

In Memoriam.

REV. PHILO FRENCH LEAVENS, D. D.

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Philo F. Leavers



Memorial

OF

Rev. Philo French Leavens, D.D.

CONTAINING

A Brief Biography and Selected Sermons

COMPILED BY

Rev. James S. Young

PASSAIC, N. J.
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O. S. FREEMAN

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Editor's Note.

A brief word seems needed at the commencement of this book.

From notes and letters written by Dr. Leavens, this sketch has been compiled, so that in many places he writes his own story.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the valuable aid rendered by his wife.

Acknowledgment is also due the Passaic Daily News for the use of numerous extracts published at the time of the death of Dr. Leavens.

With the hope that the reader may be helped to a better knowledge of the man and roused to higher living by his example, this book is sent forth

J. S. Y.

Garfield, N. J., April 3rd, 1905.

Historical Sketch.

Words seem inadequate when the attempt is made to paint even a brief picture of another. One longs for the skill of the artist with brush and canvas. What can give shape to the words, so that they will bring before the mind's eye the outline of the life we seek briefly to portray? How shall we catch and fix with glowing colors upon the canvas, the wondrous character of him whose picture begins this book?

In thought, we travel to that New England home in Berkshire, Franklin County, Vermont, where, on November 19th, 1838, Philo French Leavens first saw the light. To gain any idea of the influences which surrounded and helped form the man we knew, let us glance into that New England home, a brief description of which, together with some notes of his life, we find among Dr. Leavens' papers.

Paschal Paoli Leavens, his father, was born in the early part of the last century, rounding out full seventy years of life before he went home to God.

Those were stirring times in which he lived, times which made character as men struggled to reduce the hills to subjugation and help stabilize the community toward right living.

One has but to walk over those hills and note the ruggedness of the soil to realize that only men of unflinching purpose and vigorous character could compel it to yield its treasures. Such a man was Paschal Paoli, who succeeded his father in the Berkshire home. He was a man of such thrift that he could win a success out of the heart of a Vermont farm, to do which is no easy task.

That he was a man of sterling integrity can be readily seen when we remember that in the course of his life he held well nigh every office in the gift of his townsmen. We even see him leaving his home to serve repeated terms in each branch of the legislature, and for some years we find him serving as assistant judge of the county court.

In those days the spirit of the times was religious. The meeting house on the hill was the power from which influences came to shape and move many a manly and womanly character whose impress is still felt on the men and women of to-day. We like to think of Paschal throwing aside affairs of state and home and taking a hand in the establishment of this place of worship.

It was among the first buildings erected in that village of Berkshire. "Doubtless a two-year-old," Doctor Leavens has said, "would have been allowed sometimes to go up on the hill. Once there he would have observed the liberty pole, and then across the green he could not but have admired the meeting house of ruddy brick and white-painted woodwork."

In such an atmosphere and under such influences Doctor Leavens was born. Nine children blessed that household, and it needs no stretch of imagination to think that life in that farm house must have been a merry one.

At the age of three the young Philo was sent to school, "chiefly," so he says, "to get me out of the way." The principal playground of the boys was the "meeting house," where they would romp about the building and the row of "horse-sheds" that stretched away from the northeast corner. "One of the earliest recollections," he tells us, "which I have of my conscious self is as a child standing in the entry of that meeting house wrapped up like an Esquimaux papoose in some home-made toggery, cut out of an old 'camlet cloak' left by my Grandfather Bowen when he died in 1843. I don't know why I was standing there, and still less do I know why I remember it." Early impressions are deep. Was that first recollection the beginning of the call which led him into the ministry?

"O, the fascination to a barefooted boy to climb the lightning-rod of that meeting house! A timid fellow might pull up as high from the ground as to the second-story window; it was a brilliant act to go to the eaves, but one who could mount towards the 'green doors' was no less than a hero." Often, doubtless, with his mates the young lad tried that lightning-rod, but more often, we think, they must have climbed inside to the "green doors," and swinging them open, would enter where they could walk around in safety.

"The historic view from Cologne Cathedral in Europe hardly impressed me more in middle life," he tells us, "than did this

stretch of fields and forests from the 'green doors' of the 'meeting house' when I was a child."

As the years pass, one can almost see the life of that home as one by one the children began to help in the work of the farm. None of the sons followed the life of a farmer, but became instead successful business or professional men. With such a fact before us it is easy to think that they would be at other pursuits and pastimes whenever the busy farmer could spare them.

Life in that New England village in those days was quiet yet strenuous. The main occupations, outside of the farm work, were connected with the school and the meeting house.

Services were held in the meeting house, four denominations taking a Sunday each month. Of these the Methodists had the lead. "Quarterly meeting," Dr. Leavens says, "used to make an impression on me on account of the crowd and the loud preaching. The 'love feast' I never attended, but when the presiding elder was to preach on Sunday morning I wanted to be there.

"I would sit with wonder through the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the conclusion of the long service. The members went forward, of course, to receive the elements. As they advanced, the congregation would sing to the minor strains of 'Windham,' the verse:

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes.'

"The strong, harsh voices put wondrous feeling into the words. Then the verse:

' Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread and blessed and broke;
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spoke! '

"Then in the act of the sacrament the strident voices would cry:

' This is My body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
'Tis the new covenant in My blood.'

"I remember sitting with a hushed heart while this went on. What if some voice had whispered, 'Keep still, child; you will be doing something like that at least six times a year for eight and thirty years before you are through with life.'" Was the call to his future work beginning to take shape? As we before remarked, early impressions are deep.

"Though revivals of religion passed over the community," Dr. Leavens says, "I have thought it remarkable that I was never in the least moved. A number did join the church, I believe, one 'quarterly meeting,' as the fruit of such work. But to me, far more effective was the day-by-day religion of 'Uncle' George Larabee and steadfast souls of his kind."

Early in life the temperance question was presented to him. "One John Haslan, an Irishman, I should think, startled some of us into signing the pledge of total abstinence. I remember when I put my name down. It was by candle-light in the meeting-house itself. There was a lecture on temperance and the preacher did not go up the two-story pulpit but occupied the less sacred seat beneath it, on a level with the pews, where also he could let his wit fly more freely. The affair wound up with the pledge, and, as I said, I wrote my name. That bond afterward constrained me in college, constrained me in the life of the great city, has constrained me at festive tables where wine has flowed freely, and has constrained me in long travels through the heart of wine-producing countries in the Old World.

"But I must not forget the Sunday-School. It began in my childhood and was undenominational. Homer Smith was superintendent, and I suppose he was a Baptist. For lessons we simply memorized scripture. Parts of the Gospel of John are in my mouth to this day as placed there then. I belonged to a class of boys in the front pew, and Charles Jenne was our teacher. One time, as soon as school was dismissed, we rushed to get out, and I was at the head of the line so as to be pushed by the rest. Charles laid his hand on me and said in his soft way, 'You would not go before your teacher, would you?' I shrank back rebuked, and with a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in manners. We received the 'Sunday School Advocate,' a Methodist paper for children, and I never left a word unread or an 'enigma' unsolved.

“But the greatest event was when once there was to be a ‘celebration.’ It was to be held on the green, which was transformed into a grove, or bower, by setting out bushes and hanging flags. On a Sunday beforehand the superintendent asked for boys who would ‘speak a piece.’ He requested volunteers to rise. “Neal,” Lewis and I stood up in our class. After that act I had no tranquility of mind until the event was over. Some verses were found for me and I learned them. The great day came and I took my turn to mount the meeting-house steps and ‘speak my piece’ to the assembly. I have often wondered if that incident implied my call to the ministry. It is no exaggeration to say that some thousands of times since then have I been required to stand before assemblies, sometimes few, sometimes many; sometimes a class of children, again a circle of scholarly and critical men, or a very decorous congregation in church, to express my mind. It was the Sunday School in the old ‘meeting house’ that drew me out the first time.”

His father early discovered that he was destined for a scholar. Dr. Leavens did not enjoy working about the farm, but preferred to be shut up with his books. Almost the first money he had to spend was invested in the Life of Benjamin Franklin, and he often told how he hugged that book under his arm, counting it a great treasure and could hardly wait to get home to read it.

So the years passed and we can readily imagine that with such a love of knowledge burning like a fire within him, no stone was left unturned in furthering the passion of his heart. He saw the point toward which he aimed and, though distant, the vision shaped his life. The district school in that little village, during its winter sessions had no more eager student than this young lad and when the farm with its many cares claimed his help, during the summer months, every spare moment was spent in furthering his longing. Such fidelity was not without its reward. Stronger and clearer grew his grasp till one by one the studies of the district school had been surmounted and he was ready to pass beyond its influence.

Recognizing that, if his son was to accomplish anything in higher institutions of learning, a good preparation was needed,

his father sent him to the Academy at Fairfax, Vermont. Evidently these were not wasted years, but every opportunity for advancement was grasped with eager hand as the vision which he had seen in earlier life drew him on in the path of knowledge.

Just before leaving the academy there came to Dr. Leavens, then a young man of nineteen, the greatest change which can come to an immortal soul in a mortal body. A deep religious interest swept over the town and touched that student body with unwonted power. The question of personal salvation could not be put one side, certainly not by a young man of Dr. Leavens' temperament. With him, to face a question was to settle it one way or the other. Here was the fight of his life. The movements of that conflict only God knows, as that mind weighed the subject on every side, but he tells us the decision in his own words and over his own signature under date of April 26th, 1857:

"After attending an inquiry meeting at Professor Uphams I return to my room; and here at this time I wish to make an humble confession to God for my sins and a consecration of myself to His service.

"Here, Jesus, Saviour of Men, into Thy hands I commit myself. Forgive Thou my sins and grant me a share in Thy atonement, I pray. Make me wholly Thine, make me useful, make me finally an inhabitant of heaven. O! prepare me for life, prepare me for death, and prepare me for the judgment. Guide me and use me as Thou seest fit but save me eventually through Thy mercy and not my merit."

"Here unto this prayer I affix my name this Sabbath evening, 10 o'clock.

"P. F. LEAVENS."

Can we realize what that decision meant to this young man and to those who were to feel his influence in the years to come? It was the enlisting of a soldier for battle. It was the entrance on a campaign from which there would be no retreat till he should receive from God's hand the victor's crown.

We can easily think that the closing months for the young student at that academy were months of honor, when faithful work met its full reward. In September, 1857, we find him

entering the Class of 1861 in the University of Vermont at Burlington. Shall we take a brief inventory of this young man's powers at this time? We find an intense love for Jesus Christ which was growing into a passion with the advancing days. A mind keen, active and well trained. A courageous determination to stand for principle, as he saw it, come what may, and a determination to do his best with the opportunities now his. With such a purpose guiding his life it is not to be wondered at that his class standing was high and that the membership of Phi Beta Kappa crowned his earnest work. His position as a student is clearly shown from the fact that he gained the Commencement stage, speaking on the subject "Personal Virtue, the Determinant of Conduct." That it was fresh, vigorous and full of power we gain from the press comment of that event, which speaks of "The clear and able production of Mr. Leavens."

During his college course he was overwhelmed by the news which reached him from Berkshire that his mother had gone home to God. She had been a wonderful power in his life and his grief at her departure was uncontrollable. He has often said that the sense of loss would come over him with such force, at times, that he would put his head down on his desk in his room and sob aloud in the wildness of his grief. His great affection for her had been a mighty influence for good; and her departure, as it helped him to enter into the grief of others, was only another instrument fitting him for the great work of his life.

His religious life in college was not hidden. Early in his course he made his position known and took a stand for Jesus Christ, uniting with the Congregational Church in Burlington. That it was not a hasty step and that his Christian life had been one of growth, he himself tells us, under date of November 6, 1858:

"To-morrow—Providence permitting—I purpose to unite myself with the Congregational Church in this place, and I now take my pen in hand to note down a few of my feelings before entering into this connection. I do this especially that I may avoid that too common fault of falling into a state of coldness after the interest of conversion and profession have passed away.

"It is now about one year and five months since I was led to

hope in the Saviour, since I saw Jesus to be indeed the Christ. O! what glorious changes does such a view make in all the appearance of life! What a change have my own views of my position as a moral being undergone! I was led at the time of my conversion to consecrate myself to the service of God, and unworthy as was that consecration both in itself and in the spirit of it, I hope my Heavenly Father did accept it and did number me among His people. I hope this because I did not do it in my own name, but pleaded the merits of Christ as my Saviour. And as I assume the bonds of Church connection I desire to renew this consecration with more solemn vows to be Christ's for time and for eternity. I desire to take as large views as possible of the amazing love of God for rebellious man, in providing a way of return to Himself for man who had so recklessly violated all His laws and rendered himself so unworthy the regard of so great a being. I desire to realize as well as I may the condescension of the Son of God who was willing to take upon Himself the form of sinful flesh, and dwell among men, to be persecuted on earth, to suffer and die the shameful death of the Cross, all this, having given up the glory which He had with the Father before the world was. I desire to appreciate as well as possible my obligations to the Holy Spirit, which has made me sensible of sin and aware of the way of life. Thus understanding, in as high degree as I can, my infinite and eternal obligations to God, do I wish to devote myself with all that I am or hope to be, with all that I have or hope to have of earthly possessions, of talent, ability or influence, to the service of my God for now and for ever. I desire that my frequent prayer may be fulfilled, viz., that God will make of me whatsoever He shall please, whatsoever shall redound to His own honor and glory, and shall fit me for the enjoyment of His presence in His Kingdom at last. If He wish me to preach the gospel of Christ to my fellowmen, I desire to hold myself in readiness to obey His will, and I pray that He will prepare the way that I may do so successfully and to the advancement of His cause and kingdom among men. Or, if it be His will that I labor in any other part of His vineyard, I do desire that He will make of me an earnest and faithful laborer, and when my life shall have been spent, I pray that it may have accomplished a good purpose and I may be permitted to enter into man-

sions of rest prepared in the skies, there to give glory, honor and praise to Father, Son and Holy Ghost forever. Amen.

“After prayer I hereunto subscribe my name.

“PHILO FRENCH LEAVENS.”

At the close of that solemn Sunday, November 7th, 1858, he writes:

“’Tis done. I have bound myself in the presence of the Church and before the heart-searching God to the service of my Heavenly Father. I have partaken of the emblems of the body and blood of the crucified Redeemer. I stand out now before my fellowmen as a disciple of Christ. I stand thus renewedly consecrated to God with the solemnities of the sacred ordinances of the Church. And now my prayer is, that unworthy as this dedication is and unfaithfully as it may have been made, the Lord God of Heaven will accept it, forgiving the errors which I may have committed in making it. And I farther pray that the Great Ruler of the universe will now take me under His own direction and in all the events of life control me according to His own most Holy Will and direct me to His own honor and glory; and especially do I pray that I may be enabled to live a whole life of usefulness and obedience to His will, that coldness or lack of earnestness may never, never at any time, come over me, but that I may ever stand ready, with ardor increased beyond that of first love, to do His bidding—that He will purify all my motives and make me, while I seek the advancement of His cause in the world, to do so with the humility of an ill-deserving instrument and with right feelings of heart—that He will break down within me all feelings of pride and self-exaltation, and make me to feel at all times that I am not my own, but that I am bought with a price even the precious blood of Jesus—that my life, my all are not henceforth any longer mine, but Christ’s.

“And now, Holy Father, Blessed Saviour and Blessed Spirit—Adorable Trinity—accept, I pray, this unworthy servant who would thus devote himself to Thee; and in his weakness be his strength—in his folly be his wisdom—in his blindness be his guide and in his sinfulness be his salvation.

“Lord, hear me through Thine own mercy in Christ Jesus.”

“PHILO FRENCH LEAVENS.”

The earnest desire of the man to be used of God is seen in the following note with which he concludes the paper:

“If this should ever fall into another’s hands may it lead to a similar or a better consecration of such an one.”

“P. F. L.”

In the Christian work of the student body in college Dr. Leavens was greatly interested. He has often spoken of the prayer meetings of his college days as being helpful. Much personal work was done in his class. The Christian students would meet in little groups to pray for their unconverted friends by name. As the years went on and he saw his friends taking a stand for Christ, and becoming useful both in the church and the world, it was a satisfaction to him and an inspiration to better service for the Master.

After his graduation from college he taught for two years with marked success in Vermont. Near the close of his engagement as a teacher his mind reverted to the promise made November 6, 1858, to enter the ministry if God so willed. He therefore asked himself the following questions:

Have I the intellectual ability?

Have I a fit Christian character?

Is there a need of me in that vocation?

Can I fill any other better?

Can I make the sacrifices?

Will I make the sacrifices?

Will God accept me?

Will I direct my energies to the ministry?

Will I proclaim this my purpose to my friends and the world?

That these questions were not hastily answered nor the decision rashly made, he tells us in the “Covenant with God,” which he made at Hinesburgh, Vermont, on April 20, 1862:

“After much thought, much misgiving and shrinking, I enter into the following covenant between myself and God—Resigning all hopes of wealth, of fame, of ease, and of independence, I will make the gospel ministry my life work.

“I accept, if God will, a life of labor, of dependence, of want, and even of neglect and suffering. My only aim shall be to find out truth, teach it to my fellow-men, and persuade them

to accept it; the ultimate object being always to win men to Christ as the Saviour of their souls.

"I will yield all my own plans and wishes to the known Will of God.

"I will seek fitness for my work by close communion with Him. The rewards that I will desire for myself are the love of God, communion with Him, the fellowship of Christ and the Spirit, and at last Heaven.

"To this work I will at once and at all times direct my efforts, entering upon my studies as soon as practicable, striving to do so September, 1863.

"This purpose I will never abandon except at the clear direction of Providence.

"This determination shall be announced to my father in my next letter to him (it was expressed in conversation in July), and at proper times freely expressed to my friends.

"Lord, take me with the power, the culture and all the means of influence Thou hast given me, and fit me to preach Thy truth. Consecrate me to this service; make ready for me a labor and prepare me to perform it. Provide the way for me to enter upon the needful studies. Give me clearness and vigor of intellect, piety of heart, sincerity of life and such friendliness of manner as shall win the love and confidence of men. Arm me for the conflict, fortify me against opposition and discouragement, give me a shield against temptation, and fit me to bear success without pride. Place me where Thou seest best and use me as Thou wilt, that I may perform the best possible service and gain the best possible preparation for Heaven.

"O Lord, I pray Thee to accept me in this work and hear this prayer for Jesus, my Redeemer's sake.

"Alone in my room, this Sabbath evening, I place my name to this Covenant and Prayer with this fixed purpose that, by the blessing of God, it shall henceforth determine my life.

"PHILO F. LEAVENS."

When, one year later, the time came for him to take definite action, he writes:

"Stowe, Vt., June 14, 1863.

"The time has now come for me to decide my course for the next year. In accordance with the foregoing covenant shall I direct my efforts to theological study? Duty is clear. I will do so. This witnesses my determination. May God be my help, otherwise it is all vain.

"PHILO F. LEAVENS."

"I have expressed this purpose to my father," he writes a little later, "and found not only his assent but quite cordial approval, and even offer of assistance. This is more than I could expect. I thank God for so disposing his heart. I receive it as a new evidence that He approves my purpose. So now the plan of my life is to engage in theological study as soon as possible."

The early sixties were strenuous times. The state of the country stirred every man. It was no time for light thinking. The stress of war produced strong characters, as life or death hung in the balance. With other thoughtful men, Dr. Leavens was greatly exercised by this state of affairs, and on June 12, 1863, he makes this note from Stowe, Vt.:

"There is soon to be a draft of men to serve in the Army of our country, and my name stands in the first class. I am so likely to be called upon that I wish to settle upon my course before the call comes. The Government has a right to the service of all its citizens. In this crisis duty also requires that that service should be *cheerfully* rendered. Who shall go to the war is to be decided by an impartial draft. My being and my powers have been consecrated to God. I believe He rules in all, even the minutest, events of life. His will will then determine whether my name be drawn or not.

"I believe our Government is engaged in a righteous cause. If then my name is drawn, this shall be my course: I will cheerfully obey every order of the established authorities. I will fairly submit to the necessary examinations, frankly answer all questions, making no false pretensions and concealing no truth. I have not three hundred dollars, so that I cannot pay the sum required in lieu of service. If my friends should wish to free me by paying the money, this shall be my course: I will fully and honestly state to them my plans

and purposes for life, leave them to follow their own judgments, and I will abide by the result. This shall determine my course up to the beginning of military service, if God calls me away from my previous plans to this unexpected life.

“P. F. LEAVENS.”

“O God! help me to rest my whole confidence on this blessed assurance: ‘The Lord is my Shepherd.’ Be very near to me in all my ways, if my name is drawn for military service. Let me not shrink from any duty, any trial, or any sacrifice, for the good of my country and humanity.

“Help me to glorify Thee in all my life, and at length also in a triumphant death.

“Even though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, may Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.

“May God for Christ’s sake hear this, my prayer.

“P. F. LEAVENS.”

As he had expected, his name was drawn for service, but God had other plans for His servant and we find this note, writ-

“October 2nd, 1863.

“A few hours before I started to report my father placed three hundred dollars in my hands with the injunction not to enter the army on any account. I had not time to explain to him my plan for life but did so subsequently and received his approval. Thus my commutation was paid and I was left free to pursue my studies.

“P. F. L.”

It must have been with the consciousness that he was following the plan of God that Dr. Leavens entered, in the early fall of 1863, the Union Theological Seminary, New York, in the class of 1866.

Of the work of that first year we find but little record, but it is easy to judge what an inspiration it must have been to Dr. Leavens to come under the influence of such men as Drs. Shedd, Hitchcock and Henry B. Smith as they opened before him the wonderful truths of God.

Dr. Shedd, of all the professors, seemed to make the most impression upon him, for he writes of him, “He impresses me as profound and sincere in all his thinking, and his whole bearing

is so upright and unpretentious that I mingle love with my reverence for him. There is no man whose thoughts and character we ponder more in the Seminary than Dr. Shedd."

Dr. Leavens gave himself up to the atmosphere of the Seminary with great heartiness, and one can readily see how that alert mind developed in strength as the influence of the strong men about him gradually deepened their hold upon him.

At the close of that first year Dr. Leavens, with others, listened to the call for help to minister to the sick and dying soldiers, and during that summer we follow him as in God's name he goes forth. On April 27th, 1864, we find this entry in his diary of that summer, from which we take extracts, which gives us a glimpse of his work.

"Determined to go out on the Sanitary Commission; proceeded at once to buy the necessary outfit; flannels, boots, blankets (army and rubber). All things ready, took the cars at the foot of Courtland Street at 7 P. M. Reached Washington at 7 A. M. Thursday. Came to the rooms of the Sanitary Commission; breakfast at the Ebbitt House, where we are to board."

The intervening days were passed in sight-seeing, while they were waiting for orders, and on April 30 he writes:

"We were invited to visit the lodges of the Sanitary Commission. We had a long walk through the city; saw the greatness and orderly working of the Commission. After dinner we went over to one of the lodges to see the arrival of some twelve or fifteen thousand sick from the army. While waiting, Dunning and I strolled down to the Potomac at Long Bridge. Train did not arrive till evening. Here was our first extensive view of the horrors of war."

It is interesting to note his purpose on entering this service as he discloses it in the entry of May 1st:

"My heart's desire is that this coming service may be better to me than anything I ever did before in fitting me both for future service in the world and for the world to come. God is able to make all things work together for good to them that love Him. May it be so with us!"

And the next night he writes:

"Alone for a moment. It is a moment for thought. We are full of light and trifling conversation. God is not our sole

theme. How much I miss the hours of silence and meditation. May God not forsake me even in this strange life. My fixed purpose is to live to His glory. May this part of my life be true."

Those days of waiting were not easy days, for he writes on May 3rd:

"Am becoming tired of this stay here, since it is not that for which we came out. Am willing and even anxious to be sent out to our duty in the army."

The preparation for action seemed to go forward with new vigor at this point, and on May 5th he writes:

"We received instruction from Miss Gilson in cooking delicacies for the soldiers. Miss Gilson is a lady who has been much in the army, on battle-fields, relieving the soldiers. We are learning about our coming duties."

And again, May 7th, he writes:

"We went out and learned from Capt. Dennistoun how to pitch a tent. Some of us worked hard all the morning preparing our tents for the field. The weather was exceedingly hot, and this work a severe prelude to our coming experience. Attended a promenade concert, in the evening, on the grounds in front of the President's House. Concert by the "Marine Band," but the attraction was the President himself, who was present on his portico and spoke a few words, proposing three cheers for General Grant and the Union armies. My view of the President was very fine, since I stood but a few steps from him."

Dr. Leavens often spoke of this day with great joy and the remembrance of the words, which he heard, was with him all his life.

After days of waiting, filled with instruction in regard to the coming duties, we find this entry on May 10th:

"All packed and strapped, awaiting the order to go on board the transportation for the field. On board our vessel at 11 A. M. Started down the Potomac for Acquia Creek at 12.30 P. M. We are put in divisions of ten men each, myself in second division, under Capt. Dennistoun. Dinner at 5 P. M.; boiled ham, potatoes, bread and cheese, with coffee, on tin plates and cups. Instead of stopping at Acquia Creek we pass on to Belle Plain, which we reach about 8 P. M. My division is sent ashore to put up a tent. Wounded men are lying all about in

great numbers. We erect our tent and return for materials to make coffee. May I not forget the scene of our landing in the deep darkness, with the few bright fires and the many wounded men lying all about.

"After 1 A. M. of Wednesday, May 11th, returned to the boat and slept on a pile of tent-poles till 5 A. M. Resumed our work at the tent. We made a fire and coffee for the wounded men. I helped in making the coffee and distributing to the soldiers. Went about among the men as they lay upon the ground. May 12th. Continued the coffee. Worked very hard in the rain. At one time the rain came down so violently that the water swept through our tent, wetting our goods, putting out our fires and stopping our work. As soon as we could we started it again."

Such was the work of the intervening days, and on Sunday, May 15th, he writes:

"Helped to arrange the tent. We had an influx of Sanitary delegates on their way to Fredericksburg. Prepared a lot of milk punch and fed five men just in who had been without food two days. Gave a man my German Testament. Evening. A train of ambulances came in full of the wounded. Distributed punch to the men in the tents and ambulances. A severe rain came on and after that I went out with crackers and coffee. A hard evening's work. How very little like the Christian Sabbath! No reading; no worship; no prayer save silent utterance to God."

