spirit, each seen as he is, in the central truth of universal being, in the unitary Life Indeed. You remember how St. John afterward described it: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; (for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us)." He seems to strain language almost to breaking-point to make apprehensible something which, for all its ineffable greatness, was yet so real here under the sun. The only word that can be used to name this, both on its earthly and heavenly side, is glory. Let us think of this word a moment. It is one of those words, of which there are not a few in Scripture, that have to be taken from men's commonplace conceptions and vocabulary and crowded with new meaning to suit new and larger realities.

I like to think of it in connection with that name which the

Hebrew was somehow guided to give to God, and which you know became so sacred and withdrawn that he dared not pronounce it: the name Jehovah, or Jahaveh, which you know means, "He who is," or "That which is." A pregnant and penetrative name this: the very discovery or invention of it was a kind of incentive to truth. For it always seemed to me as if what under this term the Hebrew was seeking and worshipping and trying to explore was just *reality*, the ultimate reality of things, that which is rather than seems, that which remains rather than changes or passes. The Hebrew mind, even in its devoutness and religion, was thus essentially like the scientific mind: it was set toward what is actual, true, literal, real, and it valued finding that. Its bent of worship and belief, too, corresponded; for the Hebrew was looking always for signs, tokens, or as we may say effects, which would indicate what the reality is, and what the character of His working; this is what St. Paul recognizes when he says the Jews seek after a sign; our Lord too appeals to the same national trait. What is the sign of the deepest reality of things, of the highest reality of life? In a true sense we may say the trend of the Hebrew genius was toward the answer to this question. And the name they gave to this sign or evidence of God's presence or working, glory, started from the idea of weight or abundance or splendor. That is how they figured the glory of God, and perhaps the palpable values of life: splendor, the splendor of wealth and abundance and honor. If God should appear it would be in a splendor beyond mortal power to endure. The Greeks too had a word for glory, the word that the New Testament employs; and this word, in its primal meaning, was accurately keyed to the mind of a people who, as St. Paul says, seek after wisdom, who are inclined to philosophize on things. It comes from the word to think or estimate; and to the Greeks the glory of God or of man is what we are to think of him at his best, truest, deepest, highest; what he is to be to our minds rather than our senses, when we fathom his being as it really is. When therefore Jesus glorified God, and God glorified Jesus, the splendor that the word glory gave to the

idea was not merely an outward thing, an insufferable brightness, but an inward thing which could shine in the secret place of the soul, and which, equally real and true, could coëxist even with ignominy and persecution and death, and could shine through the humblest deeds. The word had become large enough in Jesus' use of it, and He Himself so enriched its meaning, that He could say to the philosophizing Greeks that the Son of man was at that moment glorified when He was in act, like a corn of wheat, to fall into the ground and die that so an abundant harvest of the truest life might ensue. And a little while afterward, interpreting the same spirit of life, St. Paul promises nothing less than life eternal to those who by patient continuance in well-being seek for glory and honor and immortality. The glory of God, the glory of the Son of man — what we are to think of them in their beauty and brightness and essential truth, what they are in the light of the great accomplished fact, and what in turn every man may strive to make his own — too evidently it is an unspeakably great reality that is revealed here. Can man bear the realization of it, and live? The Hebrew, in the thought of his sensuous image of glory, and his ingrained sense of sinfulness, would naturally doubt it. Or shall man not rather come to himself and then first begin to live, when he gets it into his mind as it really is, and appropriates if ever so little a pulsation of it? This was Christ's object, for which he lived and died. That same glory was a thing not to be exhibited alone; not to be wrought to complete manifestation and then withdrawn; but to be naturalized and made the manhood way of living. Once come, it was to remain, accessible, available, fruitful and friendly for all human kind.

There are some interesting signs that seem to show, even on the Hebrew conception, that this glory of the Son of man, both in its exaltation and in its abyss of suffering, had elements too great for a mortal to bear; only a spiritual body, it would seem, could be equal to it. On the mountain of Transfiguration, you remember, when the exceeding brightness came and Moses and Elijah appeared in glory, the three disciples

were heavy, stupid with sleep, and could only bear it, as it were, in a waking dream. And again in Gethsemane, when the same glory was the glory of surrender to the utmost of the Father's will and the bitter cup, the same disciples, nearest and most intimate as they were, were cast into the same heaviness of slumber, and sensed it only imperfectly. "What! could ye not watch with me one hour? The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," was the word that expressed Jesus' hunger for companionship yet readiness to excuse them. There was something transcending earth, and too much for the flesh to bear, even in the blackness of that experience; does it not flash forth the moment after, when, as soon as Jesus tells the approaching soldiers "I am he" they run backward and fall to the ground? They cannot lay hand on a being so glorious (though the outward rays are quenched in gloom and have become as it were actinic), until He gives them free permission. Other instances are given, where He walked through malignant mobs untouched; and we recall how, in the splendor of His great resolve to go up to Jerusalem and Calvary, the disciples were amazed at the grandeur of His presence. There were not wanting flashes of splendor, the spiritual splendor of His native element, all along His earthly way; at the very beginning of His ministry, among His life-long neighbors and acquaintance, there is a touch of it, so that no hand can be laid on Him before His time. Men can come to Him and be healed; can walk freely in the light and warmth of His gracious presence; but until the work is done, and His glory and their flesh are tempered to each other, no man can presume. "Touch me not," was His warning word to Mary, "for I am not yet ascended unto my Father." Yes: in all its phases men beheld His glory, and wherever seen it was the glory of the Life Indeed, full of grace and truth.

We have seen what the accomplished fact, the result of the great historic venture was; we have traced its stages and its vital principles from the beginning; and great as it was we have found it a fact for men. There is indeed an element of it which can be wrought but once; nor need it be repeated. The

experiment of life once conducted in full, with all the conditions historic and other in typical place, and the problem is solved once for all; manhood vitalized by the spirit without measure, has reached the summit of its evolution, where life and death are its willing instruments, and the power of the tomb is abolished, and the way henceforth is resurrection and ascent to higher stages of being. From this time forth man may know the truth to which he may witness; and there will not be wanting many a martyrdom, and sufferings like those of Christ, and hardships eagerly undergone, that men may know Him and the power of His resurrection. But the one death that has been chosen as the sacrifice for all remains unique; the laboratory work of the Life Indeed has wrought its complete demonstration. But there remains now the work of making this great thing available; of sowing the spirit and faith of it among men; of making it the natural way of living. Fitting and motived as it was, it came with the shock of surprise; no one was prepared to see the venture come out so; it came to men bewildered, who must have time to take the things of Christ and piece them together; came to fisher-folk and publicans and laboring men, whom we do not select to be the wielders of ideas, but only the liverers of humble life. And on such it devolved to set this accomplished fact in motion and make it the power of a kingdom. Through their life and words and work it must be naturalized, so that in time the conduct and sentiment and atmosphere of communities, yes, and the world, may take the principle and color of it. The centre of light and power is established among men; the question now, so to say, is the question of output; how the life shall become the light of men.

I. EYE-WITNESSES OF HIS MAJESTY

“For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there

came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount." These words, written by one who calls himself "Simon Peter, a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ," strike the keynote of the earliest and simplest announcement of the accomplished fact, the wonderful new thing that had come to the world and made itself known to the eyes and ears of men. It is just the kind of announcement that we should first expect, suited to plain people who want their Gospel plain; and just the mirror of a forthright, bluff, unmeditative mind such as the gospel history leads us to ascribe to St. Peter. There are no circumlocutions here, no posturings of philosophy, no manufacturing of fables, as if it were his business to put his explanations upon things. It takes its stand on the basis of simple concrete fact. The fact was so; we saw it; we heard it. How much the fact means, how it connects itself with our life and the ideas by which we have guided ourselves hitherto, is a thing for other heads to work out. St. Paul, for instance, is good at that sort of thing; he has made a study of it, "and according to the wisdom given unto him hath written unto you." Some things that he writes are hard to be understood, and men that are not experts can easily misuse his words and turn them to their own hurt. But I have nothing to do with those deep things; they are beyond my unphilosophic fisherman brain; but I can tell you what I saw and heard; and plain man as I am, I was one of those who were chosen to be fishers of men, and one of the three who, for whatever reason, were selected to be eye-witnesses of the highest majesty that human eyes could behold.

Such is the honest, humble, perfectly transparent attitude assumed by the writer of this second epistle of Peter. In referring you to it, I am not raising any questions about the genuineness of this epistle, or when it was written, or when it came unto the canon; I am concerned merely with what it says, and with the mind it reveals. As a matter of fact, you know, this is one of the epistles whose right critics question; in the

general shaking-up of things that prevails nowadays they are so tangled up with what the church fathers say or do not say about it, and perhaps with its very primitiveness of tone, that the plain state of the case, the line of least resistance, seems to have lost its chance with them. St. Paul, you know, speaks of contemporaries of his who are "ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth"; such possibilities still exist among men. And this at least may be said for it: it speaks accurately in character; it suits so well a man like St. Peter, and what would presumably impress him most, that we must hold the writer of it to have been either the man he professes to be or a consummate play-actor palming off an assumed personality on men in the interests of the holiest fact. It either carries its own transparent evidence, or is high in the rank of such literature as we ascribe to Shakespeare.

All this, however, affects our real subject not one whit. For at any rate we have here, just as we have elsewhere, a true indication of what was the staple of the earliest preaching of the apostles, while still their message was a matter of plain fact, and before the ferment of philosophy and theology supervened. It was fact that the world needed to know; it was fact that these unlearned apostles gave them. Here was an event, the Transfiguration, with its interpretation vouchsafed straight from heaven; an event that by our Lord's own direction the three witnesses kept quiet until they had the resurrection to supplement it and interpret it by; and this event, with its still larger supplement, was what they began to announce just as soon as they understood it. The staple of the earliest Gospel was simply the wonderful news that a man who before all the world had been put to death was risen from the dead, was alive in the heavens, and was the same Lord of men's life and will that He ever was. Here was a new thing for the world to know: that we have a Guide and Teacher, One who has shared all our life and nature, in the bright region beyond death. Here is a new thing: that though He submitted freely to death, death could not hold Him. This, you remember, was Peter's own account of the matter, in his preaching at Pentecost:

“Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know: him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain: whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death: but it was not possible that he should be holden of it.” All the early preaching was like this: a statement of fact; an identification of this Jesus with the one whom the Jews well knew and had crucified; a testimony that He was a man perfectly just and holy, with the evidence of His divine spirit and power always with Him; and an assertion that this man was risen from the dead. Nor was the preaching confined to assertion of a past and accomplished fact. Here you see a present fact right before you. Here is a community of men living a strange and new, enlarged and exalted life; a spirit of power and love has taken possession of them which connects with this same risen man; He is still at work healing diseases, forgiving sins, speaking as never man spake, infusing the divinest vitality into every heart that will welcome Him, just as He did in the flesh, yes, and more abundantly, because He is with the Father, the source and centre of all. Right from the world into which at His ascension a cloud received Him, the world where when we entered into the cloud we saw Him talking with glorified men, a world that is very near, nay, a world that comes into our souls, bringing tongues of flame for our speech, and vibrations of might for our hands, and motions of love for our hearts, and the very breath of joy and goodwill to intensify our life; right from this world come continual messages of good, and light and life are coursing back and forth, ascending and descending, as did the angels in Jacob’s vision. The veil is rent; the barriers are down; all is one world now, seen and unseen; and the spirit of the divine is closer than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet. And this is just what has been prophesied, what from the days of the prophet Joel men have looked and longed for; the Holy Spirit coming upon men and making new men of them; putting in them the full salvation, health, whole-

ness of being, delivering them from the bondage of lust and sin, making them partakers of that eternal life of which the hour of transfiguration made us eye-witnesses, and which the resurrection redeemed from the fell empire of death. Such was their enthusiastic announcement; and let not the tremendous content and involvement of it blind us to the essential simplicity and forthrightness of it. It is not a theology that these plain men are bringing: it is a fact which has grown in form and beauty through a ministry and a death and a resurrection, and has orbbed into reality and meaning until that same Jesus "hath shed forth this which ye do see and hear." We have seen it all; have been confused and bewildered by it even to its unexpected outcome; but now we know what it is, and identify all its parts and stages, and cannot but speak of the things which we have seen and heard.

So these apostles took hold of the strange new thing by the simplest handle, the handle of the actual and the real. To them it was first of all just what St. Paul called it afterward, the coming of life and immortality to light. St. Peter's forthright mind, wherein there was only one vigorous leap from fact to conclusion, was just the mind to have the first dealing with it. In his explanation of the Pentecost event, you remember, he fastens at once on that prophecy of David's in the sixteenth psalm, where the psalmist's soul rests in hope that God will not leave him in the underworld nor suffer His holy one to see corruption. No more significant word of old could possibly have been chosen; it is the most telling prophecy of immortality in the Old Testament. And this, he says, has come gloriously true: the resurrection of Christ has put it into fact, and this pouring forth of the Holy Spirit has put it into power, a gift of life for all men. It is now actually in the world, a real and available thing, to be domesticated and naturalized in the common life of men.

The name that the apostles forthwith gave to their message, and that covered its whole essential content, corresponded accurately to this simple conception of it: it was *εὐαγγέλιον*, "good news," the report of a radiant new fact from heaven, new

boon for earth. When they chose a new man to announce it, Matthias, so that their number twelve might be made intact after the defection of Judas, they chose him because he too had been an eye-witness of the resurrection, and therefore could testify to fact and tell the good news at first hand. And their manner of telling it was preaching, not arguing or philosophizing but just proclaiming; the foolishness of preaching, St. Paul calls it; but it was the direct way of bringing fact to men, a simple report of the actual, sowing concrete fact among men and letting it work as it would. That was enough for them to do; that contained its own power. For, as George Eliot puts

For Fact, well-trusted, reasons and persuades,
Is gnomic, cutting, or ironical,
Draws tears, or is a tocsin to arouse —
Can hold all figures of the orator
In one plain sentence; has her pauses too —
Eloquent silence at the chasm abrupt
Where knowledge ceases.

Out of the fact that manhood is risen from the grave, such full-orbed manhood as we have seen with our eyes and our hands have handled, comes all the light of life.

Now I have dwelt on this aspect of the case because it corresponds so precisely with the quasi-scientific view of things which we have regarded the Bible as taking as the grand textbook of life and immortality. We have looked at Christ's life as a supreme historic venture, a laboratory work of love and faith, the most colossal scientific experiment that was ever undertaken and carried to the profoundest depths. No element of the problem was evaded or omitted. When He went down the slope of Hermon toward the cup of Gethsemane and the agony of the cry, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani," He was approaching the very abyss of being, infinitely farther than we could follow, where prophets and angels could only look in wonder. And now this announcement of fact is an announcement that the tremendous experiment has issued in complete success. The long laboratory work of the ages, the long wit-

nessing of the spirit of God with the spirit of man, has at the fulness of the time completed its work of growth and freedom; manhood has wrought its redemption through the law of the spirit of life; and the doors of the higher evolution stand wide open. The plain visible fact of the light of day has joined hands with the large ongoing of heaven and earth, and men have discovered the identity.

II. SINAI VERSUS SION

So the accomplished fact, as soon as resurrection and ascension set the seal to it, became forthwith a fact not past but present; it was a new dynamic in humanity; and from this time forth, as the wonders of the day of Pentecost proved, men could avail themselves of the same power of life which had raised Jesus from the dead. The power was abroad in the world: it was transforming and transfiguring men inwardly, was healing disease and delivering from sin. The apostles were not only eye-witnesses of His majesty; they were also repositories of the same spirit and vitality which had burst forth in glory at Mount Hermon and come forth as a risen body from the tomb; and they were ambassadors from this same court of glory, where the Son of man sat, the unseen Lord of their wills, yet with them always. I need not stay now to note how this same dynamic of life enlarged on the apostles' hands; how our straight-minded energetic apostle St. Peter discovered through a vision, in which among all the creatures of God he discerned nothing common or unclean, and through actual bestowal of the Spirit, that the power of life worked as well with heathen as with Jews, and that "of a truth . . . God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." This finished work, this accomplished fact, of which the apostles were in charge, and which was proving so growing and vital, was also a universal fact; it belonged to man as man, not to man as Jew, nor merely to man whose heredity had prepared him for it in one way. It was limpid, pervasive, adaptable, suited to

any inherited range of ideas, remedial for any incurred corruptions or errors of life; this it showed by its large beneficent effects on Gentiles and Jews alike. So, just like a scientist who has discovered a new appliance for healing or comfort or labor-saving, and who desires to make its usefulness as widespread as possible, just in that same goodwill spirit, St. Peter and the rest are concerned to spread and naturalize the workings of this new life among men, among all men.

But it has been brought to light and power through the history of one nation, and through one man who has proved Himself not only Son of man but king of that nation, who on the cross where He laid down His life bore the inscription, for all the world to see, "Jesus, the King of the Jews." That nation had its peculiar body of traditions, its long line of energies and histories and laws and ceremonials and literature; to which Jesus Himself had conformed all His life, and which was in the very blood and bone of the apostles. As our Lord Himself had said, salvation is of the Jews; and when He brought healing to the Syro-Phenician woman, it was under the recognized figure of sharing the children's bread with dogs. All these peculiar Jewish ideas must now be brought into line with the great new fact; all was one tissue and consistency; all must be brought over from the theory and imagery in which hitherto it had existed, from the ideals of life which for so many centuries had been men's culture and educative power, and fastened on this colossal fulfilment and culmination. The Hebrew nation had been, as it were, living through a grand allegory of life, in which customs, and temple-worship, and sacrifices, and orders of priesthood, and prophetic promises had all embodied symbols of things to come; like a minutely articulated body of theory and poetic image, which sometime was destined to melt into the actual and literal. No nation ever lived on earth which was so truly and thoroughly a prophetic nation; its whole body of inner ideas was an articulated promise and symbol of things to be.

Accordingly, the very first thought that sprang into the apostles' minds, when they came into possession of the accom-

plished fact, was the thought of identification. How does this fact fit in with the facts and prophecies which we already have, which our history has bequeathed to us? As soon, you remember, as St. Peter, in that second epistle, avers that we were eye-witnesses of His majesty, he goes on to say we have also a sure word of prophecy, sure because it has all come true, and that prophecy came through the same Holy Spirit moving the hearts of men of old, and that prophecy is no monopoly of Jews, is not of private interpretation, as if any people or age could appropriate it and rejoice in their exclusiveness. It is capable of being made true for all; its lines have indeed been wrought out in one nation, but, once fulfilled and established, it is a boon universal.

