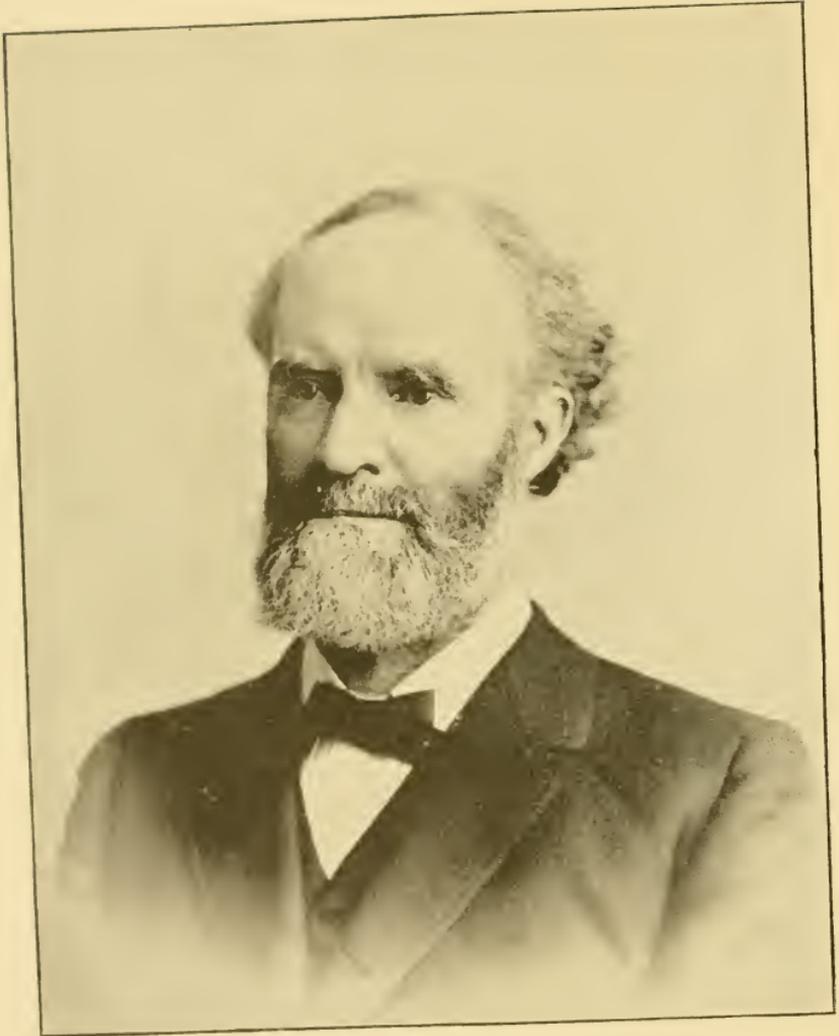




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Evans, Llewelyn John, 1833-
1892.
Poems, addresses and essays

No.



POEMS, ADDRESSES

AND

ESSAYS

BY THE

REV. LLEWELYN IOAN EVANS, D. D., LL. D.

Twenty Nine Years Professor in Lane Seminary.

WITH PORTRAIT.

New York:
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1893.

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TO
MRS. SARAH E. EVANS,

WHOSE NAME, ABOVE EVERY OTHER,
THE AUTHOR OF THESE PAPERS WOULD WISH TO HAVE
ASSOCIATED WITH HIS OWN,
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

THE EDITOR.

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PREFACE.

This selection of POEMS, ADDRESSES and ESSAYS, by Dr. LL. I. Evans, is published in accordance with the announcement in the previous volume (PREACHING CHRIST, Christian Literature Company, 1893), and at the request of many friends. The selection is made on the principle of showing the manysidedness of his scholarship, and the variety of his interest in history and literature. The papers bear witness, no less than the sermons already published, to the manner in which he subordinated all his acquisitions to the Gospel of Christ.

In preparing the papers for the press the editor had a delicate duty to perform. Many of the addresses had been delivered more than once, and in these, frequent alterations and corrections appeared. These were in such shape that it could not always be told whether they were made at once, or whether they represented different stages of revision. The only way in which we could be sure that we had a homogeneous work, was in all cases to go back to the earliest manuscript, disregarding the supplementary insertions and corrections. The reader (and critic) will therefore kindly bear in mind that the papers are quite certainly not in the form which Dr. Evans would have given them had he lived to see them through the press. There is some compensation for this disadvantage in the fact that, presented in their original form, they have a certain freshness that might otherwise have been lost. If we are today strangers to the warmth and glow of patriotism which are reflected in the lecture on John Milton (for example) it may be well for us to realize these emotions afresh.

Mr. J. J. Loux, a student in Lane Seminary, the Rev. R. F. Souter and the Rev. J. L. Taylor have kindly assisted in the preparation of the copy for the press. Mr. Taylor has also kindly read the proof of a considerable part of the volume.

Through a misunderstanding of the printer, the portrait intended for the other volume was not inserted there, and is therefore given with this.

It is my hope that others may have as much pleasure in reading these memorials as I have had in preparing them for the press.

H. P. S.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 1, 1893.

POEMS.

TO MY DEPARTED SISTER.*

My Sister! Summers four have come and gone,
Bidding the grass grow green upon thy grave;
And winters four have withered all again,
Then lightly spread their sheeted robes of snow
To hide the blight which they and Death had made.
Spring comes again as erst she came to thee,
And, fondly stealing o'er the drooping scene,
Whispers the earth and all things into life.

 The earth is glad,

For on her bosom bloom once more the flowers.

 And man is glad,

For birds once more sing gladly in his bowers.

 But I am sad,

For her I loved I can no more behold;

 My heart is sad,

For one that loved me now in death lies cold.

Oh, why should earth renew her living hue of green,

But those we loved no more—when life is o'er—be seen?

I turn from nature, who restores
Life to *her* dead, but not to thee;
Who open flings her choicest stores
Of joy to all, but not to me—

* Written in the Album which had belonged to his sister, dated April 21, 1855, and signed "Thy Brother, Llewelyn."

I turn to view these pages, where
The tokens of thy friendships are
Embalmed in words, o'er which thine eye
Once wandered, lingering tearfully,
While many a sob broke from thy heart
For friends from whom thou hadst to part.
Alas! that I should mourn to be
Parted, ah! not from them, but thee!
That their farewells should mind me most
That thou to me art—lost!

I see that name on every leaf—
That name that once was wont to thrill
My soul with joy, but now with grief!
'Twas music to my heart, until
Death spoke it. Ah! that speaking gave
A knelling sadness to its sound,
As though 'twere whispered from the grave,
Or told me by thy lowly mound.

Here thine own hand has swept the page
And left the traces of thy soul;
The thoughts that filled thy tender age,
The piety that graced the whole
Of thy brief life; the grace that shone
Through all thy actions, look and speech;
That purity around them thrown
Which the pure heart alone can teach.

Companion of my early days!
And is it true that thou art gone?
Must I plod on through life's rough ways
Without thy cheering smile—alone?
Ah, little I thought when, hand in hand,
We walked our own sweet native land,

Climbing its hills and rugged rocks,
 Whose mountain breeze played in thy locks,
 Or wandered by the ocean shore,
 Gathering the choicest shells it bore,
 That but a few short years more,
 And far beyond that playful wave
 That did our careless footsteps lave,
 Thou there wouldst find—ah, me—a grave.

Like flowers in a garden, we
 Together did begin to bloom,
 Together drank the heavenly ray,
 Together mingled love's perfume ;
 But thee the Heavenly Gardener took
 To grace his paradise above,
 While I am left,
 Of all bereft,
 To tremble in the blast, and look
 Upon the loss of all I love.

But, unlike me, thou wert too delicate
 For earth, and for the chilling storms of fate ;
 Thy soul and passions were too finely strung,
 In life's rough howling tempests to be hung ;
 Thy strings ethereal would have broke beneath
 Their rage, or sighed and sobbed themselves to
 death.

Is there a land where none but spirit-breezes blow,
 Where breathings of a God through souls æolian flow ;
 Where love grows back to love, where souls responsive
 meet,
 Where friendship knows no death, but holds communion
 sweet ;

Where all the good and beautiful for evermore unite,
Where a fairer form than e'er I dreamed seems beckoning
to invite ;
Where the weary are at rest from suffering and care ?
Then, Sister, thou art blest, for thou I know art there.

THE LOSS OF CHILDHOOD.

Oh! why, when childhood's dawn
 Fades into life's full noon,
Do the glories auroral where it is born,
Vanish away like the tints of morn,
 So soon, so soon?

And childhood's rosy dreams,
 So beautiful and fair,
Like cherubs smiling from the sky
Whither, ah, whither do they fly
 Like air, like air?

Those dreams of Paradise,
 And blissful scenes above ;
Gardens and groves and bowers of light,
And angel forms and faces bright
 With love, with love.

And dreams of purity,
 Purer than the light of day ;
Of beauty untainted and divine,
Of love that will the brighter shine
 For aye, for aye.

And the gay bright hopes of youth,
 That with their beckoning calls,
Lead us to follow with eager chase,
Why do they mock our fond embrace,
 So false, so false?

And why, when these are fled
 With vanished days of yore,
Does the heart of man in sadness yearn,
As though like those they would return
 No more, no more?

Is it they are but dreams,
 Never to come again,
Which neither Fancy's wizard spell,
Nor Will's strong fiat can compel
 Here to remain?

Oh! what a change has come,
 When that which charmed me most
When I was fresh from the bosom of God,
And when beauty sprung wherever I trod,
 Is lost, is lost!

When the heaven-reflecting purity,
The soul-revealing simplicity,
The heart-born laugh of innocence,
The sun-lit look of confidence,
Trusting, enjoying, loving all,
Beautifying and brightening all,
And the delightful unconsciousness
Of life from its very blessedness
 Are lost, are lost.

And when instead of these
 Comes Apathy's dead mould,
Unfeeling, blunt indifference,
The torpor of the spirit's sense,
The unbelieving mocking jeer,
The scorning pride, the frigid sneer,
Scoffing, mistrusting, doubting all,
Spurning, rejecting, scouting all,

Feeling by rule, living by art,
And living for self, until the heart
Is cold, is cold!

Is this to be a man,
To be unhappier, worse?
Are these the fruits of his Life-tree,
The promised gifts of Destiny?
Apples of Sodom! Ah! these be
The curse, the curse!

The curse of the faithlessness
To the high intents of youth,
And of the decay of loyalty
To the majesty of truth.

The curse of the restlessness
Which snatches at the bloom,
And misses the eternal fruit
For a moment's short perfume.

The curse of the waywardness
Which bursts from Eden's bounds,
And quits its angel-guarded walks
For Time's enchanted grounds.

The curse of the selfishness
Whose inturnd Gorgon-eye
Freezes the heart into a stone,
Hard, barren, dreary.

The curse of the sordidness
Which crawls like any beast,
Feeding on weeds, and husks of swine,
Disdaining Heaven's high feast.

The curse of the unbelief
 In instinct's heavenly call,
Refusing to hear and believe
 The voice of God in the soul.

Oh! would we see again
 Our Paradise on earth,
We must the hearts of youth renew,
We must in lowliness go through
 The Second Birth.