By May 21st they were on their way to Fredericksburg, after hard service among the wounded, where, on the evening of Sunday, May 22nd, he writes:

"Received orders to go to the field hospitals of the 6th Corps, 1st Division, and go to work. Here the surgeon put me to dressing wounds. I had never done such work and the first case I had was a fearful one, but I was able to do the work, and finally dressed a large number. It is awful duty. Almost no other cause would induce me to engage in it. But the consciousness of duty and the gratitude of the sufferers is a large reward. O, that I could have more religious thought. My life will run to waste. May a gracious God save me and through this darkness lead me."

Leaving Fredericksburg, where they had spent a week of

busy service, the party was sent to Port Royal, and after working among the wounded there he writes on May 29th:

"A beautiful morning. I arise with some thoughts of God. Read a chapter from Jeremiah. After breakfast we had a good 'sing' on deck. Soon off, for York River, as we suppose. May God help me to make this a Sabbath. We had a service conducted by the chaplain of the 1st Minnesota. In the evening another, in which, instead of a sermon, the preacher read a jumble of written productions in poor prose and horrid rhyme upon sundry topics connected with the war. With great disgust I listened to the end. Have been able to study Scripture a little to-day. Some good conversation; too much idle."

At 5 P. M. the next day they paused near White House, their destination, where on May 31st he writes:

"All day on board the boat in extreme laziness. Have had no call to go on shore. It is a wonder to be here in the heart of the enemy's country with no fear or cause of alarm. The day has been passed in reading and lounging. Our books are few."

On the evening of June 7th he writes:

"With Mr. Sayres, got up a requisition and established a Sanitary station. Am much disgusted with this manner of living. The way of eating, drinking and sleeping, the deadness of thought, etc., are abhorrent to me. Only the conviction of duty to the soldiers can keep me at it."

"June 12th. No Sabbath. Day like any other, except that our work has been very light. My business is still in the tent. O, for a little while alone in which to think and pray. But, no; everything must be done in a crowd. How dehumanizing is war! I shall always hate it, for I see its most hideous forms. No sentiment too secret, or too sacred, for war's rude hand to lay bare and crush."

Leaving White House, the party was sent to Yorktown, where they were greatly interested in the forts and in the works remaining from the Revolutionary war. From Yorktown they were sent to Fortress Monroe, where Dr. Leavens speaks of the beautiful weather, the charming journey, and what was best of all, to him, a religious service. On June 17th the journey up the river was resumed as far as City Point, where they established a station and resumed work among the soldiers. On June 20th he writes:

“A great luxury to have slept in a bed. Morning went on shore alone. Wrote a letter in the evening for one poor man very badly wounded. Was pleased to see his anxiety not to alarm his friends at home.”

The next day he speaks of much hard work in the hot sun, and on June 22nd he writes:

“Had many thoughts of my entire dependence upon God and His goodness in sustaining me in this dangerous life. When I see so many of my associates called home by illness I see that nothing I can do can save me from sickness or death. I rest on the mercy of God alone. If I can honor Him on earth I trust He will spare my life; otherwise He will take me away. Let that thought be clear; so long as I can honor God on the earth more than in Heaven, He will keep me here. After that He will take me hence.”

The days pass rapidly, one very much like the other, filled with work in the tents and ministry to the needy soldiers. Dr. Leavens speaks of the intense heat as affecting him badly and for a while he was disabled by a slight illness, but on recovery he resumes his work with more care for his own condition. On July 3rd he writes:

“At rising we found a quiet Sabbath morning, almost giving promise of a day of rest. Soon came the announcement that wounded men were arriving, and all set to work to meet their wants. About 10 A. M. came an order to repair to the boat for a journey to the front. Not proper Sabbath work, but, alas, our Sabbath is sadly profaned out here. At length we start; but the dust, who could describe it? Worse and worse it grew as we advanced. Perfect clouds were formed and the ride was very uncomfortable.

“July 4th. Arose early; washed in a brook; made a breakfast of crackers, sugar and prunes. As soon as proper we started our load for Gen. Burnside’s headquarters. Here we left a share and then passed around to the 2nd Division, Gen. Potter, where we left a portion. Gen. Potter sent me with a captain to the brigade headquarters. Not finding the brigadier-general, we went out to the breast-works, in sight of the enemy’s lines. I confess to a little nervousness in sight and hearing of the bullets, but I kept a firm front.”

While at headquarters Dr. Leavens found many of his Ver-

mont friends whom he enjoyed seeing, but was much concerned, on reaching City Point, to find that his seminary friends, on account of illness, were about returning home. He speaks often of his loneliness, after their departure, which drives him more closely to his God. On the evening of July 8th he writes:

"Sat awhile by the bedside of a young Pennsylvania soldier, and even while I was watching came his last hour, and the spirit left the body. Poor man! No friend near and no word to be conveyed to his sorrowful home.

"Am lonely, as usual," he writes later, "since the departure of my intimate friends. Most of those remaining are entire strangers, and all are really so. I lose heart for my work and am thinking of the end of my engagement and a visit to Vermont."

"Alarmed to-night," he writes on July 12th, "by a paragraph of news announcing the death of an officer in Gen. Sherman's army; fear it is my cousin."

There is nothing special to note in the passing days save that he began to feel more at home in his work as he gained acquaintance with his new associates. On the evening of July 27th he writes:

"Went out with sponge and bay rum in hand to sit by the beds of the men. Bathed the heads and hands of several of the sickest. Especially interested in a boy with fever in the 2nd ward. He is very low and deranged. It is impossible to reach his soul with any word of encouragement or hope."

"July 28. Evening. Sat beside the boy in the 2nd ward, not expecting him to live. Left him at 10 P. M. little hoping to find him the next morning. This is a better phase of hospital work and takes me down close to the life of the men. O, how much they endure! Words cannot tell it. Had an earnest talk with a young boy about religion. Poor boy, how dim his views about the true way, yet he seems to wish to be a Christian. Up early on Friday morning and sat for half an hour by the dying bed of the boy in the 2nd ward. Almost alone I watched his death, then helped to lay out his body within his soldier's blanket for burial. He had suffered long and deeply. Never had I seen him sufficiently rational to speak either of his friends or of his own condition. To my surprise, his nearest neighbor, an old

man, had died and been carried out during the night; also one from the first ward. It makes a solemn morning for me.”

Amid such scenes the days pass and on August 4th he writes:

“At noon it was announced that we were to have a sail on the river at 2 P. M. I hurried through my wards with articles for distribution and was at the landing in season. We went on board the small steamer *S. E. Brown*, I taking a place on the upper deck, and moved down to City Point. Here we took in additions to our number and turned in the direction of Bermuda, up the James. It was a delightful afternoon. The water was smooth, a gentle breeze was blowing, and all around was in quiet and happiness. The party assembled mainly on the lower deck in the forward part of the vessel, where the upper deck kept off the sun, while a full, open view was given at the sides. Here they sat closely huddled, talking and laughing merrily. I sat on the nearest corner of the upper deck, that is, on the right side forward, just before the wheel-house. So we went on, admiring the scenery and enjoying the invigorating atmosphere, when suddenly, without a moment’s warning, came the crack of rifles and a volley of balls fell into the midst of the party. All sprang for shelter. With two others, I jumped behind the wheel-house, but not too soon to hear a groan and see blood on the floor below. With the aid of an old wheelbarrow I tried to protect myself from all range of the enemy’s guns, while the boat pulled ahead for the protection of a gunboat. Again almost a difficulty, for the engines stopped, but in a moment they rallied and we reached security under the shelter of the gunboat.

“Now I went below and found one of our engineers on the opposite side of the vessel shot through the head and in a dying condition; and on our side Mr. Mayo shot through the back and lying on his face; also Mr. Wilson shot through the abdomen and suffering intensely. All was confusion, many entirely frightened. For myself, I felt quite useless, and longed for some safe place. After some minutes I got more collected, and after the crowd had subsided around the sufferers I took my place beside Mr. Wilson to help care for him. I did not leave him on our journey. We fanned him, gave him drinks and changed his position constantly for his comfort. O, how bitter were his sufferings as he lay with his back on the hard floor,

rendered all the more intense by the knowledge that it would shock his dear friends at home. How piteous were his allusions to mother and brothers. 'Oh, if I had fallen in battle,' he said, 'where it would have been of some use, it would not be so hard.' 'Oh,' said he, in his deepest agony, 'it is not myself I am thinking of, it is my friends at home.' His first words to me were, 'Oh, Mr. Leavens, I am sick again, sick again.' He had been ill on his first arrival at our camp for a few days. And then he would cry for rest: 'Oh, give me rest; when shall we reach the Point?'

"With the protection of the gunboat we arrived at City Point in safety. The engineer was dead and we removed the other two to the upper deck of our eating barge, where we placed them comfortably on stretchers. I maintained my place by Mr. Wilson. By this time I had learned the movements that gave him relief and was able to lift him more gently than others. All the evening I stayed by him, doing all I could to soothe his pains and cheer his heart. Poor man, no words can tell his anguish. May I never forget the scene. His appeals to the doctors were heart rending. All the time, too, he thought of his friends. 'Do not let my name be put in the papers.'

"Then he would appeal to me to know if I thought he could live. 'Tell me the truth,' he would say. Not knowing precisely his wound, I could express hope.

"Many came to look upon him and offer a kind hand, but not till Mr. Rounds came could I feel like leaving him. O, how precious to me was his exclamation when some one attempted to move him but without good success. 'O, Mr. Leavens, there is none of these gentlemen that knows how to move me but you.'

"At 11.30 o'clock I lay down to sleep a few hours. It was a long time before I fell into a troubled slumber. At 3 A. M. Mr. Rounds called me and I resumed my place by the bedside. We had previously removed him to a temporary bed on which he could rest more easily. Close by was Mr. Mayo, attended by Mr. Martin. At length Mr. Martin lay down and I watched the two alone till morning dawned.

"Mr. Wilson lay very quietly, only requiring now and then a drink of water. It was a season not to be forgotten. I sat between the two sufferers. Around on the deck lay a score or two

of sleepers. The neighboring boats were still. As morning dawned one and another of the boats pushed out silently and made their way down the river. Lighter became the eastern sky and more and more stir and noise arose all about, but still lay the sufferers. At this time an elderly man came up and knelt in prayer by the beside where I sat. How gently did Wilson raise his hand in thanks.

"He did not have the agony of last night, but lay calmly in his bed. Paleness as of death was on his face. His flesh was warm and his pulse fair. What a tender satisfaction it was to sit by his side and be ready for any little wish. As morning came on he revived a little and now and then spoke a word. Once I asked him of his friends, hoping perhaps he would give me some message for them in case our worst fears for him should be realized. He spoke of his plans and in answer to my questions told me how many brothers he had and a few other things.

"The morning wore on; many called around to see him; many kind inquiries were made for him.

"We now took off his clothing and put on clean. At 10 o'clock the "Elizabeth" was ready to start for Baltimore, and the plan was adopted by Mr. Potter and Dr. Swalm to take the two men to Fortress Monroe and procure their passage to New York, accompanying them, of course, or, failing in this, to go to Baltimore, telegraphing to their friends. I felt sad to see Wilson go off. I wanted to have the care of him. When we got on board and I told him I must leave him, he spoke so tenderly. '—— ——— "and are you going to leave me, Mr. Leavens; you are the only man of them all that knows how to take care of me."

"He thanked me most gratefully for what he termed my kindness to him. I do not preserve these things for vanity's sake, but for their preciousness to me. And so I bade him good-by, expressing the hope to meet him in New York. I pray God to spare his life if it be consistent with His Holy will."

This incident made a deep impression upon Dr. Leavens, especially when he learned subsequently of Mr. Wilson's death before reaching Baltimore and called out more deeply his sympathy for suffering humanity.

That the executive ability so marked in Dr. Leavens' later

life was manifest even then, we see from the entry on August 9th and 10th, when he writes:

"Holding the post of superintendent at this station, my work is mostly in the tent. Duties are to make requisitions, oversee issues, and decide all doubtful cases. It is a delicate task for which I have an ill adaptation. It causes me much pain to refuse a man that which he asks for, and much anger to be imposed upon. I see the need of making my first convictions more promptly, and abiding by them more firmly.

"All these days am meditating and consulting about leaving for home."

Securing the consent of his superiors to his departure, while waiting for passes he continued his work. On Sunday, August 14th, he writes:

"At 10 A. M. attended a service at the 2nd Corps. An Episcopal clergyman officiated. After this we had a social meeting in view of the departure of the veteran agents. I was called on with others to speak."

And on Monday, August 15th, he writes:

"Up early. Prepared a requisition. Finished up all my concerns, bade good-by to my associates and left for the boat."

On reaching his home in Berkshire, Vermont, he writes to a friend:

"By special permission I anticipated the close of my term of enlistment in the United States Sanitary Commission and came home ten days before my time. This I did so as to have a little rest to prepare for the next year in New York. Two weeks at home have almost done the work and I am ready soon to return. * * * I came to be very much absorbed in our work during the summer, so that when I first came home I thought of almost nothing else. Now, however, my mind is getting back toward study and life in the Seminary. * * * I shall return to New York between the 10th and 15th inst., and hope I may see you on my way."

Thus began his second year of study.

As we recall the wonderful experiences through which he had passed it is not strange that he writes on November 6th, 1864:

"To-day I have been permitted to come around the table of the dying Lord, after an absence of eight eventful months. How

much of religious value have I learned in these months. Some of the deepest experiences of all my life have been in this season. The best lessons of God's Providences have come in this time. I have had the closest contact with suffering humanity; my deepest sympathies have been aroused; and the clearest feeling of dependence on God have all come in these months.

"I have many things to thank God for in recalling this summer's experience. First of all, that He preserved my life and health. Two from our seminary died, two were shot by my side, one mortally. Almost all my associates became sick, yet I was wholly spared and suffered only the slight illness of a week, and that among kind friends.

"Again I have to thank Him for such an opportunity for merely worldly advantage, extensive travel, visits to scenes of deepest interest, views of the operations of war, and familiar sight of the great men and great movements of the day.

"But especially have I to thank Him for those experiences which stirred the deep emotions of my soul and have quickened me, I hope, to a higher life. A deep feeling has been awakened in me by the thought that so many fellowmen are dying for our country, for our people, *for me*. What a sacrifice! And my life and safety are part of the favor it procures. May this thought always lead me to that great sacrifice of the Son of God. May I live more nobly because my fellowmen have died for me, and more righteously as before God, because His Son has died for me.

"And now that I am once more in study and hastening forward to my true life work after such a divergence, may God be more present with me. As the solemn experiences of the past summer come back to me, O, may I mould them into the structure of a noble Christian character."

"P. F. LEAVENS."

With such purposes of thought and action one cannot but think that his life grew in beauty and strength, the advantages of his position being seized with eagerness and profit as the vision of his youth became more of a reality to the cultured man.

The years pass rapidly, and as he came near the close of his Seminary course he writes on April 29th, 1866:

"The last communion season was so crowded, both before

and after, that I did not make the usual record of my religious feelings. Now an hour is given in which to recall a little that I would preserve. Three separate lines of thought engage my mind: 1. The completion of my course of studies. 2. My preaching at Orange, and, 3, the question where my life work shall be.

“As to the first I feel the need of more devout gratitude to God that He has led me safely through so many years. The course of my education has been far beyond and far unlike anything that in my youth I anticipated. I cannot fail to recognize the hand of the Lord leading me. I cannot doubt that He is leading me for His own wise ends. My highest honor is to work under and with God. How to make His ends my ends, His plans my plans should be more and always my question. The highest thanks be to God for my education and to Him be given all the possible service of my life.

“As to the second. I can only feel that God has done a great work in our congregation. True it is but a beginning of what we would like to see, yet it is more than we seem to ourselves worthy to receive. As to my own part in the work, I cannot but feel very humble. Whatever others may say or think to me all that I have done appears slight. The imperfection of my preaching has been painful to me. I know that I present the truth of God most inadequately. The wonder is that the Spirit could find a channel through the word thus spoken. Eighteen have come into the church. My joy has been very great. The last two days of Communion were very sacred. I have seen enough of the blessedness of the ministry to make me eager to press on to my life work, if God will.

“The third is the most trying subject. All the world is before me and I can go to but one place. At least the extravagant impulses of less mature days are curbed. The work of *one* man is but a fraction. No *man* is to achieve the salvation of the whole world. Christ is the Lord of the Vineyard. He oversees the work in its vast plan. Each disciple is a humble instrumentality. He is to work out his own salvation and to work for the world, all under the direction of the Master. How and where to do it best are the questions in my mind.

“I think I have reached the ability to say as never before, and now with sincerity and without reserve, I will go any where

that the Master sends me. I put myself in His hands. I confess that I cannot direct my own life. I depend upon Him. Nor can I reasonably expect that He should make known my future very far. I must only ask my duty from day to day. O, to be able to keep this position of willingness to go anywhere and do anything as Christ shall require. The issue in my mind is between being a foreign missionary and remaining in America. How to settle the question, it is not easy to know. May the Lord guide me."

"P. F. LEAVENS."

Thus he faced the question before him. He had in his hand a call to go to Constantinople as a missionary under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and the University of Vermont was eager to honor her son by giving him a place in the faculty at Burlington. Should he accept either or should he decline both and become a preacher over a settled congregation? As we before remarked, for Dr. Leavens to face a question was to carefully settle it. As he looked forward into the future his life began to take shape before him, and on November 10th, 1866, led as he believed of God, he laid down this scheme as the rule of his life :

"To lay aside the thought of ever being a missionary ; to lay it aside not indeed as a burden from which I have happily escaped, but as a privilege from which I am restrained ; and while I withdraw from that service, yet to pledge my life-long sympathies, prayers, and co-operation with those who are accounted worthy to bear the Gospel into heathen lands.

To lay aside the thoughts of being a professor as neither my privilege nor my duty.

To assume the work of a preacher, in the office of pastor, as the duty and the joy of my life.

To seek, by every means within my reach, the complete recovery of health for the sake of this work.

To direct my studies, from this day forth, in the most effective manner to the discovery of that truth which pertains to the salvation of men.

To direct my observation to this single end, viz.: to learn the lost condition of men in all its phases and results and the methods by which the relief of the Gospel may be applied.

To exercise myself in all sympathy with and feeling for

my sinful fellow men; in all beneficence of deed for their good; and in all eloquence of speech to set before them their condition and the way of life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

To concentrate all the energy of body, soul and spirit which I have or can acquire upon this one purpose and work.

“O, Christ the Redeemer, who sittest at the right hand of God; who art the Lord of this earthly vineyard; to whom I have once consecrated myself for service in Thy ministry — now again I give myself to Thee to be a preacher of Thy Gospel here in my native land. Dost Thou not assign me to this work? I believe Thou dost. I give up the thought of any and every other work and choose this alone.

O, Christ, I am unworthy — yet as Thou hast called, so accept me, I humbly pray, and make me, if it please Thee, the instrument of vast good to my fellow men.

Make me, I especially pray, the means of good to my kindred and among them chiefly to my little brother.

I will not seek for myself ease, nor sensuous pleasure, nor wealth, nor honor.

I will seek only every human and every Christian excellence. I will seek for Christ, praise and reverence and love and honor and service from the hearts of men.

O, Christ, the Saviour, hear these vows of consecration and hear the prayer made years ago when I gave myself to Thy ministry — and which now from the heart I repeat.

O, take me into Thy service, use me to Thy glory, and when I die, O, take me to be with Thyself according to Thy gracious promise and for Thy name's sake. Amen.

“Now in the presence of the heart-searching God, after humble devotion, with all sincerity of heart, I affix my name to the foregoing *scheme, covenant and prayer*, with the purpose that they shall determine my life henceforth.”

PHILO FRENCH LEAVENS.

Was the future bright as he faced it? We will let him speak as he wrote at the close of the foregoing covenant.

“I have made engagements in view of remaining in New York until Spring.

My means of support are now scanty and the requirements for board, clothing, books, means of culture and benevolence

are very large. But I will proceed in accordance with the purpose this day consummated, trusting in God for support, firmly believing in His providential care.

I will do my daily duties to the best of my ability. I will use what God gives me with prudence and generosity.

I will have faith in Him. I have already fixed on next May as the time when I hope the Lord will set me at earnest work in the ministry. I leave the place to be arranged by His providence and designated in His way. I ask for a place where all my powers can be used to the highest advantage and to the glory of His name.

Thanks be to God for all His unspeakable gifts. Special thanks for His guidance to this decision and this renewed purpose for my life. Unto the Triune God be glory for ever."

P. F. L.

The weeks pass slowly as he waits for the guiding pillar to move. The time was filled with study and preaching as God gave the opportunity.

In the early part of 1867, while in the Seminary, he was suddenly summoned to the presence of Dr. Hitchcock, who, after greeting him, asked, "Are you engaged for Sunday?" On learning that he was free, Dr. Hitchcock said "I have a call for a young man to go to Passaic, New Jersey. I do not know where it is. I have looked on the map and in the railway guide and can find no trace of it. The only directions I can give are to buy a ticket to Passaic on the railway leaving New York at the foot of Chambers street and ride till you come to it. Will you go?" Accepting the invitation Dr. Leavens first set foot in Passaic for the service on January 20th, 1867. His ministrations were so acceptable to that little band that in the latter part of February he received an invitation to supply them for one year. He had previously received a call from a church in Courtland, New York, and as he faces the decision he writes on March 1st, 1867:

"To-morrow I must give an answer to this call. Let me note some reasons why I should accept:

It has been decided by an advising board of clergymen that the enterprise just starting is prudent and the church which it is proposed to form is needed.

If there is work for a church there is work for a minister.

It is an enterprise started by young and vigorous men in a place where people of influence are likely to increase.

The invitation to me to become their minister is prompt, unanimous and enthusiastic.

It places me among business men, where I can be as likely as anywhere to benefit my brothers and other friends. It gives me access to the city with all its society and means of culture.

So far as I can see, the place is as well adapted to the peculiarities of my abilities as any I can expect to find. And the next morning he writes:

“As I come near the hour when I must decide whether to accept the proposition from Passaic or not, I am greatly comforted by Proverbs 16:9, ‘A man’s heart deviseth his way but the Lord directeth his steps.’ It is impossible for me to decide the question before my mind, with complete wisdom. I can not comprehend the whole plan of God’s work in the world so as to know where I am most needed. I can not properly judge of my own abilities, and I can not foresee the results of my efforts at any particular place.

The utmost I can do is to yield myself into the hands of God, to submit my will to His and allow Him to direct my steps. As well as I can judge I think I ought to go to Passaic. I therefore say to the Lord ‘if Thou wilt have me go to Passaic, let it be so directed. If not, then place obstacles in the way. My mind is made up to accept the proposal presented to me, but if Thou, O, Lord, wilt have it otherwise, now between this and the hour when I am to give my answer, do Thou interpose such hindrances as are best. If it is Thy will I wish to go to Passaic. If it is not Thy will I wish not to go.” P. F. L.

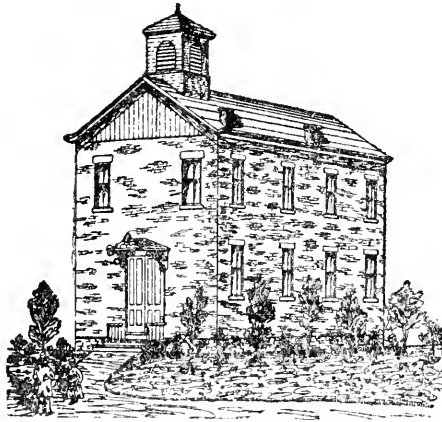
Resting the question with God he came to Passaic. Was he right? Had God led him? Let the years answer as he passed onward to growing maturity in the work to which he had been called. Standing on this vantage ground and looking back over the past thirty-eight years one can only say “This was ‘the finger of God.’”

Dr. Leavens was not yet quite out of his twenties when he came to Passaic, earnest, hopeful and full of bright plans for the future of his work which opened up on every side.

The Sunday School was organized in February, 1867, and

on March 6th, of the same year, the First Presbyterian Church was formally organized in the village of Passaic by the Presbytery of Newark. There were 22 communicant members and George Denholm and Lewis W. Bartlett were ordained elders and William Blair and George McGibbon deacons. Dr. Leavens, then a licentiate for the ministry, still continued as the supply, for the new organization, till January 17, 1868, when he was ordained and installed as pastor by the Presbytery of Newark.

The church worshipped in the upper room of Howe's academy, the little building at the corner of Prospect and Academy streets, during the first years of its history and its work began to take shape with the passing days.

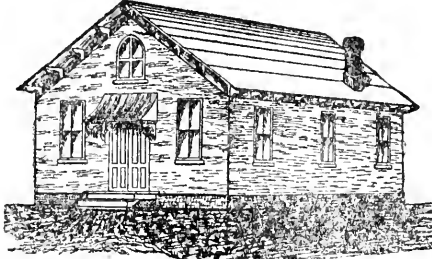


THE OLD ACADEMY.

The services were held in the Academy till May 23rd, 1869, when the young enterprise was moved to a school hall then standing at the corner of State and River streets, where the work was pushed vigorously forward.

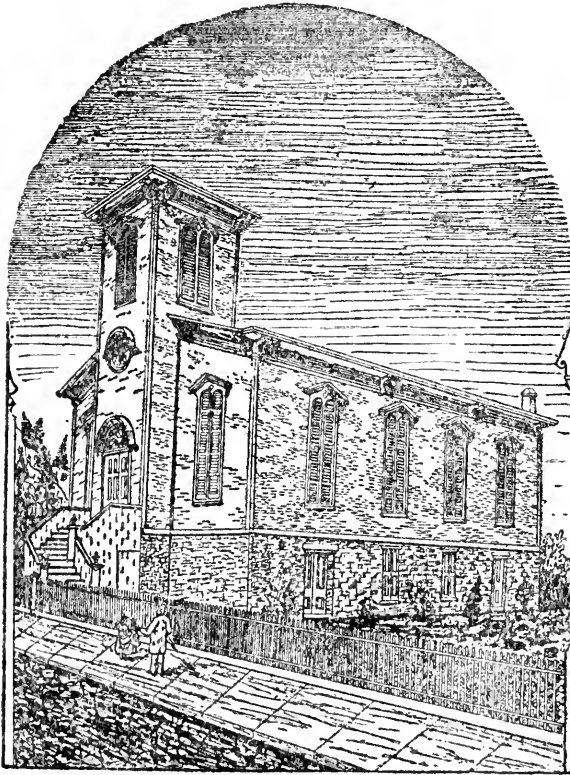
In the reconstruction which followed the reunion of the Old School and New School branches of the Presbyterian Church in 1870, the Passaic church passed from the Presbytery of Newark on June 22nd, of that year, to the newly formed Presbytery of Jersey City, within the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of which it has since remained.