If this is the case, we would naturally expect that out of the plexus and tangle of Jewish ideas, clear and obvious enough to them but meaningless to the great body of the heathen, the promulgators of the accomplished fact would bring out some large idea, simple and plain for all men to see and appropriate. For the Jews this truth must be comprehensive enough to take into order and relation all the system of life that they carry in mind; but for Gentiles and Jews together, who henceforth must have the keeping of it, it must emerge into a large rounded statement, which will be just as great and cogent, and satisfy all the premises of the case, though these premises be not Jewish, and indeed though heathen come to it out of darkness and with no formed theories of life at all. What statement of truth shall be large enough, simple enough, self-evidencing enough, to satisfy these conditions; being at once the accurate fulfilment of all that the past has symbolized and promised, and a present pulsation and power wholly beyond dependence on a peculiar past? The answer to this question, along with their simple announcement of good news, was the literary problem that first confronted the apostles. It resolved itself into the question how all this strange new truth of life laid hold of past and present, fulfilling prophecy and at the same time giving prophecy its final discharge.

The Epistle to the Hebrews contains perhaps the most thorough and detailed solution of this part of the apostles' problem, the stage of teaching that came next after the first plain gospel announcement. It is full of scripture quotation; it takes up the salient points of prophecy and shows how truly and broadly these are fulfilled; it runs over the Jewish temple system of sacrifice and tithes and priesthood, and shows how a great High Priest has at last come and offered such a sacrifice that no bulls and goats need more be slain, nor altars erected, nor inaccessible holy places be veiled off from men; for He has entered into the holy place once for all, with all our difficulties and temptations upon Him, bravely and sinlessly overcome, with righteousness actually earned and obedience learned through suffering, with our human nature completely rounded out and finished; so that henceforth there is nothing higher to look and languish for, but now our anchor, our hope is within the veil. Then there is that longing for rest, which all the Hebrew wilderness history so ingrained in them, and which their exiles and tossings about among the nations through all their turbulent career so accentuated; all that is satisfied now, after so many days had been set for it and passed without fulfilment; all has come true and real now; we which believe *do* enter into rest. Then there is that prophecy of the essential greatness and supremacy of man, and how God had put all things under his feet; that too has come true. True, we see not yet all things put under him; but we see Jesus, made in the same way and loyal to the same nature; and we see Him for the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor. There is where manhood is now, in heaven, sharing the dominion of all things in the power and love of God.

I must not stay to trace all the details of this enthusiastic interpretation of things. It amounts, I think, to this: that the writer is laboring to show how, in this radiant accomplished fact, all the drag and burden is taken off from life, and how now the soul of man, in full sight of his goal, is free to leap forward into larger and fuller being. His redemption is finished; his sacrifice accomplished and the austere altar-fires

forever put out; he is at the beginning of his true life, with the glorious race all before him; all that remains is to lay aside weights and sins and spring forward unimpeded and free, running with patient staying-power the race that is set before him, running toward Him who has already run the same race and is waiting to welcome him to the throne where He sits. And here, compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, unseen perhaps but seeing and noting all, he stands in the morning of the times, ready to run and overcome.

Another thing is noteworthy. We are inveterately accustomed to look toward the unseen future as if it were all a dream, a doubt, a grand perhaps; there is a painful lack of anything that we can commit ourselves to as real, we do not take things for granted. The whole course of this epistle is from dreams to realities; the unseen home to which all these energies and promises pointed is regarded as an actual present fact. The cloud of witnesses out of all the ages and lands are even now present, compassing us about; there they are, so to say, just beyond the violet rays of our spectrum, but still in the spiritual actinic rays, watching to see us run our race and play our part well. "For," as St. Paul says, "we are made a spectacle, a theatre, unto the world and to angels, and to men." That being man, who for a little while and for a noble purpose was made a little lower than the angels, has learned in what company and to what end it is given him to play this earthly part. There is no more any austere veil, no real separation of heaven and earth. You remember who those witnesses are. They are the ones described in the eleventh of Hebrews, the heroes of faith in all ages, who in their time had the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; and yet whose life was simply going forward to do the next thing, striving in dimness but never in doubt, and always dying without having obtained what they sought. "They which say such things," says the writer, "declare plainly that they seek a country," a home of the soul. And now the home they sought, which even after their death remained as incomplete to them as life in the old dispensation of things was to us, has received

its crowning finish; and it is all one commonwealth, the whole family in heaven and earth united in one redemption. The seen and the unseen departments of it went forward together; and the better thing that was provided for us was "that they without us should not be made perfect." It is wrong to figure them as transferred to a dreary Sheol, where existence is only a standstill and arrested development; equally wrong to deem their life remote from and uncoördinate with ours; the new order of things has made such crude ideas of immortality impossible. The self-same redemption, the self-same energies of life, the self-same order of the spirit, obtain there as here, and here as there; nay, and because our citizenship is in heaven, the making and organizing and beautifying of heaven, the wise promotion of its welfare as a commonwealth, is as truly in our hands as in hands unseen. How luminous and reasonable a conception this has become, and how it draws the vast universe into unity and order. It is a marvelous picture of the new consciousness that came to find place in men, after they had got a glimpse of the reality of things in the holy mount, and had seen the great ones of old actually in consultation, and came by the way of resurrection and the Pentecostal spirit to realize what it meant. For ye are not come to Mount Sinai, with its threats and its lightnings and its paralyzing influence of terror and dread; but ye are come to Mount Sion, where all around you, present and aware, are the unnumerable company of angels and men, and Jesus, who has wrought to found and finish it all, and the spirits of just men made perfect. For by all these agencies and histories and experiences of the undying spirit, whose past and future alike record forever the vitality of faith, God hath prepared a city, a new Jerusalem, and He who sits on the throne of it says, "Behold, I make all things new."

III. THE MIND OF SAINT JOHN

All this, we will bear in mind, is how this new dynamic of humanity looked to simple-minded people; who if they saw

things with elemental vividness, saw them as straight palpable fact, and without the warpings and glammers of a preconceived philosophy; this was their first deduction, as they felt the thrill of a new life, and identified it with the continuous and pervasive resurrection power of their Master. It was in the providence of the Father of spirits that this tremendous thing should be submitted first to the keeping of sincere and virgin minds; for there was its universal home, which every lowliest one could share in, and there was the clear nucleus of conception from which, as time and experience went on, should proceed all the applications to whatever complexities of life. "Blessed are the pure in heart," said Jesus — the word, you know, is simple, one-folded, what the Germans call *einfältig* — "for they shall see God"; they it is whose spirit is best fitted to identify these transcendent elements of life and refer them to their true source; they, the weak things of the earth, can by this endowment confound the mighty. This corresponds to the effort of our Lord's whole ministry; which was directed to simplicity, one large and lucid unity of spirit controlling the whole being of man. "One thing is needful," he once said to Martha, not the many things that distract one with care and worry, but the one totality of ideal, the good part which Mary has chosen and which nothing can take away. The realization of this came from His early Nazareth years; His brother and childhood companion James, you know, when he in turn came to teach men the things of the new life, warned them against being double-minded. And the whole process of naturalizing the accomplished fact, corresponding to this initial realization of it, was a simplifying process. It struck out straight for the largest and most comprehensive facts of being, in which all the others are framed and environed: the varied pageant and arena of life, the unescapable lot of death. How by this new thing life is illumined, enlarged, enriched; how death is vanquished, disvenomed, abolished; — such is the spacious and inclusive effect to which this access of good news, this successful venture, reduces. St. Paul got it accurately right, after all, when he summed it up in the words which so many times

come into our theme: "who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." The light of life is here, our biometer and unit of measure; all that remains, and that is a thing for world and eternity to compass, is to explore and assimilate and disseminate it.

It is interesting to note in what sturdy, concrete, matter-of-fact way these Galilean apostles set about accomplishing this great new object to live for. One and all, they made it a matter of the spirit, that initiative in man whose history we have traced from twilight to noonday; but the spirit they recognized was not an abstraction or a theory, but a present Person and Helper, who was witnessing with their spirits, and who in every juncture was taking of the things of Christ and showing to them, showing them also things to come. Equally also in a negative way, the spirit that they were moved to resist stood out as a concrete foe to fight. The writer to the Hebrews, you remember, so vividly aware of the long Jewish history, in which through fear of death men were all their lifetime subject to bondage, makes Christ's great act in taking flesh and blood an act undertaken "that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." If the power of death reduces to Satanism, then here is a plain element of personality on which to concentrate our fightings and antipathies; we have found the vulnerable point in the very king of terrors. No obscured issue here; no diffusion of evil and death all through our system; we know in what spirit and personality the power of death resides, and can direct our forces to that point. So likewise St. James, writing to the early communities of dispersed Jewish Christians, says, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you"; and our sturdy St. Peter, figuring the foe as a roaring lion ranging for prey, bids men resist him stedfast in the faith. St. John makes the matter equally definite: the Son of God, he says, was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil; and St. Paul, mindful of the inner subtleties of the conflict, warns his readers that Satan has changed his tactics and has transformed himself into an angel of light. I am not sure that we

have gained greatly by letting our notions of spiritual issues grow dim and abstract; perhaps for this very reason the rebellious, negative, denying spirit that is so prone to invade the hearts of us all is all the more free to gain a foothold and give too controlling tone to our life. There is power in the plain instinctive resolve to define evil in personal terms, and hold him as an alien outside our personality. When Jesus Himself begins His career by going up into the wilderness, driven by a holy spirit, on purpose to try issues with the devil, and when in an absolute instinct of antipathy He says, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me," we feel that He is fully as well armed against spiritual atrophy and death as we, in our vague double-minded speculations, are likely to be. There is real advantage in bringing the large issues of life to a point where not only our mind, but as it were our senses, can lay hold on them. It is the impulse of simple-minded men, like these early disciples; and if we continue straight-seeing we do not outgrow it. You remember how Tennyson has made this very concreteness of insight, with its natural connotation of religious forms, the basis of a warning addressed to those who pride themselves on a more abstract and philosophical faith.

O thou that after toil and storm
 Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
 Whose faith has centre everywhere,
 Nor cares to fix itself to form.

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
 Her early Heaven, her happy views;
 Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
 A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
 Her hands are quicker unto good:
 Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
 To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
 In holding by the law within,
 Thou fail not in a world of sin,
 And ev'n for want of such a type.

There is a kind of common sense about this putting of our spiritual struggles and achievements into common-day terms and forms that somehow appeals to our admiration; it makes our deepest life an affair of our work and our visible world.

I am taking a peculiar way, you will perhaps urge, in setting out to describe what I have proposed, the mind of St. John; but perhaps the way is not so indirect, after all. For he too is in this same trend of simplification; his preëminent characteristic is, that he goes straight to the supreme issues of life and death, faith and conduct, spirit and impulse, without intervening glammers and colorings; defines terms in their ultimate values. What makes his views of life so deep is not that they are less simple than those of others, but that they are more simple: they have the large, boundless simplicity of truth absolute. But they are set squarely in the higher key and idiom. To him the life of Christ was no longer the life of a Galilean artisan whose venture of love and faith had such marvellous results; it was the life of the Son of God, nay, it was the Word made flesh and tabernacling among us; and what we beheld in Him was the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. The life that was in Him, therefore, was the life absolute, pulsating with one vitality both divine and human; and that life is the light of men, illuminating and irradiating all the spirit and power that belongs essentially to human life. If we would see what God would be like, as expressed in terms of flesh and blood, here it actually is, moving among men for them to see and hear and handle, appealing to men for their belief and worship and obedience. We beheld His glory; the ideal has become real; the God whose supreme unpronounceable name is reality, He who is, has spelled His name in the letters of human life, has expressed His nature in the terms of human deeds, and now we have but to look at it and see if it is not so. The interest that we take in such an Object is not the interest of past history, with its details of time and place; not primarily the interest of wise teachings and precepts of conduct; it is the interest of coming face to face with the divine, and therefore of coming to the

very centre and spirit of our own true life. "These are written," he says of the signs of his gospel, "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." All this, you see, deep as it is, is just the far-reaching depth that inheres in a luminous transcendent fact, recognized as the greatest fact that can smite itself into the life and history of men. It disengages the fact, so to say, from its accidents of time and place and nation and custom; and instead of putting details together and reasoning upon them and like the centurion deducing, "Truly this was the Son of God," it treats the deduction as already made; or rather, it takes the fact as so obvious, so accordant with our highest ideals, that it does not need to be submitted to logic and reasoning at all, it is its own evidence, and needs only to be seen. Here is more than a historical fact, more than a body of teaching, more than a ministry of signs and wonders; here is the life absolute, the Life Indeed. In a word, the mind of St. John, as revealed through his gospel and epistles, is an intuitive mind, which sees the truth of things at first hand, and needs no crutches of logic or philosophy to evidence it or support it; a mind which ignores preliminary processes of getting at truth, and fastens at once on the absolute conclusion of the whole matter. So its view of the accomplished fact is not a deduction from visible premises; rather it is like a large and self-evidencing vision.

Such a mind employs its own vocabulary, corresponding to its own peculiar scale and range of conceptions. To understand it, and to share our ideas with St. John's, we must move, so to say, in his atmosphere, must realize the scenery of his super-earthly, absolute world. It is like conforming our imagination to the ideas of a poet, in order to get the values of his poetry.

Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen,

is Goethe's way of expressing it,

Who the poet will understand,
He must go to the poet's land.

But when we get there, and when we think ourselves into the world of St. John, we find his ideas homogeneous, correlated and coördinated with each other, and accurately adjusted to his large conception of things. He moves in his world as simply and naturally as we in ours. That the things of Christ look differently to him from the other gospel writers, and that he has recalled other and deeper strains of Christ's teaching, is perfectly consistent with the fact which Jesus said would accompany the coming of the Spirit, namely that the Spirit would take the things of Christ and show them to men, bringing all things to their remembrance; the difference is, that St. John apprehends the central spirit of Christ's being more intimately, more at first hand, more according to the sacred ideal which, being the holiest and secretest thing in Jesus' life, would naturally be divulged only to the most sympathetic insight. So his memory and interpretation of things is more penetrative; he reports what he has had the inner ear to hear and the closer intimacy to gather. Thus it is that the Bible places him before us; he was the disciple whom Jesus loved. And the things he draws from the treasury of Christ are all in keeping with this conception of him; not a line out of character or out of perspective. The poetic justice of the case is complete. The mind of St. John, you know, is the battle-ground of the myopic, unpoetic, unspiritual critics; they deem that such a way of portraying the Life Indeed must have taken about two centuries to evolve, and that men could not come to think so until they had poked their prosaic noses into gnostic books and Neo-Platonic books and the speculations of Philo and the maunderings of pedants and book-worms. It is a curious example of how each man imputes himself; that is the only way they can conceive of getting at the involvements of a transcendent truth, because it is their way. But this report of Jesus does not look like the sort of thing that you get out of parchment and philosophy; it is too vitally inwoven with the inmost fibre of Christ's life for that. The scripture account of the case is more natural, more in the line of least resistance, when it says, "This is the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote

these things: and we know that his testimony is true." And if it be objected that such deep views of life are beyond the scope of a fisherman from Galilee, — well, the deepest soundings of human nature that literature has given us were not beyond the plummet of a youth from Stratford-on-Avon, whose words for three centuries have remained the standing enigma of the prosaists who would account for them; and have we less data to work on here, in a pure-hearted young man who at the very beginning of Jesus' ministry was asking "Rabbi, where dwellest thou?" who was with Him in the holy mount and the mysterious garden, who leaned on His breast at supper, and who never denied or deserted Him in His uttermost extremity? Put such a man, no matter if he hasn't a university degree, a man imbued with his nation's purest ideas, a man of immediately apprehensive, penetrative, intuitive mind, a man of Boanerges' temperament ready to call down fire from heaven on any spirit that would not yield instant faith and allegiance, put such a man before the majestic pageant of life that was unfolding itself there in Palestine, the greatest venture of the manhood spirit that ever was enacted; and would it take him two centuries to apprehend what it meant? Whenever these words of John were written, we have them to reckon with and account for. Are they likelier to have come by the slow, groping, deductive way, the way of the library and parchment and the dust of subterranean scholarship, or by the way that Scripture itself grounds and avers, the flash of rapturous discovery and intuition? It is not a mere question of how and when all this got into the canon; that is the least significant part of it. It is rather the question of eyes to see and a mind to apprehend and interpret. And I find the matter no more difficult, as attributed to the son of Zebedee, fisherman though he was, than is an analogous fact, as attributed in modern times to the son of a wool-dealer John Shakespeare; and the way seems far clearer than the way which pushes it two centuries away, into the dullest period of our annals. It shows us the Life Indeed working an immediate, not postponed effect; or postponed at least only until the ripened mind of the aged St. John could

assemble its recollections, and coördinate them, and weave them in with their transcendent meanings. That is the way the Scripture represents it: John's gospel, the latest written, coming in to supplement men's too narrow views and correct their myopic errors. You remember how Browning, in his poetic portrayal of St. John's death-bed, puts into words his account of the case: St. John is represented as speaking of the storm of doubts and objections that raged round his old age, clamoring for explanation and craving for new and more cogent grounds for faith.

I never thought to call down fire on such,
Or, as in wonderful and early days,
Pick up the scorpion, tread the serpent dumb;
But patient stated much of the Lord's life
Forgotten or misdelivered, and let it work:
Since much that at the first, in deed and word,
Lay simply and sufficiently exposed,
Had grown (or else my soul was grown to match,
Fed through such years, familiar with such light,
Guarded and guided still to see and speak)
Of new significance and fresh result;
What first were guessed as points, I now knew stars,
And named them in the Gospel I have writ.

It is an old man's recollections, but also an old man's long-seasoned insight and wisdom; not only the memory, ranging over the three wonderful years of its richest field, but the clear-seeing, meditative, intuitive mind of St. John.

All of St. John's words correspond accurately to this cast of mind. The most salient characteristic of them is the note of absoluteness that pervades them; they deal with truth absolute, they speak in its idiom. To him the reality that has come in to fill the world of manhood is not the promise of salvation, or prophecy of an eventual life eternal, but just life, without modification or limitation, life absolute and full-orbed, pulsating through worlds seen and unseen alike. "I am the life," he makes Christ say, not am working to secure it; and according to this conception he defines life: "This is life eternal," he reports Jesus as saying to the Father, "that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

All the elements of man's existence and duty he states not in terms of process or struggle or slow cure of sin or gradual growth, but as it were in terms of completed evolution. The world he habitually moves in is the world risen with the perfected life of Christ. He it is, you know, who reports the conversation with Nicodemus, wherein is revealed the necessity and nature of the second birth; from him it is that we have the conversation with the woman of Samaria, wherein man's worship of God is defined as the spontaneous impulse of spirit and truth, and man's true power in the world as like that of a well of water, pouring forth cheer, and refreshing, and springing up into everlasting life; from him the pregnant words about making the will of God our meat and drink, and knowing of the doctrine by willing what God wills, and obtaining freedom of spirit by knowing the truth. He it is who preserves to us Jesus' supreme declaration of His purpose in coming into the world, that He might be king of men by bearing witness to the truth; and he it is who records those wonderful words of counsel and explanation and prayer by which on that last sad evening He would adjust their souls to the coming crisis, leaving with them His joy and peace, that their joy might be full. All belongs to the homogeneous idiom, the detailed exploration, as it were, of manhood life as an absolute rounded thing, a solved problem, beyond the invasion of bondage and error and sin. It is what life is, adult and fully evolved; we could not conceive it higher or essentially other, though it were transferred to heaven. Here is the Life Indeed, which through so many centuries of dimness and struggle and growth has been advancing to fulness and rounded truth of being.