And the guards of Eden's gates,
 Who watch with flaming swords,
Will wave us in, and there we may
Among unfading glories stray,
And quaff the nectar-drops alway
Which in the Fount of Youth do play ;
For children and the childlike, they
 Are Eden's lords.

SORROW.

Oft have I sat and watched the day's last gleam,
 And seen the brightness fade from out the sky,
 Seen darksome clouds upon my vision heave
 Where fire and darkness mingled gloomily:
 And I have turned myself unto the night
 Like the sad, light-forsaken Earth and prayed—

“Come, Mother! visit thou my spirit's blight
 And bathe me with thy darkest dewy shade,
 Come, holy Sorrow! Hang thy gloomy pall
 Around my soul, for its bright sun is gone.
 The light which beautified and haloed all
 Is vanished—vanished! why should I look on
 Those dim gray walls, where late a living glory shone?”

And gracious night has come and wrapped me round
 In her thick shadows where my soul did creep
 To utter low her wail of mournful sound
 And o'er her lonely desolation weep.
 Then have I seen those shadows melt away
 And Heaven begin t' appear, though high and far,
 Wherein the glory of my departed day,
 Shone beautifuller in each happy star:
 Ay, Night and sorrow! ye are both divine,
 Ye both reveal to man the Infinite.

Ye teach me that the Infinite is mine
 With all it doth contain that's pure and bright;
 For ere ye came, I fluttered in the light
 Like a vain insect, living its short hour
 And thinking only of its honeyed flower;
 But ye beneath, my soul like the deep moaning sea
 Yearneth the night long to her own eternity.

'Tis for Eternity I yearn, for there
 Is garnered all my beautiness and bliss :
 All, whereof my full being was a share ;
 All which my widowed spirit now doth miss ;
 Those beautiful we loved, did they not come,
 Singing sweet music through our souls, like some,
 Stray snatches of a heavenly symphony,
 Aye swelling out in richer harmony,
 Until, become too pure for mortal ears,
 They passed and blended with the music of the spheres.

Though they are gone, their tender strains yet sleep
 Within our heartstrings ; and when memory
 Like some strong breeze our bosom-chords doth sweep
 They wake again in sweet though sad reply.

What then is gone ? 'tis but the outward form !

The spirit—all that we did hold most dear—
 The melody that did each tone inform—

The grace—the loveliness—they still are here,
 They still are ours, and ours will be ever :
 For Thou, our heavenly Father ! Thou wouldst never

Give man the beautiful and to him say,
 " This shall be thine to love and to adore ; "

Then snatch it from his growing love away,
 And leave him mourning it for evermore.

The good whom we did love in happier hours
 Were given to prove that Goodness is our own.

The beautiful—they were, are, will be ours ;
 The fragrance tarries, though the flower be flown.

Thou, Father ! gavest them to teach us love ;
 Thou tookest them that we might love still more

Than them, their truth and purity,
 Their loving soul of piety,

That more than them we might love Thee !
 And thus their loss, by drawing us above,
 Will make us holier, heavenlier than before.

Ah! truest sorrow is not wretchedness!—
To be cut loose from all that is divine—
To be denied the lasting blessedness
Of saying to the godlike—"Thou art mine!"
This—this is misery, and blank despair!
But tender longings, tears of sad regret
Are pledges sweet that we but parted are,
And that our souls and lives shall mingle yet.
For pain is but the straining of the tie
That doth our hearts to their fond idols bind;
That broken—we were without sense or mind
Of love or life to all eternity.
But no! it lives, and by it we do live,
And with their spirits hold communion dear
And still like drooping flowers our hearts revive
Trembling in their own fragrance when they near,
And when they think of us we drop a tear,
And when they hover round us heave the sigh,
Yet dream not 'tis because they are so nigh
And that it is their light makes heaven appear
More bright, the earth more sweet, and us more pure,
Nor that it is their love that doth allure
Us to their Father, whence the beautiful doth come,
And where the beautiful is gathered to its home.

QUIETLY, QUIETLY.

MARCH 28, 1858.

Quietly, quietly shines the moon,
In the dreamy, dreamy sky,
And beautiful is the silent noon
Of her midnight reign on high.
Shedding her silvery
Wonderful witchery
Over the scenery
Sleeping below,
And to the wandering
Spirit low whispering
Of the yet lingering
Long, long ago.

Dreamily, dreamily smiles the moon
In the silent, silent sky,
And beautiful is the quiet noon
Of her midnight reign on high.
In her soft beams of white
Fairy like dreams all bright
Floating on streams of light
Passing me go :
Fairest and clearest,
Hovers me nearest
Dream of the dearest
Loved long ago.

Silently, silent rides the moon,
In the quiet, quiet sky,
And beautiful is the dreamy noon
Of her midnight reign on high.

Chimes of the distant bell
As on my ear they swell
To my lone spirit tell
 Murmuring low,
Of the last farewell drear
Of the last kiss so dear
Of the last parting tear
 Long, long ago.

A VALENTINE.

FEB. 12, 1855.

Oh! Why should this wide Universe
Through heaven and earth be full
Of all that may delight the eye
Of all that's beautiful?
Why should the sky and starry heaven
With radiant beauty glow?
And why should beauty shine through all
This loveliness below—
And why should man lay down his heart
The Beautiful before—
If beauty was not made to love
To worship and adore?

And why has nature made thee like
Herself so passing fair
And decked thee with her beauties all
Most charming and most rare?
Why has she ta'en her brightest hues
Thy countenance to grace
Stolen her heaven itself and placed
It beaming in thy face,
If not that I should yield myself
To worship and adore
Thy beauty and thy gracefulness
And love thee evermore?

I love, oh yes! the beauteous earth
I love the glorious sky,
Then blame me not for loving more
Thy still more glorious eye.

My heart with rapture glows whene'er
Fair nature's face I see
Why blame its rapture when it sees
That fairer nature—Thee?
So long as beauty must be loved
So long as beauty's thine
So long shall I love thee and be
Thine own true valentine.

A FANTASY OF IFS.

If ever I am free to place
My heart where love's preclusions trace
Fond dreams of what may be—
If then thou still art free to say
To one who for thy grace will pray
“Dear soul, I pity thee!”—
If when that prayer from me shall rise
Sweet pity droppeth from thine eyes,
What bliss will fall to me!

TO LAURA.

Like a golden sunbeam from the sky
Sparkling with living light;
Born out of heaven's own purity,
Glowing with beauty bright;
Dancing upon the crystal stream
Beautifying the flower
Making the earth with smiles to beam
And joy in beauty's power—

Thus, Laura, may thy whole life be
A beam of heavenly purity;
Thus, where it shall its radiance bring,
May good and beauty ever spring.

And as that beam, when comes the night,
Is gathered up on high
And shines with a diviner light
Upon the saddened eye
Gleaming in some bright distant star
That smiles in heaven above
Stealing into the soul from far
A messenger of love—

Thus, Laura, when the last dark night
Has hidden thee from human sight,
Mayst thou still shine a radiant gem
In heaven a starry diadem.

TO ANNA.

Like a dewdrop glistening goldenly
In the chalice of the rose,
Born of the sapphire-golden sea
Whose brightness in it glows,
Causing the rose to lift its head
In fresher, fairer bloom,
Bathing it with a deeper red
And sweetening its perfume ;

Thus, Anna, may thy whole life be
A mirror of heaven's purity ;
Thus may its truth and noble worth
With goodness' fragrance gladden earth.

And as the drop mounts up at dawn
Leaving the rose forlorn,
Heavenward by the sunbeams drawn
On fairy fingers borne,
And melts into the halo round
The sun's all-glorious brow,
Or in still fairer hues is found
In heaven's seven-tinted bow.

Thus, Anna, when the dawn of day
Eternal calls thy soul away,
May it into that halo rise
Which crowns the Sun of Paradise.

THE OLD YEAR.

1867.

Old Year! They tell me thou art dead;
 Yestreen was heard thy dying groan
 In the wailing of the blast,
 And thy dying shudders passed
 Through the forest's shivering moan.
 Thy visage was wan and worn they say,
 And bent with its burden of toils and tears
 Thy trembling form, as it passed away
 At the toll of the midnight bell
 To the shadowy land where dwell
 The ghosts of the vanished years.

Not so, Old Year! Full well I know
 Thou art not dead.
 Thou didst but leave thy throne—and not with slow
 And tottering footsteps, but with stately tread
 And kingly part, and mien of conscious strength,
 With joy that thou hadst done thy work at length,
 Hadst finished all according to the plan
 Delivered to thee ere thy course began.
 Thou didst but yield thy crown—
 The twelve-gemmed crown the monarch wears,
 Which from of old hath glided down
 From head to head of the Royal Line of years.

A line of kings! I see them now,
 Uncrowned but bright, immortal, strong,
 An awful, mighty throng,
 Eternity's dread light upon each brow,
 Years of thunder and might,
 Years of silence and night;

Years of dreary toil
 When the seed slept in the soil ;
 Years of mighty birth
 When life sprang forth from earth
 Years of reaping and rest,
 Called of the nations "Blest ;"
 Years of vengeance and war ;
 Years of peaceful cheer ;
 Years when heaven seemed far ;
 Years when God was near ;—
 I see them all in glorious array.
 Ah, no! The years ne'er die, they ne'er grow old ;
 They live with God, they live always.

They have no "dim plutonian shore"—behold !
 They live with us from day to day,
 They brood above our busy life,
 Into our cups they crush their wine,
 Their glittering swords and armor shine
 As still they mingle in the strife.
 Lo! here they strike, and one doth fall:
 Lo! here they aid, and one doth win:
 Their potency is felt in all
 That moves without or stirs within.
 Noiselessly, swiftly, to and fro, they move,
 Angels of Justice, ministers of Love.

And so, Old Year, I bid thee not farewell,
 Too soon, too soon it were to part.
 I learned but little of what thou hadst to tell,
 Much hast thou yet, I know, to teach my heart,
 Thy lessons were too many and too deep,
 And oft, alas! my soul was sunk in sleep;
 Then come again, thy lesson to repeat,
 And tell it o'er, thy tale so sad and sweet.

Tell of the joy and grief,
The doubt and the relief.
The fear and the release
The tempest and the peace,
The song I tried to sing in vain,
The cross I could nor bear nor throw,
The truth I sought in vain to know,
The beauty I dreamed, but could not gain,
The loss I could but feel, nor feel aright,
The good I could but see, nor see in light.

Come, tell it all to me once more,
The vanished vision to mine eye restore,
The buried good cause from its grave to rise
 With light immortal in its eyes,
 With strength celestial in its heart.
Or if this can not be,
Still be thou at my side to help me see
The way of life, to choose the better part,
And of the coming years much more to learn.
In benedictions let thy prayers return,
In wisdom let thy counsels reappear,
And in a nobler life thy gifts to me,
And so I will not say farewell, Old Year,
One hand I give to the coming bright New Year,
But the other hand, Old Year, is still for thee.

ANNO DOMINI.

I.

Lord of the years, O Christ, art Thou ;
Thou art their source, their life, their end :
Each with Thy message Thou dost send ;
Each wears Thy signet on his brow.