While worshipping in the school hall efforts were put forth toward a church building where, amid proper surroundings, the



SCHOOL HALL.

work could gain new strength. Lots were secured on River street (now Park Place), and the work of building commenced.



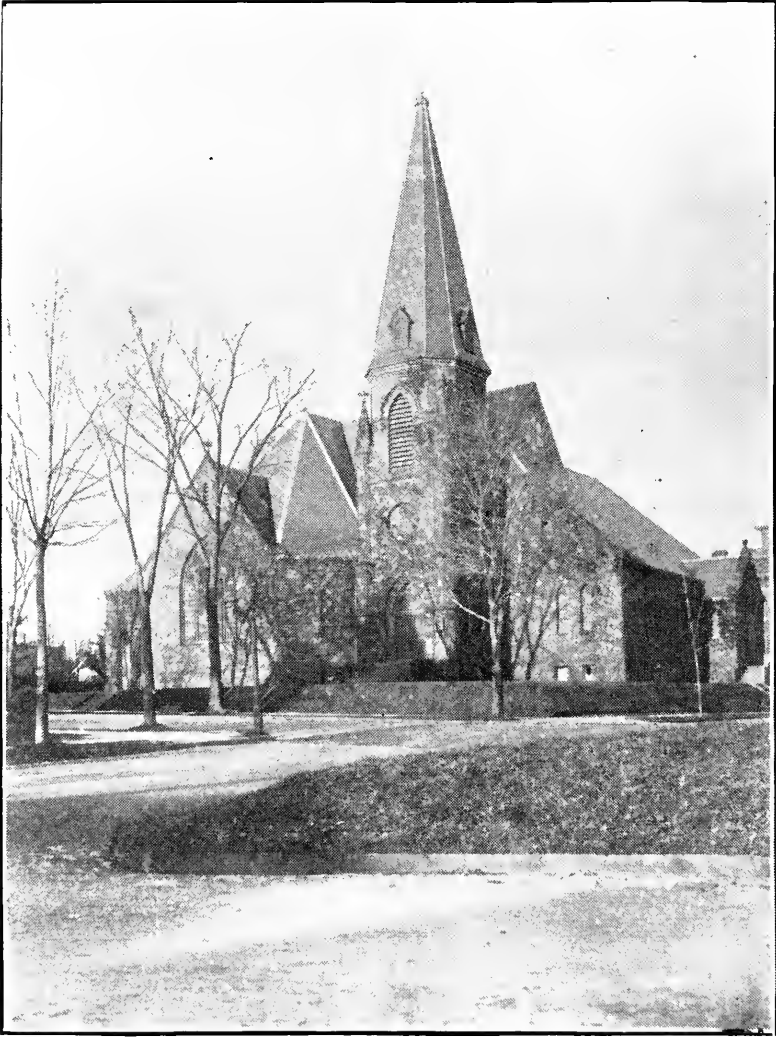
THE RIVER STREET CHURCH.

Amid many vicissitudes the work made progress and on July 23rd, 1871, the Church held its last service in the hall and with much rejoicing set the new building apart to the service of Almighty God.

On December 11th, 1873, Dr. Leavens married Miss Helen J. Barry, one of his parishioners, who had recently moved with her family from Boston. Four children blessed that union, two sons and two daughters. Far be it from us to lift the curtain and disclose much of that family life, but the brief glimpse we have reveals the true father, loving to play with his children, soothing them in their childish troubles and availing himself of every opportunity to impart instruction in the home or when on their walks. He always found his greatest happiness and inspiration in the society of wife and children. Is it any wonder that his home drew near to heaven and that God's peace was there? Sorrow entered that home and overwhelmed the father and mother when their third child, a boy of fourteen months, suddenly left them one night for the home beyond. The child was unspeakably dear to them and for a while they were stunned at the thought of the broken family circle, but they learned much while in the "valley of weeping" and a new sympathy, ever after, flowed from that home toward those in sorrow, and revealed that God was answering prayer in making his servant more useful to his fellow men.

Slowly, yet surely, the influence of the church and its pastor deepened its hold upon the city with the passing years. As the work enlarged wise councils prevailed, and, in the year 1885, the property, which in 1870 had cost more than \$15,000, was sold for \$6,500, and with the proceeds the congregation purchased the present site at Passaic avenue and Grove street.

Under the energetic management of the board of trustees, the fine brown stone edifice, the congregation's present home, was erected and furnished at a cost of \$30,000 and was ready for occupancy on the first Sunday in January, 1887. Six years after the property adjacent and fronting on Grove street, now the Manse, was purchased and in 1897 the Sunday School Hall was erected and the interior of the church renovated. In 1899 the indebtedness was removed so that the entire property, complete in every detail, was free and clear from all incumbrance.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY.

Did this church and pastor rise to the wondrous opportunity thus given them? As we look at the life of the First Presbyterian Church of Passaic we see in a very real sense the life of Philo F. Leavens. His pastorate has been golden, and it would be impossible to estimate the wealth of moral and spiritual uplift of which Dr. Leavens has been the fountain head. His ministry was blessed from the very first. From a handful of members, his church has grown to be one of the largest and most influential in Passaic. Through slowly developing civic affairs, through times of stringency in finance, through apathy often, and again, through religious fervor, Dr. Leavens has led his people to forehandedness, to strength, to power, to great usefulness. He possessed largely the missionary spirit—no doubt the great secret of his power and success. He cared for his own, but he was anxious for the spread of the Gospel far and wide. In the early days, prior to 1873, the church took a lively interest in the Dundee chapel and this work was carried on with great success, and Grace Presbyterian church is still a successful work, though it was found necessary to change its location and name. The First church extended encouragement and contributed members to the enterprising Presbyterian church organized in Garfield, and in later years it has organized a work of great value in the borough of Wallington, which is slowly but surely establishing itself in that place as a power for good.

The rising congregations about the mother church testify to the breadth of Dr. Leavens' mind and the goodness of his heart. He longed for the universal spread of the gospel of peace and goodwill, and he labored with his great heart and large brain to bring about that result. He was recognized by church officials as being thoroughly conversant with both home and foreign missionary literature, and his historic studies in many lines of human activity made him far-seeing and very useful as an adviser in secular affairs. As a preacher he was profound, but the warm blood of his character enabled him to get close to the hearts of his people and deliver a message that the city needed. His private life may be described by a term which he himself used once in a sermon, "a symphony of prayer," to which may be added the good works it is known that he did and the good deeds which he did but which will never be known.

During his long residence in Passaic Dr. Leavens was asso-

ciated with every movement for the welfare of the city and its people. He took a leading part in the establishment of the Passaic Home and Orphan Asylum Association, the pioneer charitable organization in the city. Throughout its history he was chairman of its advisory board. He was deeply interested in the organization of the Young Men's Christian Association and has kept a fatherly watch over it since its inception. He was one of the founders of the Charity Organization Society and in this way he has kept in touch with the noble work of the Union Benevolent Society, a work which he had already assisted for many years. His private charities were numberless, and doubtless thousands could testify to the debt they owe to Dr. Leavens. The charitable work which, perhaps, lay closest to his heart, was that of the General Hospital. He was one of the board of governors and a member of the finance committee. The affairs of this organization have always weighed heavily upon him. His pen always wrote the annual reports and many of the appeals for financial support were indited by him.

Dr. Leavens always manifested a deep interest in education and at a critical period for the Passaic schools he was president of the board of education, being a member of that board in 1881 and 1882 and again from 1892 to 1894. In times of doubt and hesitancy his opinion was always sought and no battle for municipal betterment has ever been waged without his advice and active assistance. His silent vote was for the Republican party, to which he has acknowledged allegiance since, as a boy, he shouted for Fremont and cast his first suffrage for Abraham Lincoln. He often confessed to a degree of irritation at the clerical restraint which kept him out of the stir and battle of politics, but this was due to his intense desire for civic righteousness, not to any longing for the life of a politician.

The influence which Dr. Leavens exerted among his brother clergymen was very great, not only in the city of his residence, but also in the State. In the Presbytery of Jersey City he served at different times on the more important committees and for many years was chairman of Home Missions, the committee having charge of new and growing churches in the territory covered by this Presbytery. His far-seeing vision and broad scholarship, his wondrous gentleness of spirit and deep humility made him a tower of strength to one in trouble or perplexity

and his council seemed to be that of a man who had inquired at the oracles of God. Were principle assailed none was more fearless in its defense than he, yet the true courtesy and broad charity of the man was so manifest that even an opponent would be led to admire and bow before that courage which stood for the right as God led him to see it. Such a work and character as his could not be hidden and in 1888 the University of Vermont recognized and honored her distinguished son by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in 1904 the Synod of New Jersey honored him by placing him at the head of the home mission work in the State. Rarely has one been called to a position for which he was better prepared than Dr. Leavens, and as we think of him and of what might have been we stand amazed at God's dealings in calling him away.

Three times in the course of his busy life he crossed the ocean to visit the Old World, and the inspiration received and the information gained was always at the service of his fellow men.

As a writer Dr. Leavens was clear and forceful, abreast of the times, with a style peculiar to himself. He was a member of the American Society of Church History and of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and the many articles from his pen in the magazines and missionary periodicals were widely read. His little book "Planting of the Kingdom" had a wide run among the Presbyterian churches, and his last work on "The Leavens Name, Including Levings," reveals a wonderful skill in research worthy of the man's full powers.

The years pass swiftly, each filled with a service of ministry to others. No time now for brooding or self-introspection. The King's business requires haste and the servant is eager to obey. As one looks back over the last few years of Dr. Leavens' life one realizes by its strenuousness that he recognized that the time was short.

In 1900 at Christmas time a severe illness laid him aside for a while and it was feared that the end had come, but God planned otherwise and after a brief rest he resumed work with renewed vigor.

In the latter part of December, 1904, Dr. Leavens contracted a cold. He thought nothing of it at first and continued work with his usual energy but it seemed to increase its hold upon

him, and when, on December 18th, he entered the pulpit it was with the greatest difficulty to himself that he conducted the services. Though not alarmed about his condition he met his appointments during the week with increasing weakness. Dr. Leavens was not a man to give up easily, but each succeeding engagement left him with less strength for the next as he gathered himself together to meet the call. On Friday of that week he thought it wise to seek his bed, hoping that a rest would enable him to conduct the Christmas services the following Sabbath.

The next day, however, he was worse and it was found necessary to secure a preacher for that occasion. On Sunday morning, pneumonia developed. Nurses familiar with the disease were immediately secured and his faithful physician, Dr. F. F. C. Demarest advised a consultation, and called in Dr. Percy H. Terhune of Passaic.

Ever mindful of his wife and her constant thought of him, Dr. Leavens called her to his bedside at this time and, with great difficulty yet clearly, said, "I am in God's hands. He knows the issue of this illness and I am willing to trust Him. I know He will do what is right." It is not for us to attempt to describe those moments as husband and wife together faced the possible will of God and bowed in submission to the Eternal One.

So suddenly had he been stricken that on Sabbath morning the congregation learned for the first time that their pastor was ill. Their sorrow and anxiety were intense as a bulletin sent from the sick room, at the close of the morning service, announced the seriousness of his illness. On Monday his condition continued so grave that it was thought wise to call in a specialist, and Dr. Janeway of New York was sent for. He agreed with the local physicians that Dr. Leavens' condition was critical and that the chances for his recovery were most slender. As the different members of his family arrived and gathered about the bedside of their father, he had a word and a smile for each one.

Everything that human skill could do for his comfort and relief was done. Dr. Demarest was almost constantly at his bedside watching every change. The faithful nurses, the devoted wife rarely left him as the hours of that Monday wore on.

During the afternoon his wife, as she bent over him would be rewarded by his accustomed smile. At other times the watchers

would see the lips move and hear his voice saying, "Come, come," as he gazed at scenes not of earth.

Towards evening there was a slight improvement in the pulse that offered some encouragement to the anxious ones, but heart failure set in suddenly and even as they were watching, the call came and he saw the Light and caught the thrill of heavenly joy as he entered into the presence of his Lord.

As we stand in the shadows gazing after him shall we faint or be discouraged? Nay, we look upward and forward; for with the Pilgrim of old, "Just as the gates were opened to let them in, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun, the streets also were all paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to praise withal. And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

The Funeral Service.

On Thursday, December 29th, at 11:30 A. M., the family gathered in the parlor where lay the body of him who had been the inspiration of that home. Prayer was offered by the Rev. James S. Young of Garfield, New Jersey. After a last look upon the face of their beloved one, the casket was closed and, preceded by the funeral director and Mr. Young, it was lifted to the shoulders of the bearers and slowly carried from the Manse to the church, where it was placed before the pulpit, the officers acting as guard of honor. From that moment till the hour for the service, a constantly increasing throng passed to pay the last tribute of love and respect to their friend and pastor.

People in every walk of life were represented in that company whose grief gave eloquent tribute to the love and reverence they felt towards him who, with the touch of immortality visible in his face, seemed to rest in peaceful sleep.

As the hour of service drew near, the church was quietly filled with parishioners; members of the Presbytery of Jersey City, and of the Pastor's Association; the Officials of the city; representatives from the Synod of New Jersey and from the various organizations with which Dr. Leavens had been connected.

At 2 o'clock the soft strains of the organ were heard and the congregation rose as the officiating clergymen, the Rev. Charles Herr, D. D., of Jersey City, the Rev. Fisher Howe Booth of Tenafly, and the Rev. James S. Young of Garfield, followed by the honorary bearers and the immediate relatives and friends, passed slowly up the aisle.

According to an express wish of Dr. Leavens in a conversation a few months prior to his death, no address was made but the beautiful Anglican service for the burial of the dead was used. Special prayers were offered by Dr. Herr and Mr. Booth. At the conclusion of the service, the choir rendered the following verses from one of his favorite hymns:

For thee, O dear, dear Country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep,
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

Oh, sweet and blessed Country,
 The home of God's elect!
 Oh, sweet and blessed Country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

After the benediction, the casket was lifted to the shoulders of the bearers and borne from the church, followed by the funeral cortége.

As the sun was setting all that was mortal of Dr. Leavens was, with the words of the Apostles' Creed and a simple Committal service, laid to rest in the family plot in Cedar Lawn Cemetery till the resurrection morn.

Memorial Service.

A large company of parishioners and friends gathered at the First Presbyterian Church on the evening of January 19, 1905, to do honor to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Philo French Leavens, first minister of the church and for 38 years its pastor. The memorial service was prompted by the great love with which Dr. Leavens was universally regarded, and the outpouring of sorrowing people was a fitting tribute to the noble dead.

The Rev. James S. Young, pastor of the Garfield Presbyterian Church, and moderator of session, presided at the memorial service. After an organ voluntary by Ernest R. Moody, organist and choirmaster of the church, the church choir rendered an anthem, "Crossing the Bar," by Barnby. Prayer was offered by the Rev. N. S. Becker, pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. J. H. Whitehead, pastor of the North Reformed Church, read the Scripture lesson. Psalm xxiii and St. John xiv:1-4, 25-29. After the singing of the hymn, "Servant of God, Well Done," Dr. Charles A. Church, an elder of the First Methodist Church, was introduced to speak of Dr. Leavens' life and work as a citizen. Dr. Church said:

Doctor Leavens' Life and Work as a Citizen.

BY CHARLES A. CHURCH, M. D., PASSAIC.

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

The sentiment of these beautiful lines of Tennyson must find an echo in the heart of every one present at this memorial service to-night, and particularly in the heart of every one

who is accustomed to stately worship here, for there have been few occasions since the organization of this Church when a congregation has met within the walls where it was accustomed to worship and that voice has not been heard and that touch felt. Doctor Leavens is not dead. As I stepped to the telephone on that last night of his upon the earth, rang the bell and placed the receiver to my ear, I heard these words: "Doctor Leavens has passed away." Not dead—just stepped behind the curtain which separates time from eternity; it seems to me, if I should speak to him, he would answer me, but the conditions are reversed now—he would hear me, but I could not hear him.

In a note received from Mrs. Leavens by Mrs. Church a few weeks after his passing away she said, "We know that he lives in his influence and in his work," and in these he will live on and on.

The translation of Doctor Leavens reminds me of the translation of Elijah. On that last night at eight o'clock, as the physicians, looking for some warning or something hopeful in his countenance, saw what they thought to be possibly signs of returning strength and life, and feeling encouraged, they undertook to give encouragement to those around him. But, at twenty minutes past eight o'clock the chariot had stopped at his bedside and he had stepped in and vanished out of their sight, and left us with our questionings and wonderings. And I wonder to-night if the look that the physicians saw upon his face at that time was not the reflection of the chariot which he saw, by the eye of faith or the inner consciousness or whatever it is in us that sees beyond the vision of the human eye, and knew that his warfare was over and his victory won. And I wonder who caught his mantle as it fell.

But I am to speak of Doctor Leavens as a citizen. He was a citizen of Passaic—a citizen of no mean city, we think. And I do not think that I overstep the bounds of temperate speech when I say that he was her foremost citizen. There was no duty of citizenship that he did not perform. He went to the polls and expressed his opinion on the great questions of the day. When called upon he did not hesitate to discharge the duties of public office. We are proud to-day of the public

school system of this city. We love to have men come from a distance, go into our schools and take away our ideas and our thoughts to utilize them in their own homes. The present condition of the schools of this city has grown out of the work that Doctor Leavens did in the School Board years ago. Sometimes he was criticized for what he did, but the results have borne out all that he did, and we are grateful to him to-day for his work in that direction.

But the great work of Doctor Leavens in this community must ever be this Church, which has never had a pastor but him. This is his life work. This will be his monument. You may pile stone upon stone until they pierce the clouds, but this Church will always be his monument. Every member that has come into it from its organization up to the time of his passing away (almost a thousand) has been welcomed into it by the sound of his voice and received by the touch of his hand. Some day you will put his name, in memoriam, upon one of the windows of the Church, possibly over on this west side—I would love to think of it there, where the gorgeous sunsets of the western sky would paint it into beauty and glory, and you could never forget him.

But his work was not alone for this Church. The Young Men's Christian Association of our city bears his marks. To those who have known the inside of the Young Men's Christian Association from its organization until the present time, four men will stand up prominently. They are: A. Swan Brown, William I. Barry, David Carlisle and Doctor Leavens. A. Swan Brown was the locomotive that kept puffing and pushing and pulling and kept the wheels in motion. William I. Barry made it possible to accept the offer of Edo Kip and secure the lot upon which the Young Men's Christian Association building now stands. David Carlisle, with his business tact and ability, gathered together the scattered interests and wove them into brick and mortar and piled them up on Lexington Avenue where they now stand. But, ever present, restraining over-enthusiasm, strengthening and upholding where there was weakness, and stimulating and encouraging when there was depression, in the work, was the voice, the wisdom and the influence of the man we mourn to-night,

Doctor Leavens. His work in the Young Men's Christian Association has been of inestimable value.

In the charitable work of this city Doctor Leavens has always taken a prominent part. The Passaic Home and Orphan Asylum has seen his work and felt the influence of his power from its organization up to the present time, and since the organization of the Advisory Board Doctor Leavens has been Chairman of that Board, and always interested, always wise and always helpful. The Union Benevolent Society was organized before he came to Passaic, but he has taken an active part in it since he came, and his work and his influence have been felt there. The Charity Organization grew out of the desire to make the Union Benevolent Society more useful. The Charity Organization was Doctor Leavens' effort to solve what has always seemed to me to be an insolvable problem—how to help the poor and not to injure them. It has been often said, you can pauperize any man with a loaf of bread. The man who has once eaten the bread of idleness and charity will never again, willingly, eat the bread of industry and effort. They have in what is known as Beggardom, at the lower end of the Bowery in New York, where the city beggars congregate, an adage among themselves, which says, "Once a beggar, always a beggar." I saw only a few days ago in the Saturday Evening Post, told as a true incident, of a man, who had a good business, but left his store one night and locked it without having a nickel in his pocket to pay his car fare home. Not wishing to unlock his store again, he asked some one on the street to give him five cents. It came so easily that he asked afterwards for other five cents, and finally gave up his business and became a regular beggar. It is a difficult problem to solve, but Doctor Leavens has done his part towards its solution.

Last, but not least, of the work that Doctor Leavens has done—last because undertaken later in his life, but not least because heavy upon his heart—was his work for the General Hospital. The financial affairs of that institution have caused him great anxiety. He has made effort after effort to try and induce the people to do more than they had ever done before to sustain that hospital. I may be a heretic. I guess I am. But it seems to me that if we cannot do both, if we

should build less expensive churches and support our hospitals better, our efforts would be more pleasing to God and more helpful to the people. Something has been said in this community, particularly in the public press, about establishing an endowment to be known as the Leavens Memorial Endowment Fund of the Passaic General Hospital. I can think of nothing that the people of this community can do which would please him better, were he where he could see the work, than just such an endowment as would leave the hospital free from the necessity of continual begging for its support. It is very strange to me sometimes why a hospital is so poorly supported, but still, if you stop to think of it, there are good reasons for it. The people do not understand the work of a hospital. They go into the hospital possibly on visiting days, and there see a nice row of clean beds, the counterpanes placed upon them at a perfect angle and the pillows straightened out to a nicety, as the nurses are taught to make them up, and they see pretty girls, becomingly dressed, with white collars, white cuffs and a white apron, and they look upon that as the work of a hospital. That is not the work of a hospital; that is a hospital on dress parade. It has about as much to do with hospital work as our annual firemen's parade has to do with putting out fires and rescuing people and saving property. Go into the hospital in the morning, when the filthy sores have to be dressed and when the soiled bed linen has to be changed; go over into the homes of the poor and see those that lie upon beds of pain and sorrow and languishing in some little room where they cannot get air and where the attendants cannot get to them to care for them, and then see them transferred to the hospital with its comforts and conveniences; or go into some hovel and try to help some mother who is striving in the pains of childbirth on a bed of rags, and then see her transferred to the comforts and the blessings and the conveniences which a hospital can furnish, and you will see something of the reason why Doctor Leavens, who saw all these things, was in favor of, and tried to do so much for, the upbuilding and maintenance of the hospital. Another thing that is so important is the surgical part of the work. There is no possibility of doing in any private home, no matter

how wealthy, what can be done in a hospital in surgical work; it has not the conveniences and the conveniences cannot well be put into a private house. A building must be made purposely for it, and rooms set apart, and expensive paraphernalia installed, before the great work can be done that our hospitals are doing. I tell you the surgical work of the hospital at the present time is an important part of its work. So many deaths from one single disease, appendicitis, do we read about in the papers nowadays; and almost every life that is sacrificed to that disease might be saved by utilizing in time the paraphernalia and the arrangements for that purpose in a well equipped hospital. I could talk longer about the hospital, which Doctor Leavens loved so much and for which he worked so hard.

Dr. Leavens' life was to me like a beautifully cut diamond. Such a diamond has many sides, and every side is polished, and every side reflects light, but after all the real value is in the diamond itself. Doctor Leavens' life had many sides, and every side was a polished side, and every side reflected the light of his Master, but the real value of the life was in the manhood of the man and in the man himself.

You cannot estimate to-day the value, the priceless value, of such a life in a community like this. We think Passaic is a clean city with a clean government and clean people, and it is; and how much Doctor Leavens' life in our midst has had to do with its cleanness no one on this side of the Judgment will be able to tell, but in this day of commercialism and gold, the example of such a man and the personality of such a man, and the influence of such a man upon the youth that are growing up in our community, are priceless treasures which can never be told, teaching them, as it does, that there is something better than wealth, something better even than political power, and that something is Christian character.

Following Dr. Church, the Rev. Dr. Charles D. Shaw, for 30 years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Paterson, spoke of Dr. Leavens as a Presbyterian. Dr. Shaw said:

Dr. Shaw's Address.

“The earliest ecclesiastical relation held by the Rev. Dr. Leavens to the Presbyterian Church in this vicinity was as a member of the Presbytery of Newark, from the year 1867 to the year 1870. The division between Old School and New School was then in existence. The Old School Presbytery of Passaic and the New School Presbytery of Newark divided this neighborhood between them. In Paterson there was an Old School Church, the First, and a New School congregation, the Second. Otherwise, in this region there were but few Presbyterian organizations.

“When the good people of Passaic felt that the time had come to establish a Presbyterian Church in their growing community, their sympathies were with the younger body, and they asked organization at the hands of the Newark Presbytery. Dr. Leavens, then fresh from his theological studies was ordained and installed as pastor, and became a member of the Presbytery of Newark.

“The writer has no personal knowledge of the doings of the next three years, but from his acquaintance with conditions then existing he judges that there was no particular opportunity for a young man and a stranger to make his mark upon that large Presbytery. The powerful churches of the city of Newark, manned by pastors of large ability and wide experience, naturally controlled all legislation and all action, and the voice of a newcomer was seldom heard, and little regarded.

“The spirit of the times, however, was the spirit of reunion, and in the year 1870 the two branches of the church were joined together. This made needful a readjustment of presbyterial and synodical lines. The three counties of Hudson, Passaic and Bergen were classed together as the Presbytery of Jersey City, and all Presbyterian clergymen residing within those limits were required to take their membership in the new Presbytery and to render to it their allegiance and their service.

“Into this Presbytery I came in the autumn of 1874; therefore, I am able to speak from my own personal knowledge of Dr. Leavens as a Presbyter for the past thirty years.

“While he was always faithful in attendance upon Presby-

tery, and always deeply interested in its affairs, there was a long time in which he took no prominent part and laid no claim to especial leadership. This was because, with a modest deference for age and experience, he courteously gave way to older men, at whose feet he was content to sit and whose advice he was willing to follow.

“Yet then, as always, he was attentive, alert, clear-sighted, watchful, having deep and positive convictions; recognized and honored as a wise and faithful supporter of every worthy cause.

“As time went on, and the older Presbyters passed away from duty to glory, Dr. Leavens was more fully recognized as a wise counsellor and a judicious administrator. These qualities were brought into clearest view and widest usefulness when the system of Synodical Home Missions was established and the Synod of New Jersey undertook the support and guidance of all the missionary churches within her borders. From the very beginning Dr. Leavens was a member of the committee having charge of Synodical Home Missions within the borders of this Presbytery, and in that capacity he rendered most excellent service to the cause. During that time he was active, and in a very high degree instrumental, in establishing the church at Garfield and the mission at Dundee.