Now we must not omit to note, as we pass along, to what simplicity of terms, after all, these tremendous ideas are reduced. This is not the abstract interpretation of a gnostic theologian but the forthright conception of a sincere Galilean, telling us of another Galilean's life and innermost ideas. The very figures he uses are startling, sometimes almost repulsive, in their plainness. St. John it is, you remember, who preserves

to us that cannibal conception of eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the Son of man; no philosopher in the world, we may roundly say, would ever have put it so; and yet how effectually is thus revealed what it means to get the power of the new life thoroughly incorporate with our blood and breath. He it is who identifies the most inner values of life with the simplest acts and experiences: reducing it to terms of eating bread, and drinking water, and walking in daylight, and bearing fruit like branches of a vine, and following, like sheep, the voice of a Shepherd, and entering into a door and finding pasture. With all these everyday figures, too, St. John's vocabulary is throughout large and elemental: the terms light, life, love, truth, world-filling conceptions, are the controlling terms of his portrayal of things; he uses them with all the easy assurance and consistency with which we use the technical terms of a science or a philosophy. "This then is the message," he announces as the starting-point of what he would maintain in his First Epistle, "which we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." It is as if he would describe the creation of a new world, with its initial decree "Let there be light," like the primal decree of old, except that the light and He who commands it are identified as one; and as if henceforth all the new creation were resolved into the question of walking and growing and bearing fruit in the kindly power of the light. "He that loveth his brother," the epistle goes on to say, "abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him. But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes." A simple elemental matter this; as elemental as instinct and the rudimentary life of nature. Then again, declaring that "God is love," he makes a practical identification too bold and direct for a philosopher to dare, that "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." It is the one bold, assured, luminous step from premise to conclusion: dwell in love, let that be your central vitality, controlling all your relations near and distant, filling your world

full, as it is in you to apprehend your world, and the problem of your living is solved. That is a matter not of logic and deduction, not of philosophy and speculation, not of the mere intellect, but of the spirit and the elemental being; it lays hold of our sympathies and antipathies, as these have been tempered and educated by love and a divinely directed life. The tests which he applies to life, and if you will look at his first epistle you will find it full of such tests reduced to plainest issues, are one and all tests of the spirit. "Beloved," he says, "believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." Though so frankly intuitive, his mind is not rambling and blindly adventurous; he it was, you remember, who in the earlier days of his unregulated impulse, when he was ready to denounce incontinently any who did not see just as he did, incurred from Jesus Himself the reproof, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of." But the sojourn in the intimate presence of the Life Indeed, and the long succeeding years of meditation and inner growth, had made his tests luminous and sure; like the man born blind, whose recovery he records, he could say, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." This insight, which is just one phase of a larger life-filling energy, carries with it also the same absolute, antipathetic, supremely victorious power of dealing with the sinfulness of human nature; it is to him like the spiritual prepossession that shuts all of us absolutely out of the lower temptations and crimes; sin is as alien to all the pulsations of his being as arson or highway robbery is to us; "whosoever is born of God," he says, — not opens a new account wherein as soon as sin is committed it is forgiven, but — "doth not commit sin" at all. "We know," he says again, "that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." In a word, he is defining life, in all its powers and crises, according to the new idiom; there is a kind of reversal of our everyday view whereby, according to his intuitive insight, he is describing things as they look, and as they essentially are, as approached from the divine side of the veil. In such spiritual

scenery it is, he virtually says, that we, to whom is given power to become sons of God, are empowered to move and have our being. And the education we get here is of the same absolute strain; it is just progressive insight, coexisting with progressive purity and strength, as we advance toward the supreme goal which, being unseen, is still unknown except in its essential power. St. John it is, you remember, who gives what is after all the most simple, and yet the most searching test of the life to come: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." Eyes to see, coördinate with beings to assimilate and appropriate the highest manifestation of life; that is the sum and crown of it.

If we were studying St. John's mind psychologically, we should say there is a prevailing note of the feminine in it: it goes straight to the heart and root of the matter; it needs no crutches of logic and groping premise because it instinctively feels what is truth, approaches the ultimate meanings of things by the tactile sympathy of insight and vision. To such a mind the dull processes of proof, and equally the warping and impeding motions of sin and evil, are practically eliminated: the divine-human manhood, for us as for Christ, just *is*, and that is all there is to note; it is, and we are, and here is the identity, put here on earth, and moving toward its unseen goal of insight and realization. From such intuitive strain of mind it is that we most truly derive our best impulses to growth and pure progress; it is the alluring and assuring power of our new world. This it is that Goethe has in mind in that famous summary of his, at the end of his greatest poem:

Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichnis;
Das Unzulängliche,
Hier wird's Ereignis;
Das Unbeschreibliche,
Hier ist's getan;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.

This too is written, like St. John's words, as if things were seen from the holy mount, the other side of the veil: Everything transitory is only a parable; the inadequate, here it becomes actual event; the undescrivable, ineffable, here it is done; the eternal womanly, which loves and feels and sees at first hand, — this influence it is which allures, draws us onward, to light and life. It is not by logic that we are saved, or philosophy, these are but the support that life must devise for our dim groping intellect; not by mere fightings with evil tendency and obedience to law and earning-reward or escaping punishment; these are but relics of an older and childish dispensation; it is by walking in the noonday light of life, walking forward and upward in the eternally feminine might of straight insight, and faith, and love.

Now it is of crowning interest to note how such an absolute, intuitive mind as this of St. John's will confront the universal fact of death. To this, after all, this event which to Old Testament saints was the king of terrors and which to New Testament saints, exultant as they are, is still the last enemy to be destroyed, — to this we must come, and adjust our new view of things to it. And I think it is mainly to clear up this enigma that St. John has added to former accounts his record of the raising of Lazarus. Tennyson has blamed him for not completing the story and telling what Lazarus saw beyond the tomb during that four days' sojourn; it would so reassure us, he says, by telling what it is to die.

Behold a man rais'd up by Christ!
 The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
 He told it not; or something seal'd
 The lips of that Evangelist.

Why, this is just what the story does tell us; or rather it tells us what it really is to rise from death, and this is so much greater, so much more truly in the uninterrupted current of life, that death actually disappears, is abolished. To rise from death is not to be resuscitated, as Lazarus was, with all the old organism and powers intact, ready to sit down again at

table, and take up again the old relations, and have all the process of existing and dying to go through again; if this were all there is in resurrection, as Browning has described in his poem of *Karshish*, it would simply leave Lazarus bewildered with a double consciousness, trying to adjust the reëstablished currents of the old world with the prematurely realized glories of the new. Nor is resurrection simply waking up at some future indefinite time, when the list of candidates is so fully made up that all can enter upon the restored life together. Martha already had this hope for her dead brother. "I know," she said, "that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." And the tremendous answer that Jesus gave, the answer that is repeated at all our burial services, corrected this crude notion by saying, not that men who lived the new life of faith should rise again, but that they should not die at all: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Here is the supreme absolute of John and Jesus; as the crown and culmination of the long history we have traced, death is regarded as actually and literally abolished. "Said I not unto thee," Jesus answers to Martha's last shrinking objection, "that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" Here it is; but its inner guise is not what Martha deemed; it had to come to such minds as hers, perhaps, by a negative, by a crude miracle of resuscitation showing first what the grand uprising of life is not; and so perhaps it has to prove itself to most of us, tangled up as we are in the life of the senses and in the surface shows of things; but to an intuitive mind like St. John's, which devoted a lifetime of meditation to its large meanings, this glory of God, this ideal made real, brought to remembrance the central mind of Christ, and death was seen not as circumvented or evaded but essentially abolished. O friends: have we not been naming the wrong thing death? We have given the name not to the thing itself but to the symbol, to that physical event which with all things transitory is only a parable. And our fears and doubts have clustered about the

symbol; to this we have closed our eyes in dread, or endeavored to meet it in stoicism and bravado, while the thing itself, which is our own selfish refusal of the spirit of life, has been to us a thing unreal, with which we have played, or which we have doubted, as if it were only a non-existent fancy. And when we see and deal with the thing itself, vanquishing it by our faith and will, as vitalized by the spirit of Christ, we find that immortality is a present fact, that mortality is swallowed up of life. Such is the culmination that the working consciousness of St. John, the intuitive mind that sees the end and knows the good, has labored, from the youth of his wonderful vision to the ripened wisdom and insight of old age, to make plain to us.

IV. THE MIND OF SAINT PAUL

The mind of St. John, scholars tell us, is the mind of a mystic; an accurate enough designation, though I have not used the word hitherto, preferring rather to speak in terms of what the word means, the thing itself. Men have an inveterate habit of giving a thing a name, and thereby putting it as it were into a pigeon-hole, out of the sight and present grip of life, where it is available only as casual occasion rises for reference. To call a man a mystic is virtually to remove him from our everyday and prosaic world into a region where supposedly the landscape is just the scenery of the beatific vision, with which only exceptional natures can be familiar, and they only by transporting themselves through imaginative contemplation into something ecstatic, unworldly, unreal. Thus we conveniently take such a man out of our *milieu* of concrete experience and stow him away in his pigeon-hole. But when we come to think of it, our real life, the central individuality which we can share with no other person, reduces itself not to external facts but to inner meanings. No two of us are just alike; no two of us have worlds just alike. There is relatively more of the mystic in some of us, relatively less in others; the minds of some of us approximate to that of St. John, to a

mind that sees splendors and profundities where others see only what the retina can picture. We never can tell what life is to our neighbor; his inner seeing self is to us a sealed book, which can never be opened until we know as also we are known. Life, for every one of us, is what our inmost personality makes it. You remember how Stevenson has set forth this truth in his immensely suggestive essay, "The Lantern Bearers"; in which, among others, he peers into the mind of a miser, with the dreams and ambitions and delights that cluster round his crazy clutch for gold. "And so with others," he says, "who do not live by bread alone, but by some cherished and perhaps fantastic pleasure; who are meat salesmen to the external eye, and possibly to themselves are Shakespeares, Napoleons, or Beethovens; who have not one virtue to rub against another in the field of active life, and yet perhaps, in the life of contemplation, sit with the saints. We see them on the street, and we can count their buttons; but heaven knows in what they pride themselves! heaven knows where they have set their treasure!" So it is. The soul of man is a seething alembic of vital and creative forces; a living potency of poetry and vision and heaven. How many of us, do you suppose, may essentially be mystics, eating, drinking, toiling, planning, as we all have to do here on earth, and yet all the while walking as it were on air, in a sphere beyond the invasion of sense?

We call St. John a mystic; and when we come to square the term with what he says and does we find simply that he dwells, so to say, at one pole of our common life, the pole where ideals have weathered the impeding austerities of struggle and logic and become realities. His mysticism does not connote something dreamy and ecstatic; rather it is a state of mind crystal clear and certain. It gazes on the finished structure of life at first hand, as it comes complete from the Master's shaping, with the litter and the scaffolding cleared away. To him the battle of achieving life is fought and won, the sins and childish crudeness of an old era put away in a forgotten limbo to which his spirit is henceforth for ever dead. To him it remains now

only to walk in a radiant new light, the light of men, and to explore the splendors and vitalizing powers of the light. What such an attitude of mind, placed as it is in history, has to impart to us, is surely of untold value. For in this intuitive determination the mind of St. John is also the mind of Christ, a motion as it were straight from the breast on which he leaned at supper; the self-same mind indeed which St. Paul says we also have, in our scope and degree; though most of us must still be Marthas, cumbered with much serving, rather than Marys, sitting serene and satisfied at the feet of the Life Indeed. With a great sum the most of us must obtain our freedom. St. John was free born.

When, however, we enter into the mind of St. Paul, we find ourselves in a very different region, a region more like the one in which the ordinary man must move, and it may be for that reason more genial and stimulating. A mind his, not less penetrative of the secrets of being than that of St. John; equally capable of immediate vision, though his times of vision were not his habitual way of thinking, as of a mystic, but those rare occasions when his soul mounted up with wings as eagles do. One such he refers to as the turning-point of his whole life, that vision on the way to Damascus, when he saw Christ face to face, in a glory that left him blinded but filled with a grand new purpose. Another such, in which however he would not glory, transported him to the third heaven, where he heard unspeakable words impossible for a man to utter. It is noteworthy that in all these visions and revelations which Scripture records, the recipients took the matter just the other way round from our way. They never questioned, as we do, the objective reality of what they saw and heard; to them the scene on the mount of Transfiguration, and the interviews after Christ's resurrection, and the sight of their Lord ascending beyond the cloud, and the vision on the way to Damascus, and the mystery of the third heaven, and the apocalypse of him who was in the spirit on the Lord's day, were one and all authentic glimpses of that which most deeply is, though they might be uncertain, as St. Paul was, whether they themselves,

when they saw such things, were in the body or out of the body. To us all such things, whether told in Scripture or alleged in modern experience, are unreal, not to say uncanny; subjective we call it, hypnotic, a gleam from our subliminal consciousness, not such revelation as can be brought to evidence in a court of justice. We never doubt that we are in the body, and we demand that everything that would claim actuality and authenticity also be in the body. Rightly enough, perhaps; our psychology has changed, though human nature remains; and it may be worth while to remind ourselves that more rigidly scientific conceptions, and more up to date, are not *ipso facto* more correct, and there are regions of our personality and its hidden connections yet to be explored. But at any rate — to return from this digression — St. Paul's is not a mind to glory in mystic states and visions; and what he has to tell us about life and its essential elements is made up, like our insights and reasonings, on other grounds. We have seen men of unsophisticated mind reporting what they alleged was fact and not cunningly devised fable; we have seen in St. John one who by masterly intuition identified what he saw with the greatest fact that can be revealed to men; and now in St. Paul we see one who, equally based on historic fact, applies to this the deductive mind, the mind of reason and logical processes, and determines its relation with man as he is, and with the concepts of a storied and thinking past.

To enter with any detail into the natural history of the mind of St. Paul, admittedly one of the most colossal minds of history, would be quite beyond our scope or occasion here; we merely wish to see, as we did in the case of St. John, how his type of mind places him, so to say, in relation to this great problem that we are tracing, the problem of the Life Indeed. St. Peter and St. John were Galileans, as was also our Lord; they came from a region and atmosphere where the rigid old Jewish traditions sat more lightly on men's minds, and where there were fewer clogs of prejudice to keep them from leaping forward into a new revelation of things. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews inherited the priestly and sacerdotal

tradition; he thought in its terms; but this, which was in itself a symbol, an allegory, a prophecy, was no clog to the new view; rather, as soon as its fulfilment came in sight, it gave him wings of faith, so that he could without effort enter into the holiest by a new and living way. St. Paul's mind, on the other hand, was laden, both by heritage and education, with an accumulation of traditions, interpretations, legal and national presuppositions, which nothing short of a colossal mind could resolve, but which, once resolved and concentrated on the new life, must needs be of untold significance to the cause; we may almost say the fate of the new cause, as a system and sweet reasonableness, lay trembling in his masterly hand. If he had reached the point where a vision on the Damascus road would set his susceptible soul right, what a stroke of resurrection genius — let us say it with reverence — it was on the part of the Master to vouchsafe it! St. Paul was brought up a Pharisee, according to the strictest sect of the Jewish faith, trained in all the lore of scribes and doctors and rabbis, moulded in the rigid requirements of law and oracle, no element of the old dispensation lacking. The whole pattern of the twilight stratum, from the beginning up to the fulness of the time, found in him as it were an instrument, a working-tool, shaped to its hand. But he had not become congealed in the austerity and pedantry of the old. There was in him a tremendous fire and zeal, a soaring poetic constructive nature, so that when he became Christian he could have insights and speak with tongues beyond them all; a steady conscientiousness, too, which compelled him to act on convictions new or old, and made him dare to correct himself and innovate, changing from a persecutor to an apostle. All this cast of mind, susceptible as it was to growth and change, was no wavering or double mind; it was too solidly based for that; rather it was grandly consistent with itself, a mind that was strong to shoulder aside its huge impediments and make its way to its goal of faith and life.

Two great things St. Paul had to do, in his apostolic mission to the world; either of them work for a mind of the highest

order: to become free from the law, thus settling the world's account with the old system of things; and to open the way of life to the Gentiles, thus making the new pulsation of faith universal. No one but he had the peculiar spiritual combination to compass these. St. Peter, strong rock of the church as he was and sturdy in his place, had not mind enough, nor training; you remember how, even after his vision of the great sheet let down, showing him with regard to the heathen that nothing was common or unclean, he could not commit himself whole-souled to the new way thus opened, and reverted to a Jewish and legal Christianity. St. John, the Sir Galahad of the apostolic circle, dwelt in a mystic contemplative region of his own; he had, as it were, seen the Grail face to face, and was rapt away from men's earthly errors and conflicts, an idealist rather than a struggler,

And now his place desires him in vain,
However they may crown him elsewhere.

The Galileans must take to themselves the aid of the Pharisee; for there is a great work to be done, a world-work rooted in all the evolutionary past; and there must be left no loose joints, no crude bungled expedients; and in the orderly growth yet to come all the contributing elements must be accounted for. The empire of law, inconclusive as it is for life, is not for nothing, and it can pass only by fulfilment. The Jewish exclusiveness, necessary though it was for a time, cannot throw open its gates to anarchy and licence, for the sake of making itself acceptable to the Gentiles; there must still be an eternal separateness and antipathy to whatever is unholy and impure. Hence the place we have found for the reconciling constructive mind of St. Paul.

But what we are concerned with here, in pursuance of our general subject, is, to note how life and immortality come to light, to a mind shaped and trained like St. Paul's; how its large elements reveal themselves in order and relation, and what attitude of living and belief is thereby engendered. And as we look at it, in comparison with that of St. John, the first

thing that strikes us is, how much more closely it corresponds to the life we all have to live, our ordinary life of hopes and fears, of struggle and suffering and aspiration, of gradually forming ideals and insights, of actual experience, so rich yet often so baffling. St. John does us good by holding before our eyes, serene and undisturbed above us, the region of the purer air and the eternally won victory. St. Paul does us good by showing us the conflict still on, the slow shaping of means to ends, the rising into assured strength and faith through the discipline of toil and suffering. The light is the same perfect light of life; it comes to the self-same evolution and revelation in the end; but with St. John walking in the light has become as it were an instinctive thing, wherein all our tendencies and powers join in sweet harmony and consent; while with St. Paul the rebellious elements must be subdued and tamed, and the experiences in plain sight before us must be fully reckoned with, and the splendors of the unseen must dawn upon us by degrees. While St. John, with his powerful intuition, leaps to the end and ignores the slow steps of process, St. Paul, with his load of tradition and bodily infirmity, and with a mind that must deduce things from point to point, is still in the thick of the process, clearing away the obstructing clouds and fogs.