II.

The years upon Thy service came
Ere Thou in servant-form wast found ;
Each wrought Thy will, although uncrowned
As yet with Thine all-hallowing Name.

III.

Each bore its prophecy of Thee,
And sang it to the morning-star ;
They saw with gladness, from afar,
Thy day, *Annorum Domine !*

IV.

The Star shines forth in Bethlehem's sky ;
The Song comes back in Peace on Earth :
And with the day of Jesus' birth
Is born the ANNUS DOMINI.

V.

Henceforth on every year shall shine
This lordly diadem, THY NAME :
And by this title Thou shalt claim
The fulness of the times as Thine.

VI.

So shall earth's history for aye
Bear witness to the King of Kings,
Who by His Incarnation brings
The New Creation's endless day.

VII.

Each time of sorrow, and of joy,
The birth, the death, the bridal hour,
Each wondrous change, each deed of power,
Shall be *In Anno Domini*.

VIII.

The truth, which thrills with life divine
The growth of ages, is Thy thought;
The love, which miracles hath wrought,
Which conquers life and death, is Thine.

IX.

The Alpha and Omega Thou!
Of all life's mysteries the key:
Our years shall find their rest in Thee;
Thou leadest us, we know not how.

X.

Domine Anni! Let Thine eye
Beam love on this New Year, we pray;
Thy holy touch upon it lay,
And seal our ANNUS DOMINI.

THE SHADOWS.

The moon was rising yellow and round
And pouring her golden flood ;
The shadows lay long and still on the ground,
And stretched far into the wood :
When the King of the Fairies awoke as he lay
On a rose of damask red
Where he had been dreaming the livelong day
And he peeped from out of his bed ;
No breeze was stirring in bush or tree
No shadow was moving in sight ;
And—" Surely the shadows are sleeping," quoth he,
" The shadows are sleeping to-night."

But a shadow ere long did gently creep
Between the rose and the moon
" So-ho," quoth he, " they're not all asleep,"
And another came gliding soon,
And quickly the shadows were side by side,
And face did lean to face,
Till each in the other itself did hide,
And they met in one embrace.
Amazed was the Fairy-King to see
Two shadows in one unite ;
And—" Surely the shadows are meeting," quoth he,
" The shadows are meeting to-night."

And from the one Shadow two Voices were heard
In close and loving commune ;
And the heart of the rose was sweetly stirred
And trembled beneath the moon.

The one was deep in its murmurous flow
Like waters falling afar,
The other was soft and gentle and low
Like the cadence of a star:
And the magic web of their harmony
Held the King in a trance of delight,
And— "Surely the shadows are talking," quoth he,
"The shadows are talking to-night."

But anon the murmur of voices was stilled
To a holy secrecy,
When the heart of the rose was suddenly thrilled
With a shock of ecstasy;
It quivered with joy, and at once a gush
Of perfume swam in the air,
And it burned and glowed with a deeper blush,
As THE SHADOW left it there.
The Fairy-King clapped his hands in glee,
And laughing he took his flight:
"Ha-ha! the Shadows are kissing," quoth he,
"The Shadows are kissing to-night."

SONNET.

In yon high heaven there reigns a queenly star,
I cannot pluck it hence and make it mine
Nor claim the beauteous grace which there doth shine;
I can but gaze and worship from afar,
Yet by its beams what thrills magnetic are
Within me stirred. The radiance divine
Finds in my deepest self a loving shrine
For its fair image, which no change can mar.
And so the twain—my Star upon her throne,
Her image in my heart—their vigils keep,
So far apart yet mystically near.
Speechless yet ever in communion deep
Loyal to all that Duty holds most dear,
Nought asking save what Heaven may give and own.

SONG.

1854.

“Thy tempting lip and roguish een,
By heaven and earth, I love thee.”—BURNS.

Oh! a tempting lip and a roguish eye
Give me, give me;
You need not ask, I can't tell why,
Yet give them me.
A tempting lip makes my bosom smart,
And a roguish eye steals away my heart,
Yet give them me—
Oh! give them me.

Oh! a tempting lip on a bright, sweet face
Give me, give me;
An eye alive with a roguish grace
Give me, give me;
A lip like summer's burning glow,
An eye like morning's beaming brow,
Give me, give me—
Oh! give, give me.

Two lips through which the soft sigh steals
Give me, give me;
And merry music-laughter peals,
Give me, give me;
Two eyes like stars in heaven above,
Twin stars that look undying love,
Give me, give me—
Oh! give, give me.

Lips tempting for the eye to see
Give me, give me;

Rich fruit hanging on the sweet Love-tree
 Give me, give me;
 Red and warm with the glowing wine
 Of passion which through them doth shine,
 Lips bewitching and tempting mine,
 Give me, give me—
 Oh! give, give me.

A roguish lip and a laughing eye
 Give me, give me;
 A merry, sparkling, loving eye
 Give me, give me;
 An eye through which the soft soul peeps,
 An eye in which the blue heaven sleeps,
 Give me, give me—
 Oh! give, give me.

Says one: "Two cheeks like roses seen
 Give me, give me."
 But a pair of rosy lips between
 Give me, give me.
 Give some a pale and saintly brow;
 But a cunning, wicked eye below,
 Give me, give me—
 Oh! give, give me.

Oh! a roguish eye is brightness' self—
 Oh! give it me;
 And a tempting lip is sweetness' self—
 Oh! give it me.
 Sweet eyes that shower heavenly blisses,
 Sweet lips that grow ambrosial kisses,
 Give me, give me—
 Oh! give, give me.

Ah! those full lips so tempting sweet
 I see, I see;
Those eyes where love and beauty meet
 I see, I see.
Eliza, those sweet eyes are thine;
Through them in pity on me shine.
Those tempting lips, oh! join to mine;
 Kiss me, kiss me—
 Oh! kiss, kiss me.

PARTING SONG.

Once again
 Breathe the strain!
 Sisters! 'tis the Parting Song.
 On each heart
 As we part
 Rests the tender, moving spell.
 In each soul
 As they roll
 Will the echoes linger long.
 Deeper still,
 Longer will
 Love's sweet benedictions dwell.

Sweet, sisters, are the ties which in golden union
 • bind us;
 Sweetly bitter is the pain
 Of the parting's cruel strain.
 Dear to memory the scenes which to-day we leave
 behind us.
 Tears of grief the eyes bedew
 As we sob our last adieu.

Yet, although the ties be strained, are they not by
 absence broken :
 Parting doth affection try,
 Trial love doth purify;
 Pensive thoughts and yearnings all too sacred to be
 spoken,
 These are friendship's guarantee
 Of its immortality.

Wide is the realm of love, yet 'tis one and here
forever:

God's throne is everywhere;
All are near who meet in prayer.

Them who love and toil and pray for each other
nought can sever.

Love knows no near and far,
Prayer knows no inter-bar.

Then when the tear doth flow, let the smile-beam
make it brighter;

And when the parting word
From faltering lips is heard,

Let the tones of faith and hope sounding in it make
it lighter.

Life, sisters, is God's school; living well is ever
learning,

Ever climbing nobler heights,
Ever storing new delights;

Finding in each cross a crown, and a heaven in
every yearning,

Wisdom here, and courage there,
And a blessing everywhere.

Life is growth by work and rest, gaining wealth by
joy and sorrow.

'Tis to lose, and find yet more
In God than e'er we had before;

'Tis to part to-day, and then to meet yet closer on
the morrow.

Welcome Duty, rest and strife;
God is calling us to life.

IN MEMORIAM.*

Earth needs the strong.

This poor weak earth—it needs the arm of might,
 To hold aloft God's standard in the fight,
 The shield of faith, the sword of truth to wield,
 To smite the foe and drive him from the field.
 It needs the nerve of iron for the wear
 Of toil and tears; the back of steel, to bear
 For many a stumbling, falling one, his load,
 And help the pilgrim on his weary road.

To do God's work, earth needs the strong.

Earth needs the wise.

This poor dark world, it needs the soul of light
 To bring some gleam of heaven into its night,
 The loving learner—from the Master's feet
 To bear to erring men His wisdom sweet:
 To make the crooked straight; the clouded clear;
 The narrow broad; to bring the far-off near,
 To master nature, and to build the mind
 And for a world gone wrong the best to find.

To teach God's thought, earth needs the wise.

Earth needs the true.

The soul whose loyal purpose is its king,
 Whose every thought like solid gold doth ring,
 Whose diamond purity shows not a flaw,
 Whose liberty exults in serving law,
 Which knows no yoke of servile hope or fear,
 In which no sordid greed doth e'er appear,
 Which is not warped by vanity or pride
 Which loving God, seeks no reward beside.

To show God's mind, earth needs the true.

* Read after the death of a friend, Col. S. S. Fisher.

Earth needs the brave.

The soul which pities cowards [danger scorns],
 Whose crown of glory is the crown of thorns,
 Which dares to do for Right what seems but vain,
 Which dares to lose for self that Truth may gain,
 The chivalry which knows nor high nor low,
 With equal gladness to each task doth go ;
 The heart which ever sings in love's employ,
 The courage which makes life one smile of joy.

To bring God's day, earth needs the brave.

And such was he

The shadow of whose loss doth on us rest,
 In courage, knowledge, truth and strength, confessed
 A leader among men. Did not our earth
 Have need of all that gave his life such worth?
 That helpful power, that genial grace, that skill
 Of hand and tongue and brain ; that self-poised will
 That heart so broad it knew no far or near,
 Strong as the oak, yet gentle as the tear ;

Strong, gentle, wise and true—yes, such was he.

And such is he.

In sphere of wider action, broader scope
 Of thought and vision, loftier flights of hope,
 Of fuller-souled endeavor, mightier faith,
 Of love which has outsoared the chill of death.
 Heaven, too, needs strength and wisdom, truth and love :
 Nothing is lost that God doth call above ;
 No grace or power of soul but there hath birth
 To larger use and glory than on earth.
 Yes — ever strong, wise, loving, true, is he
 Ever more strong, wise, loving, true, shall be.

Gloria tibi Domine!

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES.

I.

PROVIDENCE IN THE GREEK DRAMA.

THE most important speculative and practical question of the day is undoubtedly that which concerns the active relations of God to the world which he has created. What is it that rules the world? Is it law? Is it fate? Is it God? I have thought it might not be without interest or profit to hear what one of the most eloquent voices of the past has to say on this great theme—the voice of the Greek Drama.

Nowhere in the absence of Divine Revelation has the mind grappled so successfully with the material problems of existence; nowhere has it given birth to such sublime thoughts and such marvelous systems of speculation; nowhere has it invested its conceptions of spiritual facts and superhuman personalities with such noble and beautiful forms; nowhere has it given such eloquent and feeling utterance to the profounder experiences of humanity yearning after life and truth and God, as in the philosophy, the poetry, the art, the religion of Ancient Greece. And nothing is more characteristic of Greece, nothing is more expressive of its best and its highest, than its drama.