“The Garfield church had extremely small beginnings. It was organized with a membership of fourteen persons. So dubious was the outlook that the committee was by no means positive as to the wisdom of going forward with the organization. But, largely owing to the courage and hope of Dr. Leavens, the step was taken and the little church was launched upon its feeble life. Many of you here present know how fine a success has been achieved in that field under the faithful shepherding of its present pastor. But the man who, in the face of opposition, weakness and discouragement, opens a door of opportunity and usefulness should not be forgotten in the reckonings of triumph. If, on that night of indecision and trembling, Dr. Leavens had said: ‘Brethren, our wisdom lies in retreating,’ there would have been no Presbyterian church in Garfield to-day. But his voice was for advance, and the forward movement ended in victory.

“The Dundee Mission grew out of the discernment, by the Passaic church and its pastor, of a great and urgent opportunity.

Religious services were established in a rapidly growing and industrial community; a large Sunday-school followed, a congregation was quickly gathered, a building was erected and a pastor installed. Everything flourished for a while, when an unforeseen change set in. The great influx of immigrants from Eastern Europe, speaking foreign languages and mostly holding a different faith, fairly swamped the Dundee church. It was found necessary to sell the building, find another site and erect a new edifice. This rendered inevitable a change of name, and Grace Church of Passaic stands on our roll instead of Dundee. In the good accomplished in that enterprise, from its inception as a mission until the present time, Dr. Leavens had a great share; how great will never be known until the books of eternal record are opened before the great white throne.

“After a few years of faithful and fruitful service upon the Home Mission Committee Dr. Leavens became its chairman. His intense nature then concentrated itself upon the work of aiding and advising old churches and of discovering and occupying new fields for Gospel cultivation.

“Of course, it is to be remembered that as every commanding general has efficient and invaluable help from other officers, so Dr. Leavens was greatly aided by the strong committee of which he was chairman. A leader without followers has little power. Dr. Leavens had brave and faithful followers, and he led them into success. His enthusiasm, his devotion, his holy zeal, his consecrated enterprise and his clear business sense were of the greatest value in the delicate decisions wherein duty to the Presbytery and to the individual congregation had to be weighed and measured and adjusted, so as to do right to all and wrong to none.

“Dr. Leavens never neglected his own congregation while performing his varied duties and carrying his various burdens as a Presbyter. Probably many persons only knew him as the diligent and honored pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Passaic. But every aid-receiving church within our bounds knew and trusted and revered him as a father and a friend in the Lord, to whom they told their troubles and were comforted, and whose strong hand lifted them over the hard places and led them out of dark places into the light.

“The Synod of New Jersey understood his worth and valued

his ability in these directions. At its last meeting, in October, the interests of Synodical Home Missions were readjusted, and Dr. Leavens was virtually placed at the head of the work in the entire State of New Jersey. When he had just reached this top and crown of opportunity for extended usefulness God said: 'It is enough, thou good and faithful servant. Come up higher.' He is gone, and we stand amazed, looking up to heaven.

"Not only in Home Missions, but in Foreign Missions also, Dr. Leavens was one of the best informed persons in our whole church. His interest in this great cause was unflagging.

"The life of Dr. Leavens as a Presbyterian may be thus characterized: He was very faithful and diligent in business, neglecting nothing, forgetting nothing, ever watchful for new opportunities to glorify his Master and to do good to souls; wise in counsel, judicious in action; looking upward, moving onward; a man of God, thoroughly furnished for every good work."

Here the congregation sang the hymn "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," and then the Rev. Joseph Addison Jones, formerly of this city, but now of Perry, N. Y., whom Dr. Leavens called his "son in the ministry," spoke of Dr. Leavens as a friend and pastor. Mr. Jones said:

Rev. Mr. Jones' Address.

"The work of the minister embraces a two-fold sphere; the pulpit and the parish. In the pulpit he is the instructor of his people; in the parish he becomes their pastor and friend, shepherd and father. How efficiently Dr. Leavens filled this pulpit you know well. The note of culture, the legitimacy of Scriptural interpretation, the freshness of thought, the freedom from artificial phrases, the varied forms of expression, the compelling power of noble words and nobler manhood, the glow and flash of the love of Christ in face and eye; these all were characteristic of him as he gave utterance to the truths of the Gospel arousing men and women to higher thinking and holier living. No man could sit under his preaching without receiving intellectual stimulus, moral quickening and spiritual uplift. This church

is a monument, not to a sensational, but to a scholarly and spiritual ministry.

“But the man was back of the preacher. He was such a preacher because he was such a man. Once he told me of the ideal he set before himself at the beginning of his ministry. It was to do everything that would make him the best man and minister; and to lay aside everything that would hinder that end. Being a minister he was not less a man. A student of literature he was also a student of life. A master of books he was also a master of hearts. He was not an ascetic, separating himself from men, breathing the atmosphere of a cloistered retreat. He mingled with men and women in their crowded life, bringing to them the refreshing cheer and solid comfort of a real religion. I have come into contact with many ministers in city and country and I have yet to find another who knew so thoroughly, and ministered so faithfully to his people and parish, as Dr. Leavens. Some hold that the demands of pulpit preparation exempt them from pastoral work. Others delegate to assistants the visiting of the poor and needy, the ministrations to the sick and sorrowing. He never did. Though often urged to allow others to relieve him of some of his pastoral cares, he always refused to entertain the proposition. A call for service from the humblest member of the congregation, or dweller in the city, was to him a call to duty, and his great heart would not permit him to delegate his duty to another.

“To-night I speak as one of you, for he was my pastor and friend as he was yours. Need I recall how lavishly he spent himself for our sakes? He entered into every phase of our life. He rejoiced with us in all our achievements. He mourned with us in all our sorrows. When we were discouraged and depressed he knew just the right word to say to us. If he did not speak we saw his sympathy in his face and that helped us. His fatherly love went out to every child that came into our hearts and homes. And if, suddenly, the crib became empty he stood by our side and we leaned upon him, and we always found him most to us when we needed him most. Paraphrasing the words of another I may fittingly say that every baptism baptised us into closer fellowship, every marriage married us into closer union, every funeral that bore away our beloved dead made stronger the bond of sympathy between us. Many

of you have never known another pastor, you will never know one of kindlier spirit.

“In his sermons he occasionally gave glimpses of his pastoral work. Some years ago in a sermon on ‘The Bread of Life’ he told of calling upon a poor woman whose mind had been affected by the loss of her baby. He described the poverty of the home. Then he showed how much more Christlike it was to relieve the suffering by providing bread for the nourishment of the body, before offering the ‘Bread of Life’ for the strengthening of the soul. He was intensely practical and philanthropic. He was never greater than when ministering without a thought of condescension to some poor member of the community.

“It was my privilege to accompany him at times when he made a first call upon strangers. He would take in the situation at a glance. His opening words would put the people at ease. He would lead the conversation in such a way as to put himself in possession of the facts of the family history, present circumstances and future prospects. When he left the home he would be prepared to serve that family, tactfully and helpfully, in all ways proper to a Christian minister.

“Not only are your homes and offices sacred because of his calls and words there, but that study yonder is a sacred spot to many a soul. There wavering men have found impulse to steadfast life. There wearied and baffled souls have found hope. There men in the stress of business and under the burden of financial responsibility have found strength to be true and patient and brave. There anxious mothers have gone to ask his interest in their sons. There young men passing through the temptations and struggles of college life have unbosomed their secrets and found a warm heart and a helping hand. There some disturbed by doubts have found faith through contact with a great life into which the spirit of God had truly entered.

“But the work of this church was only a part of his pastoral care. People of strange race and alien tongue sought him in their sorrow and found him ever ready to share their burdens. Nothing human was alien to him. He has read the funeral service in squalid rooms filled with people who understood not one word he said, but they could not fail to understand the sincere sympathy revealed in his fine, spiritual face. His door was

open to all who needed his help. He belonged to the people. The advantages of culture and social station which have made smaller men aristocrats only served to broaden his sympathies. He was a master-Christian, reincarnating in high degree the sacrificial spirit of the Christ. He worked for others without a thought of self. His ministry was a ministry of kindness and encouragement and hopefulness. We shall never know the number and range of his labors of love until we reach the land of open vision. I feel that I have spoken more of the work than of the man.

“But in the work the splendid outlines of the man stand revealed. Counted by years his life did not cover the Psalmist’s allotment, but reckoned by its beneficent activities it covers a century and more. For

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

“What a friend he was! There are few nobler words in human language than the words friend and friendship. There are few spheres so difficult to fill as the sphere of friendship. A biographer of Lincoln has said that one of the great president’s most admirable qualities of leadership was his immeasurable capacity for friendship. Any man who united with him in his aim to ‘save the Union’ became his friend. So it was with Dr. Leavens. His attractive personality drew men to him and they yielded to the spell of his frank and true and generous nature. They realized that his purpose was single—to do good in Christ’s name and for Christ’s sake, and that he was not seeking their praise or patronage. So they loved him as a brother and father and followed his leadership. They learned to repose great confidence in him in matters where much wisdom and a strong grasp of facts were required.

“His friendships were not confined to men of mature years. With increasing years his mind and sympathies remained youthful and his circle of friends received constant recruits from among the young. Because of his friendship many of us younger men have found our lives doubled in all the faculties of enjoyment and service. What undeveloped creatures some

of us would have been without that genial touch which enfolded us. Will you permit me here to pay grateful tribute to him who was not ashamed to call me his "son in the ministry." Almost two years ago his hand was laid upon my head in the ordination vows of the Christian ministry. During the previous twelve years he had been my friend and father. Quick to share my aspirations; resourceful in suggestion of ways and means for reaching the desired end; showing his joy at every advancing step; never unduly lavish in praise; always cautious and just in his decisions; in days of struggle giving zest with words of hope; warning to keep steadily in view the chief end of all education and experience, namely, efficient usefulness in the service of the Master. On the night of my ordination among many other words he said: 'Three terms, or propositions, have been axiomatic with us all the way. One is the truth, the vitality and the sufficiency of our Holy Scriptures. Another is the reality and potentiality of sincere prayer to God. Still another the over-brooding and in-dwelling of the ever-present Spirit. In these is the hiding of power. In these is the fountain of life. You will not forsake them; you will surely keep to them. In them is the ground of your own salvation, and in them the living bread which you have to offer others. And now, to bid you go, words fail us, the invention of words fails us, and we fall back on words once spoken to apostles in a thrilling situation, spoken from the lips of the angel of the Lord, and in these borrowed words we bid you, 'Go, stand, and speak to the people all the words of this life. And God be with you to bless you.'

"My personal debt of gratitude to him can never be calculated or expressed. Whenever I mentioned it he would say in his generous manner: 'That was paid on the cross long ago.' Whatever under the guidance and grace of God I may do I lay without reserve at his feet. To me he was a friend indeed and a father beloved. And what he was to me, he was, in other ways, to many another young man. I have spoken of him as I knew him. I can never say such things of another. Oh, that a tithe of what can be said of him might be said of me when I shall have exchanged service here for service yonder. He has gone, but our mourning is turned into praising, because the grace of God made him so good, and because he wrought

so nobly for our welfare. His life was a gift direct from the heart and hand of God, instinct with His power. Let us linger lovingly over his life story. Let us seek to catch inspiration from it. Let us learn from his life what we are to be and do for good on earth.

“Down through our crowded walks and closer air,
O friend, how beautiful thy footsteps were!
'Twas but one step for those victorious feet
From their day's path unto the golden street.”

Following Mr. Jones, the Rev. Leonard W. S. Stryker, pastor of St. John's Episcopal Church, the last speaker of the evening, addressed the congregation on Dr. Leavens as a Christian man and scholar. Mr. Stryker said:

Rev. Mr. Stryker's Address.

“It is a rare privilege to be present on such an occasion as this when we are met together to do honor to the memory of our chiefest citizen.

“And yet, for obvious reasons, it is impossible at this time, or at any number of times, perhaps, to adequately express the meaning of his great life, which to us seemed to touch at so many points the circumference of that circle that marks the outer edge of a full, well-rounded, complete human life. This, and this only, is the cause of the regret I feel as I stand here to-night to do my part as a young friend of an illustrious Christian man.

“Man's life consists of two parts; the external and the internal — that which lies on the surface to be seen of all men, and that which lies hidden in the inner recesses of his being, known only to the man himself and to his God.

“Our knowledge of men, therefore, must be imperfect and partial. Believing that ‘by their fruits ye shall know them,’ we infer that the external or surface life is indicative of the character or real life that lies hidden beneath. How far this estimate of character may be depended upon as a true one, our own experiences teach us. But when we come to consider a specific instance — a life par excellence of nobility and good-

ness, we must admit that this judgment is but a feeble and fragmentary presentation of the truth.

“A great, good man lives so that his right hand does not know what his left hand doeth; in a measure, that is to say, he himself does not know, and certainly does not remember as a small man may, what he is and what good he does. This being true of him whose memory we honor, it seems like an irreverence to attempt to discover the real man.

“Some one in a brief, suggestive essay on ‘Our Unpublished Self’ says: ‘The life of what we call a good man, one who in the main has been dominated and directed by his noblest part, may be compared as to its inner and outer features, with the crust of the earth as related to its interior. The speech, action and general career which we know and admire are the flowers, fruit, and fair scenery of a surface beneath which—beyond our ken—volcanic fires have raged.’ But the time must come when this hidden fire, which is self, must show itself, not, as our figure would lead us to suppose, to spread ruin and desolation, but to make us see its glory, feel its warmth, and be helped by its power. That life, recently ended, shone forth with extraordinary brilliancy and beauty and power in the avenues and streets, in the highways and byways, in the homes of the rich and of the poor of this city, showing us all what it means to be a Christian man.

“But it is not possible to set down at once all the characteristics of a Christian man; they are too numerous, too different, too elusive. Of the many marks of his Christian manhood there are some that seem to stand out from among the rest, and of these I mention two—bigness and gentleness.

“It was said of the late Henry Drummond that his mission was not to be consistent, but true. This need not be taken as a reflection in any way upon a man’s loyalty to his standards or belief. It points rather to a broad culture and a generous estimate of men and things. It points back to the Christ, whose teaching was meant to break down Jewish narrowness and false consistency. How utterly foreign to the Christian manhood of him in whose honor we are met here to-night, was anything that stood for narrowness and smallness. It was his bigness that everyone felt. This characteristic drew men of all conditions and opinions to him. To know him—nay merely to

meet him — was to love him. He was big enough to see and to feel and to meet men of widely different opinions, and to send them away conscious of the fact that they had been in touch with one whose breadth in most cases greatly exceeded their own. That much-abused word ‘catholic’ seems to have a real meaning when we think of his spirit.

“And then gentleness. *Poeta nascitur, non fit.* If it is true that the poet is born, not made, so I believe it to be true that the true gentleman is born, not made. It is not something that may be regarded as the result of education and environment. It is not something that may be acquired. Into the bone and fibre of his being it enters as the life-blood into his body. So was he — let us separate the word — a gentle man. Not a whit weak and vacillating, but gentle and tender because he was so big and strong. Both in his private and public life this trait was conspicuous. One who could not see, perhaps, as others, his bigness, could note this. True gentleness can be seen by the child, who cannot grasp the meaning of the expression — a catholic-minded man. Gentleness was born in him, and in his mature manhood it blossomed like a flower of rare fragrance and beauty.

“In that home which he adorned this, as I happen to know, was seen in many ways. In his life as a husband and father, in his conception of life in the home, in his conduct as one of the family, and not as its head, this side of his Christian manhood was known in its fullness. And when he came out into the world, where we knew him best, he was not different. Everywhere he went, the gentle man was seen. Quiet, not reserved, dignified, not distant, gentle, not weak, he entered into that larger family life of the city, giving to it freely and constantly of the wisdom and the gentleness with which God had so richly endowed him. Because of all this simple greatness of character we need not hesitate to say that we remember him as one who deserves in a real sense the name of father.

“I have felt all along that there are many others who are better qualified than I am to speak of him as a Christian man, and I am more than ever convinced of this when I come to speak of him as a scholar. In the nature of things, many know more of his intellectual equipment, because of a longer and more intimate acquaintance with him.

“The word scholar stands for two things — the learner and the learned. The man to be known as a scholar must have been, and must always be, a learner. Solid and enduring foundation stones must first be laid upon which to rear the building. No lasting structure can be raised without this support. It is something, then, to be able to turn back to the early years of preparation for his lifework, and to mark in the record which his own hand has left us the value he placed upon his school, college and seminary life, and to learn from other sources the remarkable showing he made therein. There seems to have been little waste of time then, and those years of study were not all of them passed amid ease and comfort. That work bore its fruit in later years. We who knew him in his mature life were made to feel, not only the presence of these foundation stones, but to see the breadth and strength of the building that rested upon them. He was keen, original, a student always, and able to discuss — by no means a usual thing—doctrinal and ecclesiastical matters intelligently and accurately with those whose special training, theologically at least, was different from his own. I am not able to state in what special subjects he may have been a finished scholar, but I know that the accuracy and varied character of his learning were such as to impress one with the depth and breadth of his scholarship. Many can bear witness to this. One could not feel that he was unfamiliar with anything that was worthy of note. In the realm of pure theology, in the sphere of modern Biblical research and criticism, in all departments of religious thought, he was not found wanting. Nor was it a superficial knowledge he betrayed in any of these things; it was a knowledge that comes to a man of large intellectual calibre, who has spent his life as a student, storing away in an unusual mind the result of his careful, accurate work.

“Yes, his was an unusual mind. And without this gift, all the years of studious habits could not have produced the scholar he was. It was his mental equipment that made him a man of such rare judgment.

“His broad scholarship enabled him to weigh small things and large in a way that a man of less learning could not have done. And so his judgment was rarely at fault: and, if I needed any counsel upon any subject I knew where I

could find, not only an attentive ear, but a man who could see further, probe deeper and reach a logical conclusion more quickly than any other man I have ever known.

“Any estimate of the man as I knew him must include bigness of heart and breadth of scholarship, coupled with gentleness and depth. But these qualities show us, I believe, that he had felt a finer touch than the best the world or man can give. They tell us above all things that he knew Christ. And what is the knowledge of Christ? It is not historical, merely, or doctrinal, or intellectual, but personal. The difference between the spiritual and personal knowledge and all other kinds of knowledge of a person is as wide as that between acquaintance-ship and friendship. Speaking of this difference, a recent writer says that ‘it may be said roughly to consist in this, that whilst the intellectual knowledge of the facts about our friend tells us what he has been and is to others, the spiritual knowledge tells us what he is to us. The one is hearsay, the other is personal experience.’ He had long since discovered this difference, and to-day we speak of him as a Christman — a stronger term, perhaps, at this moment, than Christian.

“We all acknowledge what a blessing this great life has been to us. Let us also remember how near at one time in his life that blessing came to be given to others. The truth is, we never might have known him. How much more then ought we to appreciate it now. He longed to spend his life in the missionary field, and he shaped his life accordingly. But through no fault of his own this had to be given up. He was also offered a work that appealed to him strongly in another way — a place in the faculty of his own university. Again, it was not his fault that this also came to naught. It seemed that God had other work for him, and in his own characteristic way he records his experience at this time in his life, and his purpose to do the work to which God should call him. So he came to this city.

“Human life is measured by its quality, not by its quantity. It is what a man is, not his age, that counts. Much the same thing can be said of good men, of young and mature years. You have asked me to speak of Dr. Levens. I cannot say more. From my heart I know that he whom we loved was big

and gentle, broad and charitable, self-sacrificing and devoted, pure and blameless.”

The hymn, “For All Thy Saints, Who From Their Labors Rest,” was then sung, after which prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. A. H. Ball, pastor of the Congregational Church. The choir then rendered a second anthem, Foster’s “The Souls of the Righteous,” after which the congregation was dismissed with benediction by the Rev. Mr. Young.

The Limitation and Extent of the Preacher's Commission.

JER. I, 6.

(FIRST SERMON AFTER ORDINATION.)

PASSAIC, N. J., Jan. 19, 1868.

Jer. i:6, 7. "Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I can not speak; for I am a child."

"But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak."

These are the words of Jeremiah and Jehovah. They contain his response to the call of the Lord to him to be a prophet. The terms of the call go just before. There are some noteworthy statements in that call. First, there is a remarkably clear statement of the sovereign working of God in man's creation. Then there is a remarkably clear expression of the fore-knowledge of God. "Before I formed thee * * * I knew thee." And finally there is a remarkably clear statement of the fore-knowledge of God in respect to the character and duties of this man. "Before thou camest forth * * * I sanctified thee and ordained thee a prophet unto the nations."

These august statements of God constituted Jeremiah's call to the office of a prophet. It has been conjectured that this call came to him while very young, because he says, "Ah! Lord God! behold I cannot speak; for I am a child." Probably, however, his calling himself a child does not indicate extreme youthfulness but expresses his consciousness of weakness. The office of a prophet was no easy one. Jeremiah was acquainted with the sufferings and the tragic fate of the prophets since the days of Samuel. He shrank from following in their footsteps, and he besought the Lord to excuse him. But the Lord replied: "Say not I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak."

I take the example of Jeremiah to be a vivid example of the call and commission of a true minister of God. He is fore-known of God before he is created and fore-ordained to his office before he is born. When his duty is made known to him every true candidate for the ministry I suppose shrinks from the work. To talk to men perpetually of their duty; to denounce sin; to warn of danger; to exhort; to entreat incessantly,—is not an office to be desired.

Then every true minister is driven by the charge of Jehovah, —Thou art My servant and “thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee,” and “whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak.” For him who has consecrated himself unreservedly to the service of Jehovah there is no escape from this solemn obligation laid upon him.

Now, although I have read so large a section, I propose to be restricted to the last clause,—“Whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak.” The theme which I derive from the language is the Limitation and Extent of the Commission of the Preacher.

Its Limitation.

He is to speak what God commands him. I can see in fancy the ancient prophet, moving from place to place and waiting from day to day for a message directly from God to deliver to the people to whom he is sent. Through immediate inspiration he received his theme and the substance of his discourses. O, happy office compared with that of the preacher to-day—to receive Jehovah’s truth and Jehovah’s word directly from Heaven into his soul and pour them forth unchanged and unstudied into the ears of the people!

But far different and far less simple is the office of the modern preacher.

He is still limited to God’s commands, but God’s commandments no longer come to him through immediate inspiration. They are locked up in the sacred volume. The modern preacher assumes and believes that the Holy Bible is a revelation from God. It is a finished revelation. It contains God’s will and commandments. Whatsoever is in the Holy Scriptures that shall he speak. He is limited to this volume of inspiration, of written revelation.

Let us consider then what subjects of discourse are shut out of the preacher's field. The world is full of themes for public discussion.

There is the broad expanse of history of which men may write or speak. Mankind has been on earth for many thousand years. Countless nations have risen and fallen. Grand wars have been carried on. Notable characters have come forward. Great ideas have been advanced and defended. The chronicles of humanity for thirty centuries are crowded with achievements in arts and arms, triumphs of war and peace, themes for the painter and poet, for the historian and the orator. He who will enter the domain of secular history may find enough to write of and to talk of. But this is not the region where God's specific commandments are found. It is not, therefore, the place for the preacher. His commission shuts him out from that boundless expanse. He may not go into secular history for his themes or the material of his discourses.

Science in this age has opened a vast field of knowledge. Astronomy has pierced the heavens. Geology has penetrated the earth. Anatomy has laid bare every tissue of the body. Chemistry will analyze every grain of matter. The subtle agencies of electricity and magnetism have been caught and conquered. The powers of air and water, of steam and lightning, and almost all natural forces have been discovered by science and made tributary to man. The microscope and the telescope and an hundred curious instruments are prying into the secrets of nature. In short, science has brought out subjects for most enthusiastic study, themes of absorbing interest for writers and fit to awaken eloquent orators. In witness of this remember the brilliancy of the lectures of the lamented astronomer Mitchell. But, though God is in all the regions of science, the specific commandments of God are not there to be found. Therefore, this is not the domain of the preacher. His commission excludes him. He must not go to science for themes of discussion or for doctrines to deliver to men.

Philosophy has her empires, vaster, she claims, and richer far, she claims, than those of science or of history. Men, indeed, who are engaged in commerce, mechanical trades or agriculture have little to do directly with pure philosophy. What to them are the theories of Plato or Aristotle, or the profound speculations of

Leibnitz, Descartes or Kant, men of whom they never heard? What are the opinions of Lord Bacon or John Locke? What care they for the methods of German schools, French schools, Scotch or English schools of philosophy? What even to the mass of Christian men and women are the more philosophical theologians? What are Augustin, or the school-men, or Calvin? And yet these deep thinkers of the race, hidden in their cloisters and buried in their books, do more to shape the minds of all of us than we are aware; for though dead, yet through their writings they mould the minds of the medium men who mould the minds of common men. Dry and barren as may seem to you the writings of these abstruse philosophers, when by chance you look into their dusty books, yet to the scholarly man they present a fat and verdant pasture to which he yearns with all his heart. "O give me leave," he says, "to shut myself up with these immortal thinkers of the ages past."

But philosophy contains not in her rich empire the specific commandments of Jehovah. Therefore, the preacher is excluded from this field also. However congenial to his own mind such studies might be, he must not seek in dry philosophy for the themes or the material of those discourses which he presents to men in the mass. His commission shuts him out from this domain.

Aesthetics, poetry and other forms of polite literature; painting, sculpture and many branches of fine arts, unfold much that is beautiful and true and elevating to humanity. A cultured mind delights to roam in these pleasant fields and gather to itself not merely fair flowers but also nourishing fruit. But in no field of aesthetics do you find the specific commandments of God. Aesthetics, therefore, cannot be the preacher's source of themes or doctrines.

So then neither in History, or Philosophy, or Aesthetics does the preacher find the ground on which he can stand and speak authoritatively. He is excluded from all these by the terms of his commission.

I do not say that the preacher should know nothing of these realms of human learning. Far from it. As an intellectual and scholarly man he may traverse them to their boundaries. He cannot lay up too vast treasures of human lore. Let him be educated in all departments to the fullest extent. Neither do I

say that he is never to use any part of this accumulated learning, if he be so fortunate as to gain it. He will use it every day. It is that which enlarges his mind; which gives him power to grasp the themes of religion; skill to reduce them to statements, and facility in presenting them to the minds of men. Then, too, he may draw upon all the stores of learning that he can lay up for illustrations of religious subjects, examples of the value of religion, and reasons by which to enforce it upon those to whom he speaks.