For one thing, St. Paul must stay to wrestle with the problem of righteousness, that ideal of the law of being; and in the same conflict he must have dealings with the law itself, which has become to him a thing not Mosaic merely but cosmic and elemental. And as his exacting, conscientious nature looks into it, he makes a great discovery: namely, that in the nature of the case and of man the law is an impossible thing. It cannot be kept. However athletic the man may be to train himself in the observance of it, his sinful will or weakness will break loose somewhere; he will transgress or come short, and offending in one point will manifest the alien spirit and so be guilty of all. To cherish the only ideal worthy of a perfect law necessitates this, saying nothing of the corruption and infirmity of man. Like Arthur's ideal for his knights, so his

ideal righteousness, imperative as it is, has become unattainable:

For the King
Will bind thee by such vows, as is a shame
A man should not be bound by, yet the which
No man can keep.

Besides this too, he finds a law of sin in his members, warring against the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity. St. Paul was too spiritual, too penetrative to remain a typical Pharisee; he never could have stood in the Temple, like that Pharisee of the parable, and thanked God that he was not as other men are. The innate corruption and limitation that is in all men he saw and felt and acknowledged; he put himself by the side of the most degraded, in that category where all are included under sin, if by any power of insight, looking from that common depth, he might discover light and life. And one of his two great achievements, as I have noted, is to have become free from this impossible law, this body of death. He discovers this freedom not by anarchy, not by licence, not by any sort of indifference to righteousness, but by the access of a higher power of life. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," he says, "hath made me free from the law of sin and death." This is his grand solution, whereby in every man's soul the battle is fought out, and the victory won by a power not our own, yet truly our own, for it is the spirit of highest manhood.

No one reaches greater heights of triumphant, exultant life, no one brings forth more abundant fruits of the spirit, than does St. Paul; yet about it all there is the note of effort, vanquishing of untoward elements, vigilant watchfulness and overcoming. "Walk in the spirit," he says, "and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh"; but you see the lusts of the flesh are there, in fell working potency; to be subdued not as St. John would do and as Jesus did, by the sheer impact of antipathy, but by the expulsive power of a new affection taking up and preëmpting the field. It is a strategy, a directed battle of life. So, as compared with St. John's tranquil ideal, we may

say that instead of walking calm and holy as a perfected new man St. Paul must first kill the old man. There is a sternness and peremptoriness about this idea which comports well with St. Paul's fiery turbulent spirit. The figure of death, not only of putting our evil propensities to death but of ourselves determinately dying to what is alien to us, plays quite a part in St. Paul's thinking; we are not merely to pity ourselves as naturally sinful but candidates for healing and forgiveness; we are rather to take heroic measures with our whole inner nature, are to reckon ourselves dead to sin but alive to righteousness. In this new energy of the spirit we are to enact in ourselves, so to say, the great elemental drama of life and death, strenuous, determinate; with the triumph of newness of life is to be coördinated the grim tragedy of the death of the old man.

Just so it is, too, that St. Paul approaches the life and ministry of Christ. To him, you know, that life was not a subject for detailed biography but a rounded solution of things, an idea; he was an apostle born, as he says, out of due time, and did not know Christ after the flesh. This was to his advantage, perhaps, in his work of universalizing the gospel; for as the world grew older, and customs changed, men could not take, as the first disciples did, the naïve and childlike way of following the steps of an example; they must take rather the adult way of living in the same spirit of love and faith. And this is how St. Paul apprehends Christ. Of the specific events of Christ's life his spirit fastens especially on the death and resurrection; these are truths for every man to incorporate in his being; but he does not dissociate these two, as St. John virtually does; to him resurrection is resurrection from the dead. If we had only St. John's ideal to go by, we might almost gather that the uprise of life was designed to be just a kind of melting into the next stage of being, the unveiling of a glory, like the transfiguration of Christ, without any connotation of antecedent death at all. But this, however true it may be spiritually, remains necessarily a very unreal thing to us here in the body, who with all our potencies of spiritual

achievement, still have physical death to reckon with. St. Paul, however, takes death and resurrection together; one must rise out of the other; one derives its worth and stamina from the other. There must be effort and strenuousness and sacrifice to correspond to the glory and rapture of the uprise. It was in this way, rather than after the flesh, that St. Paul aspired to know Christ; it was for this kind of knowledge that he counted all other things as relatively contemptible. "That I may know him," he says, "and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings; being made conformable unto his death, if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." He had a positive appetency for all the hard things that lay in the road to such a culmination; for the tribulations which, because, through the wholesome discipline of patience, experience, and hope, they led eventually to the shedding abroad of the love of God in our hearts, he could glory in; even for some glorious opportunity, in his own flesh, to fill out the sufferings of Christ. Thus through that same spirit of life his fervent endeavor was to create a Christ within his own energizing turbulent nature. He has much to say of the death of Christ; he has theories, more or less vague and rabbinic, of what is called atonement. As we compare his words on this matter with each other we cannot say he worked his thoughts on it quite clear and luminous; but on one point he is positive and strenuous: Christ died, not merely that we might live, but that we might die the same kind of death, in the same spirit of sacrifice, of love to men, and faith in the regenerative power of human nature. If He laid down His life that He might take it again, and in so doing take all the fulness of manhood with it, so also the spirit of Christ-like manhood should impel us to do; it is our business not to be mere beneficiaries of Christ but uttermost reproducers of Him.

The same conception of things shows very significantly in his attitude toward the majestic ideal of righteousness, the righteousness which is of faith, as contrasted with the old righteousness, which is of the law. The righteousness which

is of the law reduces to a very simple and obvious thing: the man who doeth these things shall live by them; that is plain enough, and that is sufficing. But here comes in his tremendous discovery that the law is an impossibility; the trouble is you cannot truly do these things. Express life in terms of doing, of work and wage, and you come to a deadlock; your power runs out; you have not life enough to fulfil the ideal of a law which expands to a thing so impossibly holy and just and good. You must have a new access of power, of the spirit of life. And now when that spirit takes possession of you and puts you into a wholly new attitude to things, the attitude of initiative, venture, faith, how shall it work out its problem of righteousness? St. Paul has shown us this, in a passage which has always been too hard a nut for the commentators to crack. Let us look at it a moment. After saying that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," he gives that belief a voice, sets it to philosophizing, as it were, on the question how it, as such, shall produce righteousness. "The righteousness which is of faith," he says, "speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down): Or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.) But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed." The obscurity of this passage comes partly from the fact that St. Paul is adapting old scripture words to his purpose, perhaps with a little touch of rabbinism; but if we keep to his fundamental presupposition and point of view the sense is clear. We must remember that faith is speaking, and trying to get into terms an ideal of action, of righteousness. Now if we are trying to attain to an ideal, two conceivable temptations may

rise to invalidate our endeavor: we may either desire to lower the ideal, so as to bring it within bounds of feasibility; or we may desire to attain the same ideal by a different way. To both of these temptations St. Paul interposes his negative. There your ideal is, clear and plain; you see the life that Christ has achieved, the perfect rightness of manhood, you see the way he took to reach it; all lies before you in the good news that we are preaching. Now if your faith is true and integral, you won't try to lower that ideal of life, by bringing Christ down to something less than consummate life, you will take the ideal just as it is, however lofty, and commit yourself to it; neither will you try some other way to get to it, by bringing Christ up from the dead, making the way less strenuous than death and resurrection; you will believe in your heart that this, however hard, is the one perfect way of rising to perfect righteousness, and all the life which your mouth confesses, the action which mirrors itself in your sincere word, will conform itself to that way of voluntary death, if by any means you too may attain resurrection, and that same Christ will be your Lord of life. Such faith will be ashamed neither of the height of its ideal nor of the depth of humiliation through which loyalty to it leads. For this spirit of Christ has become a practical element of manhood; not only of the emotional rapture which the contemplation of its glory engenders, but equally of that sturdy righteousness which expresses itself in doing and enduring and truth.

With St. Paul, conscious as he was of the law of sin in his members, and moving in a Gentile world of fleshly degradation and corruption, the life of the rebellious body and the element of physical death cannot be ignored; they must play a cardinal part in his tragical drama of the consummation of life. If we had only St. John to think for us, with his idealized word "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," we could hardly think of any other outcome of existence but that of a disembodied spirit, whatever that may be; and even here in the flesh St. John conceives of life almost as it were disembodied, without any members at all to work weakness and

confusion. With St. Paul the members are all here, with their tendencies and heredities; and our business is to present them as instruments of righteousness unto holiness; our privilege and glory to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service. It is in just this connection, you remember, that he bids us be transfigured, metamorphosed, by the renewing of our minds; as if somehow the new spirit that is in us were to shape a new body. And this, in fact, is just his fundamental conception. When the life rises to its height it is not to be a division and dissociation of the elements of nature, not the survival and uprise of a piece of life, but the whole nature — body, soul, and spirit — entering a higher stage of being together, intact and glorified. For this he works; to this end he conforms his precepts of conduct; these temples of the Holy Spirit, which our bodies are, are to be kept so holy that corruption can have no power on them, here or hereafter. This idea fills his cosmic ideal too; he has a genuine conception of the far end of evolution in his thought, of the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain together until now, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body. To this end he conforms that constant figure of his, of our being members of Christ, working His will and agencies of His spirit, while He, the Head, sends forth the intelligence and the impulse that always animates us. It is a noble, a world-filling conception; with the practical value of conforming to men and things as they are. Here is the spirit already with us and in us; the power of resurrection already circulating through our members, shaping an organism within, which he calls a spiritual body, and thus getting ready for a final uprise which in the end is not death at all, but birth. The spirit is already ours by a new birth in Christ; but it remains yet for the body, through the nourishing and transfiguring power of the spirit, acting through the acts and sufferings, the ennobled energies of our earthly life, to be born. It is as if physically we were still in the embryo stage of existence, still in the womb of a shaping active world, drawing form and development and beauty from its meats and drinks and work

and plans; and as if, when the hour which we call death strikes, our resurrection were by the birth of a full-orbed organism of life to demonstrate its majesty and power. So when at last the body is laid aside it is, as it were, but the casting away of a placenta, an afterbirth, whose function is done, itself henceforth a worthless insignificant thing. This, I believe, is virtually St. Paul's conception; and it conforms exactly, you see, to the long developed evolutionary conception which we have been tracing.

So when St. Paul approaches the end of life he comes after all, by his own more strenuous way, to just the same outcome that St. John held so serenely before him; for him too, as truly as with St. John and Jesus, death is actually and literally abolished. He expresses this under the figure of striking a tent and moving on to a new and higher stage of our journey. "We know," he says, "that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: if so that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." So it is: he can be content with no piecemeal survival, no disembodied naked essence going on to an uncouth and unimaginable beyond, leaving its values of sense and bodily existence behind; it takes its new body with it, the body which, though sown in dishonor and corruption, is raised in strength and beauty. What this spiritual body is, this organism for the behests and activities of the higher life, we cannot well understand until we can study its anatomy and physiology from the other side of the tapestry of life; but we cannot call it an illogical or irrational idea; it conforms, in fact, more closely to our evolutionary demand than any other. Evolution must henceforth be spiritual, but it need not throw away all the discoveries it has made of organism and function and the orderly support of the consciousness and the will.

So with the shaping mind of St. Paul, though physical death remains a fact, with all its accompaniments, yet because its sting is removed, and life has so swallowed it up as to have transformed it into a glorious birth, it is abolished, and life and immortality stand forth in fulness of noonday light.

VII

INVENTORY OF VITAL VALUES

“What is it when suspected in that Power
Who undertook to make and made the world,
Devised and did effect man, body and soul,
Ordained salvation for them both, and yet,
Well, is the thing we see, salvation?”

- I. THE UNVEILED MYSTERY
- II. THOUGH OUR OUTWARD MAN PERISH
- III. WHY STAND YE GAZING UP INTO HEAVEN?



VII

INVENTORY OF VITAL VALUES

NEVERTHELESS I tell you the truth," said Jesus in his farewell discourse; "it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: Of sin, because they believe not on me; Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged." These words, plain and simple, as adapted to the simple-minded group who first heard them, map out on broad lines all the inner history, all the history that can be called vital, which is yet to be; for they are in the enlarging order of things, revealing the connecting link between Christ and humanity, and thus opening the culminating stage of the majestic chapter of manhood evolution. What was expedient for them is just as expedient for us. The disciples thought, as tradition had told them, that when the Messiah came He would abide forever; and to their conception that was the summit of well-being, to have always with them the bodily presence of Him who could be implicitly followed as King and Leader and Judge. Even these solemn words of Jesus did not strike in, at first; this old idea held the field and crowded them out; one of the first questions they asked Him when they saw Him in resurrection form, safe back from the dead, was, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom of Israel?" But you see it takes time to get a new ideal into vital power; and their minds were not enlarged enough to see how rudimentary, how childish it is after all, to have all our thoughts and beliefs and judgments made for us, and doled out to us, as it were, from a central bureau, leaving us in general unable

to take a step forward until we receive marching orders. Even now, after nineteen centuries, we see how slow the world is to replace the monarchic idea by the democratic; how slow and timid we all are to bear our weight on the law of the spirit of life, as feeling within us the wisdom and authority to do so. And yet this, just this, is what our Lord's words contemplate. It is expedient for us that the Incarnate Word go away; that He be no more an object of sense, to be seen and heard and followed about from place to place; because henceforth the guidance of life must be incorporated with our nature, breathing with our breath, thinking with our thoughts, loving and hating with our love and hate, shaping the fair fabric of life with our hands. Our Lord's departure was in the way to this. He left us, but as He said He would not leave us orphans; left us that a better thing than His bodily presence might come to us. And if we, like the disciples, doubt what *could* be better than His bodily presence, a moment's reflection guides us to the essential truth that the new thing that was to come *was* the self-same thing that was taking its leave; only it was to come closer, not stopping at our bewildered eyes but coming all the way to the centre of our being; not coming to sojourn as in a tabernacle, but to take up its permanent abode, as in a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The same risen Personage who said, "It is expedient for you that I go away," said also, "I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

An evolution, in the nature of the case, must have a teleology; that is, by the very order and adaptation that are evident in every part it reveals some masterful design, orbiting into larger fulfilment from the beginning, and steering toward a vaster and determinate end which, whether it comes fully in sight or not, prophesies its significance and nature by the working potencies it brings progressively to light. Natural selection, development of species, survival of the fittest, and all the other processes named in the jargon of science may be verifiable facts; they are all on trial, undergoing the severe

testing of observation and definition; but they are only processes after all; and when all is done there remains the main problem, the tremendous end toward which these are but means. Evolution cannot rest, any more than could Ecclesiastes, in the thought that all this turmoil of forces and developments merely goes round in a circle, gyrating through the generations and returning on itself. It has a teleology; however it moves round and round it moves also upward, revealing at every stage a surplusage to apply on the next stage and make the sum of things better, nobler, maturer. This is the huge fact that our review of things has brought to light in the gradual uprise of manhood as evolved by the power of the free spirit of life. We have seen how out of the species has risen the full-orbed individual, fitted in the obedience of perfect law, yet in the supreme venture of perfect freedom, to act on other individuals, to show every one the way of life, the fulfilment of his complete personality. But now, at the date of Christ's resurrection, it has only been shown, for men to look at and analyze; and as a spectacle it is to be withdrawn. To what end, after all, was all this pageant of life, this abysmal venture of faith, this colossal experiment of being? Successful indeed, as resurrection shows; but to what end, unless this resurrection be also the firstfruits of a vaster resurrection? You remember how Browning, speaking as if he were Renan, has portrayed how a sensitive mankind feels in the idea that Christ came but to shine a little space and disappear again, a description beautiful in its utter sadness:

Gone now! All gone across the dark so far,
 Sharpening fast, shuddering ever, shutting still,
 Dwindling into the distance, dies that star
 Which came, stood, opened once! We gazed our fill
 With upturned faces on as real a Face
 That, stooping from grave music and mild fire,
 Took in our homage, made a visible place
 Through many a depth of glory, gyre on gyre,
 For the dim human tribute. Was this true?
 Could man indeed avail, mere praise of his,
 To help by rapture God's own rapture too,
 Thrill with a heart's red tinge that pure pale bliss?

Why did it end? Who failed to beat the breast,
 And shriek, and throw the arms protesting wide,
 When a first shadow showed the star addressed
 Itself to motion, and on either side
 The rims contracted as the rays retired;
 The music, like a fountain's sickening pulse,
 Subsided on itself; awhile transpired
 Some vestige of a Face no pangs convulse,
 No prayers retard; then even this was gone,
 Lost in the night at last. We, lone and left
 Silent through centuries, ever and anon
 Venture to probe again the vault bereft
 Of all now save the lesser lights, a mist
 Of multitudinous points, yet suns, men say—
 And this leaps ruby, this lurks amethyst,
 But where may hide what came and loved our clay?
 How shall the sage detect on yon expanse
 The star which chose to stoop and stay for us?

All this, you see, sadly beautiful as it is, is in direct traverse of the words of Christ we have quoted. "I will not leave you orphans; it is expedient for you that I go away." And as to why it is expedient for us, we can do no better perhaps than to add Browning's supplementing stanza, spoken in his own proper person, after he has described how Christ, though absent in bodily presence, has become identified with the spirit of our world:

That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
 Or decomposes but to recompose,
 Become my universe that feels and knows!

This, when we compare it with our evolutionary outlook, represents not merely the poetry and phantasy of the matter; it is the sober outcome of the Bible interpretation of life.

The business of our present chapter is to make an inventory of the main vital values that inhere in this culmination of manhood evolution, translating them, if we can fairly do so, from the scripture idiom into the idiom of to-day.

I. THE UNVEILED MYSTERY

The first vital value that we note is that Christ, now become a diffusive and universal spirit, is identified with the con-

scious spirit of manhood everywhere; His unique life the recognized life of man, His spirit the revealed spirit of man. The historical Christ goes away that the essential Christ may take His place and become by that means the controlling element of character and a new vital power in the world. The writer to the Colossians — I am not sure whether it was St. Paul, but at any rate he writes in the vein of St. Paul's later years — described this as "the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints; . . . which is Christ in you, the hope of glory." The two epistles to the Colossians and the Ephesians say a good deal about this *mystery*; out of twenty-six or twenty-seven occurrences of the word in the New Testament ten are in these two short letters. A mystery, in the apostle's view, is something which has always existed, being as essential to humanity as anything however clear, but it has only now come to light, only now have the elements been supplied for the comprehension of it. And this mystery is the mystery of Christ in us. In whom? The writer speaks as the apostle to the Gentiles; and repeatedly he speaks with wonder of the fact that the Gentiles — the word, you know, is the same that is used to designate the heathen — show just as authentic marks of its presence as do the Jews; the possession of it breaks down the walls between the nations and the ages, and puts all men in one great united family. In other words, this mystery of Christ in us, now unveiled, is something that belongs to man as man, and to the man of all time past and to come. Not it, but just the unveiling of it, is the distinction of the Christian dispensation; it was really there in man always; Christ was there, away back in the ages, a dim pulsation of manhood, and men did not know it. And if Christ in us is the hope of glory now, so He was then; Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. This is only another way, you see, of describing the coming of life and immortality to light; our large question, as I said earlier, is not when all this began to be a fact, but when and how it was revealed so that men might know what was all the while in them, and might act intelli-

gently upon it. It has come out into the light, so that we can give it a name, and note its vital elements, and commit our spirits to it; but it was always there, ever since the spirit moved on the face of the waters, and in its growing illuminative power we have been led hither. Why, the soul of prophecy was Christ in men; you recall how St. Peter dwells on that picture of the prophets searching with wonder what the spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, and trying to find a time where suffering and sacrifice would fit in, as they looked toward that which was to be. The very sustenance and refreshment of the wilderness journey, according to St. Paul's allegorical account, was Christ; "they drank of that spiritual Rock which followed them: and that Rock was Christ." This diffused universality of the spirit of Christ is a great discovery to make; even though the mystery has been unveiled so long we are ourselves slow to acknowledge it; and how many there are to-day who, like these disciples who wanted to call down fire from heaven, know not even yet what manner of spirit they are of.