That we may the better understand what the Greek

Drama has to say on the theme before us, let us take a rapid survey of Greek thought concerning it before the drama began to preach. Recent researches have brought to light such analogies between the first inhabitants of Greece and the Aryan nationalities which settled on the banks of the Ganges and of the Euphrates, as justify us in assuming their common origin, and the original identity of their religion. The primitive worship of the Pelasgians, the original Hellenic population of Greece was, like that of the early Indians and Persians, the simple deification of nature. Zeus is the Greek Indra, the deified sky, armed with the thunder and lightning, dwelling on the mountain tops, driving the clouds, gathering the rain, filling the fountains in the valleys. He is opposed by the Titans, the spirits of darkness, the primitive deities, "the first-born of all shaped and palpable gods," as Keats calls them, whose rule succeeded that of absolute darkness, and who are ever struggling to regain their ascendancy. Apollo, the bright luminous god *Φοῖβος*, became after a time the favorite divinity of the Greeks, who were pre-eminently in a physical sense "children of the light." "It is a characteristic of the Greek temper," says Bulwer, "that the personages of Greek poetry ever bid a last lingering and half reluctant farewell to the sun. There is a magnificent fullness in those children of beautiful Hellas; the sun is to them as a familiar friend. The affliction or the terror of Hades is in the thought that its fields are sunless." And so we find that when Anaxagoras declared that the sun is a mass of red-hot iron, his doctrine was rejected with horror and he was reprobated as an atheist (Mr. Procter would not have found it pleasant lecturing to the Athenians on the sun). Other personifications of nature worshipped by the Greeks we find in Demeter, representing with her daughter Persephone,

the fructifying power of the earth ; Poseidon, the fertilizing power of water ; Dionysos, the productive, overflowing, and intoxicating power of nature ; Hephaestos, the volcanic forces of the earth, and fire as an industrial element. And so the process went on until in the end this poetical faith had peopled every kingdom and province and nook of nature with divinities, with

“ The intelligible forms of ancient poets
The fair humanities of old religion
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piney mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Spirits or gods that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend.”

It was inevitable, however, that in Greece this simple nature-worship should undergo a development. In the Orient, in India especially with its tropical heat, its overpowering vastnesses, its lazy monotony, its unchangeable uniformity it had become Pantheism — “sometimes monstrous, sometimes grand, but always fatalistic.” Not so, however, in Greece. In India nature triumphs over man. Man is crushed into helplessness before her tremendous energies. In Greece “men had learned of their fathers ;” in the language of Thucydides, “that they must pay the price of labor and effort in order to obtain any advantages ;” and there they became victorious over nature. In the East was seclusion and changelessness. Greece was situated at the confluence of East and West, “a small many-toothed peninsula (as Dr. Schaff describes it), inserted by Providence in the midst of the three divisions of the Old World, to educate and refine them.” In the immense plains of Asia, vast monarchies sprang up, in which the individual is lost, and there Unity reigned supreme. Greece was filled with states, commercial

communities, republics, and oligarchies, and there we find variety, movement, strife, liberty, individuality. "Even the fabulous world of Grecian divinities," says Schlegel, "has a republican cast, for there everything is in a state of change, of successive renovation and of mutual collision, in the war of nature's elements, in the hostilities of old and new deities, of the superior and inferior gods, of giants and of heroes—presenting, as it does, a sort of poetical anarchy."

Hence, as we have seen, in the East, Pantheism; in the West, Humanism; and in Persia, by the way, intermediate between the two, Dualism. In India we see Fatalism, the reign of absolute inexorable law, by which man is enslaved. In Persia we see an attempt, although finally unsuccessful, to escape from Fatalism by the recognition of two antagonistic principles. In Greece, as De Pressensé says, "man, for the first time in Paganism, arrived at the consciousness of his individuality, of his moral value as a free being." The character of the religious development of Greece accordingly defines itself thus: it was essentially humanistic, resulting, on the one hand, in the humanizing of the Deity, and on the other hand in the apotheosis of humanity. The foundations of this humanism were laid in the Heroic Age of Greece, embracing: (1) The period of legendary heroism, when the struggle between the primitive barbarism and the nascent civilization of Greece was carried on, and (2) The period of historical heroism, culminating in the grand triumph of the Western over the Oriental types of civilization—"that historical Iliad almost as grand as the other, which, as it has been said, Miltiades and Themistocles inscribed with their swords."

The features of this humanism are given us in the poetry of Greece especially in that of Homer, that in-

imitable poet who, as some one has said, "created in the same breath the poetry and the religion of his country." Olympus becomes now an ideal Greece. Zeus is no longer the sun-god but a great king, the father of gods and men. Apollo is the personification of the national spirit and genius, the god of song, music, inspiration, and retribution; Athena, of state policy; Hermes, of eloquence, commerce, invention; besides Aphrodite, Poseidon, Ares, Artemis and the rest, on which I need not enlarge. The genuinely anthropomorphic character of this theology, which it behoves us here to note, may be seen in the family relations of Zeus. His wife Hera, as is well known, made things lively enough for him. Their family jars shook all Olympus, and often embroiled the other gods. Her temper was far from being the sweetest, although to be sure she had cause enough to complain, and the Thunderer himself did not feel altogether comfortable when her tongue began to go. Sometimes he was brute enough to beat his wife, and one day he went so far as to hang her up in the clouds, her hands chained and two anvils suspended from her feet. Thus it was that, in poetry at least, these old Greeks would conceive of their gods as being altogether such as themselves. The gods of the Homeric pantheon are simply men of larger mould, of mightier energies whether for good or for evil, of intenser passions. Their history is the projection on an earthly background, and in magnified proportions, of human history. They are not wanting in divine grandeur, for on the one side man touches God: but they have also much earthly weakness and grossness, for on the other side man touches the beast.

Besides this Homeric Pantheon, by far the most popular and potent, we find the Hesiodic Pantheon, and the Orphic. We cannot stop to consider them. Hesiod

loved the old nature-gods. He sympathized with the Titans. He mourns that he was born in the hard age of iron. His theogony is a cosmogony, and he is thus the poet of the philosophers, at the same time that he is also the poet of the peasantry; whereas Homer is the poet of the soldier and politician. His poetry is also to a considerable extent the protest of the moral nature against the immoralities and weaknesses to which the heartier humanism of the Homeric mythology conducted. The wife of Zeus is not Hera, but first Metis, or Mind, and then Themis, or Law, by whom he becomes the father of the Fates. Justice, he says, "always ends in being triumphant in human affairs, and if her way is steep, if the gods have placed sweat and pain in the path of virtue, the road grows easier along the height." In Pindar — with considerable progress of the moral idea — the heroic ideal looms upon us, in his own language, "a divinity that the people should worship." Zeus is with him a just wise God. The misery of human life comes from pride, but "a god," he says, "is in all our joys."

Of the Orphic Theogony, which is to me exceedingly fascinating, I cannot now stop to speak, except to say that it is distinguished from the others of which we have spoken, by a greater infusion of mysticism and of pantheism; by the more definite recognition of a Divine Creative or rather plastic power; by the reconciliation of the gods; by a more hopeful view of the future; and especially by the worship of Dionysos, the benefactor of men, the suffering divinity, the liberator of souls. But I cannot leave it without snatching this exquisite gem of thought from an address to Eros: "Thy tears are the hapless race of men; by thy laugh thou hast raised up the sacred race of the gods."

The gods that we have been thus far considering were

originally personifications of nature. But these personifications, as we have seen, were gradually invested more and more with human attributes, until their original significance was almost and in some cases entirely lost sight of. The divine was more and more absorbed in the heroic. From this point the transition was easy and unavoidable to the immediate deification of heroes—which brings us to a third series of gods in Greek mythology. The first had consisted of personifications of nature: the second of these same personifications humanized: the third consisted of deified heroes. Of this class the most distinguished example is Heracles—the ideal of a generous suffering and victorious hero. “The fundamental idea of all heroic mythology” says Müller (Ancient Dorians) may be pronounced to be a proud consciousness of power innate in man, by which he endeavors to place himself on a level with the gods, not through the influence of a mild and benign destiny, but by labor, misery and combats. “The highest degree of human suffering and courage is attributed to Heracles; his character is as noble as could be conceived in those rude and early times, but he is by no means represented as free from the blemishes of human nature. On the contrary, he is frequently subject to wild ungovernable passions, when the noble indignation and anger of the suffering hero degenerate into frenzy. Every crime however is atoned for by some new suffering, but nothing breaks his invincible courage, until, purified from earthly corruption he ascends Mt. Olympus, and there receives the beautiful Hebe for his bride, while his shade threatens the frightened gods in Hades. As in the fable of Apollo, the godhead descends into human life, so in Heracles, a purely human power is elevated to the gods. He is a deity representing the highest perfection of humanity, and therefore the model and aim of human imi-

tation. And the summit of heroic energy was seen where the human passed into the divine nature.

Such then is the twofold result of the Greek humanism: the humanizing of the Deity, the apotheosis of humanity. In the Pantheon of the Iliad and the Odyssey we recognize the gods brought down to men; in Heracles, Æsculapius and the later hero-gods we see men raised up to gods. First, the gods come down to Olympus and become human; then men scale Olympus and become divine. We are now prepared to consider the teachings of the Greek Drama on the subject before us.

The complete emancipation of man from the religion of nature in Greece is seen in the development of the drama. Dramatic poetry is possible only where there is the consciousness of freedom, the interaction and counteraction of moral forces and laws, the sense of responsibility and guilt, the apprehension of a moral government, of Providence and will, of conscience, of Law, of Nemesis. It is just what we should expect, therefore, that in Greece, where the triumph of man over nature carried with it such a development of freedom and individuality, the drama should become a most flourishing and popular institution. To be sure, the consciousness of perfect moral liberty is not attained even here. Indeed the fatalism which broods over some of these dramas is painful; but this is the nearest approach to such a conception that we meet with in heathendom. The pathos of these wonderful poems results from the contrast which they set forth between "the grandeur of man and the wretchedness of his destiny." But that misery is ever the fruit of crime. The Curse which haunts the family or the individual has sprung out of the blood of an injured divinity, of violated law. To the Greek the drama was

a great preacher of righteousness. The stage was in some sense a pulpit. In Tragedy especially did Greek genius give conscience its grandest voice, and pour forth its loftiest utterances while treating "of fate and chance and change in human life." "Greek Tragedy," says Professor Tyler, "is essentially didactic, ethical, mythological, religious. It was the express office of the chorus, which held the most prominent place in the ancient drama, to interpret the mysteries of Providence, to justify the ways of God to men, to plead the cause of truth, virtue and piety. Hence it was composed usually of aged men whose wisdom was fitted to instruct in the true and the right, or of young women whose virgin purity would instinctively shrink from falsehood and wrong. . . . The characters are heroes and demigods; monsters, it may be, in crime; but their punishment is equally prodigious. Sin and suffering always go together. They illustrate by their lips and in their lives the provident and retributive justice of God."