The limitation lies in this, that the preacher must find his themes and his substance of doctrine in some field or mine entirely separate from any domain of learning purely human. That is, as we have said, in the volume of the Holy Scriptures. The faithful preacher of religion is shut up to this book. He exalts the Bible above all human learning. He believes it to contain more important truths. He is assured that it contains more authoritative dogmas. He implicitly takes it as the Word of God.

God is, in a manner, in History, in Science, in Philosophy and Art so far as they are true. But all these have an admixture of human error. God speaks in the Bible, and it contains only pure truth. Whatsoever the Word of God says, that the preacher is commissioned to speak. His commission extends not a whit farther.

Having spoken now of the limitations of the preacher's commission we go on to speak of its extent.

It extends to the whole of the Sacred Scriptures. Do not imagine that we suppose him to be fenced in to a stinted field. We shall attempt to show that permission to study and to proclaim all that is in God's written word gives him ample area.

We said in speaking of the limitations of his commission that he is shut out of the regions of secular history. But the Bible presents a long line of history more venerable than any contained in the books of men from which he is not excluded. He has what is contained in no other books—the history of the Creation, the Flood and the dispersion of tongues. He has the story of the call of Abraham; the rise of the Hebrew people; the escape from Egypt; the wandering in the wilderness; the kingdoms of Israel and Judah; the captivity and the restoration. He has then the history of the Son of God upon earth and the

career of the apostles. This long, though narrow field of History—shaped like the river Nile—is also, like that valley, exceedingly fertile. It abounds with themes and materials which the preacher may use freely. It is History which he is bound to use, for it is the record of that portion of the action of our race in which God has come into contact with men. Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Isaiah, Jesus of Nazareth and the Apostles were organs through whom Jehovah made known His Will. All that pertains to them and their associates must be set before men in all ages, because it contains the elements of religion. Their characters must be portrayed because they were moulded, as it were, by the hand of God, or were developed under special divine influences.

Such events as the destruction of Sodom; the deliverance from Egypt; the conquest of Canaan; the desolation of Jerusalem and the bondage in Babylon, must be set forth by the preacher, because the finger of God may be seen in them as in no other events past or current.

Sacred history abounds in miracles. It is almost a series of miracles. The plagues of Egypt; the opening of the Red Sea; the life in the desert; the conquest of Jericho, and numberless other events are miracles of God which must be kept fresh in the memories of men in this skeptical and materialistic generation.

This history reveals the working of supernatural agents. Angels are frequent in the story. Prophets, or men endowed with superhuman powers, are prominent.

But of more importance than all else is the fact that the Bible presents the history of Jesus Christ, the Son of God among men. Here is an inexhaustible theme for the preacher. It is noticeable that the Bible alone sets forth this marvellous narrative. No uninspired man of ancient times was permitted to do what unbelieving men of our day have dared; that is, to write the life of Jesus Christ.

All the records of His history are in the books of the four evangelists. Into that narrow compass, as into a nutshell, are condensed the miracles, parables, sermons, sufferings and all the actions of our Lord Jesus. It is the business of the preacher to shed upon these germs all the light of contemporaneous history, of antiquities and geography, and bring forth that won-

derful life in such natural and complete pictures that men and women of these late ages shall be led to sympathize with and love that Man of sorrows who came down from Heaven. Has the preacher skill to paint scenery? Let him tell us of the charming landscape visible from Nazareth, of the beautiful sea of Galilee, of the dark garden of Gethsemane, of the doleful appearance of Calvary when the Cross stood there, or of the mild and wonderful view at Bethany when Jesus ascended in the clouds.

Is he quick to divine character? Let him lay open to us the mind of Nicodemus while the Saviour talked with him by night; or of the woman of Samaria; or of Peter, of John, or of Judas.

That life of Jesus is a study for the acutest mind and suggests abundant themes for thoughtful, pathetic, or eloquent discourse.

So you see that this single volume opens a vast field of history and biography for the preacher to use.

He is permitted, yea, he is bound to enforce all the moral inculcations of the Word of God. They are found in the stern statutes of Sinai; they are detected in the wild, or in the plaintive psalms of David; they gleam like lightning in the denunciations of the undaunted prophets; they lie as plain types on snow-white paper in the words of Christ; they are cut into maxims as with a pen of diamond in the writings of the apostles.

The Bible is full of statements of ethical duties. What a man owes to his fellow-man, when sick or when well, when poor or when rich, in business or in society; what the husband owes to the wife or the wife to the husband, the parent to the child or the child to the parent; the master to his servant, and the servant to his master; the debtor to the creditor, and the creditor to the debtor; the citizen to the ruler, and the ruler to the citizen—duties to the aged and to the children, the distressed, to the enslaved, to the ignorant and the erring—all these moral obligations are set forth in the Bible in many forms. These are proper themes for the preacher. He may discourse on justice, on equity, on liberty, on charity, on generosity, on benevolence, on magnanimity, on obedience to rightful authority, on the care of the aged,

on the training due to the young. Those principles of peace, order, and virtue, which hold society together and keep it pure, are matter concerning which God in His Word gives commandment and of which the preacher must speak.

In speaking of the extent of the preacher's commission we rise now to that which is of paramount importance. He is permitted and is under obligation to set forth those supernatural doctrines which are found only in the Word of God. Sacred history is akin to secular history; moral duties are partially learned from human systems of ethics; but the supernatural doctrines of the Bible have no analogy. They are revealed from Heaven. They are higher than human thought unaided can ascend. The peculiar and most honorable sphere of the preacher is in the field of supernatural doctrine. Rightly to set forth the true doctrine of God and His government; of the apostasy and sin of man; of incarnation and redemption through the blood of Christ; of resurrection, judgment, and a future state—rightly to set forth these doctrines, I say, is the preacher's highest duty. Here rests his most solemn responsibility. The pondering of these doctrines is that which should rack and wear and tear his mind. Oh, who will assume the responsibility of rising up before his fellow-men and declaring who and what God is; how fearful is an alienation from Him by reason of sin, and how desperate our eternal future without aid. Who, then, will venture to sound the depths of the Godhead to bring forth the Son of the Father and show Him born of a woman to become the Saviour of the world? Who will explain how the death of Christ on the cross atones for all sin; and how He who once went among men has risen to a seat at God's right hand in Heaven, where He now intercedes for us? Who will undertake to win depraved men to that Saviour, and to faith in the ineffable doctrines, by the persuasive powers of human speech? "Ah! Lord God, I cannot speak, for I am but a child!"

The preacher though shut up to this single volume has yet the vastest field when you measure it by the magnitude of those themes which it is his chief duty to expound.

He is commanded to speak of God. What larger theme can there be? He is to declare His justice, His sovereignty, His holiness. He is to maintain the strictness of His moral

government, and the severity of His punishment of the wicked. He is to warn men how fearful a thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God.

Then he is to show the way of His mercy through Jesus Christ, the fulness of His love, and the tenderness of His compassion. Oh, who understands God with sufficient clearness to make Him the subject of discourse after discourse before intelligent and thinking men!

The preacher is commanded to speak of sin. The Word of God represents us as an apostate and lost race. Mankind is penetrated by sin as by a fatal poison: The faithful preacher must take up the theme. He must uncover the enormity of transgression against the Holy One. He must charge upon the consciences of men their individual and personal guilt. He must reiterate the threatenings of the Almighty against the obdurate sinner. He must sound an alarm to signify the danger of dying in sin! Oh, who knows the depravity of the human heart; who will explain the mystery of sin? Rather who will so show us our sinfulness that we shall be ready to flee to the Redeemer?

The preacher is commanded to explain the central fact and doctrine of evangelical religion, viz., the incarnation of the Son of God; that He existed with all the prerogatives and powers of God long ere this world was made; that in His brief life among men He assumed our nature in order to accomplish our deliverance from sin. He must defend His true divinity. He must declare His resurrection, ascension, and present exaltation. He must explain His offices as creator, redeemer, intercessor, and final judge. Oh, what a boundless theme is that of the incarnation!

The preacher is commanded to unfold the doctrine of redemption. Maintaining the justice and severity of God, he must also maintain His mercy; and he must show how that mercy is manifested most completely and most gloriously in the system of redemption through the crucifixion of His Son. The death of Jesus Christ is a perfect, a divinely ordained, way of salvation. Those sufferings on the cross were an expiation for our sins. He who comes unto God humbly trusting in the merit of Jesus Christ shall be saved. This doctrine the preacher must not only proclaim, but defend against the ques-

tionings of sincere skeptics and the railings of malignant foes.

The preacher is commanded to forewarn men of the facts of a resurrection, judgment, and future life. These events lie in the inscrutable future. No human speculation or research has found them. God has told us of them. These are, in the strictest sense, revealed truths. No man dare utter an opinion concerning them beyond what he reads in God's book. Just what God has said may the preacher say. He may speak in different words indeed. But he may not express a thought which he does not discern in the Bible; neither may he withhold a thought which he finds there.

The preacher is commanded to speak of the worlds to come.

* * * * *

So it appears, I say, when you measure the preacher's commission by the greatness of those themes which he is required to study and unfold, especially when you regard those grand supernatural doctrines, that his scope is ample and the demands upon him are enough for all his powers.

The preacher's foremost duty is to be a student of the Holy Scriptures.

I would remark upon the labors of a minister in this department of his work. God has been pleased to give us His word at the hands of many authors, from Moses to St. John. Some of it is in the form of history; some in poetry; some, prophecy; narrative, parable, sermon, or even doctrinal disquisition, like some of the epistles. Unquestionably this is the best form for a revelation. It makes a book suitable for casual reading by a child or a man, by a sinner or a saint. But it makes a book which requires profound and critical study at the hands of a theologian. For common reading we open our English Bible, but he whose desire has been awakened to know that book to its depths will not be satisfied till he weighs every word of the original Greek and Hebrew. I speak now of an ideal. Imagine yourself, then, sitting down to your Bible in two unspoken and difficult languages, surrounded with dictionaries of antiquities, and maps of ancient countries, with the purpose to fix the date and place of each event; to probe each text and each word in the whole volume; to bring together all that bears on each doctrine; to reduce all the ideas of revelation into a harmonious system, the whole of which you

could defend and each part of which you could discourse upon with confidence—and you have an impression of the duty of a Biblical student. The foremost duty of the preacher is to be such a student of the Bible. The best hours of his day are due to this work. The best energy of his mind should be thrown into that labor. If he be not constant to this study, he is not fit to stand before the people. Other duties I know he has—many. But first of all he should be a scholarly, profound, thoughtful student of the Word of God. That book contains what God commands, and what God commands is all that he is authorized to speak.

If ever you find a minister who strives after that ideal, you are bound to listen to him, not for his words but for God's Word. Should he chance, rarely or often, to be eloquent, that is nothing. Should he possess personal qualities, that is nothing. What he is truly estimable for is that he stands as a kind of organ through which the Word of God is spoken.

When on a serene morning awakens a camp of gay cavaliers and summons them to a day of parade and pageantry, and they spring with alacrity to their duties, shouting congratulations and praises, they do not send their salutations to the instrument that aroused them, but to the general at whose command it was sounded. When another morning a bugle startles a camp of weary horsemen from their half-finished sleep, and calls them to battle, carnage, and death, if they murmur or repine it is not at the instrument that summoned them, but at the general by whose orders it was sounded.

So a faithful minister who brings his message from the Holy Scriptures would choose to be regarded as no more than an instrument, not worthy in any case to receive praise, nor (if he is faithful to God's Word) amenable to blame. He is an instrument. And whatever response his message may awaken must be addressed unto God, by whose commandment he has spoken. Always look beyond the human messenger to the divine message which he brings. When he speaks Jehovah's Word and your heart responds, respond unto God. The prophet speaks only what God commands. If ye hear, answer ye then unto God. Ye have to do with Him and not with His servant. Unto Him, Most High, be all your praises, and honors, and thanks, and service.

And to Him be glory now and forever.

Sentences from a sermon on "DESIRABLE CHARACTERISTICS FOR OUR CHURCH," the first sermon in the Church-edifice on River Street (Park Place); July 23, 1871.

Bible-study.—“We want a congregation in which every member shall be interested in God’s Book.” “The minister in this matter should be chiefly a leader. He is different from any other intelligent member of the congregation only in that he is able to give more time and exclusive attention to Biblical study.”

Benevolence.—“Our theory is that giving in the Church should not be regarded as a hardship but a pleasure.” “Our aim will be to make the benevolences of the Church systematic and then cultivate the giving spirit. We should be sorry to hear any member of this congregation complaining about what the Church costs him. Let him refuse to give rather than give and make it a matter of subsequent lamentation.”

Education.—“When the schools of this town were much below what they are now, we said that we believed in education, and we say it again now. Any measure that will tend to elevate the standard of education in the community or to widen the influence of our schools will find in this people, I trust, out-spoken and zealous supporters.” “We should be proud to raise up liberally educated men and women for the next generation, young men that shall take college honors and young women that shall become proficient in advanced studies.”

Moral questions.—“I believe that we are bound to deal with concrete evils and not merely with sin in the abstract.” “There is no more flagrant evil in society around us than intemperance. I understand this Church to be free to fight that evil. We are probably not a unit as to the ways and means; but we are undoubtedly a unit in our strong opposition to the drinking habits of the day, and we are sufficiently tolerant to allow the question of methods for counteracting the evil to be freely discussed and tried.”

As to the children.—“We accept the theory of our Church in regard to children to the fullest extent. We rest upon the promise of the blessings of religion not only upon us, but also upon our children and our children’s children.” “We renounce the old-fashioned notions of austerity toward children. We

believe that the best thing you can do toward a boy is to like him." "We do not admit any other feeling toward children but love. We love them when they laugh and when they cry; when they are good and when they are bad; when they help us and when they make trouble—always." "Our happiest duty, our liveliest pleasure, our purest satisfaction shall be to help the children in their helpless years, to win their hearts, to show them the excellence of a good life, to bring them up to stand by our sides as full, equal, and honored members of the Church."

Influence.—"I hold this to be a sound rule, namely, when you have done your duty by a man, in the circumstances where you providentially meet him—YOUR DUTY in the full and generous sense which Christianity implies—you have attained the maximum of influence with him. I know people sometimes think that a little flattery, a little cajolery, a little excess of attention, will add to your influence, but I do not believe it. You may gain for the moment, but there will follow a reaction in which you will lose five points for every one that you have gained." "Do right by a man to the best of your ability. Deal fairly with him. Show him all proper courtesy and kindness. Respect his peculiarities. Talk with him in regard to religion when the subject comes in naturally. Do not feel bound to drag it in. Stand before him always in the fulness of your Christian manhood, ready at any moment to do anything in your power to forward him in respect to religion, and you may believe that under God's secret guidance you will do most and best for his good." "Influence proceeds more from a man's behavior than from his words."

"It should be added, however, that there are those toward whom we should be more aggressive. These are the vicious, the exceedingly poor, those who from one cause or another are down in life. We must go to them; make them feel that we are their friends; enforce kindness upon them. But even this must be done with great respect."

From a sermon on "GRATITUDE AND COURAGE" (Acts 28, 16), preached at the end of ten years. Dec. 31, 1876.

"To look back upon it seems the height of hardihood to have started in a Church enterprise without a dollar; without building or land, or even the implements of worship." "Say nothing of the intervening years; say nothing of the efforts, of the trials, of the mistakes, of the disappointments, of the hopes deferred that make the heart sick; pass by it all and see here to-day a well organized Church of a hundred and fifteen or more communicants, a thrifty congregation possessing more elements of strength than it uses, a serviceable House of Worship, an independent and well-sustained Sunday School, and all the appliances of divine service." "Whatever has been accomplished in these ten years has been done by straightforward and laborious, as distinguished from easy or speculative methods." It "leaves the congregation to-day not strained, not exhausted. Every man, woman and child is as fresh for Christian work as he was ten years ago to-day."

"We are developed into a Church with no specialty." "Not the Church of a class; not of the rich, because they are rich, or of the poor because they are poor; not of the fashionable as fashionable, or of the unfashionable because unfashionable."

"Just what you want for future enlargement is to be represented now in every corner of the town, and every branch of employment and every grade of society."

* * * * *

"Let the future be approached with courage and with energy. Above all other desires that have a right to occupy our hearts here this hour, it is desirable that the Church of God succeed. We have no personal ends in this place which cannot stand aside for the sake of the Church. It will be a great relief if you will allow me to say that the remark is true of no one more than myself. I have a profound interest in this particular Church as the enterprise upon which, in its adverse days, I was moved to stake my ability and my honor. But I have ceased to have apprehension in regard to it. * * * I am aware that ten years is as long a period as a man is likely to serve one Church, especially if it be his first; well aware also of advantages that may come to a Church from a change of

pastors. I have no desire to hold my position for a day longer, except as it may be for the advantage of the Church; and you may be sure that in the future always I shall endeavor to keep my own affairs in such shape that it should never become for my personal interest or my personal pleasure an object to retain the pastorate of this Church beyond the day when it shall seem to your judgment advantageous for the Church itself." "The ten years of life which are hidden in the foundations of this enterprise are my joy and rejoicing, whether the remaining service may be longer or shorter."

A Struggling Aspiration; from a sermon on "THE WELFARE OF OUR CHURCH" (Matt. 13, 12). Preached Oct. 9, 1881.

"What 'hath' this our Church? What is its present capital?—supposing it were to claim the rule,—To him that hath shall be given?"

"It has a capable body of members. They number, according to the roll, one hundred and fifty, just one-half a complete Church." "We have organization. It means more and takes longer to acquire than one thinks." "We have a precious Sunday School. This School and our many Christian homes stand around the Church, and are the source of perpetual recruits and additions." "We have a valuable property. Those who know what it is to belong to a Church that has NOTHING will not under-estimate what our advantage is to have THIS."

"How to 'have more abundantly'? In other words, what is the way for us to come up to be a full-sized, sub-urban Church?"

"I will give you my reasoning. We are here to-day a Church that was formed in the name of Christ in good faith. The original members have held to the body more than is usually the case. Death has taken some, but on the whole has been lenient in demands. Pastor and people have held to each other through all vicissitudes. Work thus undertaken and so tenaciously adhered to, has a right to expect, under the blessing of God, absolute success." * * * "I declare before you to-day that the rest of my ministry with this people, be it long or short, I hold before my mind the aspiration that the Presbyterian Church of

the City of Passaic shall go up to be the peer of the complete Churches in the towns around New York. I will be content with no other goal. I ask all the brave men and women of the congregation to put the aspiration before their minds, too. And let us as Christian workers consecrate ourselves to that end, hanging upon Christ's word,—“To him that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance.”

“We must put it in position so that at our dying hour we can say that we gave ourselves to God in that enterprise, and we never slacked until we had proved Him and His best word, and had brought it to a success triumphant and glorious to His name.”

A Forecast, with Nothing in Sight; from a sermon on “THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.” Preached on the last Sunday before vacation, July 13, 1884.

“The consecrated Church Edifice is the House of God. The sentiment is too valuable to be discarded. The Church is a sacred place, and, if kept sacredly, has an educating power. Herein is one of the charms of the English Church of which so much is said in our literature. It is an architectural structure. Some man of artistic sense designed it; it is choicely located; green lawns lie about it, and trim hedges fence it in; its walls are of durable stone; ivy has climbed the sides and covered the tower; a chime of bells sounds out on Sabbath morn. Within, the eye is pleased and rested; the light is softened by the stained windows; pulpit, communion table, baptismal font, and all other appliances are set with studied taste; the organ seems part of the building, and its notes blend with the scene. Who has not pictured to himself such an English Church, a part of the English landscape, and, in another view, an indispensable factor in English life and society? What educating influence it has over the generations which resort to it! The 84th Psalm seems made for it—

“How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!
A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand!”

“But an English Church can no more be transferred to American soil than nightingales can be imported and acclimated. Each community must have sanctuaries after its own general character.”

“Every one who feels that his life is guided of God ought to honor the situation in which himself is placed. By such a rule I am bound to magnify sub-urban life. And why not? There is not, on this continent surely, any rival to New York as a commercial center. And the work of every one of us revolves within its sphere. Of New York’s suburbs there are a few that are richer than Passaic, because richer men have gone out to them; but there are many more that are poorer. For all the elements, in fair combination, that go to make up a thrifty, promising, home-like and refined suburb, there are not many places around New York better than has this come to be where we live.”

“Since the first of May, when we paid off the debt on this building, I have queried much whether I should every say anything more about Church development in the city of our homes or should not stop short. And yet I think I must set up an ideal of a suburban Church for future aspirations to hang upon. I do not think I can stop short.”

“The site is a little way up yonder, where they look from second-story windows over a fine, broad landscape; and the avenues are receiving macadam. The structure is of stone, and an architect of established reputation designed it to suit the site. It is not vast; its interior will seat six hundred people when quite full. Its school room (which is not a basement) will accommodate three hundred, or perhaps a few more, teachers and scholars. Externally it affords repose and joy to the eye that rests upon it. Within, it is chaste and simple, but studied, compact, harmonious and complete. It is a benediction to enter it, so exactly does it fulfil the longings of a cultivated mind for amiable courts of the Lord. The bit of tiling in the vestibule, the genuine color in the windows, the soft tone of the organ, the tints on the wall, all harmonize, so that the worshipper has nothing around him to blame for distraction, but may let his heart go at once to the adoration of God Who fills the House. Then the grass-plot around, and the shrubs and flowers, will break the fall when he comes out from the sanctuary into the

rough world. Do I see all this in fancy, and imagine ourselves transferred from this thereto?"

"But there is a man given to hard calculations who knocks me over with the question: 'How are you going to bring about such a change?' The same would have said to David, 'How are you going to build your Temple on this rock of the Jebusites?' Yet his ideal was realized. And so may mine be if you will make it yours."

"We must always have something ahead to do. We are set in a growing community and we must keep up. We must keep ideals before our eyes. Could I direct events I would have Ladies' Aid Society and Young People's Guild work on just as heretofore. I would have them hoard money. Make the pile a hundred, then five hundred, then a thousand dollars, and so on. I would have men watch property; and by and by, I am sure, there would come a chance, with some hundreds of dollars in hand to secure some charming site on which a beautiful Church might be expected to stand to advantage for a century. The site secured, and perhaps paid for, some other changes would be ripe which would enable us to dispose of this property where we are, and turn the avails into a new structure. The future is full of possibilities. What we want is a fine ideal; then faith and persistence."

"Does some one say: 'Don't talk it to me; I've had enough, and I'm tired?' Very well; if you are tired, lie back and rest; let me talk this to the young men. Here they are, settled citizens of this city, making fortune more or less, with life rather before than behind them. They want to do something for God. Let them undertake the problem of transferring this Presbyterian Church of Passaic into that larger place and that finer condition which will make it equal to the ideal of a suburban Church. We will give them ten years for it, if necessary; though eight would be preferable, and five would be far better. All this for an aim in the distance." * * *

From a sermon on "THE IDEAL CHURCH EDIFICE," preached July 12, 1885.

"At times, of course, the problem of Church-building is perplexing." * * * "But the future of Passaic is clearer than it was eighteen years ago. We may put our minds to the question: What is the right idea of a Church edifice for this suburban city? and feel that we have the elements tangible at last."

"It should be refined. It should meet the demands of people who go in and out of a great city, see stately buildings, frequent art galleries, are often in music halls, and have hitherto worshipped in metropolitan churches."

"It should be choicely located. By and by it becomes clear to all where a church MIGHT stand with most noble effect."

"It should be of itself educating. Remember our children. Its preaching, its music, its social influences, and then, too, its architecture, its surroundings and its appearance do have a marked effect upon them every day."

"The elements (these and others) can be laid out. To my handling they yield but one conclusion. It is that this congregation should put before its mind the ideal of a choice suburban Church and work straight toward it. * * * Eliminate all idle fancies, all mere ambitions, all faithless fears. Get down to a simple, chaste, refined plan of a Church edifice which will sit in this city of growing beauty a perfect adaptation; let an architect put it on paper with every detail; obtain most rigid estimates of cost; leave no room for impulsive afterthoughts; wrap the thing in the desires of your souls and carry it before God in your prayers, asking Him, in Whose hands events are, Whose also are the silver and the gold, to open the way—and this can be done."

From a sermon on the "NEW CHURCH EDIFICE," March 14, 1886.

"Take our situation just now. It requires us to join and combine with great care our trust in God and our own energy."

* * * "The Lord has led us hitherto and right up to the

point where we now stand." * * * "Many things might have been better, but the singleness of purpose, the pertinacity, the hold-fast quality, which have characterized the history of this congregation are now its element of strength." * * * "The rise of our present scheme of a new edifice has such providential features that it looks to us firm and right. It is no one man's idea. The scheme is the result of all our wishes fused and blended."

"The steps in it have been providential. The disposal of this property where we now worship is providential. It goes for less than half that which it cost; but it does not go out of the kingdom of God. The disposal of it to an earnest people who will continue to speak the same Gospel of truth and comfort which we have spoken, is one of our claims to divine favor in our future tasks."

"The hand of Providence reveals itself in the site which we have secured. It is the very pivot around which we originally revolved. At that time the site was not so manifestly central, eligible, and perfect as it has been made by the growth of the city, the opening of streets, and the placing of business and residences. * * * The place has been held in reserve while everything around it was built upon—in reserve for a House of the Lord."

"Again we note the generosity toward the scheme. There is a generosity of sentiment as well as of substance. I am bound to say that the expressions of good-will from other Churches of the city and from people in general have been animating and encouraging."

"Let us make the erection of the Church an act of love and devotion. It is certain that for some of us it will be the last great effort of our Christian lives. Probably for many of us it will be the effort on which our service of the Master will culminate."

The last word in the old Church; from a sermon on the "REVIEW OF TWENTY YEARS," preached December 26, 1886.

"And now we say farewell to the old Church. We have long had our hearts set on a better. And yet the old roof has

protected us well; the old walls have kept out the winter winds faithfully; the old 'basement' warmed us for many sacred meetings of prayer and hours of study in the Holy Book. If the old House could speak it might tell us that it has loved us better than we have reciprocated. It might say it is sorry to have us go. And perhaps we might want to beg it to keep close and secret all the faults and errors, all the hard thoughts and unkind feelings, all the careless moments and neglected opportunities, that it has been mute witness of against us. Surely we have nothing to boast of, and may go out with bowed heads, thinking of our infirmities."

"But then as time recedes and again and again we look back, we, the while by God's grace drawing nearer a heavenly home, we shall catch up a song of praise, we shall recall a host of forgotten tokens of goodness and mercy, and we shall be ready to declare that, notwithstanding all, those were years of the right hand of the Most High."

After fifteen months; from an "ANNUAL SERMON," April 8, 1888.