If this mystery is so permanent and wide-spread there must be many ways in which Christ may be in manhood; or rather perhaps one way, when we get down to it, but under multitudinous conditions and combinations. It would be hazardous for any of us to say where He is not, or to measure out just how much or how little there is of Him in our neighbor's soul; for there are last that shall be first. About as safe a way for us as any, perhaps, is to fall back on the aged St. Paul's judgment, as he saw his time so filled with heresies, "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his." Of this we must say more later; but here for a few moments we must note the historical movement by which this mystery of Christ in man was gradually unveiled.

All along it has been the scripture way to spell the secrets of life out in concrete facts, which men may see and handle; and when the meaning and power of the fact strikes in, so as to be a source of motive and wisdom in man, then the crutch

of outward sense is removed. This applies to the whole life and ministry of Christ, the Life Indeed. And when resurrection had set the supreme seal on His life, there is to be noted the very remarkable way in which this support of sense was removed gradually, as common men could bear it, and in its place gradually substituted the inner light and power of the spirit. All this was done in such condescension of love, was so in the tender character of Christ, that it carries its truth on the face of it; no mind short of Christ's could have invented it. "Such ever was love's way; to rise it stoops." The body that came from our Lord's tomb, you remember, had something very strange about it. It seemed of this earth, yet not of this earth; seemed to be endowed with mysterious reversed powers. As some one has described it, "what was natural to him before seems now miraculous; what was before miraculous is now natural." Though He had lain there only three days, yet His nearest disciples did not recognize Him at first; and in each case of recognition they had to have a preparation of mind, of awakening spirit, in order to identify Him at all. The journey of the two disciples to Emmaus is typical in this regard; wherein He walked with them several miles as a stranger, making their hearts burn within them as He opened the Scriptures to them, before they knew Him by the familiar act of breaking bread. He stands suddenly in the midst of a company; He vanishes as suddenly. There are various minds to be convinced, various degrees of faith to be supported; and so He submits to the tests fitted to each, shows the wounds and lets them touch Him; though to the first one who saw Him He warned "Touch me not." Even the incident of the empty tomb, seeming to prove that the material body had been transformed into a body immaterial, was in the line of necessary identification; it was for their and the world's sake, however, inexplicable; and at any rate it demonstrated the absolute ascendancy of spirit over matter. But all this, we may fairly say, this reestablished materialization, belonged to the uniqueness of the event; it was an individual phenomenon, like all His miracles, whereby love wrought its pur-

pose of showing resurrection to be real; not, however, intended to reveal a species phenomenon. The resurrection of the body is not the same as the resurrection of matter; we must learn to separate the two in our minds. There is a spiritual body, St. Paul says; but flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. It was this mystery, both sides of it, that our Lord's strange forty days after resurrection would demonstrate; He would show them that the spiritual body is both a body, not a naked essence, and spiritual, not material; and to show it He began, so to say, at the material pole, and working step by step, as they could comprehend it, toward the spiritual pole, at the end had so accustomed them to the tremendous new truth, that when He was finally parted from them, never to submit to such testing any more, they returned to Jerusalem with great joy. There is a gradation observable here too. To have recognized Him once, by a crude test, was no guarantee that they would recognize Him at the next appearing. The succeeding test was apparently less material, finer, requiring an advance in spiritual perception; so that, though on that first appearance in Jerusalem they were affrighted and needed reproach for their hardness of heart in doubting His identity, on the later appearance at the sea of Tiberias, where all was like a restored companionship and joy, "none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord." It looks like a divinely adapted advance toward the point where the crutch of sense and material apprehension could be removed, and their Master could be to them a Reality apprehended purely by the spirit. Those forty days were the stages of a transition.

Nor was this the end. The next step of manifestation, though now spiritual, began even yet at a kind of physical pole, according to what they could apprehend, though in the physical phenomenon least suggestive of matter. A week after His ascension, you remember, when the day of Pentecost was fully come, the Spirit filled the house with the sound as of a rushing mighty wind, and became visible in tongues of flame. Perhaps this too was a concession to the simple conceptions of

the time; the Jewish mind craved a sign; and perhaps such a sign was necessary to authenticate the strange new enthusiasm and power that endued them all at once. They must know and identify the source of their new access of life; so that with full assurance they could say to believers and gain-sayers, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear." But this too, with its train of marvelous spiritual gifts, was only a step in the process whereby the mystery of Christ in man, the hope of glory, was revealed. The mystic splendor faded into the light of common day; but let us guard our thoughts against deeming the spiritual endowment, by being diffused through all our prosaic duties and deeds, became less real; it became even more real, more essentially available, by becoming more purely spiritual, and depending not at all on the support of sense. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." These words of St. Paul do not refer, at least primarily, to heaven; they refer to the light that is shed abroad by the felt and obeyed presence of Christ in us.

We will remember that the Jew interpreted his life according to what we are pleased to call an antiquated psychology. In all his times of health and disease, and in all unusual experiences, he was open to the influence or subject to the invasion of spirits. A man who was insane was in his idea possessed by a demon; an alien personality had usurped his will and consciousness; you remember how many times Jesus conformed his cures to this psychological idea, and how the demons themselves, if there were such, obeyed His behest according to the same psychology. So also to the Jew the world unseen was practically the world of the air; and this was peopled with spiritual beings with whom in various ways our life had relations: there were angels, with their orders and

hierarchies, who were employed as ministering spirits sent forth to aid those who should be heirs of salvation; there was an evil power of the air, with its prince, a spirit working in the children of disobedience; there were principalities and powers, spiritual wickedness in high places, against which as by hand to hand fight it was the Christian's business to wrestle. All the inner operations and relations of life were thus, as the philosophers say, objectified; not merely personified, like poetic figures, but conceived in terms of actual living personality, of unseen impulses and wills capable of impact on us, as we act on one another. There was a quasi physical and material quality in their idea, too, quite foreign to our ways of thinking: the spirit of God was the breath of God; the spirit of evil was as it were a crazing and miasmatic atmosphere working havoc in men's lives. When Jesus met His disciples after the resurrection, and gave them their commission for the time to come, He breathed on them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." We have just noted, too, the phenomena that accompanied the coming of the Spirit at Pentecost, the sound as of a rushing mighty wind and the tongues of flame. The effects were correspondingly marked and visible. Mockers attributed these to new wine; and Peter took pains to tell them that it was too early in the day for these strangely exhilarated men to be drunk; nay, later in the history of the intensified new life that had come to men, St. Paul is careful to separate its means and origin from analogous physical inducing means; "Be not drunk with wine," he says, "wherein is excess, but be ye filled with the Spirit." Even in modern revival efforts men speak in the same psychological idiom; they pray for spiritual outpouring, as if somehow there were a vital fluid out in space, or in the region just above our heads, which in a way transcending our initiative, may come in to flood us with exhilaration and enhanced joy and energy. It is as good a conception as any, the best perhaps, for the common unmetaphysical mind to approach the source of its highest life; infinitely better, surely, than to suffer a modern psychological abstraction to fade it away into nothing at all. There is a holy power not

ourselves to be accounted for and reckoned with; it must not only be ours, but be translated into our ways of thinking; but it must not be denied and evaporated in the process.

I have already spoken, in an earlier chapter, of that wonderful providential guidance by which, all through the twilight period of growth, the Jewish mind, surrounded though it was by nations given over to necromancy and demon worship and all the uncanny inquiry of the occult, would never submit itself passively to the invasion of spirits through mediumship and vulgar psychic hypnotization. To study the reason of this in detail would be well worth while, but of course we cannot go into it here. I think one reason was because the Jewish spirit and genius could never consent to be a passive thing, helplessly acted upon from without; it coöperated vigorously and intelligently with its unseen influences; it insisted that the spirits of the prophets be subject to the prophets; and the Holy Spirit that it would call to its aid was conceived as a spirit bearing witness with our spirits, thus meeting us on common intelligent ground. Besides, there was its growing clarifying idea of God, the great Reality, which idea must at every step be identified with authentic realities, revealing a glory, a splendor, which however transcendent must be recognized as true to our highest ideals. This produced a spiritual disdain for those dim uncertain underworld phenomena, whatever they were, that invaded the colorless passive mind of the medium; the grand heritage of his religion and his practical wisdom, beginning with the reverent fear of God, had made these things antipathetic to him. So when the time came for the long hidden mystery to be unveiled, the mystery of Christ in us the hope of glory, his mind in spite of its now antiquated psychology, or perhaps indeed by reason of it, was already well educated, both negatively and positively, to apprehend it and act upon it as it essentially is. And on it our more scientific conceptions may safely build; there is nothing in it to make succeeding ideas of life and spirit other than true and wholesome.

When therefore we try to realize the truth of Christ in us,

our honest way to deal with it is to translate it into our own psychological terms, thus completing the transition that was begun at Ascension and Pentecost. If it has become alien to our sense of reality to think of that human Person who was born at Bethlehem and died at Calvary as now somehow distributed through the world, as a diffusive power or pulsation, like electricity or light or magnetism, it is at least open to us to think what there is in men who pay homage to Christ to-day, what spirit there is now potent which, because it unites us in a common joy and a common hope, traces back its origin and illumination to Him. There are not wanting abundant analogies to help us. We can think of the wave of reform and new faith that swept over the hearts of men when Luther made his brave stand against the paralyzing errors of his time; we can think how Napoleon's personality had in it a power to inspire and characterize an army and a period of history; we can think how a mighty spirit of patriotism and hatred of slavery was diffused through the North in our Civil War, making the people for a time one will, and bringing an enlargement of life and being which still exists in power. All these instances show what potencies slumber in manhood, waiting only the illuminative word and the fitting time to call them forth into energy; and what a perpetual hope of better things the successively awakening potencies are. Such facts are the commonplaces of history. Can we not think back from these to the origin and concentrated potency of them all; to the light which shone when Hope itself was born? We nucleate them in the name Christ; in Him these various potencies, the prophecy of progress to better things, become concrete, elements of a large world personality, a spirit which we can name and define. The sum total of this spirit we call the Holy Spirit; which, in one true sense at least, is, as was said earlier in our studies, the spirit of wholeness, soundness, the whole man now brought to light in a typical Personality, and demonstrating His wholeness by the finished work He did. This wholeness of manhood within us, redeemed from the sin and error and bondage of man's twilight stratum of being, set free at last to work his

regenerate will on himself and the world, is our hope of glory. It existed there, in a dim mystery and onward spiritual surge, from the beginning; the potentiality of wholeness, health, eventual maturity was an unrest and a prophecy through all those dim years; and now that its true centre and principle is revealed, it has become a great rest and peace in us, yet also an energizing spur to larger, purer things, forbidding us to call any earthly thing our rest, or cramp our souls to it, and a perpetual prophecy of things that have not yet entered into the heart of man. This is Christ in us; this our modern notions of mind and spirit can appropriate. If we can no longer take it as breath and flame and an outpoured fluid, we can commit ourselves in strong abandon of faith to the wholeness of manhood, and to the supreme principle which sums up and unifies its maturity; can resolve to live the life of goodwill and good works and sacrifice which, in one divine Person, has so demonstrated its fulness and power. This is Christ in us; this is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever; this makes the ideal of our being, however high our evolution puts it, not an unattainable despair but a lively hope.

It is our inveterate tendency to confuse our hope and the hope of our neighbor by applying some other standard than this to our destiny; and especially the older standard of legal morality and sinlessness which Jesus and the apostles have so labored to make us outgrow. A strong vein of the Jew is in all of us, perhaps indeed ought to be until that current of duty is worked clear. We tremblingly ask, Am I good enough to be saved? knowing all the while that we are not, and indeed that salvation by the Pharisee way, the works of the law, is impossible. Then we turn to our neighbor, perhaps in disgust and bitter disdain, and say, Can that degraded, unlovely, depraved, heathenish man enter heaven? and sometimes, in our American way of joking we say that if he is going there, on the strength of salvation wrought for him by faith and the church, we prefer to go where we can have more congenial company. But most of us still shiver over the question in sadness and doubt. "Lord, are there few that be saved?" the

disciples once asked Jesus, when they still had only their old law of works and prescription to measure by. His answer, accommodated to their idiom, was, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able." The old law of destiny is inexorable: it opens inevitably that sombre picture of two roads, the broad one, populous and crowded, leading to destruction, and the narrow one, with only here and there a traveler, leading to life. And our Lord's word virtually is, If that is your accepted standard of life, strive to obey the strictest, straitest, most strenuous condition that you can see imposed on you; you will be none too sound and safe then; don't fear that you will do too much, or live too ideal a life. But at the same time He says that many of whose salvation they have not dreamed shall come from the north and the south and the east and the west and sit with the spirits of the just made perfect in the kingdom of heaven. And then, going on in His ministry, He made the strangest, most revolutionary recognitions of the powers of life: ate and drank with publicans and sinners; while He pronounced woe on the hypocritical Pharisees, pronounced the word of salvation on Zaccheus the publican; and even on the abandoned woman who had fallen a victim to her trust in human love and fidelity, He pronounced the word of hope: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much." Here is the new standard of living, the standard of love, which, though capable of the lowest depths of abuse, is also capable of the highest things, being, when followed by the committal of faith and wisdom, by the truest that is in us, the pulsation of the love that broods over all the world, in fatherhood, and sonship, and the communion of the spirit. It is this pulsation of love that He would call out from its dimness and slumber, and free from selfish, degrading elements, and naturalize in the universal heart of man. The apostles took up the same endeavor, and stated it in its principle: "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." We read this one-sidedly, as if it were our business, as candidates for salvation, to be merely

receivers and beneficiaries of the free gift, and as if, having received it, we were only to gloat over what we have secured. But grace within us, the free giving impulse of love, is still grace; it is not transformed into its opposite; our faith in it, our venture of life upon it, makes us henceforth instrumentalities of it, the vehicles of that same overflow of life to the world. And this is to have Christ in us; this it was that He wrought out consistently, though identified with the poor and the publicans and the harlots and the malefactors, going down to the degraded depths of humanity, in order to show how from the lowest the way of vitalizing, redeeming love is open to all. It was a veritable release of the soul of man from his prison-house of law and prescription, which without love to illuminate it, must remain an ever-increasing bondage. But now we have a new standard whereby to judge our neighbor. We must allow for the fact that it is the boast of grace to enter and take up its abode in the unlikeliest places. A heart almost all degraded may still respond, for the sake of wife or family or comrade or a world in peril, to the unselfish prompting of love; may even lay down life, when the stress comes, for the sake of a good which, so far as his body is concerned, may be his sacrifice. We cannot tell. The Lord knoweth them that are His. That degraded man may at some point have laid hold, in a blind faith, on the love of God, and made it operative in love of neighbor. Well, then Christ is in him, the essential Christ, the diffused spirit of life; and no knowing how slender a pulsation, seemingly, may have in it the seminal power to grow, and redeem his heritage or education of sin, and make his essential being new, and so be, in the long run, his full salvation. For this reason it is hazardous to judge men on mere moral lines; we must rather know the amount of love and faith that is in them than the amount of works. "Not of works, lest any man should boast." Equally inconclusive is it to erect a standard of vital judgment which excludes from any chance of life those, like depraved criminals, whose wills are diseased, or, like idiots, whose mind is undeveloped, or, like infants, who have not come to understanding. All these

are hard problems to a moral and legalized standard of judgment; we cannot force the great world-current of life through such narrow channels. Nor can I stay to speak of those whose vision of life is not yet universalized and clarified: of those myopic souls whose impulse of love cannot get beyond their family or parish; of those color-blind souls who in their devotion to a philanthropy or a dogmatic system can be harsh or intolerant toward those whose love works in narrower or strange bounds. There is doubtless something in all of us which some time or other will need to be straightened or enlarged or corrected. It is a long process to get, as Scripture phrases it, Christ formed within us; I am not sure that this earthly existence of ours is going to suffice, even for us who have all the experience of the past to learn by. We cannot tell; but meanwhile let us take comfort that the mysterious power of growth and sacrifice has been working in man from the beginning; that the Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world; and that both we and our neighbor have eternity to grow in. We have also in us that wonderful power of recognizing according to the love that is in us, rather than according to the theorized merit that is in others; on this our judgment hangs. If we do not cultivate this, the Helper when He comes may convict us of sin, because we believe not on Christ. It resolves itself in this, after all, the mystery of Christ in us is the bearing of our whole weight on the perfect loving manhood that through so marvelous a history of the spirit is revealed as the one way of manhood life.

II. THOUGH OUR OUTWARD MAN PERISH

The cry that for several decades has dominated the religious sentiment of our age and land is, We don't want theories, we want facts. It is a wholesome plea; it lays hold of the elements of hope, reality, promise. But like all popular sentiments, it is as shallow as it is deep; that is, it may be shallow or deep, according to the spirit in which it is held. The negative side of the plea, we don't want theory, or as men have

been pleased to dub it, we don't want dogma, is, and for decades has been, a very shallow thing, and not without bad effects, as must be the case with everything superficial. It has done much to empty our churches, to discredit the noble profession of the Christian ministry, and in general to pitch the life of the rank and file in a low key. Perhaps indeed the ministry itself, the country through, has not remained wholly untouched by it; perhaps the ambassadors of Christ have sometimes let their high credentials go under partial eclipse, while in their endeavor to make their message popular and workable they have played too much to the galleries. After all, ministers have a good deal of human nature in them; they are not so far beyond us but that we of the rank and file can still keep them in sight and judge them; besides, it is not our business to sit in judgment on them, or anybody, but rather to draw our own views of life from the same Word that is supposedly in them. This shallow plea, then, comes back just as straight to us as it does to them; the Word is nigh us, in our mouth and in our heart; and if we have not the teaching office in our hands, we have in our keeping the general level of faith, and are alone responsible for its being high or low. Now this cry, we don't want theory, pitches our faith low; it opens the door to all those lazy, easy-going, drifting people who hate to think and want to get into some instinctive sort of life that shall merely run itself. So it brings about, if we are not heedful, an unspoken ideal of Christian living as if it were not an arena where we must fight for what we get, or run a strenuous race for a prize, but rather a nice soft bed where we can lie and rest, with the comfortable feeling that we have a ticket for heaven under our pillow. I suspect, however, that the real meaning of this shallow plea is not that we don't want theory, but that we don't want *the* theory that we have inherited from Augustine and Calvin and Jonathan Edwards; and the trouble is that too many have let it go at that, without troubling themselves to inquire what they *do* want. For the fact is, we cannot very well believe without believing something; so if we too lightly abjure theory, which is only an-

other name for theology or dogma, the alternative is apt to turn out no faith, no really grounded character, at all; and in the end the plea of less theology and more religion issues inevitably in less religion, in a sort of vanishing quantity. It is but another example of what I have so many times spoken of: the evil effect of taking up with the negative side of an ideal, and letting the positive side go. I don't believe in negatives: they are good for nothing under the sun but just purposes of definition, they only show where the real thing, the positive truth, begins, and our concern is to leave them behind and thenceforth ignore them.