It is evident at once that in the very act of putting the gods upon the stage was involved the necessity of investing them with those human passions, sympathies and activities for which the stage was designed; and that the Greek Drama in this way strongly confirmed the anthropomorphic tendencies of its theology. There is indeed one prominent exception to this dramatic representation of divinity. Zeus is never put on the stage. He is always the unseen and invisible god. Indeed the myth of Zeus and Semele teaches that no mortal could behold Zeus and live. For as you remember, when Semele, at the instigation of Hera, requested him to appear to her as he did to Hera, and when he so far gratified her wish as to appear to her as the god of thunder, Semele, was instantly consumed by the fire of

the lightning—the jewel of a noble truth in the head of a toad, as is so often the case in these old myths. And so with the dramatists, with Æschylus particularly. Zeus is, as Max Müller says, the only real God in the higher sense of the word. The Chorus in the *Suppliants* call him “King of kings, most blest of the blest”; and again, “the Supremé, who by hoary law directs fate.” Again Æschylus (in *Agamemnon*) calls him the universal cause—*παναίτιος*. “Woe! woe! ’tis by the will of Jove, cause of all, doer of all; for what is accomplished among mortals without Zeus? What of these things is not decreed by Heaven?” In the *Antigone* of Sophocles the Chorus utters this sublime strain: “O Jove! what daring pride of mortals can control this power, which neither the sleep which leads the universe to old age ever seizes, nor the unwearied months of the gods? Through unwasting time enthroned in might, thou dwellest in the glittering blaze of heaven!”

Closely connected with this supremacy of Zeus is the doctrine of Providence and a Divine Government. “There is a mighty Jove in heaven who overlooketh and swayeth all things,” says the Chorus in *Electra*. “The tragedies of Æschylus” says K. O. Müller, “uniformly require faith in a Divine power which with steady eye and firm hand, guides the course of events to the best issue, though the paths through which it leads may be dark and difficult and fraught with distress and suffering. The poetry of Æschylus is full of profound and enthusiastic glorifications of Zeus as this power.” The Greek genius indeed is not insensible to the mystery which enwraps the Divine decrees and which broods over their fulfillment. “The counsel of Zeus,” says the Chorus in the *Suppliants*,” is not easily traced out, yet in all things it shines forth

even in darkness, with black calamity to articulate-voiced man. But it falls firmly not upon its back (*i. e.* is not thrown prostrate) if a thing be perfected by the hand of Zeus, for the ways of the divine breast stretch thick and shady, difficult to discover." Scarcely less sublime than the description of Zeus on his throne are the descriptions, in Sophocles especially, of the divine and eternal laws which rule the operations of Providence. Thus in the *Oedipus Tyrannus* the Chorus says: "Oh, may it be my lot to support the all-sainted purity of every word and action, regarding which are propounded laws sublime engendered in the firmament of heaven, whose only father is Olympus; nor did the perishable nature of man give them being; no, nor shall oblivion ever drown them in sleep. Great is the diversity in these, none groweth old." And in *Antigone* the Chorus speaks of "the unwritten and immovable laws of the gods. For not now, at least, or of yesterday, but eternally they live, and no one knows from what time they had their being."

In a more general way, all things are attributed to the gods. Success is their gift. "For mortals to succeed is a boon of deity" (*Eteocles*; *Seven against Thebes*). They protected him that fears them; "A dread adversary is he that reveres the gods." Occasionally we find something like a recognition of special providence. Thus we find in the *Persians*, the messenger who announced the ruin of the Persian army saying: "In this night God called up Winter out of his season and congealed the whole stream of sacred Strymon." The Chorus in *Agamemnon* expressly teaches that the gods care for men, and says of one who denied this — "not holy was he." In harmony with this view of the deity, is the view given of prayer. "The dramas of *Æschylus*," says Professor

Tyler, "are in their whole structure and contents a standing witness to a belief in the efficacy of prayer, as a general thing, notwithstanding the fixed decrees of fate or providence. No Calvinist was ever a more strenuous asserter of the 'doctrine of the decrees' than the Chorus in these dramas. At the same time, no Methodist ever offered more frequent or more fervent prayers." Here is a very remarkable passage from the *Chorephori*: "That which is foredoomed abides from the olden time, and to those that pray for it, it may come."

The most prominent principle of the Divine Government set forth in the Greek Tragedy is the law of retribution. I cannot stop to describe the various representations given of this law. Suffice it to say that this indissoluble connection between sin and suffering, through crime and punishment, is the grand argument of every tragedy. I wish, however, to call attention here to the personification of moral ideas that we meet with in connection with this law. The Greek mind, as has been remarked, was prone to personification. But the fact that we find so many of these moral personifications in the Greek mythology, especially in that of the drama, is of deep significance. For they prove to my mind conclusively, that in their conceptions, the gods did not sufficiently represent these moral forces, and that there were points at which the gods and these moral powers were more or less at variance. But in themselves these personifications are highly interesting. Let me mention a few. Here we have Order or Law personified under the name *Themis*; Justice under the name *Diké*; the latter being the daughter of the former. With what eloquence does the Chorus again and again appeal to *Themis* as one of the most venerable divinities of heaven; or describe *Diké*, now driving the

sword, sharp and bitter, right through the lungs of the evil-doer, now beaming in smoky cottages and honoring the holy life (see Agamemnon). Here again we meet with Até — retribution personified ; and Nemesis, the goddess of distributive justice, also surnamed Adrastéra, the Inevitable, from whom there is no escape ; and, most terrible of all, the Furies, the personification of the curses pronounced on guilty criminals — “hell-hounds,” as Orestes calls them, who pursue the wretched man to his doom. In the Prometheus Bound these are joined with the Fates as the pilots of necessity, mightier even than Zeus. And this leads us to the darker side of our subject, on which I must dwell a moment before I close.

The idea of Fate is sometimes presented in the Greek Tragedy as an impersonal abstraction. “I needs must bear my doom as easily as may be,” says Prometheus, “knowing, as I do, that the might of necessity can not be resisted.” And so the Chorus in Agamemnon: “Things are as they are and will be brought to the issue doomed.” But it is more in accord with the habit of the Greeks to represent Fate or Destiny as a person—*Ἥσα* or *Μοῖρα*. Homer usually speaks of only one Moira, who at the birth of man spins out the thread of his future life, follows his steps and directs the consequences of his actions, all according to the counsels of the gods. Hesiod has three Fates, all daughters of Zeus and Night. In Tragedy we have sometimes one and sometimes three. The Homeric Moira is not an inflexible fate ; it is the will of Zeus, or at all events it is subject to his control, and is so far conditional as to be influenced in a measure by man himself. In Tragedy, Fate is, generally speaking, the mind of Zeus. “Whatever is fated,” says the Chorus in the Suppliants, “that will take place ; the great im-

mense mind of Zeus is not to be transgressed." But now and then we see emerging that more awful and gloomy view of Fate, which conceives of it as mightier than Zeus himself: "Who, then," asks the Chorus, "is the pilot of necessity? *Prom.*: The triform Fates and the remembering Furies. *Cho.*: Is Zeus, then, less powerful than these? *Prom.*: Most certainly; he can not, at any rate, escape his doom." Here we are in the presence of an irresistible power. "Marvelous," says the Chorus in *Antigone*, "is the power of Fate. Neither tempest nor war, nor tower, nor black sea beaten ships escape its control."

What, now, in the presence of this irresistible power, these dread goddesses, daughters of Jove, scarcely, if at all, inferior to their sire, becomes of the liberty of man? We can not say certainly that it is overlooked or denied. Eteocles, in his address to the people of Thebes, anticipates Cromwell's famous order: "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry." "On!" exclaims Eteocles, "in full panoply throng the breastworks and take your stations on the platforms of the towers; and making stand at the outlets of the gates, be of good heart. God will give a happy issue." And in the drama of the *Persians* the ghost of Darius says—"I had expected that the gods would bring these things to their complete fulfillment after a long issue. But when a man is himself speeding onward, God also lends a hand." This last expression embodies, as Professor Tyler remarks, "the prevailing sentiment of the Great Tragedians; men go to destruction under the impulse of their own folly and madness and an angry deity has only to add the spur." It would indeed have been the strangest thing in the world, if in Greece, of all lands, free, active, versatile, bright and joyous Greece, we had failed to find any recognition of personal freedom. The

wonder to my mind is that there was not everywhere the most distinct and emphatic recognition of the freedom of man's will, and that it did not err rather on this side than on the other. And yet nothing is more unquestionable than that when the Greek mind confronted this question in its most religious moods, when it meditated most profoundly on "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," and sought in the devoutest spirit to explain the mysteries of Providence, it displayed the strongest fatalistic tendencies. And there can be no proof more striking or satisfactory, of the inability of any religion of nature or of humanity, to develop a perfect sense of individual liberty and to free the spirit from the bondage of fatalism, than the failure of the Greek religion to accomplish this result. How terrible the iron bondage of this destiny which drove men even to madness, and crime, we see in almost every drama. When Orestes is about to slay his mother for the murder of his father, her plea is that she was impelled by fate; and Orestes is urged to the deed by his friend because the gods required it. When Ajax commits suicide, Tecmessa, his captive concubine, exults in the thought that his suicide was from the gods, so that his enemies could not boast that they had slain him. "By the gods he died, not by them—No!" And what does the startling frequency of suicide in the Greek drama show but the desperation of souls oppressed with the painful sense of an inevitable destiny dogging their footsteps, from which there is no escape, but by plunging into the darkness of death.

The old and ever-present mystery of suffering innocence and of prospering wickedness only aggravated the fatalistic gloom. In his endeavors to grope his way out of the perplexing labyrinth of difficulties surrounding this question, the Greek plunged deeper and deeper

into doubt, error and despair. First he would try apparently the theory that prosperity begets adversity. Thus the Chorus in Agamemnon: "The great happiness of man at its consummation begets an offspring, nor childless dies; and from good fortune there sprouts forth for posterity insatiate calamity." Then he would conceive of life as an endless round of changes, of alternating joy and sorrow, success and failure, rising and falling. "To the Gods alone," says Oedipus, "old age belongs not, nor indeed ever to die: but everything else does all-powerful time confound. The vigor of the earth indeed decays, and the vigor of the body decays; faith dies and falsehood springs up; and the same gale hath never at all blown, neither to friends among men—for to some indeed already and to others in after time, the things that are sweet become bitter, and again friendly. And now if everything is prosperously tranquil to Thebes with you, infinite time will in his course beget an infinite number of days and nights—then will dissolve with the spear the present harmony." Again the doctrine that God is jealous of his supremacy, his sovereignty, had, in accordance with the degrading tendency of Greek anthropomorphism, degenerated into the conception that the gods are selfishly jealous of their prerogatives, and thus become envious of human prosperity. Thus Electra mourns that the race of the children of Pelops has perished because that "envy from heaven has seized it." And the Chorus in Agamemnon utters the warning that for a man to have an exceedingly high reputation is a sad thing; for the thunderbolt from Zeus is launched against him. It is easy to see how such a view of the Divine treatment must tend on the one hand to rivet the chains of fatalism, and on the other to loosen the bands of moral obligation. Æschylus, says President Woolsey, "makes

the Furies, so to speak, personifications of an impulse which wreaks itself upon the violator of natural order, whether he is engaged on the side of justice or not—of a blind force which, like the fiery furnace in Scripture, burns as the minister of the highest authority." It is true that these sentiments have a dramatic significance, and allowance should doubtless be made for the characters and the situation from which they proceed, and for the dramatic purpose which they serve. It is none the less true however, that they occur continually in every drama; that almost every character bears witness to their influence; and especially that they are in perfect harmony with the general tone and drift of the entire drama—the great organ of the Greek Religion.