"By this time we are wonted to our place of worship. It is no longer novel. The paths are beaten toward it, and we frequent them from habit. The convenience of the locality and the beauty of the situation are demonstrated. For a long time to come, doubtless, will the edifice be a visible and conspicuous witness for religion to an ever-increasing community in the very center of which it stands."

"We are encouraged by our clear financial standing. Of course we have not everything that a congregation needs; and we have something that it needs not. Thus we HAVE NOT a 'parsonage,' and we HAVE a mortgage. Yet we pay our way. If the mortgage were off and the 'parsonage' were on, it would make a difference of a thousand dollars a year to our favor in the account of current expenses. It will be realized some day."

From the "ANNUAL SERMON," March 31, 1889.

Of the congregation.—“A careful count is jotted down of every meeting. Taking everything as it has occurred, the morning service has averaged 232 the past year and the evening (not including children’s services) has been 194. The staid morning congregation is 250 to 275; the ordinary evening is 175 to 200.”

Of the Sunday School.—“There is an enrollment of about 350 officers and teachers. Of these 138 are listed in the primary class. The attendance has risen as high as 260; it averages 208.”

Of Dundee Chapel.—“In 1886 the Session, with the approval of the Board of Trustees, entered into correspondence with the Dundee Company, asking if they would place the Chapel, which is their property, at the disposal of this Church, on condition that we occupy it with Christian work for the benefit of the neighborhood known as ‘Dundee.’ Our overture was accepted and the Chapel was placed at our disposal. It was a careful negotiation, written and recorded. So we came into the use of the building which might be our own if we chose to buy it at a very low price.

“There we have an afternoon Sunday School with an enrollment of 259. It is customary to have from 160 to 180 in ordinary attendance. A large body of active and interested youth gather in the classes.”

The Sphere of Our Influence.—“I shall take liberty from the occasion to say something of the sphere of our influence. We have been stationed here as the representative of a denomination which is vigorous in the nation, and especially powerful in this metropolitan district centering in New York. We have been accustomed to assert our faith in our town. When it was a trivial hamlet, we believed in its future and organized this Church, upon whose success we pledged our life service. When the days were dark we kept our faith and built the edifice on River Street (Park Place). There we were constantly saying, ‘Be hopeful; the growth of the town will justify us some day in moving to the avenue and erecting an ideal sub-urban Church.’ It happened in due time. But the city has not reached its stature. Indeed never has it exhibited

so much expansiveness as now. We are at this point to assert our belief that we are stationed at a center around which is to cluster a population of twenty, then thirty, and finally fifty thousand. Not all to gravitate to one point, as it would in a city remote from the metropolis, but to cluster around sub-centers where the railway stations and the little post-offices now are. We believe in Passaic Bridge, and Clifton, and Garfield, and even Carlton Hill, and Wallington and Athenia. That is, people are coming to them; souls are to be looked after; they are to be fields for Christian work. Such is the only view we care about. Of the population which drifts to these neighborhoods, a good percentage is more amenable to Presbyterian than to any other Church influences. I suppose we are stationed where we are, to look out for that influence. It is fair to presume that we have been granted twenty-two years of experience in order to use the same for others upon fair opportunity. We would not think of encroaching upon fellow-workers, still we cannot but take what falls in our way. So we like to operate a mission in Dundee, just waiting to see whatever God will bring it to."

"So we have a kindly interest in the Germans. They worshipped in the 'lecture room' of the old Church many years; they are a Church of our Presbytery."

"Some seventeen months ago there came to our Presbytery in the usual way a request to help in effecting a Presbyterian organization in the village of Garfield. Such advances are no novelty. It is commonly supposed to be praiseworthy for men and women in a rising settlement thus to shoulder responsibilities and undertake to lay foundations for an independent, self-governing Church, where they may worship, receive the sacraments and train their children. This application came before Presbytery, as I say, in due form. Presbytery is a conservative and cautious body; but it granted the application and effected the organization. The same now stands, though somewhat storm-tossed. * * * Is it best to offer the cordial hand to those men and women in Garfield in their heroic attempt? Is it best to put the shoulder to it and make an effort for Home Missions and genuine Church Extension close at hand?"

"So many irons in the fire! So much to think of and to worry about! Well, no matter. If providence will give us health

and a sound judgment we can work it all out. Let us just keep right in every iota. Or if we have fallen into a mistake, let us back out squarely. By this time we ought to know our sphere and our vocation; and we ought to be able to detect the signs by which God leads us. Having His tokens going before, the path is clear."

Completion and Then Apprehensions.—"In the year we may be said to have completed our building. The finial was replaced; the drainage from the roof put right; the surrounding walks perfected; the grounds beautifully terraced; and another season we shall see the carpet of green and the ivy climbing the walls."

"We have been startled by the disablement, through sickness of some of our men in the prime of life. The Session has been obliged to accept the resignation of one of its valiant elders. The Board of Trustees has been delayed in its plans by the illness of its zealous and enthusiastic president. Many of us have missed the calls of our 'beloved physician,' who is in search of the health to which he has so often aided us. We have sometimes felt as if the stays were going from under us. But, no; it is delay, not failure! One or another may have to slacken his hand for a time, but our public interests go forward."

Of the "MISSION IN DUNDEE," from a sermon on "THE REVIEW OF A YEAR," April 5, 1891.

"Our Mission School has been severely tried. Its removal from the building in which it had grown up, though foreseen and inevitable, was far from comfortable. We stood there simply for God's cause and not for our own or for any man's financial profit. We stepped out from under the roof in August, not knowing but our 'mission' would be ruined. We at least were conscious of honor. Half a year has elapsed, and we have to be thankful, first of all and most of all, that our teachers and scholars have held by us with perfect heart. We can hardly think of a soul that was dislodged. It is only the very little ones that we have lost, and we will pick up every one of them as soon as we can get back into the neighborhood. The 'mission' has never borne spiritual fruits before. At least seven young

men have come from it into the Church since the date to which I have alluded. We have gathered up enough material wealth to take the deed of lots which are now held by the trustees of the 'mission' free and clear as the basis of a building to be its own. We have plans; we have a subscription under way; as fast as the Lord will lead us we will go to the goal. We have committed our work to Him; we trust that our thoughts shall be established."

"To carry out those plans of mission work on the other side of Dundee Canal to which we have been providentially led, is necessary to the well-being of the Church here worshipping. In order to retain room in this building for people who settle on these hill streets and avenues, we must provide places for those of our name who are numerous in the dense population of the other part of town. There is something to be done here on the avenue in the future that will require men of means. And I deem that I should be shortsighted and unfaithful to my trust if I should not do my best so to steer the ship, that by and by there would be a constituency in these pews that would make light of handling a mortgage, or buying a parsonage, or enlarging the Church, or building a Sunday School Hall, as providence might open the way. There is a great deal more Presbyterian timber this moment within five hundred rods of this Church door than can be worked into this single congregation. 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth'; and I am sure that our building up inexpensively at a distance leaves you here to grow and acquire strength in a manner that will prepare you for the exigencies and the pleasurable duties of the future. If you do not understand me NOW, you will live to see it."

Of the "CHURCH in GARFIELD," from the same sermon.

"It was resolved at the beginning of the year to direct our Home Missionary gifts to the fields in our immediate vicinity."

"A young pastor was settled over the incipient Church at Garfield. We ventured to assume some responsibility in agreeing to see \$200 of his salary provided in consideration of his aiding in the 'Mission' at Dundee. Our plans have been somewhat disconcerted by the loss of the building. But the pastor has stood by us as much as the circumstances have permitted; and meanwhile his own Church has developed finely. Starting last June with a communion roll less than twenty, now it is nearly

seventy. Then a Sunday School few in numbers, now it is a thorough School with fine attendance. There is the full equipment of a Church with a devoted constituency. And I am bound to say that the young man has done his work courageously, cheerfully and with first rate wisdom. We have seen the pledge toward his support redeemed promptly month by month. I have to thank our Christian Endeavor for the gifts they have put into my hands on this account. I have to thank our Sunday School also. I am indebted to the 'Home Mission' envelopes which have been dropped into our collections. So by the good guidance and grace of God the account is kept even and this arm of service is upheld. I ask Christian Endeavor to direct its missionary offering in this channel yet a while longer."

From a sermon on "LED BY A STRAIGHT WAY," at the occasion of the "Twenty-fifth Anniversary," March 6, 1892.

"Now a little about the future.—This Church must always carry a right heavy intellectual ballast. Everything needs to be popularized nowadays? To be sure, but then we do not want all the meat turned to soup.

"There is always something to be said on weighty subjects. There has to be something in preaching besides exhortation, and stimulation, and botheration! It is really warming and cheering to gather full seats and talk over animatedly the old and ever new themes of the Gospel and win souls to accept them. I love the atmosphere of revival. But, when it is not prevailing, from year's end to year's end, there must be preaching; and, thank God, it has something to do, if it can only handle real subjects and handle them with intellectual force. There can be a good deal accomplished by clear-headed preaching to a few clear-headed hearers. The thinking thus started gets on to other circles.

"I wish we could honor also the clear-headed teaching of religion. There are unrealized ideals for the Sunday School, along the line of simple instructiveness. Amid the great demand for fervor, and music, and cordiality, I am not at all afraid to set up a claim for sleek and strict intellectuality. Give

us a grasp of mind; give us critical discernment of truth; give us power of expression that will cut between right and wrong like the surgeon's knife. Popularity is evanescent, but the man who has helped you to a mental grip upon truth, and a soul's wedlock to righteousness, is never to be forgotten."

"This Church wants to enter its second quarter of a century floating the banner of generosity. What we have given has not hurt us. As God shall prosper us we proceed in the same straight way. We are open to conviction about tithing our incomes. We will listen to the committee of Christian Endeavor which would like to suggest that we assume from this time the entire support of a missionary in China. We will dream about a parsonage. We will imagine a new Sunday School Hall. We will presume a Mission Church paid for. Meanwhile we will try to secure enough for ourselves to eat and to wear; and the generous intentions will all work out comfortably in time. We will not fret, but 'to do good and to communicate we will forget not.'"

"The Church wants to plan for more diligent oversight. It has not been our experience that too much prodding of delinquent Church-members has been profitable. Scratching a sore does not cure it. If we let it alone, it may get well. We might poultice it. I hold that each Church-member is under God's constraint. When he goes wrong nobody knows it better than himself. A rebuke, in order to help him, must be administered in most gracious temper. But a manifestation of Christian love and kindness will soften him and keep him in shape to come back to duty one day. I have never had happiness in Church-discipline; but I have had inexhaustible satisfaction in turning a kindly side with unweariable patience toward one who may seem to err or to be slack."

"And now we need to set our hearts with renewed devotion to the grateful business of reaching and saving souls of men. The fruitful Church is like the fig-tree of which it is true, I believe, that its branches may bear at the same time ripened figs and opening blossoms, not to say also fruit in various stages of growth. We have always ideals about reaching and persuading souls that are far better than our attainment. One thing is certain, the element of time plays a greater part in all good work toward the saving of souls than we once

supposed. We have imagined that there might be an instantaneous conversion and all was secured. Hardly so; it is still the rule, 'Work out your salvation,' and 'Be thou faithful unto death.'"

From a sermon on "SIX YEARS IN THE NEW CHURCH AND AN ENDEAVOR TO LOOK AHEAD," from Exodus 24 16: March 26, 1893.

"God knows no hurry. He never seizes advantages. What cannot wait is not worth having. The way to work with Him is to be slow and sure, ever deeply studious of His designs. Each stage is a preparation for one higher, until you shall have reached the destined summit. If you tarry six days, six weeks, six years, on a certain shelf of the mountain, it is simply to get breath to go to the top."

"That joyous Sabbath, the first in the year 1887, brought up from the old home on River Street the congregation that had erected this edifice. There was a band of men that had learned to stand shoulder to shoulder and had carried their Church over the transition with power. What was our consternation to see that phalanx broken after a few months. One and another, and another, died in the prime of life, to our incurable grief. Then one and another, and another, was each required, by the exigencies of health or occupation, to change his residence. We can never group again on earth the band that built this Church, although we had assumed, never questioning, that they were building it for themselves. It hath proved that, like the prophets, 'not unto themselves, but unto you, they did minister those things' which ye now enjoy. Happily others have appeared to take their places. We rejoice in those who have been inclined to cast in their lot here. New grouping for present or for future enterprises will be formed."

"Six years we have tarried here and the 'glory of God has abode on the mount'; now the question is, if the Lord higher up does not call out of the cloud."

"For fear that He does call, we will make haste to look around and calculate what He may think we ought to have that we have not."

“First, I am sure He would say: ‘You ought to have a big ‘Sunday School room. You ought not to be dainty or proud; ‘what you want is space, light, and air. Passaic is a great ‘town for children; all you have to do is to open a door and ‘they will gather. Yes; you want a spacious Sunday School ‘room. Your present rooms are all right for Church-parlors; ‘and some time they can be thrown into the main room and ‘constitute an annexed district of pews. But they are too small ‘for Sunday School.’”

“Now a message like that is unanswerable. It is exactly true. Who has wisdom to solve the Sunday School problem will give us the key to all the rest.”

“Do we need a manse? ‘Manse’ is Scotch for parsonage, and it is rather the better term. It’s a house which the Church supplies for the minister to live in. It is a question in Church economy whether it is profitable in cities and suburbs to own a manse, or maybe cheaper to let the minister rent his domicile as do so many of the people.”

“I suppose it is like almost all other questions, not to be settled as a theory, but according to facts. If a chance came to a Church to secure a ‘manse,’ it might be inexcusable to forfeit the opportunity. When a congregation is bending its attention to the future, if this object is in sight it would be un wisdom not to fasten consideration upon it. One man knows just as well as another whether it is, or is not, in sight for us in present circumstances.”

“In fair judgment the Church has won what it anticipated when it built in 1886. But, all things considered, the unexpected advancement of the city considered, the outlook for the future being taken into account, we are not yet quite at the top of Sinai. The plant, to wit, Church, manse and Sunday School hall, is not complete.”

“I do not know but it devolves on us who have had the shoulder to the wheel so long, to strike out the final plan. If it does devolve on us, let us do it. It is just as well now as any time. If we are not wise now, we are never going to be. If WE are not wise in respect to these things, those who succeed us can hardly be so. If a scheme can be traced in black and white which will be ultimate for this First Presbyterian Church of Passaic, I would like to set eyes on it. I would not be afraid

to attempt it. The easiest thing in the world to do is the right thing. Anything too great strains a body; anything too small shrivels a body; the exactly right thing is an inspiration."

From a sermon on "ATTACHMENT TO THE HOUSE OF THE LORD," from Psalm 26, 8, preached April 7, 1895.

"The time has fully arrived for some thorough and careful forecast of the future. Some of us who have been in the traces a long while might desire to rest; but it is impossible. There is a vitality in the community which will allow us no repose. There is no way but forward. Since we erected this edifice in 1886, the North Reformed Church has built; the Baptists have rebuilt; the new Episcopal Church has been erected; the Methodists have refitted their House of Worship and put up a chapel in the north part of the city; the Congregationalists have obtained their edifice; the Garfield and Dundee Churches have been established and provided with houses of worship; the Germans have obtained a property; the Hollanders of one congregation have our former property, while another has erected a fine building on Hope Avenue, and a third flourishes on Monroe Street; the Slavs have erected a Roman Catholic Church and the Poles another; the Swedes have built a Lutheran Church; the 'colored people' have built,—and yet we have advanced; our Sunday School cries out for more room, and the future is full of promise of growth in the community. There is room for two or three thousand people to settle within easy distance of our site. They are coming and sure to come. Two years ago we procured the adjacent property so as to be in position to enlarge our facilities. It must inevitably be done. The time has arrived to strike out the plan. We want the complete and final plan. I suppose in 1886 the thought was that this Church was final; but it is not. The younger people coming up with buoyancy and energy crowd the veterans. We must have plans for the future. No matter how long it requires to execute them. Remember that the Cathedral of Cologne was planned in the 13th century and finished in the 19th; but it was completed in accordance with the drawings of the architect of the 13th century. The first business of

our new Church year must be a courageous forecast and a definite scheme of expansion. I hope men will not be afraid of it. We have always found it good to blaze ahead. We have reached an opportunity. They will be happy men who lend their hearts to it and achieve that SOMETHING which remains to be done in and by this congregation. For my part I can advocate no policy but the bold one. There is a scheme for the future in the materials of the present. There is no living man who sees it clearly yet; but it would yield to discovery. And I believe that the true plan for the future would be found more simple and more practicable than many of us now think. It must be brought to lines on architect's paper. So far need not cost much or frighten anybody. Then if it is imperative to wait, why, we can wait as long as the builders of Cologne! But that would not be the upshot. What is right can be done. It can be done as fast as it ought. Let it be undertaken."

"Thus hath the Lord of hosts spoken, saying, 'Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother: and oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger nor the poor; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart.' Zech. vii: 9.

"These are the things that ye shall do: Speak ye every man the truth with his neighbor; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates: let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against your neighbor and love no false oath: for all these are things that I hate, saith the Lord." Zech. viii: 16.

God's Will in Suffering.

JOB 9, 24.

PASSAIC, July 17, '04.

Job 1x: 24, "If it be not He, who then is it?"

One could hardly name another line in the whole volume of Scripture whose shade of meaning is so elusive as this which we now recite. Of course we have read it from the "revised" English. But the nine simple monosyllables do by no means give expression to the thought that struggled for utterance in the mind of him who was speaking under the name Job.

It is a mind startled by the problem of suffering. Startled? The word is too weak. It is a mind thrilled and tortured by the problem of human suffering.

Job is proceeding upon the presumption that God directly inflicts suffering. He is in himself an example. Indeed he is sketched as with the skill of a consummate artist, at the opening of the book, to give point and pungency to the discussion of God's justice in inflicting suffering. Had he not been a "man perfect and upright; one that feared God and eschewed evil"? And had he not risen honorably to the summit of prosperity and dignity? Then the evil day dawned and he was given over to the "adversary" to be tormented. First the "oxen and the asses" were swept away in a night by the Sabeans; next the lightning struck the flocks of sheep and blighted them; then the Chaldeans swooped down like vultures and carried off the wealth-bearing camels; then the cyclone struck the houses and buried all the children dead in the ruins; and finally Job himself was stricken with loathsome and excruciating boils, that gnawed as close to the vital nerve as it was possible to bite without extinguishing life itself. It is agreed that art cannot surpass the delineation of Job as a picture of misery.

The presumption is that God inflicted it. The question to Job's mind is how God can be right. He dares to handle the question, as he would carry on a controversy between man and man. If one, trying to counsel as a friend, should say:

"Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man;
Neither will He uphold the evil-doers,"—

Job will reply:

"Of a truth I know that it is so:
But how can a man be just with God?"

and he will rush forward like a torrent, maintaining that God is vindictive. He has the power; He is irresistible; He is indiscriminating: "He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked": "He mocketh at the trial of the innocent": "the earth is given into the hand of the wicked": "He covereth the faces of the judges thereof": all things seem to Job to be out of order and perverse; and God is at the prompter's desk directing the tragedy.

"If it be not He;
Who then is it?"

The disputants in the Hebrew drama would fain break or check the torrent of Job's declamation. One must needs read the whole, and read it with even closer care than he would read Shakespeare, or Goethe, or Dante, in order to catch the drift of thought and feeling. In the main, on the part of the so-called friends the contention is that suffering comes upon us in the proper and orderly administration of justice. There are most stubborn difficulties in the way of maintaining that cool proposition. I know nothing more difficult, nothing more utterly impossible, than to maintain the proposition in the face of some man sorely stricken and dismantled in the prime of life. I visit such a man these days; and I listen to his vehement contention that God has dealt unfairly with him. And I can by no means change that man's mind by any argument that I can put up on the opposite side of the contention. Nor could Job's visitors overcome and silence him in argument, the challenge being simply whether God were dealing justly.

Again, within the last few days we have buried one whose deprivations, it seemed to us, surpassed the depth of Job's sore

infections. Her name was on the roll of this Church, and she was so utterly the last of her race, and she had been so unobtrusive and so unobserved and so silent in the Christian life, that it seems no breach of delicacy or propriety to recall her story. Born (on the other side of the sea) perhaps in the year 1831, her mother died in the event of giving her birth. She never saw a mother's face or heard a mother's voice. The father, too, dropped out of the story before she was born, and the mother's parents brought up the waif. With them she came to America at about the age of fifteen. At once she took her place at work in the mill. But the mill in the year 1846, run by water-power, in a petty village far from the railroad, clumsy and awkward in every way, was a different institution from the mill of to-day.

One time the girl ventured too near the floundering arms of a cumbrous wheel, and the sleeve on her left arm caught with a cruel grip that drew in the hand to the elbow. Instinctively she threw out the right hand to rescue the other, when that also was drawn into the crushing vise. It is better imagined than told. And imagination can reproduce the maimed girl, when rescued from the clutch of the wheel, waiting three hours for messengers to scour the country and bring to her relief a doctor. Suffice it to say that both arms were amputated. That were bad enough; but when the wounds failed to heal, afterward a second operation was necessary; and out of it finally the girl came with nothing at all left of one arm, and only a stump not reaching to the elbow-joint of her once good right arm. Eighty and fifty years was she to carry the burden of life under that fearful handicap.

The inflictions upon Job recede into the back-ground before such an example. Was he stripped of wealth?: In one stroke was she bereft of all the chances, prospects, and even possibilities, of anything to be earned or acquired. Was he robbed of his children by the hurricane?: In one moment was she condemned to childlessness all her days. Job's wealth was replaced; Job's family was re-established; but hers was a deprivation to which half a century of life never brought a stitch of relief. In the presence of Job's aggravations might it be discussed whether God dealt justly: who would dare take

up that discussion in the presence of her whom we laid in the grave a few days ago?

The drama of Job offers suggestions:

One is the careless suggestion that trouble comes by chance. It was an accident, they would say, that befell the children killed in the cyclone; it was an accident that happened to the sheep struck by lightning; it was an accident to the girl who lost her hands and arms in the mill; it was an accident that carried off a thousand lives when the excursion boat burned in the river.

Oh, we are dismissing lightly a thousand calamities as "accidental." That may do for the newspapers; it may do even for the coroner's jury; but it by no means suffices for the exactions of profound religious thought, such as shook the soul of Job in the book that bears his name.

Another suggestion is that suffering comes in the execution of the laws of cause and effect. So the railway collision, being traced to a mis-placed switch, is regarded as explained. So the loss of Job's oxen, being attributed to an inroad of the Sabeans, is accounted for. The herdsmen should not have been pasturing or plowing on the dangerous territory. How Job's "boils" would be accounted for by a law of "cause and effect," I am sure I don't know: it is a poor, lean law, anyhow, when it comes to a religious way of looking at things; and so we drop it.

Nowadays it is higher-sounding to say that trouble is the unavoidable friction in a process of development. The sacrifice of some thousands of human lives at the head of the Yellow Sea is on account of friction between two empires in the process of the development of states in the population of the globe. And the calamities of Job were owing, in a considerable degree, to the crude stage in the development of civilization which allowed the Sabeans and the Chaldeans to be playing so freely as bandits and robbers. And the girl might comfort herself—might she?—with the thought that she contributed something to the evolution of manufactures in America. A poor comfort that: it never entered into her head. It would have done no good if any one had tried to put it there. I talked with her a few days before she died—but, I have not told all her story yet.

None of these specious answers do any good in the religious discussion of the problem of suffering. We fly right over a process of evolution and confront Him Who projected the evolution. We ask what He means by the suffering.

We transport our minds through the law of cause and effect as swiftly as a message under-running the Atlantic by cable telegraph, and face Him Who promulgated the law of cause and effect and we demand what He means by suffering.

We ply our insistent demand for the first or the final cause in the problem of suffering, and

“ If it be not He;
Who then is it?”

And now we are ready to say that the problem of suffering may not be perfectly solved, simply as no part of natural phenomena is perfectly solved. Suffering must fall into the ranks with all the imperfect sciences. We know a good deal about the sciences, and we know a good deal about suffering.

And yet, if we will be quiet a minute, we may learn something about the patient endurance of suffering the equal of which we never saw before and will never see again.

We left the girl at the age of fifteen, in the year 1846, bereft as we described. There was no mother to speak a soothing word, and no father to say, “I will take care of you.” The aged grandparents died soon after. Then she slipped into the home of one whom she might call brother. A dozen years older than herself, married to a beautiful young woman, his door opened to the crippled girl. No children were ever born in that house. The years brought changes as they bring to every family, but it settled more and more immovably into a compact of those three,—the gruff, exacting, yet withal kind and calculating man; his patient, loving, toilsome wife; and this helpless person between them.

O do not think it was a dreary household. Altogether the contrary. They always had a garden brilliant with flowers; the house was alive with canaries and other singing birds; there were books of a substantial and instructive quality. Any one would have been entertained in a call at that house as it used to be thirty, twenty, or fifteen years ago.

Do not think that the crippled sister was an idle dependent. Far from it. Nobody more industrious. She could do more

things about the house and the garden than you would imagine. Many a time have I rung that door-bell and waited for her to come, turn the lock and open the door. Once she did not respond, and I went around to the garden and found her running the lawn-mower. Usually she would beckon me to the parlor and bring a chair. How I would shrink from accepting a seat that that handless, armless woman had transported across the room! But her vivacious way of doing it and the smile on her face would disarm objection, and I would have to accept her politeness. I mention such things as illustrations of the ingenuity with which she had devised means to overcome her terrible handicap. How much better so, than Job's sitting down on an ash heap and howling about his miseries.

That was a bright, and busy, and happy home, to each of the three inmates, far above the average of homes. But age creeps on; and the dissolution is inevitable. About twelve years ago the man died. Then the two women were left to themselves. There was a provision for their support; they had only to take care of each other. And so they did in the home; and "they walked to the House of God together." They had their sittings here; they attended worship, and came duly to the sacraments for many years.

Then they had to face the infirmities of age. Why did not God let the maimed and helpless one go first?

But He ordered it the other way; and the one with hands was left to be taken care of by the one without hands. That is a very long story, and I will not tell it; but there is one incident in it that sets me in awe at the providence of God.

Of course a person without arms incurs many a fall and has hard work to get up unassisted. In the midst of her cares this child of God once fell and broke a bone. And what bone do you suppose it was? It was that poor fragment of an arm that had been spared to her in the calamity of fifty years ago. That, her sole dependence, had to be bound in splints and carried about for weeks till the fracture should heal; her faithful heart all the while torn at the sight of the other lying in bed and needing her assistance. If ever mortal on earth might call in question the doctrine of divine providence it seemed to me that here was the rightful questioner.