It is false and shallow, then, to say we don't want theory. We *do* want theory; we want all we can get, we must have it, if we are going to live our lives in any sort of order and principle. If we have faith in God, we must have a theory of God, a theology; if we commit ourselves to faith in man, we must have a theory of human nature, an anthropology. Our theory may not be articulated into all the minutiae of a philosophical system, but it must be real and have a basal principle; it must be what we call a working theory. The Greek word from which our word theory is derived is very simple; it means two things, the act of looking at a thing, and the thing looked at. According to its connection it may mean either of these; and we need both of them: we must be energetic enough to look and look hard, and we must have something to look at so definite and real to us that we can venture life and destiny upon it. That is theory; and no individual of us, however he may feel lost in the crowd, can absolve himself from this obligation, so long as he has an active and intelligent life to live.

But while we must have theories, and while they must be as searching as our best thinking can make them, we certainly do want facts too; this part of the plea is strong and wholesome. It is the facts, the actual application in experience and practice, that test our theory. This is only another way of saying that in order to be good for anything our theory must prove itself true by doing what it promises to do. And if one theory does not work, or has ceased to do all the work we need of

it, we do not mend matters by throwing up the game; we must try another. "By their fruits," was our Lord's word, "ye shall know them"; and if our enlarged, emancipate, adult life craves fruits which the old theory of living is ill-adapted or inadequate to bear, then we must reconstruct life on a new basis. But a basis we must surely have; and it must be a higher, roomier, more vital basis than the old; for there are greater fruits to grow and gather, and there is a greater manhood field to grow them in. Men are awakening to this truth to-day; they are getting sick of negatives and of their poverty of doctrine. And if the old Puritanism, which practically made Jews of them, will not serve, they must have something better; and the thoughtful among them will not, in their desire for the better thing, think scorn of the old, or throw it heedlessly away in their lazy indisposition to think. It was not so that the early disciples did. They were placed in a precisely analogous position to ours of to-day. They felt, they knew by spiritual insight, that the old régime, the heritage of many centuries, was decrepit and ready to vanish away. But they were not unprepared for the crisis: they already had a new theory of life which not only more than took the place of the old, but retained all that the old had proved sound and enduring. And now they were subjecting the new to the test of fact and experience. Will it work? was their question; like the life of Christ when it was first lived, so now, their life, on the same divine lines, was a colossal experimentation, a kind of laboratory work of test and verification.

Let us think of those early disciples, then, as first those simple-minded, straight-minded men, like Peter and John and James the Lord's brother, whom the Bible calls "pure in heart," whose minds are not so warped by prejudice and the accumulations of conventional tradition but that they can commit themselves in common-sense clearness to the new vision of life that their Master has made real and concrete; then secondly, as added to these, men like Paul and Apollos, who have the culture which enables them to cope with the world's ideas, yet who retain through it all the same singleness and consistent

purity of heart, enabling them to translate their new idiom of life into a workable theory; then thirdly, we must not leave out, as the most significant element of the whole, the rank and file of the lay disciples and members, a joyful and loving body, who if they cannot think deeply can at least lay down their lives, and cheerfully bear all that comes surging up against them from whatever quarter, to show what a new vital principle can accomplish in practical living. These, after all, were the test and proof of the Christ spirit; they were the witness bearers, the martyrs, whose blood was the seed of the church. We have not their thought in written words, nor any record of their mental acumen, but their lives were sown in the brown earth, like their Master's, falling into the ground and dying, that a great harvest might in time spring up therefrom and bear much fruit. It is impossible to estimate the immense vital value that came to the world from the freely sacrificed lives of these nameless believers in the power of the new life. Have we thought of it? A story I once heard may help us realize it. Two men, devout clergymen of the Church of England, were once earnestly debating together about the first generations of Christians. The Church of England, you know, sets great store by the Fathers; thinks, reasonably enough, that as men lived nearer to Christ's time and were privileged to walk in the more immediate rays of His presence, their doctrine must have been purer, their lives saintlier, their view of divine things straighter and more trustworthy. But one thing greatly disturbed these two devout men: the fact that no illustrious name, no winged word, no brilliant achievement of these primitive Christians has come across the centuries to us. Not a single notable thing that they did is on record. Men more entirely common place and mediocre than the immediate followers and successors of the apostles it would be hard to find; and the century in which they lived is perhaps the most uninteresting in Christian annals. So despite their assumption of what must have been, these two pious men soon found their inquiry reduced to the simple question, What were those early Christians good for? Having discussed this ques-

tion till late at night without reaching any satisfactory conclusion, the friends prayed together and separated, one of them setting out for his home in another part of the city. As he was well on his way, however, still revolving the problem, suddenly the answer flashed upon him like an inspiration; and hastening back to his friend's room he called out in triumph, "I have it! They were good to burn!" I think you will agree with me that the answer was as true as it was striking. It reveals to us the most tremendous vital value in the world: men in whom is working one redeemed and quickened spirit, the unveiled mystery of Christ in manhood; and these were without any fuss or parade just living the life and dying the death of their Lord, yielding all they have and are to the great Idea that has come to vitalize them. And if it had not been for these, what fruits of Christianity would the world be noting and gathering to-day? Follow out those nameless martyrdoms, as the leaven of them spread from heart to heart and from age to age, and mind and imagination are lost in the greatness of it.

The vital value that we noted in the last section seemed to reduce all the new life to terms of spirit; and though in a way we are becoming aware that the power of spirit is the only real power we can trace in life, yet as soon as we name the word spirit, our idea of things is apt to dissipate itself into something vague, shadowy, unreal; if it is a vibration, like magnetism or electricity, it is a vibration whose wave-lengths and wave-contours we cannot devise instruments to measure. It obstinately refuses to express itself in terms of mechanism; and so we too lightly conclude that there is really nothing in it. That is the quarrel that our materialistic and biological science has with spirit, and you see it is simply the quarrel that it has with life itself: it cannot compute the curve of an idea, a motion, an emancipated will, that is big enough to fill life full, permeating and transforming all its character and material energies, without giving any account of itself except its own reality. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and

whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." It is a wholly baffling thing until we consent to measure it in its own terms; but then it is at once the simplest and the deepest thing in the world.

One thing, however, we must not leave out, and it is the vital value that forms the specific subject of our present study. A bad result of our prevailing vagueness of conception is that we are apt to postpone the working of the resurrection spirit, relegating it to some unseen realm away off somewhere, and to some indefinite future, while we leave the poor body, which for the purpose we have separated from its soul, sickening and decaying and dying here. We have given scant rights to our body; it is a thing that, because we go at it in the wrong way, we really understand as little as we do our spirit. So according to men's disposition, worldly or otherworldly, they either make it the prey of lusts and luxuries, with their grievous entail of disease and premature mortality; or else, treating it as an enemy, try to kill its appetencies by some sort of asceticism, under which term we may include not only such self-tormenting as we ascribe to anchorites but the modern vagaries of dieting and dosing. Or, if we adopt the more wholesome idea of *mens sana in corpore sano*, the sound mind in a sound body, which is as good Christian doctrine as it is heathen, we are so apt, in our ardor of training and exercise, to lay out all our spiritual energies on the body that by the time we get to the question of putting in the sound mind there is hardly enough mind left to be worth perpetuating; it is all so absorbed in golfing and football that the serious question rises whether for such a soul eternal existence would not be an unendurable bore. Have we reckoned with the problem of ennui; do we realize how vital may, for many, become the question whether after all life is worth living? I sometimes wonder about those hapless mortals whose mind is to them so little of a kingdom that they have much ado, by various inane distractions, to kill time; I wonder, if time hangs so heavy on their hands, how they are going to kill eternity. Nor is it the play side of life alone that suffers; the work side too, however interesting or

successful the work is, shares the same unbearableness and exhaustion; the worn-out body and nerves have some day to cease from it, just as the athlete inevitably breaks down; and the corrective no more comes by stopping work than the corrective of the other side of life comes by stopping play. It goes back, after all, to the inner source whence work and play proceed, to the intrinsic spiritual man, as he really is whether in action or at rest, to man with that endowment of life which answers to his supreme aspiration. "Not that which goeth in at the mouth," said our Lord, "defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the heart"; we may say the same thing too of that which upbuilds and makes life worth living. We may get a partial object-lesson toward this truth in the way men absorb themselves in art and learning; and in the saving fact that every man is capable of doing things ideally, and going on doing them in spite of penury and sacrifice; and in the fact that the highest work a man can do, the work that calls out his best ideals and energies, is work that he would scorn to be paid for except in kind. The very work we do, the very free play of talent and genius that we love, is perpetually calling us away from our bodies, what we shall eat and drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed. But you see our errors come from assuming that the body is on top; and along with this, from the idea that we must die anyhow, that we must be subject to the shoal of diseases and decrepitudes that are themselves merely stages of dying, and that we may as well accept the situation and have the evil event over. In other words, so far as the body is concerned, we still, in spite of our Christian revelation, make up life with reference to death; it is bodily death we are looking for and dreading, however we may try to stave it off by asceticism and dosing, or meet it with a show of bravado. Our theory of life is concerned; we need a more livable theory, one that is adapted to work higher things than the things of the body and the world.

Right here we may learn some very suggestive things about vital values from the lives of those nameless common men who were only good to burn. They could not do the acute think-

ing; could not cipher out rules of living by logic; but they were imbued with one great simple idea that would work; they had learned to make up life not with reference to death but with reference to life, life ever more and fuller. For them death was in the most essential sense actually and literally abolished. Now when you come to think of it, this was a tremendous working idea; and we can think how tremendous must have been the ground swell of the spirit which could raise the living faith of common men to such a high level. They had to get at it, unsophisticated minds as they were, by the simplest and concretest ways, and the idea had to grow from elemental beginnings. From the first, too, it had to establish itself in the face of this universal lot of death to which all mankind is subject. To live as if this last enemy were practically killed, and therefore a negligible quantity, — how shall the man of the rank and file learn this? It was a spiritual truth, a truth of the unseen, and yet it must be laid hold of in terms of the body; the whole man, not merely the ethereal part of him, must have the benefit of it. Well, there was the initial fact, for constant faith and reference, that their Lord when He rose from the dead left an empty grave and showed them a body that they could see and handle; a miracle if you please, a unique thing whose reality our sapient scholars are doubting, but certainly a miracle placed where it could do most good, and what is of most consequence, having power as an idea; a whole increasing community of men forthwith began to live *as if* it were so. That is the main point. Then there were other plain ideas accompanying this: this same risen Master was all the while just over that unseen boundary, ready to receive His own; and further, He was coming again, very soon, before they died perhaps, and the end of this world and the beginning of a new unworldly kingdom was hard at hand. Do you say this was a false scaffolding for their thoughts? But it was adapted to their minds, it was on their level, perhaps their lowly conceptions had equal shares in the shaping of it; and above all, it was a working idea that led straight to the noblest, joyfulest living. They had to live in perpetual

liability to death by violence and torture; but they leaped exultingly to meet it, for that was the death that Christ died, and with that death was especially associated the power of His resurrection. Then meanwhile they had their spiritual gifts, among which were gifts of healing; and they lived long in the confidence that they were to be immune from deadly poisons and serpents, and that the prayer of faith would save the sick. Their body was to be healed and cared for, by the power of the spirit that was in them. Then gradually changes came upon this idea; and we cannot say whether these came because faith lessened or because it deepened and broadened, becoming a more spiritual, less purely material thing. The era of astonishing feats of the spirit passed just as soon as its vital value was secured; but it passed into something greater and more universally workable. "Covet earnestly the best gifts," St. Paul told them; "and yet show I unto you a more excellent way"; and this, you remember, was his occasion of assuring them that while the exceptional feats of the spirit were bound to pass, yet faith and hope and love survived, and that love was the greatest thing in the world. The same apostle gloried in tribulation also, because that was the austere friend which steered them through growing stages of inner discipline until the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts. He found indeed among the Corinthians that faith was not up to the mark, that many were weak among them and many sick; that was a thing that ought not to be; their spirits, endowed with such gifts, should have better control over the body than that. But later he seemed to have learned, and with him the church, that we could not expect to go on ignoring or evading disease as if we were immune; that sickness and decay, like tribulations and hardships, were necessary facts of life, to be dealt with as things to be undergone rather than evaded. If, as he believed, this physical body was as it were a womb in which a spiritual body was getting ready to be born, and if it was our duty to be transfigured by the renewing of our minds, yet this was not to come about necessarily by a progressive release from bodily ills, but in spite and presence of

them; besides there was a fighting faith and beauty of love in the way he met bodily suffering which was itself a triumph of the spirit. And so the spiritual body, by whatever experience, might go on forming itself and essentially transfiguring the man; or as he expressed it, "though our outward man perish, yet is our inward man renewed day by day." In this truth it looks as if the naïve faith and expectation of the early Christians were at last translated into their ultimate spiritual value. The inward man had come to his own; was asserting a power of life which day by day rose superior to the physical untowardness and progressive decrepitude that were the natural accompaniments of the day. "For this cause we faint not," he said. There had been cause for fainting and doubt, as the exultant first disciples saw little by little that in spite of their marvelous spiritual gifts the tendency to sickness and evil-hap still remained; and while they were growing old, and some of them dying off, still their Lord did not come for them. Their faith was losing the support of its initial physical wonders. So it was: the scaffolding of the exceptional and astonishing had to be gently removed, as men could bear it, and from the light of miracle men must emerge into the light of common day. But when the inner man is strong and comely enough to stand alone, facing with joy and courage all the adverse winds that blow, it is better that he stand without scaffolding. This is only a little broader interpretation of the saying, "It is expedient for you that I go away"; the Christ of the marvelous and immediate response must go away, that the Christ of the individual himself, with his individual initiative, may have his chance. If, though in its insidious forms death attacks his mortal frame, just as it used to do, if all the while his inward man rebounds with daily renewal, then in a still truer and more practical sense Christ is formed within him, the hope of glory. It is just in this connection, you remember, that St. Paul figures our bodily frame as merely a temporary tent, in which we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven; and as soon as that tent is struck, as if it had been a kind of veil, there emerges

the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. You remember too how the language of dying, the conception of it as extinction or even as a crisis in life, wholly disappears from the New Testament vocabulary; instead of it, the apostles speak of falling asleep, of putting off this tabernacle (St. Peter's word), of departing and being with Christ, but not at all of death as an enemy, or having any real existence, not at all as Job and the psalmists and prophets spoke. Yet the thing that both apostles and prophets faced remained as ever, and its attendant train of bodily ills and decay was still here as ever. We learn a great deal in Scripture from the conceptions that disappear, extinguished by larger light and vitality. That the conception of death as death, and of disease as a thing that unmans us, should have died out of men's habitual thoughts, is, when we think of it, the strongest possible corroboration of the coming of life and immortality to light.

So that progressive spiritualization of the early Christian's thoughts was like a perpetual voyage of discovery, in which, while in the course of time they were fated always to encounter new views of truth, new waves of disclosure, yet always the fundamental thing that they *had* discovered, the mystery of Christ in man, remained intact, and made itself good with every new application; it proved itself an ever deepening and broadening vital value, adapted alike to body and spirit. It was from the first bestowal of the Spirit, with its quasi-material effects, a means of their living spontaneous, joyful, as it were instinctive life, in which they were delivered from the drag of reckoning with disease and death, and could have the full energy of faith to lay out on other and more real purposes. But also it was a means of culture, and of advancing wisdom; it stimulated thought, it invited men to explore and verify their theory of life and apply it to things as they are. From that day to this it has been the world's deepest education; and yet in the process it has lost no whit of its initial power, even while it has gathered power in its advance into the unseen. Now since those wonderful early gifts faded from their material manifestations into the light of common day,

the culture side has been more in evidence; so that while men have followed its growth into their systems of theology and ecclesiasticism they have tended more and more to ignore its working in their bodies and nerves, and to give this latter phase of life, the bodily, into the keeping of mechanical and materialistic theory, into the exclusive hands of surgery and medicine and diet. In this they have not been wrong; and in this they have accomplished marvelous things; witness, for example, how the one element of cleanliness and sanitation has wrought to uplift and ennoble the life of man. But there has also been an over tendency, by this very one-sidedness, to separate our nature into two discordant parts, body and spirit, and to keep the phenomena of the two apart, as it were in water-tight compartments which have no communication with each other. You know, too, how unable the majority of men are, with all their culture, to think of two things at once; instead of combining the two, like notes in a musical chord, into a third harmonious compound, they deny one in order to emphasize the other, and so go on as one-sided as before. So men have suffered the side with which the Christ work began to go under spiritual eclipse; they have surrendered it too much to the exclusive operations of material nature; they have forgotten that the Christ in them, just the same as the Christ in history, who began His work with healing diseases, that this same Christ in them intends health, that His spirit, just as truly as was the case at Pentecost and in the initial nascent power of spiritual gifts, intends healing and health. The truth is, this law of the spirit of life works, and ought to work, to effect not only a universal spiritualization but a universal incarnation; its saving power is as great in the body as in the mind; the whole man is quickened and raised from the dead together, the inner wars and discordances removed; this is the great truth that resurrection, as distinguished from survival and ultimate separation of soul from body, is designed to establish as the crowning destiny of life. Now here in our modern days we have a most significant witness of the surging of this forgotten truth to the front. I refer to the rise and