This then is the conclusion to which we come. The Greek doctrine of the Divine Government possessed elements of wonderful grandeur. It contains a distinct emphatic recognition of an overruling Providence. Whether it be Zeus, or the gods, or destiny, there is an irresistible Power impelling and directing all events—a power nevertheless, which can be influenced by prayer, the agency of which may bring to pass the fulfillment of the decree foreordained from the olden time. The Providence which this Power exercises, is not only general but special. It rules the affairs not only of nations and races, but of families and individuals. It administers the laws not only of the natural but of the moral world. The laws which govern the universe are exalted to the very highest pinnacle of authoritative sublimity. They are instinct with divine energy and life.

And yet, when we descend from the ethereal heights where this Divine Providence bears sway, to the sphere of human activity, and especially of human suffering and crime, all is changed. We are surrounded by a chilly gloom. We breathe a stifling atmosphere, A

terrible fatality reigns. Man is bound by a chain of iron. He is borne along on the dark current against which it is vain to struggle as it sweeps him toward the abyss. The gods are become his enemies. Envyng his prosperity, they laugh at his calamity, and exult over the wreck of his happiness and his hopes.

It is a question of profound significance : how should such a theology have arisen, and above all in Greece? How upon an intellect so keen and resolute as the Greek, should a system so contradictory have forced itself? How could a nature so airy and joyous, so passionately loving the flashing sunlight and the sparkling wave, have evoked so dark and grim a shadow to haunt and to dog its footsteps? How could a life reveling in all the luxuriant freedom of artistic beauty, and in all the exciting whirl of political enthusiasm, have come to be so painfully conscious in its thoughtful moods, of the galling yoke of irreversible Fate, and to hear amid life's very paeans the clanking of the dungeon chains? The answer to these questions is not far to seek ; and all will do well to heed and ponder it, who are tempted, as Greece was, and as so many of us are, to identify God with Fate, to confound the Divine and the human, to deify man, to make nature all in all. If we had no better teacher than Greece, all that would remain to us would be to exclaim with Tecmessa — “ Ah me ! to what a yoke of slavery we pass ! What taskmasters are over us ! ”

II.

CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.*

IN the days of chivalry, when the candidate for knight-hood had received his training and served his probation, he was led to an altar, where, kneeling, he received from the hand of his king or his feudal lord, or from some fairer hand, representative of beauty rather than of power, the accolade, the sword stroke which devoted him to his vocation.

To-day, my brethren, marks a similar investiture in your history. You have reached the end of your special training for your calling. You are about to pass forth out of the school of preparation into the world of action. To-day you receive from your loving and beloved mother your accolade, administered, not like that of old, with the sword, but with its milder yet mightier successor. To-day she sends you forth invested with her seal and signature, to join the glorious army of Christian knights, who, here, there, yonder, everywhere in the broad world, are fighting grander battles than any in which ever Paladin couched his lance or drew his sword.

Or will it be said that this is a vain or fanciful analogy; that chivalry and its heroes, its forms and its spirit, have alike passed away? One singer of our time

*Graduating address to the Class of 1874.

has indeed told us that "earth is grown coward and old." Another has sung that the "earth is all too gray for chivalry." Others would perhaps choose to say that our world is too mature for that caprice of its childhood. 'Tis true "the whole round table is dissolved;" the occupation of its knights is gone; the dying Arthur has been borne away to the isle of Avalon. But, according to the old legend, "Arthur is come again, he can not die." The soul of true knighthood is still marching on in the world. Yes, believe me, my brethren, that glorious army of Christian knights, which I said just now you are sent to-day to join, is no spectral host. It was never more truly a reality than it is to-day. A truer, nobler knighthood has arisen, transfigured, out of the grave of the old. Whatever was best, purest, divinest in the older order, its unfaltering loyalty, its disinterested devotion, its chivalric enthusiasm, its jealous regard for a stainless honor, its heroic championship of a sacred cause, its high ideal of purity, unselfishness, consecration, fidelity unto death, all this finds its glorified expression in the vocation of each one whom God anoints to be a champion of His honor, a defender of His cause. I, for one, believe that this transfigured chivalry is more and more imbreathing itself into every pursuit, beautifying every human calling, redeeming it from the taint of mercenariness and sordidness, and inspiring instead a spirit of unselfish consecration to a high ideal. More and more is it felt that the condition both of nobleness of character and of excellence of achievement, is a loving absorption in some worthy end, the ardent, chivalrous, enthusiastic enlistment of the whole man in some glorious vocation worthy to be pursued and to be loved for its own sake.

You may remember how, in Daniel Deronda, when the fair heroine, at one crisis in her history, would em-

brace the vocation of an artist, from the stress of circumstances and not from the impulse of love, an earnest devotee of art dissuading her, says this of the life of an artist: "It is out of the reach of any but choice organizations, natures framed to love perfection and to labor for it, ready, like all true lovers, to endure, to wait, to say I am not yet worthy, but she, Art, my mistress, is worthy, and I will live to merit her. An honorable life? Yes; but the honor comes from the inward vocation and the hard won achievement. There is no honor in donning the life as a livery."

To this ideal of a life devoted to Art, let me add one or two other ideals, which thoughtful minds have pictured of some of the noblest and most alluring pursuits which offer themselves to young men of culture to-day. Not long ago a statesman, who bears one of the most honored names in our history, and who has himself been conspicuous for his ability and wisdom in places of public trust, thus expressed himself on the opportunities of public life in the immediate future in our own land: "I should feel myself to be very much belittling the recommendation I venture to make to my young friends to cultivate a taste for statesmanship of the widest scope, if I were to associate it in general with the hope of getting into power. * * * Never in any preceding record of human history has there been a fairer opening for the full development of the noblest aspirations for good which the Divine Being has been pleased to implant in the bosoms of His creatures. Here is ample space and verge enough for the most farseeing statesman, the most persuasive orator, the most profound philosopher, the most exalted philanthropist. Answer me, I pray you, shall it be indeed that this marvelous scene will be occupied by actors worthy of their place, who will strain their utmost powers to rise to every

great emergency, and do for their fellow men all that mortal power has been able to effect since the forfeiture of paradise?" (Charles Francis Adams: Discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa, 1873.)

Turn to another liberal profession, that of medicine, and what is the ideal of greatness which you find? It is—I am quoting from a late address of an eminent physician before the Medical Society of the State of New York—"the spectacle of Vesalius, in his first dissection, as illustrating the holy ardor, the nobility, the heroic courage of the profession in his age, and in all ages. In the path of investigation was toil, and dishonor, and death itself; but it was the road of life for all the race of man. He died a martyr to his zeal, but his work survived." Another eminent representative of the profession declares, "the mission of the physician to be a covenant with the Most High, and God will hold us (physicians) responsible for the sacred discharge of duty. The sacred ark of human life is intrusted to us; we are anointed priests in its service; our hands must be clean, our hearts pure, and our souls deeply reverent in its ministrations." (Dr. Wood, of Philadelphia; annual address before the Society of Alumni of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, by Dr. C. C. Comegys, 1875.) While still another has called it "the most godlike function that can be exercised by a human being—a function discharged in its ideal perfection only by the Son of Man." (Dr. Russell, of the Royal College of Physicians, in London.)

So, in regard to the spirit in which the profession of the law should be pursued, the following noble words were spoken, not long ago, in our own city, by one whom I take pleasure in mentioning as one of our own honored Trustees, and recently advanced to a conspicuous place in the councils of the nation: "The days of

chivalry are not gone. There are still knights, armed cap-a-pie, who are ready to-day to do battle for justice and for right, who are to-day ready to accept the challenge of any comer in defense of the weak and oppressed and the defenseless. There is nothing mercantile in our profession. It is not a trade, and I make the contrast not at all because I deprecate the character of the merchant and the tradesman. But there is something in the liberal and learned and honorable profession to which you consider yourselves called, which is above the exchange of equivalence, which puts away the idea of bargains and barter, which professes to live for an idea, which looks beyond the mere result of a particular case, and regards every professional effort as a contribution to that ideal justice which grows up day by day in the administration of the law in all its departments, and lies recorded in the judgments of the courts, constituting the imperishable form and fabric of professional reputation, which advances day by day with the history of civilization, incorporating everything good and lofty and sublime in human conduct, and will never be satisfied until it brings human justice and divine justice to coincide." (Address of Hon. Stanley Matthews to graduating class of Cincinnati Law School, 1876.)

These are noble words, all of them. These are exalted ideals of these influential vocations. And you will observe how that in all these ideals, the central, vital thought is consecration, self-renunciation, a chivalrous self-surrender to a lofty and absorbing passion or aim. Was it too much, to say then, just now, that the spirit of true knighthood is not only still living in the world, but is more and more possessing, inspiring, transfiguring the various spheres of human endeavor? But if this ideal is thus asserting its queenly sway over these other callings, how much more, brethren, should

it govern ours? If the service of the art which makes life fair must come from the inward vocation, how much more the service of the art which makes life holy and godlike? If the life of those who minister at the shrine of beauty must not be donned as a livery, how much less the life of those who

“ Not for the meed of praise
Or earthly honor, or the chaff of swine,
Are as the priests who in the Temple wait
And do their service, choosing Wisdom fair
In her unearthly beauty ! ”

If the service of an earthly commonwealth invites the unselfish surrender of the noblest energies and the highest attainments, how much more the service of that heavenly commonwealth, whose citizenship is a priestly kingship, crowned with a holy and blessed immortality? If the beneficent vocation of ministering to the disorders of the body be consistent only with complete self-abnegation, if its true spirit be that of a chivalrous alacrity in responding, at whatever risk or loss to self, to every appeal for relief or deliverance, how much more should the vocation of ministering to souls diseased, vindicate itself as one holy, unfaltering, impassioned, self-forgetting purpose to help, to heal, to rescue, where the plague of sin is spreading wickedness and death? If he whose calling it is to defend personal or social right to secure the triumph of justice should put away every idea of bargain and barter or equivalence, how much more should you do this whose privilege it is to labor for the most definite and at the same time the most complete fulfillment of the petition, “ Thy will be done on earth as in Heaven? ” If in any calling whatever the ruling passion should be utter disregard of self, and the most ardent “ enthusiasm of humanity, ” is not that calling, my brethren, yours?

Let me beseech you then, to-day, to magnify your calling. Rejoice in the divineness which crowns it as the chief of all human vocations. Give yourselves up to it wholly. Make full proof of all its capabilities for power, for growth, for blessing. Fight manfully the good fight of faith. Test to the utmost every weapon put in your hands. Let no blot fall on your escutcheon. Be anxious only to know and to do the will of the Great Commander. I take joy in thinking that more than one-half of your number belong to a band of more than twenty young men whom our church is to-day sending forth out of our theological seminaries beyond the great central river of our continent, to fight the battle of the cross. But whether on the hither or the yonder side of the Father of Waters, you all belong to the same army, you are fighting the same battles, you are following the same Leader. Be inwardly strengthened in Him and in the power of His might. Put on the divine panoply, the inspired description of which it has been your privilege, as a class, to study so lately. Let nothing be lacking, neither sword, nor shield, nor breastplate, nor girdle. You will need them all. It is no easy task that awaits you. Dark days will pass over you; hours of faintness and weariness will overtake you.