But I never heard from her lips any echo of Job's complain-

ing. It was well indeed that there was in her no murmuring disposition. There were even severer things in store.

Those two souls depended upon each other. No use to say what might have been arranged for their comfort. They would have their own way, and no one had authority to overrule them. Whatever they might lack in the outward appliances for comfort was made up for by a stern and grim resolution in the heart to take life as it was ordered to their lot.

And the lot that was ordered called for a long and wearisome sickness in the one who had the only two hands there were in the house. Contrivances and ingenuities provided the way to get along through the months that led down the steady grade to, at last, the days, then hours of voiceless, motionless, and almost unconscious waiting for the end.

That patient died toward the dawning of a morning; no one else in the house but the armless sister. And where was she? One of her accidents had overtaken her; one of the worst. Bustling about some way she had mis-stepped and fallen to the foot of the cellar stairs; and there she was found lying, bruised and blood-stained, unable so much as to rise to her feet, while the other had been drawing her last breath on the bed overhead, unwatched, untended. Again we queried, is there sarcasm in divine providence? Who could have ordered fate on a plan that seems so cruel? But then, our own judgment commanded silence, for if these souls themselves utter no complaint, why should we complain for them? There was no tone for the funeral that shortly followed but the tone of Christian triumph. She that was dead had fought her fight as she wished to fight it; had finished her course and kept her faith.

Then the armless woman, seventy-three years old, was left alone. In our last talk with her we reminded ourselves of the strangeness of the providence that she, the utterly helpless one, should outlive all the rest of the family group. She felt the wonder and awe of it. There was the house, however, there was the estate, not great but quite sufficient, and there was her stubborn determination to continue to live as, and just where, she had lived, notwithstanding it left her, day and night, much of the time alone.

One day the Chief of Police of the city was calling on her. He was a life-long friend, and in some sense a guardian of her

interests. He was speaking to the woman, perhaps in remonstrance about her staying alone in the house.

She turned upon him and said:

"I'm not alone here."

"O, you are not?" he replied in surprise, "who is with you?"

"God is here," she answered like a flash.

He related the fact to me, as we stood on the green sward beside her grave in Cedar Lawn.

Was God there that night, the 3d of July? It was ten o'clock and she was moving about the rooms, her lighted lantern under the stump of an arm. She started to go up the stairs to her chamber. Somewhere in the ascent something went wrong; she lost her footing and fell backward. She was found a few minutes later, her head doubled under the weight of her body and life gone out like a lighthouse struck by a cannon ball.

"I am not alone," she had said, "GOD is here."

Was He there then? Who ordered that event? Was it chance? Or was it fate? Or was it a law of cause and effect; or was it a turn in a development of some process?

Who has a better right to answer than she, who was most concerned? She had said, "GOD is here."

"If it be not HE, WHO then is it?"

We have said that the problem of suffering may not be perfectly solved at present, simply as no part of natural phenomena is perfectly understood.

Now we are to say that it may be sufficiently cleared up for the comfort of the individual himself; and in respect to the total it may safely be left to the eternal goodness of God.

We have been speaking of two whose names were on our roll and who have lately died. It is about twelve years ago that they wished to unite with us; though many of us had known them a long while before then. They were not able to bring formal certificates, because the village Church to which they had belonged previously had become practically extinct. But we happened to meet a clergyman who had been pastor there, perhaps back before the war. We asked a word from him, and he replied, "It gives me great pleasure to testify to the Church mem-

bership of these persons, and to their most exemplary Christian character."

Somewhere, then, away back, maybe fifty years ago, not long after the terrible privation overtook her, did the woman who fell and died the other day, think out the question of her relation to God, and become submissive to His Will.

"What Job stormed and raged about, she accomplished. What Jesus did, so calmly yet so grandly, in the garden of Gethsemane, when He said, 'Not my will, but Thine be done,' she, too, succeeded in doing in her heart. She came to a peaceful understanding with God in regard to her afflictions, so far as it concerned herself. I do not remember a word of complaint, in the style of Job's complaints, in all the years of my acquaintance. She had accepted her lot as the Will of God. Not that she ever so formulated it in language; but, what is better, she so lived it. She took up her cross, heavy, unutterably heavy cross that it was, and patiently, even cheerfully followed Christ. 'She did what she could.'

"Her last work on earth was among the flowers that God caused to blossom in her garden. Her last thoughts were of people whom God had made her friends. Her supreme human wish was to be independent; and that wish was granted to the utmost letter. And all the rest,—the mountainous pile of questions that men dispute about, were left over to the better understanding of a future life.

"Job has become a pale figure to my imagination. I have seen a life of privation and suffering, in comparison with which his troubles were easy. And I have seen it borne, to the end, with a serene submission to the Will of God, beside which his wailing and writhing appear sheer agonies of intellect. They stumbled at the lesson; while the Christian girl learned it.

"With better right than he, could she say, 'Naked came I out of my mother's womb.'

"Then, that fateful night, three score and ten years with three added, she might have changed his tense, and said, 'Naked I do return.'

"And all along the un murmuring years she had been saying, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: BLESSED be the name of the LORD.'"

Jesus Beginning to Teach.

LUKE 3, 23.

PASSAIC, Nov. 27, '04.

Luke iii:23, "And Jesus Himself when He began to teach, was about thirty years of age."

A recent periodical contains a notice of an American theological professor who has died in the current year. He had attained distinction in his department. Many a reader will take note how he won. Born in the year 1844, he graduated from a New England college at the age of twenty-three. He went directly to a Seminary and graduated in theology in the class of 1870 at the age of twenty-six. Naturally he might have taken a Church and become a pastor. But his course was otherwise. Means coming to hand he went to Europe for further study. He spent many years in the Universities of the Old World. Not until he was at the age of thirty-four years was he ready to assume a professorship in Chicago. But he soon took a leading rank in the scholarship of the Old Testament and produced brilliant results. He had taught twenty-five years, when he died a few months ago. Twenty-five years out of a life of sixty were devoted to instruction. It seems too small a part; but the distinguished professor's career is justified in the eyes of men of learning.

Compare the career of Jesus. Born near the middle of the reign of Augustus, the story of His nurture is entirely hidden. One solitary incident occurring when He was twelve years of age is preserved. Then for a moment He was found "in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions."

The observant and inquisitive child! Then the curtain falls. Eighteen years of youth and early manhood pass without a letter of record. At length He reaches His active career and "when

He began to teach, was about thirty years of age." It is well known that His teaching was completed within a period of little more than three years, when it ended in His crucifixion. Thirty years of preparation and waiting for no more than three years of action! It seems out of all proportion.

Now we address ourselves to the inquiry with what conditions of precise and complete knowledge was Jesus invested when He thus began to teach?

First, and at the basis, so to speak, we observe that He had lived those long years within an epitome of nature as complete as could well be embraced in the sphere of a life, if the person living it were to be stationary. If one may travel he may see all the world; but if one must be sedentary it becomes of great significance where he is set down.

Now Nazareth, where Jesus passed His unrecorded years, has been misunderstood. The slur, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" has misled us. In truth, it was a regal site. Few places on the face of the earth combine such advantages for apprehending nature. It lies in the temperate latitude, but the eye takes in snow-topped Hermon, where there is Arctic climate. It is a common journey to the deep vale of the Jordan, even to the Dead Sea, where the atmosphere is torrid. The entire range of cold and heat is accessible by a tour on foot. Then there is rugged mountain, fertile valley, terraced hill-side, bleak desert, sandy seashore, infested wilderness,—all within reach, if one be only addicted to pedestrian tours. The vegetation of that land was diversified. If King Solomon were able to speak "of trees from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall;" to speak also of "beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes," He Who was "greater than Solomon" would not have overlooked the opportunity for that ample knowledge of nature. From Nazareth could He behold with naked eye, the inland lake, the salt sea, the gurgling brook, the turbulent river; then the storm cloud, the brilliant sunrise or the glowing sunset; and at night the most dazzling display of the starry skies. If one might not travel (in the modern sense of the word) Nazareth would serve Him as an epitome of nature.

Then Jesus, before He began to teach, being thirty years of

age, had been in touch with human society in phases so various as quite to comprise the subject.

Here, however, we may be obliged to revise our predispositions. Perhaps we have acquiesced in the blank and have tacitly assumed that Jesus in all those untold years lived as a pale recluse in His mother's domicile. We now question the presumption. The one fact known does quite demolish such a theory. At twelve years of age he broke the restraint and faced the founts of information. We are now going to accept the hint and to assume that Jesus through all those years was the most observant and the most inquisitive person that ever lived among men. We are going to assume that He was abroad, frequenting the fields, the work-shops; then the streets, the villages, the lake shores; climbing the mountains, threading the deserts, unearthing curious things; and especially that He familiarized Himself with life in near-by Tiberias, the capital of Herod's tetrarchy, and many times made leisurely tours to Jerusalem unheralded and unnoticed. To such an observer and inquirer a marvellous variety of human life was exposed. The Jewish substratum of society was tunnelled and torn by all sorts of invaders. The Greek peoples were everywhere for trade; the Romans were every where for governing; languages were in Babel-like confusion; customs jostled against each other in rivalry; races stood at arms in mutual hostility; only the iron sceptre of the empire kept any semblance of order. Jesus walked full thirty years, child, boy, man, in that maelstrom of humanity before He opened His lips to teach. Always observant, always inquisitive, always retentive, never ambitious, never wasteful of strength or energy, what store of knowledge did He not accumulate! What maturity of judgment had He not acquired! What precision in estimate of mankind and man!

Keeping to our present method it is proper to observe that for such an One as the Son of Mary there was just then and there a rich intellectual nurture.

I know, indeed, how difficult for us to divest ourselves of the notion that He had not our schools, our universities, our libraries, our newspapers, our telegraphs, our resumés of world-wide information; and how difficult not to infer that He had nothing intellectually stimulating. But we are altogether wrong; and I wish now to sponge out those dicta of our preposterous self-

esteem. I wish to say that Jesus, during those thirty years, lived in an atmosphere intensely stimulating to the intellect.

Remember that we have to blot from existence nearly two thousand years of time in order to get back and stand beside the child and youth in Nazareth. That carries away nineteenth-twentiesths of all that has interested us. But it takes us into a position where other great thoughts and themes fill the world and engage all the powers of human intelligence.

When Jesus was young the history of oriental empires should have been a living and common story. What is to-day slowly and painfully deciphered from unburied ruins in Babylonia, and Egypt and all the Orient, was then a vivid recitation. It should have been, too, a story told. Does someone ask, "Where are the books?" Let the questioner understand that there may be knowledge without books. Once, men learned by the hearing of the ear. History was recited. The annals of empires were told. If told within the hearing of the boy who was pre-eminently inquisitive and observant, did He fail to absorb it? I can believe that Jesus knew the world's history from the beginning better than the brightest undergraduate in American colleges can tell of his own country. There are names which should have thrilled Him. There is Nebuchadnezzar, the founder of Babylon; there is Cyrus the Persian, conqueror of the same Babylon; there is Alexander the Great, only some three hundred years prior to His day: and especially there was the name of Julius Cæsar, the greatest among mortals, who fell under the stroke of the assassin, barely forty years before Jesus was born. I am presuming now that Jesus came to know, and to weigh, and to appreciate all these histories.

The keenest thinkers prior to, and in, His hour were, of course, the Greeks. Now let us not obfuscate ourselves with the presumption that in order to get that treasure of thought, Jesus must needs begin like an American boy with a Greek grammar and toilsomely learn a dead language. Why, the language was spoken on every hand. If He needed it He had only to pick it up. Nor did He require to slave at school over the Greek authors, dead or alive. The salient features of Greek philosophy should have been then the general property of thinking men. To get the treasure He only needed

to come within hearing of scholarly people in the same way that he gravitated to the presence of Jewish "doctors" when He was twelve years old.

Then let us remember that Latin literature was at its richest bloom just those hours while Jesus was living. It is not necessary to imagine that He studied Latin after the fashion of the High School boy of to-day, as of course He did not. It is only useful to presume that the essence and flavor of that fresh thought from the West was wafted to the Orient in the train of the Roman conquerors and rulers, and that He Who surpassed all others in the quickness of His perceptions caught at it the first of all. Then it were most natural that the maxims of Roman law, forced upon the conquered people should have been discussed in the land where lived the proud and virile race, born and bred to law as Moses had codified it. I am in a mood to believe that Jesus long before He touched the age of thirty years had mastered the Roman law.

Another suggestion should appeal to us. We mean now the fact that Jesus read the Hebrew scriptures; and that those scriptures were read by Him on their own ground and in their pristine light. Will we take in the proposition? Will we remember that we are reading the Old Testament on the other side of the globe from where it was enacted and written; some thousand of years also after it was actual; in a language utterly unrelated to that in which it was composed, and with minds stuffed full of modern conceptions. How unspeakably different was it with Jesus reading! There were the sites before His eyes where the things happened. There were the towns and cities, the rivers and the mountains, the routes of travel and the caves of refuge. He could locate the whole story of the Old Testament. Then the language, though not still spoken perhaps, was in a manner living to His ears. He caught the subtle meaning of phrases. The rhythm of words and poetic lines touched Him. It was like a mother tongue. And the modes of thought, the passions of the thwarted prophets, the raptures of the sanguine poets, the melancholy of a Job—everything in the books,—so hard and dry to us—was sweet and succulent to the child bred in the synagogue, thrilled with patriotism and coming to consciousness of Sonship to God.

I deplore that I have lived so long, and have never before

thought of, so as to appreciate, that magnetic atmosphere in which Jesus, as child, as youth, and as maturing man, passed the unwritten thirty years.

But we must shift the aim now in order to observe how all that time Jesus had within Him the incentives of a pure nature. Not in the least will we now dogmatize about His virgin birth. The practical point in that concise relation of St. Luke concerning the advent and infancy, is that He came to life untarnished. The innocency of the babe is not the adorable thing about it. It is far more important that the boy at five years could look out upon the world around Nazareth with straight sight, and could take the facts back to be cogitated in a pure soul. The important feature is that the boy at twelve had an untarnished nature so that He could sit guileless and fearless at the stools of doctors and both hear and ask them questions. And it rises in value as we go on to think that He could take the story of the empires into a mind that ran clear in its operations, as a mountain brook; that He could analyze Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander—that He could analyze Julius Cæsar, the palpitation of whose energy still thrilled the world,—and could correctly tell wherein all these were weak and had failed.

I am trying to impress myself with the stirring thought that Jesus, through all the thirty years under review, had faculties which had been protected from contamination, or weakening by any kind of injury. Are we not to fill the years with such mental activities as would be spontaneous and irrepressible in such a nature? By what show of authority or what shadow of reason have we been always thinking of the long period as a colorless blank, and a lifeless desert in the biography of Jesus? Will we not now imagine Him the keenest observer, the shrewdest critic, the most farsighted prophet, the mind of broadest comprehension, not only of His age but of any age?

At thirty the scholarly man will have arrived at his point of view and will have discovered his course. He may not have matured, but he will have got his direction and will have fixed his aim. It was with Jesus as with other men. At thirty He had reached the parting of the ways and must needs choose His career. Conditions and preparations had culminated. The baptism in the Jordan at the hand of John marks the date and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, with the voice from heaven,

crowns the long stage of observation, reflection, tuition and experience.

Jesus then came to the consciousness of His power. He then must choose His career. If we may think and speak in this way, the "temptations" explain themselves. They were the thrusting aside of such proffers as ambition had to suggest. The temptations were three, or classified as three.

Had Jesus come to the consciousness of power over the course of nature, so that He could produce bread faster than by the wheat bin, the grist-mill and the baker's oven? To produce bread is the key to wealth, command, and even empire. When Jesus did miracle in that line He kept Himself within the course of nature. He turned wheaten loaves into more loaves. He was not far from nature, for nature constantly turns sacks of wheat into more wheat. It was a satanic suggestion to strain power and turn stones into bread. He properly scorned the thought.

It scarcely needed the climbing of a high mountain to get into His mind the idea of world-wide empire. Had He not heard of Alexander, who died at the age of thirty-three, weeping (they say) because there were no more realms for him to conquer? Had he not reflected well upon the recent career of Cæsar, the founder of imperialism? Did He not comprehend that the risings of power in His own soul, the ability He began to feel to command men, the arts He began to be conscious of to develop resources, the passion of the age for revolution,—all offered to Him an incomparable chance to seize the empire of the world. He saw, too, the wrong of it as an eruption of personal ambition and He thrust it away.

Had not Jesus heard the voice saying from Heaven, "This is My beloved Son"? Then would not God protect His Son? "Try it," came the thought. "Leap recklessly from the pinnacle of the temple in the sight of the crowd and demonstrate how God will hold up His Son." But that was spectacular. That was the folly of a show, with no other purpose but to win momentary favor with the mob. Jesus rejected it with scorn.

What was He thinking? Conscious of the culminated powers within Him, now at the age of thirty years, what was He thinking?

He was measuring the cost of attempting to introduce and

to give the mastery to truth and righteousness among men. "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

What did He refuse to think about? He refused to think about using His incomparable abilities to gather an empire around Himself as monarchical center. From the start He said, "My kingdom is not of this world." No Cyrus, no Alexander, no Cæsar afforded Him a precedent. He proposed a thing unique and sublime. He proposed to inject truth and righteousness into society, a working force in souls of men, and make sure that the same would gain headway, increase with time, secure mastery, and at length rule. Not easily should such a project be launched. Wickedness was entrenched. Whoever should storm the citadel would be apt to pay the price with his life. Jesus fortified His heart to make the attack and win. He would establish the kingdom of God, though the kingdoms of the world hung Him on a Cross.

"Being about thirty years of age," according to our present view, Jesus had mastered all that is embraced by us under the two categories, history and prophecy. He had mastered the story of the past, and He forecasted the course of the future. He saw in one comprehensive view the problem of the world. He took into His hand the key to control it. He had considered every phase and every possible variation in human society. "He needed not that any should testify to Him of man, for He knew what was in a man." He could not be deceived in regard to any person that should come within His sight. He had looked deeper into nature than any scientist of the twentieth century. In my opinion we ought not to speak of the miracles of Jesus as contradictions of the laws of nature, but rather as acts wrought in a fuller comprehension and command of the laws of nature than any one else had attained. There was no reason why He should violate nature; there was the best of reason why He should lovingly concur with the laws of God in nature. Knowing those laws, knowing the heart of man, then appreciating the world from its beginning in the past to its consummation in the future, He laid hold of the proposition to give the kingdom unto truth and righteousness, the truth and righteousness that are God in essence.

Time was not an important consideration. "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years; and thousand years as one day." A human life is as a breath that suspires and vanishes. But the projection which Jesus initiated when "He began to teach" goes on. For the moment we have our part in it. To-morrow we will be gone. Some one else will then take it up. Just as before us there have been those to promote it. There have been Christian sages and saints; there have been martyrs and apostles, a goodly fellowship, touching back to the hand and the beating heart of Himself.

Whom let us remember. "And considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith. JESUS CHRIST is the same yesterday, and to-day; yea, and forever."

All Things Delivered to Jesus.

MATT. II, 27.

PASSAIC, Dec. 4, '04.

Matt. xi:27, "All things have been delivered unto Me of My Father: and no one knoweth the Son, save the Father; neither doth any know the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal Him."

A long time have we delayed and hesitated before attempting a sermon upon this sublime utterance of our Lord Jesus. His tone never rises higher; never is His voice clearer. To make this proposition somewhat real is to clarify the richest field in religious inquiries.

Let it be noticed that the paragraph in St. Matthew's book stands apart. "At that season Jesus answered and said." No mark indicates the date. Not so much as a hyphen connects it with what goes before or what stands around. Here is pure thought isolated and resting upon its own foundations.

Let it be noticed that Jesus spoke from His position as a man in the midst of men. We must throw ourselves back and take a place beside Him, in the group that heard Him, and understand Him as He required to be understood then and there. Surprised must have been those minds when they caught the force of His language, saying firmly, "All things have been delivered unto Me of My Father." For it was understood by those who heard Him that "He called God His own Father."

What was that endowment upon Jesus that justified Him in the saying? Such is the question of the present sermon.

Our first proposition is in these words, "All things were given unto Him that He should know them."

The atmosphere, or element, of our remarkable Scripture is cognizance or cognition. It will help us much if we make the limitation. Is nothing given to me unless I grasp it? Is nothing given to me unless I control it? Is nothing given to me

unless I am empowered to exclude all others from sharing it? No, indeed. The finest work of art in all the galleries is mine if I may but see and appreciate it. I care not who owns it to sell or buy. It is mine if its merit has entered my soul. The wisest book in the world is given to me, if I may but understand it. Let a millionaire possess the pages and binding, and let him trade it. Perhaps he does not master the contents. If he does not, and I do, the book is more mine than his. The one who has the spiritual essence owns the volume rather than the one who claims the parchment and printing.

The whole vault of the starry skies at night is given to the astronomer who understands the vision. He may not touch one star; he may not control a movement; but he is not distressed at such an embargo; he is satisfied when he only knows.

“At that season Jesus answered and said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, that Thou didst hide these things from the wise and prudent and didst reveal them unto babes.” Nothing there but the play of knowledge. No power, no possession, no control, surely no hoarding, no domineering. Only a revelation, a disclosure; and on the other side an appreciation, an apprehension by knowledge.

And thereupon He adds, “All things have been given unto Me of My Father.” Let us, therefore, imagine ourselves standing at the side of Jesus a certain moment when He felt conscious that He had arrived at a full understanding of “all things.”

One of the early Christian thinkers and writers caught this shading of the text. Origen says, “To a nature that is incorporeal and for the most part intellectual, no other attribute is appropriate save that of knowing and being known.” Then he cites the language, “No one knoweth the Son save the Father; neither doth any know the Father save the Son and He to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal Him.”

If we are to apprehend and seize the treasure of this Scripture we must divest ourselves of all such conceptions of it as clutching with the hand, controlling with a sceptre, even holding by title deeds, and get clear away to the spiritual conception of having things by the airy grasp of knowing them.

Origen, whom we have already quoted, says again in comment on our present Scripture, “By which it is clearly shown that whatever among bodily natures is called seeing and being

seen, is termed between the Father and the Son a knowing and being known,—by means of the power of knowledge and not the frailness of the sense of sight." If "seeing and being seen" is ruled out, how much more "grasping and being grasped," "deeding and being deeded," "ordering and being ordered," "buying and selling and being bought or sold,"—notions that come to our carnal minds when anything is said about property acquired, inherited, or received as gift.

Again, we say, let us exclude gross and material conceptions of ownership as if we were misers or despots, greedy of possessions and power; and let us admit no conception but the delicious ownership of external things by simple knowing them. All that a man understands, then, is his; and what a man does not understand is not his even though he should have it locked in his safe. Whoever understands the most has the most. Knowledge is a mode of taking title to immense possession.

Jesus touched a point where He could look into the eyes of surprised mortals and say to them, in the sense now indicated, "All things have been delivered unto Me of My Father."

We advance to an inquiry, In what sense is employed the word "know?" In what sense might Jesus then say that He had reached the culmination to "know" "all things." We recall that "Jesus Himself when He began to teach was about thirty years of age." We have heretofore dismissed from our minds the irrational fancy that those had been years of intellectual sloth or dreamy lethargy. We remember that Jesus as a child "grew and waxed strong, becoming full of wisdom." We remember that once at twelve years of age, "they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." "And all that heard Him were amazed at His understanding and His answers. We cannot reasonably think that the curtain then fell and He relapsed into mental torpor. Presumably He went on as a boy would advance from the age of twelve. With such an outstart and eighteen years in which to progress, Jesus should have covered the whole scope of human thought. At thirty He should have known as much as was attainable. He should have had some thought upon every subject; He should have formed some opinion upon every species of inquiry.

Let us give Him one advantage. I cannot state it in a single

word but may develop it in a few sentences. I have in mind the difference between knowing painfully, as the result of toilsome acquisition, and, on the other hand, knowing freely as glorious intuition. Now take partial illustrations. The swimmer, it is said, begins with cautious and self-conscious management of hands, limbs, respiration and all his faculties. He gets an expert control of the apparatus after a while. But one day, quite unaware, he subsides in the element of the water as if he had been born there. Then he swims like a fish, that never had to take lessons. It becomes his nature. In his study there is a scholar writing. He thinks of orthography, of punctuation, of sentence construction, of rules of rhetoric, all at one and the same time; and painfully he grinds out a "composition." It is the dullest work in school life. But run along a few years and you shall see the man sit down, and of a sudden off he goes writing as freely as a bird would fly. He has dropped all his rules and restrictions; expression and style come as blithely as nature.

They say that the pupil in music thrums and thrums, practices and practices, wearily and perhaps hatingly. Then he goes over exercises unlimited in volume and variety, wondering all the while what the drudgery is for. But one day, being a true genius, the player suddenly forgets himself, and with himself, he forgets all his bondage; then he and his instrument coalesce as one soul, and he plays away as if he were playing on himself. He never goes back to that fettering of rules again. Now he is a free being in music.

These three are illustrations to suggest the difference between an acquisition and an intuition. Pretty much all any of us considers about knowledge is the drudgery of acquiring a little of it. And we suppose there is no other way. We suppose one must toil on forever, learning a scrap to-day, another scrap to-morrow, making our minds just "scrap books." It is a poor and mean estimate of a priceless word. Sometimes a man rises above it. One gets far enough in astronomy, I suppose, to travel in the celestial heavens as if he belonged there. One gets so at home in the law as to breathe it as his atmosphere. One learns engineering, for aught I know, so as to enjoy the problems as his meat and drink. Every specialist comes to ease in his department. Now it is conceivable that one might get to that facility in all that men aspire unto.

I have read of a man who once touched a remarkable note with the point of his pen. He turned off then a short paragraph which the world has never been willing to let die. He says, "Suppose I speak with the tongues of men and of angels." He says, "Suppose I have the gift of prophecy and know all mysteries and all knowledge." Stop just there. Catch the flight of a strong man's fancy, when he catches the glimpse of the vision of unlimited knowledge. He sees a possibility. He does not imagine himself toiling and toiling till he reaches it; he imagines himself soaring to a height where it shall break upon him as an intuition, knowing "all mysteries and all knowledge."