prevalence of Christian Science. What there is good in Christian Science, — and we cannot deny much good in it, — I regard as the practical recrudescence, the indignant remonstrance as it were, of an inner power of life which had gone too much into eclipse. Men had so let their Christian energy dissipate itself into a kind of disembodied spirituality, which they heedlessly divorced from common bodily life, that when the practical break-up of old theological theories came, and they were unable to bank on the real efficacy of their Puritan concepts of life and death, they were left with too slender a sense of theories that would work; the question became a vital one, What does our Christianity, the Christianity congealed in dogmas and church observances, really do for us after all? Just here, to fill the void for the rank and file who do not think, came Christian Science, with its plea that the great controlling power of the universe is not matter at all but mind, and what was more significant still, its impulse of faith, if this was so, to apply mind, spirit, confident and active will, to the maladies and diseases of the body. And men found, to their exceeding delight, that in a large degree this impulse of faith worked; they found that the power of the spirit was just as real as in the wonderful and early days. Here, so far forth, was a theory of life that worked; it produced facts instead of philosophy, it was a vital power in the incarnate life of humanity. All this, you see, was simply a return to the elemental first principles of things; it is a recrudescence of St. James's truth given to the first generation of Christians, that the prayer of faith will save the sick. And it was just in the direction that medical science is longing for; the doctors no less than the saints desire before all things to establish among their patients the truth that the great beneficent power of nature prefers health, intends health not disease, and that untold advantage is gained, and incalculable potencies of success, just so far as they can get their patients to cooperate heart and soul in this truth. We can think too, in the case of diseases wherein the imagination is on top, all that prevailing class of neurotic ailments wherein

the spirit of modern man has got so tangled up with its own miseries, which are no less real for being imagined,—you can think what a tremendous advantage it is to give men something outside themselves to think of, something that will make them forget and ignore their pretty woes, in the power of a new impulse toward life and health, even though their philosophy of life and health be vague and crude. Nay, the field broadens out very large. Why not, in this intense, nervous, restlessly enterprising age, apply the same principle to business, which in its way seems nowadays to have become a kind of disease? In this realm, too, does not the Christ in us intend health, joy, the free play of love and faith, confidence in an order of things in which we can have our supreme allegiance to a spirit of life, rather than to increasing the abundance of things a man possesses? Does our regenerate nature intend so much sudden break-down and heart-failure as we see among those whose worldly cares have so taken up all their thoughts that they have really forgotten to live? Do not they too need above all to live more in the consciousness of a power of life which is mind, spirit, and whose pulsation of love and faith heals the sordid selfishness and crooked ways which, while they are so exclusively set on worldly success, also work like a fever to wear out our vitality? Yes, we may learn something from Christian Science as a social symptom and a recrudescence of primitive vitalities; we have too heedlessly let some of our Christian heritage lapse into atrophy and become inoperative, though the power of it has been ours from the beginning. We have not less reason than Christian Science but more, to live the joyful, confident, care-free lives that we see in so many of the new sect; lives in which the buoyant and exultant spirit shall exert its good effect of faith on nerves and bodily well-being, while also our very interest in life becomes a thing not wearing but energizing and restful. There is no need of making a new sect to discover this; we have all the data and motive we need, if we will use what is revealed to us. But we have meanwhile waited for Christian Science to point out one way, the old way of using the faith it is in us

to have, by which we may recover from our torpid one-sidedness and be made whole. That way is ours no less than theirs. If the Christ in us intends life and health, if He is identified with the recuperative powers of nature, let us not fear to make up life with reference to fuller and freer life, not to death; with reference to abounding health, both of the spirit, which is the controlling element, and of the body, which ought to be the controlled, and which in the divine intention is designed to be the clean, sacred, beauteous temple of the spirit of Christ.

But in so doing we cannot afford, in the arrogant name of Christian Science — science forsooth! — to outrage science itself; and to throw away all the research and experimentation, the single-minded devotion to healing and bodily well-being, which through the ages has so dominated that high-minded profession of medicine, which has so nobly trodden in the steps of the Great Physician. When, in order to emphasize the truth that God is spirit, Mrs. Eddy proceeds to maintain that body is unreal, that there is no such thing as disease, and no remedies but remedies of mind, we must in the name of common sense take leave of her. When we say No to medicine and surgery, and to the means which they with such searching wisdom have devised, we are saying No to the plain testimony of our God-given senses; nay, we are saying No to our mind, to our trained intellect, to our Christian culture, and trying to think ourselves into a world just as unreal and one-sided as the one we are asked to leave. We are asked to outrage our sense of fact in order to maintain a crude thinker's sense of theory. In the way "Science and Health" gets at its interpretation of things one is reminded of Charles Dudley Warner's famous distinction between the two things out of which Christian Science has grown, the fads of mind-cure and faith-healing: "In the case of mind-cure, you see, one need not have any faith; and in the case of faith-healing one need not have any mind." Very little if any mind, it would seem, is needed to make such a theory of life as Christian Science has committed itself to. The strange phenomenon of such a crazy phi-

losophy, in our advanced age, cuts two ways. In the first place, it seems to be just an instance of what I have mentioned: it betrays a mind so limited that it cannot think of two things at once, and so combine them, a mind so dazzled with one idea that it cannot see the other, and so has no recourse but to deny the existence of the other. It is just as one-sided to say there is no matter as to say that everything is matter. In fact, the lame point of Christian Science, as is the case with every philosophy, is in its denial, its negative; it is so taken with the Berkeleian idea that all reality is in our minds that it has no eyes for the reality that is in matter. You remember how sturdy old Dr. Johnson met the Berkeleian idealism, his theory of the non-existence of matter, when it was first broached. "I observed," says Boswell, "that though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, 'I refute it *thus*.'" This was not philosophy, perhaps; but neither is the toothache; but it convinces a common mind of something very real. But in the second place, the fact that this crazy philosophy can in this late day actually make a sect of itself does not leave the general level of our doctrine unscathed; like the other and better side, this side also is a symptom. When we see what theories of life whole congregations of otherwise cultivated people can take up with, just on the strength of a recrudescing faith, we wonder what conviction of truth, what body of doctrine, they really had in possession. It looks as if on the theological side their minds were found empty and swept and garnished, and the new Christian Science philosophy, entering in, had not corrective even of common sense to encounter. Is it not an indication of the poverty of Christian thought and conviction into which too generally men had fallen?

But we have not so learned Christ. The Christian way does not deny fact; it seeks fact, and seeks its sanest interpretation. Nor does it make up its theory of life on the basis of evading pain, or of seeking an ideal existence where ills are eliminated.

Rather, it still retains the sense of something to fight, something to hold as real and as an enemy, something to overcome by the power of life that is in us. "Though our outward man perish" — there is still an outward man, subject still to the ills of the flesh — "yet our inward man is renewed day by day." So our Christian life still remains an arena for the seasoning and renewal of the inner man; and to this end there is room for all our culture, our wisdom, our science; we need not throw away the fruits of our mental powers for the sake of a return to primitive and elemental things; for all things are ours, and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

If then, in our inventory of vital values, we have noted first that the Christ in us is a progressive spiritualization, we may with equal confidence note secondly, that life in Him is a progressive incarnation, a progressive adoption into the family of those who are realizing in life what the whole creation has groaned for, to wit, the redemption of the body. And to this end our intellect has share with the rest; its faith is not merely instinctive and elemental, requiring the authentication of bodily well-being, though this also is its right, but takes into itself all the growing wisdom of the ages. Our theory keeps pace in sanity with our facts. St. Paul's prayer for men was, "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him: The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, And what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, Which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead." Here is an appeal not only to our buoyant appetency for health but to our sound and grounded progress in ideas; body and spirit are raised into fuller, wealthier life together.

III. WHY STAND YE GAZING UP INTO HEAVEN?

“Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?” These words, which seem to contain a note of reproach, were spoken, as St. Luke says, by two men in white apparel, who were suddenly perceived to be standing on the spot whence a moment before Christ had ascended. They seem to warn us not to direct our gaze away off somewhere, straining our eyes at an empty heaven and something gone, but to turn and find the solution of things here, just where we stand. What shall we find, as we betake ourselves from this mount of ascension to common life again? Are these words for us the prelude to a supreme disillusion and culmination of deception, or to a supreme truth, now demonstrated in the flesh, and the culmination of reality? A momentous alternative this, which we cannot refuse to face. This Christ, as we have come to know Him better, has satisfied our hearts as a world epitome, gathering into one Personality all the hidden values of life. If now He is gone, all is gone; where are we without Him? Our alternative becomes poignant and piercing: was all this struggle of the manhood spirit co-witnessing with the divine, stumbling through the dimness of the twilight stratum, winning painfully to the fulness of the time, walking for a bewildered season in the mild presence of the supreme historic venture, getting eyes hitherto holden true-sighted enough to see the law of the spirit of life, — was all this, which we associate inalienably with the Christ, — was this ministry which was the solution of it all, as men like Renan think, for nothing, a beautiful unsubstantial episode which passed and left no trace; or rather did it reveal the supreme meaning and power and beauty of life, in the glory of rounded personality, vanishing only as stars vanish before the sun, vanishing yet also here, standing unseen in the Presence wherein, though unaware, we have ever been, the presence of Him who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto? Such is the tremendous alternative pressed upon us by the ascension, which ac-

ording as we receive it entails upon us a paralysis of sorrow or a permanent vitality of joy. You remember how Browning has described the sorrow of it:

Who failed to beat the breast,
And shriek, and throw the arms protesting wide,
When a first shadow showed the star addressed
Itself to motion;

and what consequence he draws, that, "we, lone and left silent through centuries," are thrown back into uncertainty again, our life still dim and unsolved.

We shall not look up, know ourselves are seen,
Speak, and be sure that we again are heard,
Acting or suffering, have the disk's serene
Reflect our life, absorb an earthly flame.

Not so did it affect those who saw it with their eyes, men whose souls, yet unsicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, could move in lines of straight and simple consequence. "They," St. Luke says, "worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy; and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." If there was engendered a sense of loneness, a silence of bereavement, through the centuries, surely these Galileans who had the final sight of Him were not the originators of it.

No: rather from that last mystic event on the Mount of Olives their simple minds were firmly set toward the positive, the glorious member of the alternative; and thenceforward through time their faith was an education, continually enlarged and enriched, in the meaning and involvement of it. This education began, like all their disclosures of life, at the point where they stood, at the thing they had eyes to see. The announcement with which the two white-robed men followed up their monitory question was, "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." This is the most literal and visualized prediction that we have of the second coming of Christ; and so, whatever else it says, it puts into plainest

and most apprehensible terms the truth that there is a conservation of the spiritual energy and fulness that has once come to earth, that it is here not to be exhibited and withdrawn but to stay and work an eternal work, not a memory only, but a prophecy and a living power. "Shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go," is the prediction. For forty days the Galileans had been under a wonderful and unique schooling, being prepared to see Him go. There were Peter temperaments among them, and John temperaments, and Thomas temperaments; there were soon to be added to them the fiery penetrative temperaments of Paul and Apollos, and the long line of those who must receive the prediction not from actual sight but from report and reading and sense of the inner truth of things. How did all these see Him go? How have *we* seen Him go? How then for us shall He come again; how shall the conservation and correlation of spiritual energy as embodied in Christ manifest its continued existence? Each one saw according to his own eyesight and insight; not more. But not one of those who remained faithful remained the man he was. In a week more a mighty pulsation of light and growth was to enter into them; so soon was the essential coming again to begin; and they who had looked upon the Son of man were in the new transfiguring light to look upon new creations of faith and the events of a redeemed manhood going on from more to more. They could not remain the men they were; they must not. It befell them, as they went on living, as it did in Tennyson's vision, wherein he senses himself sailing down a mighty river toward the ocean, conducted by maidens who as they sailed sang of what is wise and good and graceful, and of a bettering world, and so accompanied him toward the great deep, where his friend Hallam was.

And still as vaster grew the shore
 And roll'd the floods in grander space,
 The maidens gather'd strength and grace
 And presence, lordlier than before;

And I myself, who sat apart
 And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb;

I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart;

As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history
Of that great race, which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star;

Until the forward-creeping tides
Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck.

Nay, some such conception as this, of our growing and greatening as the years go on, came to one of those who saw Christ ascend and heard this prediction of His coming. St. John, who saw most deeply and intuitively, wrote long afterward, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." We have seen Him, each one of us, as we are; but with what narrowness and dimness of vision, what trembling timidity of faith. It remains for us and the world, as we grow in likeness to Him, to grow in fitness to see Him as *He* is. What matter if He should come again many times over, if we could not see Him as He is? So in this very prediction of the second coming of Christ, there seems to be hinted a provision for men to grow other and greater, nay for the growth of a world history, in order on something like equal and therefore recognizing terms, to meet Him.

I am not trying here to do anything more than the Scriptures themselves do toward dissipating this prophesied return of Christ into a merely spiritual and mystical event. It was long held to be a literal, bodily coming, and dates were set for it within the lifetime of those who saw Him go. St. Paul, scholar

as he was, in his native Jewish appetency for a sign, laid it at first vigorously and vividly on his imagination; and in his earliest letter to the Thessalonians he pictured it as close at hand, with all its accompaniments of shouting and Archangel's voice and the trumpet of God and a great multitude of embodied and disembodied together caught up to meet the Lord in the air; but even in his second letter to the same church his ideas were beginning to change, and he would postpone the great event a little, to make room for a previous falling away and revelation of the man of sin. In his letter to the Corinthians, while he still seems in imagination to hear the trumpet, and still figures the event spectacularly, saying we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, yet he no longer sets a date, and his coming of Christ seems to be joined with a general resurrection. The prophecy, in fact, as time goes on, suffers the fate of all prophecies: its sharp outlines gradually dislimn, and its details conform themselves more to natural ongoings, while the substance and essence of it strikes inward, becoming a more spiritual and by that very means a more real and vital value. The fate of all prophecies, I say, however true; if the fate of any great prophecy were other, the prophecy would smack too much of private interpretation, private to an age, or to a passing date, or to a particular people's notions. Men had to learn that no prophecy, if it was to avail for a universal humanity, was thus of private interpretation. A whole heritage of such prophecy, a whole stock of ideas about coming things, accumulated from the old Jewish régime, was in these early disciples' keeping, and had to be either adjusted to new conditions or outgrown. One of the first things they discovered was that there was a whole effete system of ideas which, as the writer to the Hebrews says, was ready to vanish away; it was waiting for only one more mighty earthquake to tumble down forever. "Whose voice then shook the earth," the writer says; "but now hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, Yet once more, signifieth the

removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain." The disciples little realized, to begin with, what a clean sweep of man-made things, hoary old traditions and notions, was destined to be made. The idea of a coming judgment and assize, for instance, was merely an appendage of the empire of law, wherein every man was uncertain, without an external will to teach him, whether his works were rewardable or punishable; and even before the New Testament times are over this judgment idea has about as good as gone by the board; for the apostles have discovered that in Christ we have all the data for judgment we need, and that in such light of truth not only are the saints to judge themselves but to be judges of the earth. The era of faith and love is its own light and certitude; it justifies and ratifies itself; what need then of a grand demonstration in the valley of decision, a spectacular assize? The same with the idea of a simultaneous and multitudinous resurrection of the dead; the sharp lines of this notion begin even in the apostles' lifetime to fade, and in fact the date of resurrection begins to be squarely identified with the date of our committal to His spirit. The Christian is viewed more and more clearly as dead to sin and risen with Christ; what occasion then for a grand demonstration of resurrection, away along in the ages, long after the multitudes of risen lives have become complete in Christ? What has been left behind that the risen life is ever to have use for? In fact, all this idea is the offspring of the obsolete old notion of making up life with reference to inevitable death, as if some time everything were to end, and we could make a new beginning, if at all, only when the end is complete, and then make it, if at all, only on the basis of disintegration and ruins, only by patching up and mending survived fragments, like the patching up of a steel-framed building here and there after the San Francisco earthquake. The Christ ideal, with its abolition of death, has annulled all that. Mortality is swallowed up of life; this men come increasingly to realize; hence physical death becomes a negligible quantity; that is no point at which to set

up our beginning of life, whether survival or resurrection. Rather, our initial point is the place where our faith, our whole will and energy of being, lays hold of the new life force which comes in with the redemption of the body, that redemption after which all creation has groaned until now, and which the supreme historic venture on the issue of love and faith has once for all proved true, valid, an authentic power of highest manhood. Redemption is not an end but a beginning, *the* great beginning of life after which we set our dates and number our years. So from this point the one issue is, not getting ready to die, not even getting ready to rise from the dead, but making the life that is already proffered us rich and full and wise and pure, as a life obeying the functions of permanent, eternal, ever growing and greatening elements, which resolve themselves into elements of love and faith. These are our real vitality; these abide while all that is of the senses decays and passes; these gather into themselves all the values and permanent interests of life. So with these and their involvements as our outfit, we can disregard the things that die, for in us they are already dead. "If ye then be risen with Christ," one plain and glorious duty remains; "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." Here is the essential heaven in the present world; here is resurrection in this life; the rest, the conjectured condition of things after that insignificant crisis of physical death, is only matter for scientific curiosity or perhaps psychic research, but does not belong to the principles and motives of things. Nay, as we go on, the clean sweep of crude old ideas becomes still more portentous and momentous. The whole idea of making death a punctuation-point, at which the punctuation and full-stop of life is merely a clearing off of old scores by reward or punishment, the whole basis of world-made legislation and justice, has become inoperative and obsolete, not because it has passed, but because it has become rudimentary and as it were automatic, like the reflex and involuntary operations of our body; the abolition, or rather absorption, of the whole matter has been provided for and

promised, ever since the Father of spirits proclaimed mercy greater than justice, ever since we have known of a God who forgives all manner of iniquity and transgression and sin, even while He would by no means acquit or say that the guilt of a broken law of being was not guilt. The basis of judgment has become entirely other. Henceforth, though we receive as truly as ever according to the deeds done in the body, the question of destiny is not that of slaves and culprits dreading justice, nor of self-complacent Pharisees putting in claims for reward — reward, forsooth, for being true and honest! — but rather of how the glad free current of love in us has wrought good, as Christ did, to the least and lowest, those who could not pay, those from whom, because the love within us is authentic love, we never dream of demanding pay. True, there remains the possibility of a second death; there remains the unforgivable sin against the Holy Spirit, and what horrors hang round that, God forbid that many utterly perverted souls may ever know! But this belongs inseparably to the great issue of love, as Christ has already drawn it in the twenty-fifth of Matthew; to the question whether the soul will freely choose its own eternal element, the element of Christ in us, or, its manhood instincts working in an awful inverse order, deliberately choose the impulses and bitter malignity of a fiend. It is not the crude issue of justice at all; that is swallowed up in redemption and forgiveness; it is the issue of grace, the pure unbought love of God working in and through us, our spirits consenting, or put away and repudiated, our spirits outraged and satanized. The issue is still beyond conception awful; but is there not still in this so gloriously evolved manhood, the quenchless hope, always fed by the progressive formation of Christ in us, that where sin so abounds grace may much more abound, and that in the great reckoning God may find in our shrinking, struggling life some authentic pulsation of His own love, which by its free working, however blindly, may enable us to inherit the kingdom prepared for us in our own nature, and perfected in our accepted representative, Son of man and Son of God?