“Hast thou the sign
God gives His chosen warriors? As of old,
Their joys and sorrows are not as the rest;
Their fleece is wet when all around is dry.
The dew of heaven is theirs, to cheer and bless,
When others sink upon the arid sand;
Their fleece is dry when all around is wet,
They have their sorrows which the world knows not,
Their conflicts in the midnight loneliness,
That others taste not.”

But be of good cheer. Remember the *νενίκηχα*, the "I have overcome" of our Captain. Even to fail with Christ were better than to win with the world.

"The solemn shadow of His cross
Is better than the sun."

That cross still has its knights, who are summoned to the unquenchable ardor of a sublime enthusiasm. Christ still has His heroes who are invited to the undying devotion of an all-enfolding love. And my prayer for you to-day, my brethren, is that you may receive in full measure this sacramental chrism. Let your souls thrill to the holy passion. Let your hearts leap up to your celestial call. Go forth to your work to-day, not with laggard feet, not with backward or drooping look, not with listless heart, but having your feet shod with the eager alacrity of the Gospel of peace, your eyes kindling with the joyous radiance of the prize of your high calling, your hearts burning with the sacred and purifying fire from the altar of heaven. Go forth not as hirelings, not as conscripts forced to an unwelcome service, but freely, joyously, as the elect of heaven, each one as the son of a king, from strength to strength, from victory to victory.

Do you remember Tennyson's exquisite little poem in which the Christian knight, Sir Galahad, sings the song of his pilgrimage in quest of the Holy Grail, the blessed cup of our Lord's blood? As he rides on his way he is sustained by divine helps and visions of which grosser natures know nothing. Dark, tempest-swept forests become to him as cathedrals filled with the noise of hymns, the gleamings of tapers and silver vessels, and the fragrance of sweet incense. On lonely mountain ways he has visions in the dark, of the Holy Grail

borne by angel hands. Winter storms beat on his head.

“But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.”

As he muses in holy aspiration on “joy that will not cease,” his mortal armor, stricken by an angel's hand, is “turned to finest air.” And he disappears from our view, marching on to celestial music, and to the sound of angel voices encouraging him with the assurance that the prize he seeks is not far from him.

Brethren, as you go forth on your sublime quest, not of the Holy Grail, but of the souls which Christ's blood was shed to save, you may hope that the world will become for you, too, a grand cathedral filled with worship and with holy beauty and awe. Heavenly music will at times steal on your souls' hearing with entrancing sweetness.

Blessed visions of immortality will approach you, causing your spirit to beat her mortal bars. A glory of earth will overarch every cloud. The lilies of the heavenly Eden will waft their fragrance over the still hours of contemplation and prayer, and the weight of your arms will no longer be felt.

“The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the outer walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear.
O, just and faithful knight of God,
Ride on! the prize is near.”

III.

THE INFLUENCE OF CIVILIZATION ON DOGMATIC THEOLOGY.

The influence of Dogmatic Theology on Civilization of which we had last week so able and interesting a discussion, naturally suggests the query whether there may not be a reciprocal influence of Civilization on Dogmatic Theology. The law of action and reaction finds place in the mental as in the physical world. True, in the one the reaction is always equal to the action. Not so in the other. But the fact of reaction remains. That there is an action of Theology on Civilization has been sufficiently demonstrated. If there is a reaction it behooves us to learn what it is, how far it extends, and what we are to do about it. Civilization, it will be granted, owes more to Dogmatic Theology, than Theology to Civilization. It would be unphilosophical and foolish however, for that reason, to disregard the *less* because it does not equal the *more*.

In its broadest sense Civilization would mean the complex total of social condition and development. It would include the forces represented by the terms science, literature and art. But to define the special influence of these several factors would be impossible within the limits of this paper. I shall therefore confine the discussion to the influence of civilization in its more external aspect, as exhibited in social agencies

and forms, race and national characteristics, political and legal institutions, and in general the organic life and movement of humanity.

By Dogmatic Theology I mean the formulated expression of religious thought as the same has found currency in the Church Universal, or in the representative branches of the Church of Christ.

Let me first clear out of the way a few erroneous implications in respect to the question.

1. The influence of Civilization on Dogmatic Theology does not imply the truth of Comte's view that the human mind in its progress passes through three stages—the theological, the metaphysical and the scientific. Theology is not any more than metaphysics a passing phase of the development of thought. Each is a science as truly as what Positivism calls science. Physics, the science of the material; Metaphysics, the science of the mental; Theology, the science of the supernatural—each is destined to share in the advancement of scientific method and outlook through all the coming generations of time. "And now there abideth these three; and the greatest of these is Theology," *scientia scientiarum*.

2. The influence of Civilization on Theology does not imply that Theology is a product of Civilization in any of its constituent forces, as Buckle and other materialists since have held. Christian Theology is no evolution of material, mental or social phenomena. It is throughout of supernatural origin. Its contents are given by divine revelation. Theology comes out of the Bible: the Bible does not come out of nature.

3. The Bible is divine, Theology is human. It is the effort of the scientific intellect to construct the revealed facts of the Bible into a system of thought and belief. As such it is imperfect, fallible, mutable, sus-

ceptible to the modifying influences of its environment, whatever these may be.

4. The modifying influences of Civilization as an environment of Theology are of a mixed character, partaking of the mixed character of civilization itself. In part they are beneficial, in part injurious. Each modification is to be judged independently on its own merits. The fact that it proceeds from Civilization does not require *per se* either its commendation or its condemnation. Not only so, but the same modification will at times exhibit this mixed character. In some directions its operation may be advantageous, in others disadvantageous.

5. As was hinted above, it is not implied that the influence of civilization on dogmatics is of necessity of the same kind or degree with the influence of theology on civilization. The latter influence is doubtless far the more positive, the more direct, the more vital, the more decisive, the more lasting. It has in it more of the power of inspiration and organization. Largely indeed, the influence of Civilization is the reflex influence of Dogma on itself; as in some instances we see the action of the mind on the body react on the mind itself.

Having premised thus much, I now assume the influence of Civilization on Dogmatic Theology as a fact which no intelligent student of history will question. Dr. Shedd has stated the law thus: "The relation between the two sciences of theology and history is not that of mere cause and effect, in which the activity is all on one side, and the passivity all on the other. It is rather an organic relation of action and reaction in which both are causes and both are effects, and both are passive recipients." (Philos. of Hist. p. 122.)

And again: "In some way or another each of the historic sections sustains a relation of action and reac-

tion ; and in and by this interagency the total process of evolution goes forward." (Ibid, p. 102.) So again in speaking of the influence of one important factor of civilization, to-wit: philosophy on Theology, he says: "In the history of man that which is human precedes, chronologically, that which is divine. 'That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual.' Men are sinners before they are made saints ; and they are philosophers before they become theologians." And still more broadly: "Christianity comes down from heaven by a supernatural revelation, but it finds an existing state of human culture into which it enters and begins to exert its transforming power. Usually it overmasters that culture, but in some instances it is temporarily overmastered by it." (Hist. of Christian Doctrine I, 29, 30.)

It was remarked above that Theology is not the product of Civilization. It might however be shown, and it would be an interesting and profitable study in Biblical Theology, to show that civilization has largely furnished the moulds of theologic truth as originally presented in the Word of God. Simply by way of illustration I will give two instances, one from the Old Testament, and one from the New. It is well known what an important place the idea of the family fills in the Old Testament. It lies at the basis of the whole doctrine of the Covenants. It is an essential element in the conception of the Church and of its sacraments. It is a conspicuous feature of the doctrine of representative responsibility, in the Old Testament representation of these great theologic truths. Now the view of the family which underlies this whole department of Theology is pre-eminently a product of the ancient, and in particular of the patriarchal civilization. Sir H. Maine says: "The unit of ancient society was the Family, of modern socie-

ty the Individual. We must be prepared to find in Ancient Law all the consequences of this difference. . . Above all, . . it takes a view of life wholly unlike any which appears in developed jurisprudence. Corporations *never die*, and accordingly primitive law considers the entities with which it deals, that is, the patriarchal or family groups, as perpetual and inextinguishable. This view is closely allied to the peculiar aspect under which in very ancient times, moral attributes present themselves. The moral elevation and moral debasement of the individual appear to be confounded with the merits and offenses of the group to which the individual belongs. If the community sins, its guilt is much more than the sum of the offenses committed by its members; the crime is a corporate act, and extends in its consequences to many more persons than have shared in its actual perpetration. If on the other hand, the individual is conspicuously guilty, it is his children, his kinsfolk, his tribesmen, or his fellow-citizens who suffer with him, and sometimes for him. It thus happens that the ideas of moral responsibility and retribution often seem to be more clearly realized at very ancient than at more advanced periods, for as the family group is immortal, and its liability to punishment indefinite, the primitive mind is not perplexed by the questions which become troublesome as soon as the individual is conceived as altogether separate from the group." (Ancient Law, pp. 121-123.)

It may be said accordingly that the whole Old Testament Theology in the direction just now indicated received its mould in the Patriarchal System, in the thoughts, feelings, associations, and customs which inhered in that system, the Holy Ghost, as I believe, inspiring the use thus made of that mould. And this, let me add, incidentally furnishes a strong and valid

argument for the antiquity of the Pentateuch as against the theories of Kuenen and his school, which would bring down these books, on which the patriarchal impress is so vivid, into a period when such an impress would have been impossible. A more stupendous anachronism Kuenenism itself has never imagined. Another instance out of the New Testament. We all know what a significant and precious feature of the Pauline Theology is the doctrine of Adoption. But this conception, if so high an authority as the historian Merivale be accepted, must have come to the Apostle out of the Roman Civilization. "Once more," says Merivale, "I would remark the interesting analogy St. Paul suggests in describing our relation as believers to our heavenly Father, as that of sons by adoption. The process of legal adoption, by which the chosen heir became entitled through the performance of certain stated ceremonies, the execution of certain formulas, not only to the reversion of the property, but to the civil status, to the burdens as well as the rights of the adopted — became, as it were, his other self, one with him, identified with him: — this too is a Roman principle peculiar at this time to the Romans, unknown I believe to the Greeks, unknown to all appearance to the Jews, as it certainly is not found in the legislation of Moses, nor mentioned anywhere as a usage among the children of the elder covenant. We have ourselves but a faint conception of the force with which such an illustration would speak to one familiar with the Roman practice; how it would serve to impress upon him the assurance that the adopted son of God becomes in a peculiar and intimate sense, one with the heavenly Father, one in essence and in spirit, though not in flesh and blood." (See further Merivale, *Civilization of the Roman Empire*, Lecture iv. pp. 98 seq.)

Here again the Roman Law furnishes the external mould of the spiritual truth revealed to the Apostle by the Holy Ghost. So of Heirship, Tutelage, Redemption, Testation and other important facts of Revelation; the formal element in these conceptions was largely furnished by the civilization of the day.