Paul never attained it of course, for he was but mortal man. But I am prepared to believe that Jesus attained it. We speak after the manner of men; because He addressed men face to face, and spoke after their manner, when He said, "All things have been delivered unto Me of My Father." I am prepared to believe that Jesus was conscious at that moment that He held the key to every department of human inquiry. It is not necessary to say that He burdened His mind with all the detail of astronomy like the modern astronomer. It is not necessary to imagine that He cumbered His mind with the minutiae of law like the lawyer of to-day. It is not necessary to say that He was loaded with theories about psychology like the lecturer on that vague word now. It is not necessary to say that He speculated concerning the future life after the manner of the theologian of the nineteenth century. It is only necessary to say that Jesus was conscious that He held the key, or the clew, to all these and to all other subjects that were or ever would be embraced in the fields of human inquiry or speculation.

How did He attain the supreme elevation?

Not by acquisition, not by investigation, not step by step. But by inspiration. "All things have been delivered unto Me," was His explanation. When then He got the vision, He held it as an intuition. It was a free beholding of the whole plan of the universe of God.

It is on record that such an inspiration came to Him. Referring to His relations with John, His forerunner, it is said that "Jesus when He was baptized went up straightway from the water; and, lo! the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon

Him; and, lo! a voice out of the heavens saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." That was an inspiration, indeed. It crowned the thirty years of patient walk; the thirty years of unparalleled observation and acute inquisitiveness. Had He been listening and asking questions? Now something happened that let the light in like a flood and raised Him above all necessity of hearing or inquiring. Now He caught the unlimited vision. Now His eyes were opened to the complete intuition. Now He could say, "All things have been delivered unto Me of My Father." Now came also the consciousness of that prerogative which accompanies knowledge, and He could say, "All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth."

That Jesus so held the key to knowledge is evinced for us by the fact that after Him the Christian world is advancing in steady steps to the complete science of the universe. Why do we stand obstinately bent on forcing minds of men to accept the divinity of Christ as sheer and cold dogma? Why not rather invite men to a consideration of the living facts of His case. Jesus never isolated Himself, like a statue on a pedestal, and demanded, "Worship Me." On the contrary Jesus did most closely identify and articulate Himself with His people. He survives and continues in them. Those three wondrous years added to the thirty years of preparation did by no means complete the story. The story of Christ is serial. He is perpetuated in Christendom. And the end is not yet. Our age is but an installment in the unfolding of the plan. The best thing we can do as thoughtful minds is to catch the drift of the ages since He closed His personal mission, for the Christian ages are the continuation of the Christ.

To go straight to the point, then, we say that knowledge follows in the wake of that impulse which Jesus started in the world. We cannot summarize the history of twenty centuries in a sentence or two; but we can challenge an intelligent man to-day to dispute the fact that all progress in all species of salutary knowledge at the present hour is in the enterprise of Christian peoples. There is no progress outside the shining, or at least the reflection, of the gospel. Were it possible to eliminate from the world the living and palpable influence of Christ this moment, it would be like quenching the life in a material

body. The world would shrink back into barbarism. It is the impetus which He started that pushes along to all investigations, discoveries and illuminations, concerning the material worlds, concerning the wonderful soul of man, the image of God, and concerning the future life. It is but the prolongation of His initiative when intelligence is widened, when religion is propagated among races formerly heathen, and that ideal is approached which is pictured in the oft-quoted lines, "When the light of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

No one else has had the perfect intuition of all God's works, therefore He only leads to God.

He said, "No one knoweth the Son save the Father." Jesus felt, and justly felt, that no one understood Him. As to human companionship, He was solitary. No one reached His point of view, or appreciated His thought. His only consolation was to say, "He that sent Me is with Me; the Father hath not left Me alone; for I do always those things that please Him." The Father understood Him and that was enough.

More important was the other side of the case. "Neither doth any know the Father save the Son, and he to whom the Son willeth to reveal Him." Because He had the perfect intuition of all the works of God, therefore He only leads to God.

The apprehension and welcoming of Christ to a man's heart puts him on the straight road to the ultimate. When the honest and aspiring boy takes Christ, he takes the key to all that is worth knowing or worth being. If no man cometh to the Father but by Him; on the contrary no one who takes Him fails to come to the Father. He was sure of Himself when He asserted, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."

There is, indeed, very strong leadership in the *teachings* of Jesus. Simple in form, plain in language, there is yet a quality in those teachings that is inimitable and unapproachable. They have a germinative quality that no other words possess. As there is a quality in the diamond which no imitation can reproduce, so there is a vitalizing efficacy in the words of Jesus which no copies or paraphrases contain or convey. And yet His leadership that brings men to God is not through the tuition of words.

There is a force in His nature. One of the early Christian

writers saw a thought of God which we may quote. A line runs in this way, "Since His invisible essence is mighty, it confers on all a profound mental intuition and perception." Yes; there is the hiding of the power. Contact with Christ electrifies a human soul. The Holy Ghost of God passes from Him to the mortal man. Bring the sinner to Christ, and if Christ touch him he shall be saved and live. Bring the blind to Christ, and if Christ touch his eyes he shall see. Bring the dead to Christ, and if Christ lay a hand upon him he shall arise and walk. But the sign is not the great thing. The great thing is the thing signified. And the thing signified is that Christ showeth the way to the Father, because He is qualified for that office. "All things have been delivered unto Him of the Father." In verity and reality Jesus caught the vision that sages and saints have vainly aspired unto. Jesus caught the intuition of all things in Heaven and on earth. Get alongside Him. Feel the touch of His hand and the breathings of His love. Join heart with Him. Pledge loyalty to Him. Keep step with Him. Without fail will He lead unto God and to all goodness and glory.

The Renaissance of Jesus' Influence.

JOB 12, 32-33.

PASSAIC, Dec. 11, '04.

John xii:32, 33, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto Myself."
"But this He said, signifying by what manner of death He should die."

It fell to my lot last Sunday morning to have in hand a class of a dozen bright boys. The lesson was a rugged subject for such pupils. It was something about the sacrifices offered by King Hezekiah upon the occasion of re-opening the temple after he had cleansed and repaired it. The talk drifted to the sacrifice that has been offered for us, and all agreed that it was Christ suffering on the Cross.

"Who crucified Jesus?" was a question raised. With one accord the answer was rendered that the Jews did it. "What!" we remonstrated, "can you say the Apostles' Creed?"

They thought they could; and they ran along to the phrases, "born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried."

"What about His suffering?" we inquired, and they repeated the clause.

"Was Pontius Pilate a Jew?" They unanimously presumed that he was so.

Now that is opening a subject quite too grave to be treated with a class of boys only twelve years old. Difficult, indeed, to arouse them to an appreciation of the historical fact that Pontius Pilate was the fifth Roman procurator of Judea, and that is like saying that Luke Wright is the second American governor of the Philippine Islands. The Roman procurator so far remote from the capital exercised almost unlimited power. Pilate ruled with the severity of a despot; and it was under this relentless Roman that Jesus suffered. He was "lifted up from the earth"

and suspended upon a Cross of wood in obedience to the sentence of a Roman court, pronounced by a Roman magistrate, and carried into execution by the Roman police. The Creed is just and exact when it says, "suffered under Pontius Pilate."

Foreseeing that ignominious conclusion, Jesus declared that after it was done to the full demand of the law and the court, He would so reverse the effect that He would become attractive and draw the very world to Himself.

Of course we know that there is a familiar line of fact following. Jesus "was crucified, dead and buried; the third day He rose from the dead." He was seen in casual displays by His disciples during an interval of five weeks and five days; then He disappeared quite entirely by ascending into Heaven. The pivotal allegation in the series is that He rose from the dead. Christian faith accepts it with the utmost ease, simply saying that the power of God is quite adequate to furnish the explanation. "God raised Him up;" and no more need be said.

We are not going over that ground this morning, for we have traversed it a hundred times. We propose to strike into a new vein. We propose to maintain that the recovery of Jesus to a position of influence and leadership, after the ignominy heaped upon Him by the Roman procurator, was a surprise greater even than the resuscitation of a physical body.

Let us in the first place revert to the facts of the trial and crucifixion and observe that Pilate had reason to presume that he had suppressed Jesus.

It requires us, indeed, to lend ourselves for a few minutes to painful point of view. That is to say, we need to yield to curiosity and go around behind Pilate's judgment seat so as to look upon Jesus through his eyes.

What then shall we see? We shall see, as Pilate saw, the figure of an abject man. It was One Who

"had no form nor comeliness that we should look upon Him,
Nor beauty that we should desire Him."
It was One "despised and rejected of men;
A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Let us be realistic and appreciate that Jesus, when He stood before Pilate, was haggard from a sleepless night, bleeding from recent rough handling, and manacled as a prisoner that had no

friends. Pilate saw nothing else. Never had he seen Jesus in health and peace, glowing with serenity of mind. Before Pilate, "as One from Whom men hide their faces He was despised."

And there was but a single consideration. To the Roman procurator Jesus appeared simply as a disturber of the peace. The magistrate's question was, "how shall I dispose of Him most expeditiously and most decisively?"

Now the trial accorded to Jesus in Pilate's court has been examined with microscopic attention. Elementary conditions were violated. The proceedings were rude, unceremonious and abrupt. Though the judge was constrained to say, "I find no crime in this man," he yielded to the clamor of the accusers and gave them the verdict that they desired. Though he expressed the wish to free the prisoner, he did in fact condemn Him to death. In a moment of irritation he hurled at the accused the challenge, "Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and I have power to release Thee." There is the animus of the court. He exercises power, and he exercises it ruthlessly. Unquestionably he had no other thought but to suppress that troublesome prisoner. The method had extinguished other victims; why should it not put a complete end to this one? Especially if He were put to death with all the painfulness and all the deep odium of crucifixion the Roman governor calculated that it would be the last of the case.

We have made ourselves accustomed a little to looking through the eyes of the Roman magistrate, and if we will keep the focus a while we may come to a surprise.

Jesus did not remain suppressed. For a brief hour, indeed, it may have seemed to the Roman that his tactics had prevailed. He heard no clamor or wailing. There were no threats of revenge. Jerusalem was hushed. The fact was that the little company of disciples were conscientiously keeping the Jewish sabbath, and it required of them perfect inaction. It is to be admitted also, perhaps, that they were stunned and left without aim. There was no initiative in themselves. They could not plan for the future.

But here, now, is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of mankind. Very soon after Jesus' so ignominious death His disciples renewed their confidence in Him. Hold on to the presumption that we are looking through Pilate's eyes.

As if some one had sought an interview ten weeks after the crucifixion and had begun in some such strain as this: "The followers of the One Who was crucified have renewed their confidence in Him and are more devoted to Him now than they were when He was alive and in the midst of them." What would the worldly minded man have thought? How could he have explained the fact?

It is not merely that the disciples resolved to hang together and protect themselves. They might have had confidence in one another. The surprise is that they renewed their allegiance to Him Who had been crucified so shamefully. I am not speaking out of our wealth of experience, for we understand why they took heart. But how could the purely secular mind explain it? How could Pontius Pilate account for it? He had undertaken to suppress Jesus; and now Jesus crucified, dead and buried, was becoming more influential than ever had been Jesus living, teaching and accomplishing miracles.

Presently those disciples were *serv*ing Jesus out of sight more loyally and more zealously than they had ever served Him in sight. While He had walked with them in the flesh they had called His words in question; they had doubted; they had taken the liberty to chide Him; they had despaired and had vented their desparation; but now that He was dead and gone they ceased their criticism and began to adore Him.

There is another fact. Those disciples had more manifest ability to win adherents after Jesus had departed from them than they had ever had before. While He was with them converts had been gained one at a time. Or if a crowd went over to His side on account of some "miracle," immediately it melted away. Some joined Him plainly for the sake of the "loaves and fishes."

But it was different after He was dead. Then believers were added by the hundreds and the thousands. Then they committed themselves to Him and to His service with burning zeal. Then were men ready to die for Him, and the roll of the martyrs began to be written. Then men became missionaries to announce Him to others, and they undertook to win the world to Him.

And they organized and solidified. Before His death the disciples were a group held together only by the influence which His presence exerted. After He was gone something sprang up in their own hearts, which cemented them and constituted them

a body living and organic. Whereas they had been braced and bolstered by contact with Him, now independent, they were imbued with strength which was so absorbed as to be their own.

We are looking through Pilate's eyes. In other words we are trying to contemplate a familiar fact, divested for the moment of all those considerations which faith and reverence has filled us with. We are wondering how Pilate felt about his failure to suppress Jesus. We are wondering how the strictly secular mind undertakes to account for the fact that One considered insignificant enough and harmful enough to be hung on a cross in pain and shame, did forthwith become a powerful and unquenchable influence in society.

That renaissance of the influence of Jesus has no parallel in the records of mankind.

There occur to us four names, with either of which an interesting comparison might be instituted. They are Napoleon, Cromwell, Cæsar and Alexander. Each was great and grasping; there is something unusual about the body of each, and each in his way bequeathed to the world a disappointment.

Napoleon is nearest and freshest to us. His ambition was as great as the earth. He was condemned. He died in exile and was buried in silence. But Napoleon's body had its disinterment. It was borne to France, and deposited in a mausoleum in the heart of Paris. Not a few of us have stood by that sarcophagus underneath the dome of St. Louis. Everything was done with his ashes that could be done to excite interest and perpetuate the Napoleonic ideas. But it is a failure. Those ideals have faded and are dead. There is no more magic in the name. It is gone as a dream.

Cromwell is a greater name than we are apt to think. Where Napoleon had ambition, Cromwell had conscience, conscientious scruple. He would have ruled England as a Puritanic state, and then have had England rule the world. But in the providence of God he died, and he was buried. It is a gruesome story in English history how two years after he died they disinterred his body and hung him. That did not hurt him; nor did it either hurt or help his influence. Some have thought him a saint; some have thought him sacrilegious. Either way his schemes and theories have tumbled into ruin.

Cæsar was the most influential man of the human race. He

egregious mistake ever committed by a judge. But there went up an appeal to the tribunal of Heaven. The error was overruled. The decision of the Roman procurator was reversed. The name of Jesus was restored to its rightful place. "For there is none other name, under Heaven, given among men whereby we must be saved." And now, therefore, He draws all men unto Himself.

Jesus Enthroned in Hearts of Men.

LUKE 22, 69.

PASSAIC, Dec. 18, 1904.

Luke xxii:69, "But from henceforth shall the Son of man be seated at the right hand of the power of God."

Probably it has never occurred to us to ask why certain men are spoken of as "saint." Why St. Paul, St. Ambrose, or St. Thomas à Becket? If a man of the present day is called "Doctor of Divinity," we understand that some college or university conferred the title as an honor. Who confers the title "Saint"? Only because it is so far removed from our line of thought are we entirely ignorant about the subject. As a matter of fact there has been a rigorous rule of "canonization." A name gets upon the roll of "saints" only after a most searching scrutiny. The man must have been dead a hundred years before he is eligible. He may be beatified after fifty years if his record will pass the scrutiny, and there are thirteen or fourteen stages in the examination; but another half a century must elapse before he can be "canonized." Then it must be proven that he had performed at least two miracles before he died, and at least two have been wrought since his death through his intercession. It is understood that even the Roman Church is not doing much at the present time in the way of nominating "saints." So those who obtained the distinction of old retain it exclusively.

It occurs to us to ask, "Did Jesus win a title?" JESUS was the personal name bestowed upon Him at His birth. Therefore do we employ it freely and unreservedly in discourses like those of which the present is fourth in a series.

CHRIST is not a name. It expresses His office as Messiah. It is but the equivalent in another language of the term that runs through Hebrew prophecy to denote the one coming to save the world.

The two together sound to us like a complete name, and we commonly speak of Him as JESUS CHRIST.

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But that is not all. Very soon after His shameful death did the personality of Jesus rise at a bound in the estimation of thoughtful men, and there was fastened upon Him the title, LORD. No university conferred it. No bishop or pontiff conferred it. No scrutiny or examination led up to the honor. Spontaneously those who believed on Him recognized that in Him which they could express in no other way than this title which might be construed as divine.

Now it is within our reach to obtain the opinion of two parties,—parties quite distinct from each other,—concerning the personality of Jesus after the execution on the Cross. One party would be those warmly devoted to Him; the other those bitterly hostile to Him. A fair representative of the former is Simon Peter. He is the man who in Jesus' lifetime had answered the question, "Who do men say that the Son of man is?" and produced the formula, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." He had shrunk, and stumbled, and denied, when Jesus was on trial, but he recovered his poise and regained his courage, so that within two months after the crucifixion he is saying in a challenge, "Let all the house of Israel therefore know assuredly, that God hath made Him both LORD and Christ, this Jesus Whom ye crucified." There is a prompt application of the title Lord by one of those who were devoted to Him.

A fair representative of the hostile party was Saul, who persecuted the Church. He changed his mind and became the apostle to the Gentiles. After mature experience he wrote of Jesus as appreciatively as any man that ever took the pen of authorship. And he says, "I give you to understand that no man speaking in the Spirit of God, saith Jesus is anathema; and no man can say Jesus is LORD, but in the Holy Spirit." That concurs with what the Master had said in the words, "When the Comforter is come, Whom I will send unto you from the Father, He shall bear witness of Me."

It appears then that the title, LORD, was conferred upon Jesus, immediately after His renaissance from the odium of Roman crucifixion by men apparently spontaneous in their action and utterance, albeit moved, as we perceive, by the Holy Spirit of God. So was He in the minds of men at once exalted. We wish carefully to adhere to the limitation now suggested. We

wish not to attempt to follow an apparent form ascending into the skies, and imagine it resting at last on some celestial throne. If we try to shut our eyes against that flight of fancy, it is not to object to it; it is only in order to obtain the value of another mode of thinking. We wish to see the rise and exaltation of Jesus in the minds of men.

It has been our effort in a former sermon to put into abeyance the claim of the resurrection of His body. We believe it; but it does not now seem to us the most practical fact to handle. We have said that "the renaissance of the matchless influence of Jesus is the standing and incontestable proof of the majesty of His character." Pilot thought he had suppressed the party who stood before him for judgment; what must not have been his surprise to see the influence of Jesus, though crucified, spring up vigorous, fascinating and sweeping as a prairie fire.

The exaltation which we wish now to see and admire is that exaltation in the minds of men.

For one thing the moral standard or ideal of Jesus was seen to be as high as ideals can rise, therefore up to the throne of God. It seems to me that we allow ourselves to be dazed by over-much use of the word "infinite" whenever we think or speak of God. We come to feel it presumption that we should ever suppose that we had reached Him in any respect.

For example, take the art of "refinement," whether it be the refinement of a metal as gold; the refinement of such an article as sugar; or the refinement of an oil. Of course there are steps and grades. But is one to suppose that the process of refining gold, or refining oil, or refining sugar can be carried on indefinitely? Or is it not true rather that at length the workman reaches a result where the product is gold in its absolute purity; or the product is oil that can not be improved; or the product is sugar without a deleterious element? There can not be an infinite series on the line of "refinement" of any substances.

Can there be an infinite series on the line of moral and spiritual ideals? Is truth capable of improvement upon improvement endlessly? Or does not one arrive at the truth and there stop, because there is no road farther? Is holiness capable of

infinite advance, better and better without limitation? Or is not holiness a quality to be attained and to stop at?

Our indulgence in the term "infinite" whenever we speak or think of God may throw us into mental blur. For one thing it may prevent our seeing that Jesus did really and practically offer to us a moral standard, a moral ideal, that rises as high as the moral or spiritual ideal can reach.

Touched and vitalized by the influences of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, not long after Jesus had left the world, His followers seemed suddenly impressed and inspired with the loftiness, altitude and sublimity of Jesus' thought. They appreciated Him as "by the right hand of God exalted." They became bold to say, "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins." Do this "and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." They saw a way for men to reach God. In Jesus they recognized the standard or ideal than which there could be none higher.

The recovery of the influence of Jesus after the odious crucifixion was immediate and complete. A man who has been unjustly condemned may get his vindication in a hundred years; but Jesus reversed the indignity of Pilate's judgment in less than a hundred days. Forthwith His doctrine was recognized as comprehending the questions of life and resolving them, therefore the final doctrine.

Here again it is confusing and blinding to talk of an endless progression in real knowledge. The vital question of life is simple. It is the same for everybody, everywhere and always. Why we live, how we ought to live, and what we are to attain as the result of living is no clearer in the year 1904 than it was in the year that witnessed the death of Jesus on the Cross. The answer with which He inspired His disciples was just as thrilling and satisfactory then as it is to-day. The externalities of life are more complicated now than then perhaps; but the essence of life is not one whit changed from what it was then. Jesus threw light upon it and satisfied eager inquirers. Jesus throws light and satisfies the heart of a man here in the end of the ages. There can be nothing in the future that will do more. The doctrine of Jesus covers

the subject and is final. It is the disclosure of the mind of God.

The gist of our argument (if it is argument) is that Jesus came to be regarded and now is regarded, as touching, revealing and introducing the standard of perfection. That means God. Through Him we have access to the Father. He is as One Who has sat down on the throne of the Majesty in the Heavens. The same Who "endured the Cross despising the shame" "hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. So may be expressed the purposes which He serves to us as a "Mediator between God and men."

Our point of view requires us to see Jesus exalted in the minds of men; we therefore observe that as an historical fact partisans have been passionately devoted, and are now devoted, to the opinion that He is divine in essence and authority. So is He now enthroned "on the right hand of the power of God."

One afternoon, a month or more ago, I was walking with a friend on the streets of one of the boroughs across the river in Bergen County. Without any intentional choice of our course we were led past a Church which is altogether unique for this country. The door stood open and we turned in, just to see what the interior might be. A queer little man was sweeping the floor. We had met him somewhere and therefore felt ourselves introduced. He answered questions about the building and casually remarked, "There is to be mass here in about thirty minutes; would we stay?" We thought we would. I remember now, it was election day; we had voted, and now had our time on our hands. Presently a fair-faced young man entered and proceeded to a lectern and began to arrange the books. "Is that the priest?" we whispered. "No, it is his assistant," or perhaps there was a technical title for it.

Soon the priest himself entered. He regarded the strangers with a little surprise; but the sexton introduced us and we explained that we were clergymen in a way and were honest in our interest in the strange Church. He warmed up to us. Presently he invited us behind the gates of his sanctuary, and showed us all the sacred implements of his liturgy of the "mass." He opened drawers, and brought out vestments, and cups, and crosses, and censers, more than I can now enumerate, explaining

everything with utmost kindness. The time for "mass" arrived, and we returned to our place where the worshippers should be. One person in the meantime had come in. It was a woman, lady-like in appearance and attire, and she had taken position before an "ikon," as I suppose it was. I suppose it was an image of Christ. Most devoutly was she reciting her manual of prayer. She kneeled; she prolonged that passionate devotion; and when she had reached the end, she bent forward, her face to the floor and seemed to kiss the ground before that image of Christ. Then the strenuous voices intoning "mass" began. There were present the priest, his assistant before mentioned, the solitary woman, the officious sexton, and the two strangers who had dropped in accidentally. Full half an hour or longer did that loud resounding tone of three voices fill the house. The language was mainly Greek, brought from afar. Few as were the persons present it impressed my friend and me as a wonderful witness for Jesus. This was a Russian Church; the occasion that we had stumbled upon was a certain saint's day. There are less than twenty Orthodox Greek families in the vicinity of Passaic, and yet this provision has been made to supply them with the ritual of their home land.

In imagination I transferred the scene. Let it have been one of the vast cathedrals of St. Petersburg or Moscow. Instead of a solitary woman, let there have been a concourse of thousands of men and women, simultaneously reciting their prayers, with one accord bending forward to kiss the ground before the image of Jesus. That scene is usual in Russia; millions worship in that impressive manner.

What of it?

The "what of it" to us now is the fact that in hearts of men, almost incomputable for numbers, Jesus has been installed as One "set down on the right hand of God."

Does one say, "It ought not to be so; it is superstition?" I am not discussing the rightfulness of it; I am calling attention to the fact of it. We cite the intense devotion of the Russian Church, which carries with it all the Greek Orthodox communion. Quite as emphatic, quite as reverent, altogether as adoring, is the exaltation of JESUS in the ritual of the Roman Church. There other millions upon millions have "enthroned" Him in their hearts. Not a whit less sincere or complete is the

adoration of the further millions who worship in the Churches of the Anglican communion. Or take ourselves. If we have not exhibits as in the "mass," and if we have not prescribed forms of adoration, still altogether sincerely and adoringly do we lift up the name and exalt the person of Jesus in our worship of God.

When He said, just prior to His humiliation, "But from henceforth shall the Son of man be seated at the right hand of the power of God," He said no more than has come to pass and is real before our eyes; for in hearts of men He is this day so enthroned. Suppose one denies the divinity of Christ. He denies an abstraction. It has no effect whatsoever upon the fact that Jesus is lifted up, enthroned and adored in the souls of men. I am not putting forth the least effort now to convince one of a dogma; but I would like to have one notice that the word which Jesus spoke has come true in a very real and palpable sense.

I can not follow Him beyond the "clouds of heaven" and locate Him in the uncharted universe. But I can follow Him in the souls of men. I can appreciate the intense devotion of the four persons maintaining the ritual of their home Church here in a strange land. I can appreciate the devotion in all types and forms that centres in the name and the person of Jesus. One may dismiss a dogma; but one cannot dismiss a fact.

I have an impression that the disagreement between those who affirm and those who deny the divinity of Christ as a dogma is never to be settled on the arena of intellectual debate.

There is another approach to the heart of the subject. It is by the way of a fresh examination and interpretation, first of the story of His life and teachings; then, second, of His living presence and influence in the throbbing world. I will not ask a man to listen to my dialectic argument to prove the divinity of Christ; but I will ask a man to explain how One Who was so treated as the Roman magistrate contemptuously dealt with Jesus when he consigned Him to be hung upon a Cross, did so soon regain His hold upon hearts of men and has through the centuries so firmly retained that hold, and does now in hearts of men occupy the position of One to be supremely adored.

Hitherto, in all our thinking about Jesus, we have been con-

struing, and reconstruing, those few acts that He wrought when He was here among men. We have been construing and reconstruing those few words that are recorded as from His lips in the four Gospels. We have been analyzing and criticising the effects He produced on wheaten loaves, or palsied limbs, or tossing waves,—“miracles” as we say.

Why do we so limit ourselves? Why do we not try to construe Christ as He is continuously manifest by His never-slackened activity in the lives of His people all through the twenty centuries? We strain imagination to see Him on an indefinite throne in indefinite space; why do we not dismiss strain and rest our thought upon Him in the souls of the endless series of His people?

Let us seek a rational explanation of the phenomena of Christ in the souls of men, and we can not but arrive at a correct estimate of His nature.

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