But we have too long left the prophecy with which we started, the prophecy that Christ would come again, that the spiritual energy which He awakened would be conserved and correlated with humanity by an actual return to earth. That prophecy, too, as we have seen, had to pass through modifying and transforming phases, sometimes hard to recognize and identify with the original prediction; until by the time of the Second Epistle of Peter scoffers of the last days are beginning to say, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Their spirits could not see what is the real glory of that coming, that it smites itself into the ongoings of creation, because creation itself is a steady progress, an evolution. His coming does not abjure or repudiate the rudimental stages of creation, does not treat these as a degeneration and ruin, or even as evil; rather it is wrought in with them, infusing a spirit into the very centre of them, which has limitless powers of seminal quickening and growth. May we not say then that Christ in His second coming arrived on earth at the day of Pentecost, only a week after the return was predicted? That partly is the date we may set; that was surely the spiritual coming. But the bodily coming, what of that? Ah, here comes in the tremendous enlargement of the idea, the marvelous process of making it a universal and eternal fact. To have that risen body of Jesus of Nazareth with us again, appearing and vanishing at limited points of space and so feeding idle curiosity, asserting His restored kingliness at momentary points of time, and so keeping the promise material and literal,—how would that fulfil the sublime promise, what real use could a waiting world, still gazing as it were into heaven, make of such sporadic and miraculous coming as that? Is it thus that we have seen him go; have we made so little use of our post-resurrection enlightenment as that? Have we not learned to see in that ascension, the whole gracious fulness of humanity, intact and complete in body and spirit, vanishing for a space, only in order to return in greater reality and power, not as a spectacle for the eyes

but as a vitality for our inmost life? Well then, if we have so seen Him go, so in like manner let Him return. It comes back to the eyes we have developed to see Him as He is. But meanwhile, here is the marvelous truth that comes more and more to dawn on men like St. Paul and St. John, whose enlightened wisdom enables them to see the inside of things. This risen spirit of Christ, victorious over the death of the cross, is henceforth engaged in shaping itself a body, a body in which ever more sublimely to reappear, a body with all the functions which the varied energy and wisdom of man's body may put forth to do its work in the world. And the material out of which this spirit shapes that body is the vast body of humanity, with one new life in its members, with all its varieties and degrees of endowment, all its applications of function, teaching and working and healing according to the individual talent and grace, all its powers at the disposal of the whole growth of manhood, according to what each joint supplieth. This is the form that the returning person of Christ comes more and more to take in men's minds. You remember how much St. Paul says about the body of Christ; how sometimes he figures it as a building, to which those who are in Him contribute strength and beauty, as it were a divine artistry; how oftener he figures it as a colossal universal body of believers, Christ the Head sending forth wisdom and spiritual impulse to all the members, or sometimes the very life and body as a whole, to which human heads and hands and hearts are vitally related, as the branches to the vine. The figure is too great and comprehensive for St. Paul to manage consistently; but it is this view of things to which the prediction of His coming resolves itself. Nay more: men come to see that Christ Himself is not yet complete, but that He is being developed out of the varied elements of manhood; that we are all builders of the Christ in our degree, that it takes a whole humanity to express Him in heart and soul, that we may even do something to fill up what is behind of His sufferings and sacrifice. It is a conception in which imagination is almost lost and baffled; but it is the only conception which makes

the prophecy as true as the world and ages, that conception of humanity as not many things but one body, working harmoniously in one spirit, and growing from glory to transfigured glory, "Till we all come, in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Can we say now, with this tremendous interpretation in mind, that Christ did not come again, or ask doubtfully after the promise of His coming; can we say that He is not coming, after all that we have traced in His personality, so in like manner as we have seen Him go? Oh, friends, how have we seen Him go, with what spirit and reality and power? Even as the power and vitality of a mighty new evolution, whereby the final stadium of manhood even now, in that history wherein a thousand years are as one day, is being steadily and majestically traversed. Away with Renan's sentimental pulings over the sad departure of Christ. The body of Christ is with us now, *is* us; and to each one of us it is given, whether a vessel to honor or dishonor, to be in our place and work a living member. So it is, by this second coming, that manhood is all the while being made, according to the pattern shown us in the mount. Need we seek a more glorious evolution than this, even though, while eyes to see Him as He is are still weak and astigmatic, we know not what we shall be? Such agnosticism as this is a saving agnosticism, for we know the potency of greater things, and in our own unitary body of manhood we are using it. If as yet we see through a glass darkly, it is only because we are still in the turmoil of evolution; the lower world within us still struggles to obscure the higher; and as with St. Paul the battle is still on, though its issue is no longer uncertain. We fight in undismayed hope, and in the joy of greatening light, for the boundless powers of love and faith are yet far from explored and proved; and these are shaping us within.

Where is one that, born of woman, altogether can escape
From the lower world within him, moods of tiger, or of ape?

Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages,
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?

All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,
Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker "It is finish'd. Man is made."

Meanwhile a mighty Spirit of life is consciously with us and in us, reconciling the world to Himself, to His cross and to the power of His resurrection; nor is His work destined to cease or slacken, but rather to grow in wisdom and scope, until that other prophecy is fulfilled: "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. . . . And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." So it is, in this new era of light. Already there is looming before illuminate souls a larger unity still, when the perfected humanity, Head and members alike, shall be merged in Him from whom the whole vast evolution proceeds; when creature and Creator shall be no more twain in spirit but fully and harmoniously at one.

But while thus this prophecy of the Christ that is to be enlarges itself to a vast breadth, until it becomes the forecast of a universal social evolution, let us not forget or think away its beginning; let us not be of those who in order to contain one idea must deny another. The social consciousness which is so characteristic of our time tends to merge the individual in the crowd; tends to rub off the angles and outlying peculiarities of individuality, and make the personal soul, who seems to himself such a world in himself, a mere bolt or pinion in a vast communal organism, whose mind is not his, nor a centred mind at all, but the mind of some colossal diffusion. This tendency spreads itself also over the unseen future; so that this final unity in God loses personal bounds and becomes a vague Buddhism and nirvana. Not to be ourselves, not to retain what is unique and characteristic in us, our talents, our acquirements, our individual traits of being, — what would a

survival like this be worth? The thought of this is a source of much trouble to persons who love life as it is, with its lights and shades, its individual ties and comrade relations; they shrink from it, in fervent echo of Tennyson's remonstrance:

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth?

Our return to the scene from which we have started furnishes, I think, the wholesome corrective of this vague doubt. "In like manner as ye have seen Him go," — how, we must ask again, have we seen Him go? As a mysterious Being indeed, whose strange physical nature we had gradually learned to dissociate from our body of clay; but still, when He vanished into light and cloud, He vanished as a body, as a glorified organism, with its functions and individual traits all intact; nay, going from us as the one perfectly evolved human Personality the world ever saw. In Him we have seen individuality complete and finished; it is the social Christ, the diffused Christ, whose evolution still waits and grows. And when, a few months or years later, He stood again in light beyond noonday, to answer the question of Saul of Tarsus, "Who art thou, Lord?" so far from being remerged into the diffused love that fills the universe, He still said, "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." In other words, the resurrection whose power we aspire to know, if not a resurrection of the flesh, is nevertheless revealed to us as the resurrection of the body, a true and authentic body, with all that bodily organism essentially implies; that is what distinguishes His going out

of life from mere spiritual survival; that is just what He began to teach us by His transfiguration, referring us to the resurrection for the meaning of it, referring us to this rather than to the resuscitation of Lazarus. That is the grand new truth impressed upon us by His uprising from the dead. There is a natural body, a physical body as St. Paul calls it, the organism of the natural life, and it dies; there is also a spiritual body, the organism of a larger and diviner life, and even though it freely consents to death, it lives; lives not by killing the physical body but by redeeming it, buying it back as it were from its pains and bondages and fitting it for a purer inheritance. Just as within the blinded eye of Milton there was an inner power of sight; just as within the deadened ear of Beethoven there was the power to hear and create symphonies, so though our whole outward man perish the real man, the inward man, is not yielding to death, but may be renewed day by day. Not an abstruse or unreasonable idea this: that the most real and characterizing body of ours is not our flesh and nerves but inside our flesh and nerves, transfiguring us by the renewal of our mind, and waiting only to step some day out of its temporary tent, its outworn placenta, and be born as the one adequate organism of our true life, a house not made with hands. In such a revelation death is in all literalness abolished; its truer name is birth.

Now if this is so, here is opened a field not only for the discoveries of religion, but for the research of open-eyed, open-minded, liberal science. We have got indeed beyond the realm of the tissues, but not beyond the realm of the body; we are still legitimately in the field of an enlarged and fair-minded biology. We are at least in an interpretation of life to which, if science cannot yet say Yea, it certainly cannot say Nay. It has tried, arrogantly enough, to say Nay, and to pin the body and spirit alike down to matter; but all its narrowing assertions, as time went on, have suffered confusion and shipwreck. What is matter? it has asked; and by the time it had got matter all sweetly reduced to little balls or polyhedra called atoms, out of which it could build everything we see, along

came radium and strange electric ions of force, which circulated freely through the minutest of their atoms, as we roam about in the world; nay, men are beginning to wonder if an atom of hydrogen may not be a completely furnished world in itself. Countless energies there are, with all the marks of design and intelligence, and with strange potencies to mould matter, which yet can go freely through the densest matter, as the risen body of Jesus is represented to have stood suddenly in the midst, though the doors were shut. Men are all at sea about matter itself; and are in doubt whether they ought to say substance at all, whether it is not all reducible to energy. The whole universe down to its minutest speck, seems alive; and every atom seems to have in it the organic completeness of the whole. Where does life begin or end; what does it mean; what smallest or greatest body is not furnished with it? Is it electricity; is it light; is it blind and fortuitous, or is it intelligence? And if, as we know life, it is endowed with consciousness and will, what smallest speck of protoplasm is not endowed with its due degree of individuality, of consciousness and will? Surely, in the light of such unanswerable questions, which are only specimens from a limitless multitude, science can no longer say No to the idea of a body which, let us say, may have such relation to a luminiferous ether, which exists, though no man can measure it, as our natural body has to the air. I do not say this is so. But that there is a spiritual body, to which space and time are no longer a bridle and bondage, is the tremendous idea to which, through the powers and demands of the spirit, the Scripture squarely leads us; and science, in spite of itself, is forced in the same direction. If this is so, then science and Scripture alike, have room for their evolution, their growth of life out of dying matter into the fullness of its promise. Death is not death; it is change and transition. Nor does it have to be transition into a far-off land, or to an unknowable perhaps. The other world may, after all, be within our world, as the spiritual body is already within our body; complete and organized, like the new Jerusalem getting ready to come from God out of heaven; we cannot,

even on scientific grounds, say No to this. Who can say that Cardinal Newman's picture is not literally and factually true: "And yet, in spite of this universal world which we see, there is another world, quite as far-spreading, quite as close to us, and more wonderful; another world all around us, though we see it not, and more wonderful than the world we see, for this reason if for no other, that we do not see it. All around us are numberless objects, coming and going, watching, working or waiting, which we see not: this is that other world, which the eyes reach not unto, but faith only."

Faith only; but faith is no bar to knowledge, rather a promoter of it; no imaginative dream, or denial of what we see, rather the endowment of eyes that see more deeply, and the spur to research and realization; faith is a vitality, a venture, an initiative energy, a living as if this were so. What has come of such faith when it has its perfect work, working by love and purifying the heart, our whole course of study has shown us, with its supreme historic venture, unfolding to us the Life Indeed. And the privilege of exploring its resources, as it deepens and broadens, is ours forever; it lures us on, from every lowly spot whereon we stand, to life more and fuller, until by its vital energy we

— reach the ultimate, angels' law,
Indulging every instinct of the soul
There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing!

So now we have traversed our course of study, and reached the supreme point where the Life Indeed, having established its law and its principle of growth and continuance, having also filled and ennobled this earthly existence, is ready for, nay has already essentially made, its transition to a higher and larger sphere of being. A manhood evolution passing wonderful it is, that we have reviewed, as simple and elemental as it is far-reaching and complex. What now, in one deepest word, does it all mean?

One great idea I have approached several times, several times seen it standing large and majestic in my path, and yet have

felt an invincible awe about exploring it and as it were pronouncing verdict upon it, until more testimony was in, more data for coördinating its elements with our general evolutionary view. There seemed to be in it something very real and very fundamental, which when the fitting moment came we must not miss or ignore; and yet somehow my eyes were holden. And now that we reach the summit, and have a whole ordered course to look back upon, that idea seems all at once to stand out clear and plain, as the colossal key to the entire marvelous history. It is the great living evolving truth of atonement; let us pronounce the name according to its simple and winsome English derivation, at-one-ment. We have traversed the inner history of a manhood so evolved by the power of the spirit of life as to be fully and finally at one with the creative spirit that has wrought upon and within it.

For many years thinkers, you and I with the rest, have been baffled by the magnitude of this idea of atonement. It would not let itself be cramped into our narrow and crude definitions. The truth of it, in some large sense, we did not doubt; but to define a thing is to limit it; and out of every such limitation arose a feeling of remonstrance, the sense of what atonement is not, or at best of what it is only in part. It is not the appeasing of an enraged God; it is not, in the grotesque old mediæval idea, the paying off of the devil for the souls that have become his due; nor the liquidation of our huge debt of law in a lump sum; of these negations we are very sure. Nor, true as vicarious suffering is of the noblest manhood, can we quite satisfy ourselves with the idea of one of our race being substituted for the rest, as if then the rest had nothing further to do but contemplate and rejoice; nor any more, mighty as is the grip of Christ's influence upon us, does it exhaust itself in moral influence; for still the question is open, influence to do or be what? Men have, I am inclined to think, over-emphasized the duty of sheer sacrifice for its own sake; they have sometimes made it a kind of fetish; as if there were any more intrinsic virtue in giving up everything without a motive than

there is in strongly and wisely subduing everything. But not to multiply untenable or partial aspects, there is about all these a note of the artificial, as if atonement were a made product, not to say an ingenious fiction, instead of something elemental and intrinsic in manhood. And perhaps the most deeply doubted of all, saving as are its effects on this score, is the idea that atonement is an after-thought and makeshift; as if in order that it be brought about at all man must first have fallen and become a ruined nature, and as if therefore atonement were not really a creative thing, an at-one-ment with God from the beginning, but essentially a colossal piece of mending and cobbler work. We do not like to make it a thing so casual and adventitious; what becomes thus of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world? We cannot rest in its being only as large as degeneration; we want it to be as large as the mighty evolution itself, an at-one-ment that is vital and valid for sinless as well as sinful manhood, and as such not an artificial but self-illuminating and self-evidencing thing.

Is such a conception of atonement obtainable? I think we come nearer to it by the line of thought we have been following than in any other way; though in trying to sketch it I warn you I am not the author of it; I lay it all, with its evolutionary assumptions, to the Bible. It rests with an enlarged science, perhaps, to say whether it is possible or impossible, or to defer judgment until we know something about our world; at any rate it is abysmally deep and it is eminently consistent with itself, as it were a grand poetic justice.

Its basis is a simple naïve object-lesson pursued and revealed through centuries. It begins with the tacit assumption that man, when God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul, was not made for death, as death has come to be his lot; that is, that there was in his frame and flesh no intrinsic necessity of passing into a higher state disembodied and by the way of disease or violence or decrepitude, but perhaps by some such way as we see adumbrated on the mount of transfiguration and later on the Mount

of Olives where Christ disappeared from our senses. If man had remained at one with God in childlike dependence and unquestioning obedience and sinlessness, that way was open to him, a kind of melting naturally from the sensualized form of being to the etherealized. But man chose rather to be at one with God in a sense which, though it entailed grave consequences, was really higher and more penetrative of the God nature; he chose to be as gods, knowing good and evil, that is, he chose knowledge and initiative enterprise and power to subdue the earth; and in so doing he virtually chose what we call death, that is, the other and more painful way of exit from this stage of being. "In the day that thou eatest of it thou shalt surely die," had been his warning; but in spite of this there was in him the overweening impulse to stronger, less sweetly childlike things, and his spirit dared, and his eyes were opened, and he fell — upward. At the same time he put himself at disadvantage even with the animals from which he had sprung; for their death, though natural and inevitable, has not the shrinking horror and dread about it that man's has; they, in their instinctive submission, beat him in passing out of life. There are still left us landmarks in the object-lesson to show what might have been: Enoch, walking in utter childlike dependence with God, "was not, for God took him"; Moses, in his great meekness of legal order and wise leadership, passed in his Creator's arms; Elijah, in his single-minded prophetic zeal, fiery like his nature, passed in fire and flame to another stage of being. Highest of all, when, a week after He had announced His Messiahship, our Lord stood on the mount of transfiguration, and these exceptional men stood with Him, He had the offer of just such an exit; it seems to have been the natural evolution of perfect sinlessness. Does it not seem to tell us that the whole race might have gone that way, entering by a painless metamorphosis on its prepared heritage, if it had not chosen the way of initiative wisdom and pain and death? Nay, this object-lesson seems to show, that sin is no more an elemental necessity of manhood than of the animals: the spirit-

ual instinct, so to say, is wholesome and sound. But about all these exceptional lives with their manner of passing, nay, we dare to say even about the life of Jesus up to this point, we get a sense of limitation; life's deepest resources are not all embodied there; there is still about them a kind of passiveness, supineness, lack of individual venture, which in spite of its sinless purity leaves some higher reach of manhood yet to be revealed. So there on the mountain these hitherto highest representatives of humanity talk about still another exit from life, which Jesus, strong in His sense and duty of Messiahship, chooses instead of the easy way that here is offered. There is still another way, essential to the highest manhood spirit, of being at one with the Father of spirits, a final depth and height in which, when it is complete, both God and man shall be revealed as they most truly are. What is it, what could be more than fully evolved innocence and sinlessness?

God is love, says the Bible's deepest and ripest definition of Him. The problem of being at one with Him, then, is the problem of being at one with love, in all the involvements that life has created for it. It goes beyond passive innocence into active, holy, vital work and sacrifice, not the sheer blind sacrifice of abnegation, but the vigorous, voluntary, fruitful sacrifice, of effecting a union of human hearts and human lives in one spirit of love. It goes beyond the shrewdness and studied order of wisdom, of which the world is full, committing itself fearlessly, patiently, hopefully to activities which are the supreme unwisdom of men, but which prove through time to be the far-reaching wisdom and power of God. How far and how deep it goes we have Gethsemane with its bitter cup, we have the cross with its shame and torture, we have the awful realization of aloneness, of separation at once from God and manhood, to tell us. And it goes on, as we see, not by the way of revolution or rebellion, but by the way of greater obedience, obedience even to the death of the cross. But it is the death of death; and from the grave which so long ago man chose rises a new life, which no death can grasp or hold, a life henceforth

clear and available, on the same terms, to a whole renewed humanity. Is not this the self-illuminating definition that we have sought, a definition that no longer limits or makes its way by ingenuity? This is the Life Indeed, the supreme atonement, the fully revealed majesty and glory of being at one with God.

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