But as we pass on to Theology proper as a human development the influence of civilization becomes more definite and decisive. Without attempting anything like an exhaustive classification of the modifications introduced by civilization, which would require a volume—let me single out a few of the more significant illustrations which have suggested themselves in a somewhat hasty consideration of the subject.

On the very threshold of the question, we encounter the fact of Race, so important in producing the varieties of civilization. The influence of Race in the production of various types of Theology is universally recognized. Dr. Shedd, for example, in common with all historians of doctrine, speaks of a Grecian anthropology, and of a Latin anthropology. Milman, in the Introduction of his great work *et passim*, makes mention of an Oriental Christianity, a Greek Christianity, a Latin Christianity, a Teutonic Christianity.

The following are some of the expressions he uses: "Christianity was almost from the first a Greek religion." "Oriental influences even from the remoter East, worked into its doctrine, and into its system." "Greek Christianity could not but be affected both in its doctrinal progress, and in its polity, by its Greek origin." "Greek Christianity was insatiably inquisitive, speculative. Confident in the inexhaustible copiousness and the fine precision of its language, it endured no limitation to its curious investigations. As each great question was settled or worn out, it was still ready to propose

new ones." "On most speculative points this [Latin] Theology had left to the Greek controversialists, to argue out the endless transcendental questions of religion, and contented herself with resolutely embracing the results, which she fixed in her inflexible theory of doctrine. The only controversy which violently disturbed the Western Church, was the practical one, on which the East looked almost with indifference, the origin and motive principle of human action, grace and free will. This from Augustine to Luther and Jansenius, was the interminable, still reviving problem."

"The characteristic of Latin Christianity was that of the old Latin world—a firm and even obstinate adherence to legal form, whether of traditionary usage or written statute; the strong assertion of, and the sworn subordination to, authority. It was the Roman Empire again extended over Europe by an universal code and a provincial government; by a hierarchy of religious praetors, or proconsuls," etc. "Latin Christianity maintained its unshaken dominion until what I venture to call Teutonic Christianity, aided by the invention of paper and of printing, asserted its independence, threw off the great mass of traditionary religion, and out of the Bible summoned forth a more simple faith."

"Christianity became a vast influence, working irregularly on individual minds, rather than a great social system, etc. Its multiplicity and variety rather than its unity was the manifestation of its life," etc. And in a note he calls attention to the fact on which Macaulay had already animadverted, "that wherever the Teutonic is the groundwork of the language, the Reformation either is, or has been dominant; wherever Latin, Latin Christianity has retained its ascendancy." (Latin Christianity I., pp. 19 seq.)

Professor Kellogg anticipates important modifications

of current theological systems from the Christianized intellect of the Hindûs and other Orientals.

When we pass on to the influence of Government and Social Organization we find striking illustrations of this. Who can fail to recognize the deep and lasting impression which has been made both on the reason and the imagination of Christendom by the vast colossus of the Roman Empire? Take, as one trace of it, the *Civitas Dei*, of Augustine, which Milman describes as "the first complete Christian Theology," (History of Christianity, Book III., Chap. 10,) and which, in Dr. Shedd's judgment, "merits the study of the modern theologian more than any other single treatise of the Ancient Church." No one can read this "funeral oration of the ancient society, and gratulatory panegyric on the birth of the new" without feeling at once how profoundly the vision of the Iron Empire had fascinated the imagination of that extraordinary genius, who, more than any other uninspired thinker, has shaped the theological thought of the centuries. Nor is it on the Catholic Theology alone that Rome has left its trace. Matheson, in his "Growth of the Spirit of Christianity," describes its influence in another direction. "The child-life of Chistianity," he says, "had looked upon the Roman Empire, and had seen in it a grand ideal of earthly greatness. It beheld, in the Empire of Rome, what the followers of Confucius had beheld in the Empire of China—an image of changeless power, incapable of increase, or of diminution, unable to advance with ages, or to adapt itself to the exigencies of men—a power which was weak through its very absoluteness.

Hence to the child-life of Christianity, the grandest thing in the world became the thought of changelessness; of an existence so self-contained and so self-sufficient, that it never desired to pass out of itself. Its conception of

God became the conception of a Roman Emperor in the heavens, exalted above all his followers, as the master is exalted above the servant, and only related to his creatures as he who commands is related to those who obey. The God in whom man lives, and moves, and has his being, passed away from the heart of Christendom, and in his room there was enthroned in that heart the image of a God in the air, separate from His works, isolated from His creatures, solitary by His very changelessness, and changeless by His perpetual solitude. This is the creed which has come down to us by the name of Sabellianism—the worship of a will that is above every will, and of a power that can not bend.” (Vol. I., p. 208.) He finds a correspondent trace of the same influence in Arianism. Speaking of the influence exerted upon Christianity by the Pagan world, he remarks: “Hitherto that influence had been chiefly ritual, and this, as we have seen, was not of necessity demoralizing; but it was now extending itself into the sphere of theology. We have said that the creed of Sabellianism was an exaggerated Roman Empire; it was in strict conformity with this, that the Christ of Arianism should be an exaggerated Roman minister. Such is indeed the thought which lies behind the system,—the idea of a man who is the favorite of his sovereign, and who, through the favor, has been exalted to the similitude of a king; who has been commissioned to act as his master’s deputy, to issue his laws, to receive his tribute, even to punish and to pardon in his name. The prevalence of such a belief demonstrates how completely the mind of Christendom had been Romanized—how entirely the pagan ideal had taken possession of the heart of Christianity.” (Ibid, pp. 210, 211, and cf. p. 235.)

Most decisive of all is the influence of Roman Imperialism on the Papal development of Christianity.

This is seen most conspicuously of course in the organization of the Church. But it has also exerted an important modification on its doctrine. Cæsarism disciplined itself in the Papacy. The Papacy is maintained by the principle of authority. The logical sequel of authority is scholasticism, and the entire structure of Romish Theology.

In this connection I may refer to the influence of Law, and in particular of the Roman Jurisprudence on Theology. Merivale says of the ancient Roman Law: "The law of Rome was already a pedagogue, leading the nations unto Christ, even before Christ Himself had appeared in the world and held up to its admiration the principles of His Catholic Jurisprudence." (Conversion of the Rom. Empire, Lect. IV. p. 94.) Sir Henry Maine says: "Politics, Moral Philosophy, and even Theology, found in the Roman Law not only a vehicle of expression, but a nidus in which some of their profoundest inquiries were nourished into maturity." "To the cultivated citizen of Africa, of Spain, of Gaul, and of Northern Italy, it was jurisprudence and jurisprudence only, which stood in the place of poetry and history, of philosophy and science. So far then from there being anything mysterious in the palpably legal complexions of the earliest efforts of Western thought, it would rather be astonishing if it had assumed any other hue. I can only express my surprise at the scantiness of the attention which has been given to the difference between Western ideas and Eastern caused by the presence of a new ingredient. It is precisely because the influence of jurisprudence begins to be powerful, that the foundation of Constantinople, and the subsequent separation of the Western Empire from the Eastern are epochs in philosophical history. Anybody who knows what Roman jurisprudence is as actually practiced by the Romans, and who

will observe in what characteristics the earliest Western philosophy and theology differ from the phases of that which preceded them, may be safely left to pronounce what was the new element which had begun to pervade and govern speculation. The part of Roman Law which has had most extensive influence on foreign subjects of inquiry has been the Law of Obligation, or what comes nearly to the same thing, of Contract and Delict." He shows the influence of the Roman Law in this particular on political and moral philosophy, especially in the Catholic Church.

Again he says: "Few things in the history of speculation are more impressive than the fact that no Greek-speaking people has ever felt itself seriously perplexed by the great question of Free-Will and Necessity. I do not pretend to offer any summary explanation of this, but it does not seem an irrelevant suggestion that neither the Greek, nor any society speaking and thinking in their language ever showed the smallest capacity for producing a philosophy of law. Legal science is a Roman creation, and the problem of free-will arises when we contemplate a metaphysical conception under a legal aspect. . . . But the problem of Free-Will was theological before it became philosophical, and if its terms have been affected by jurisprudence, it will be because jurisprudence has made itself felt in Theology. The great point of inquiry which is here suggested has never been satisfactorily elucidated. What has to be determined is whether jurisprudence has ever served as the medium through which theological principles have been viewed; whether by supplying a peculiar language, a peculiar mode of reasoning, and a peculiar solution of many of the problems of life, it has ever opened new channels in which theological speculation could flow out and expand itself."

I can not now cite in full the answer given to this question. Suffice it to say that in this eminent writer's judgment the interest shown by the Western Church in the doctrines of "the nature of Sin and its transmission by inheritance—the debt owed by man to its vicarious satisfaction—the necessity and sufficiency of the Atonement—above all the apparent antagonism between Free-Will and the Divine Providence"—is to be "accounted for by the fact that in passing from the East to the West theological speculation had passed from a climate of Greek metaphysics to a climate of Roman law. For some centuries before the controversies rose into overwhelming importance, all the intellectual activity of the Western Romans had been expended on jurisprudence exclusively. It was impossible that they should not select from the questions indicated by the Christian records those which had some affinity with the order of speculations to which they were accustomed, and that their manner of dealing with them should borrow something from their forensic habits. Almost any body who has knowledge enough of Roman law to appreciate the Roman penal system, the Roman theory of the obligations established by Contract or Delict, the Roman view of Debts, and of the modes of incurring, extinguishing, and transmitting them, the Roman notion of the continuance of individual existence by Universal Succession, may be trusted to say whence arose the frame of mind to which the problems of Western theology proved so congenial, whence came the phraseology in which these problems were stated, and whence the description of reasoning employed in their solution." (Ancient Law, Chap. IX.)

Note that here the influence of civilization has been to emphasize, or, as Maine expresses it, to "select" those elements of theologic truth as set forth in Scripture

in which the conceptions of Justice, Penalty, Law, Government are most conspicuous. The same may be said of the views of Hugo Grotius, no less distinguished as a jurist than as a theologian, the influence of whose discussions on modern theology it would be interesting to consider.

Feudalism is another important institution of a former civilization, the influence of which on Theology may be traced in various directions. It had much to do for example with consolidating the Roman hierarchy, confirming the principle of authority by enforcing the vassalage of conscience and will to ecclesiastical lords. Out of this again has grown the tendency, so characteristic of a feudalistic Church organization to establish in practice an esoteric theology for the ruling class, and an exoteric theology, largely tinged with superstition, for the masses.

A different influence of Feudalism works through the complexity of social structure which it introduces, and the consequent necessity of preserving the balance of classes and interests. The most conspicuous example of this tendency is England, which has been called the Herculaneum of Feudalism. The English Constitution is a growth, the result of a series of adjustments in the effort to maintain the social equilibrium. In like manner Anglicanism, the typical Anglican Theology, is largely a structure of theological expedients and compromises.

The same causes which have given to the civil constitution its agglomerative character have in consequence of the union of Church and State, and of the characteristics and habits of the English people, made the Anglican Theology a dogmatic agglomeration. The hierarchism of Laud, the Puritanism of Hooper, the Calvinism of Cranmer, the Arminianism of Jackson, the Mod-

eratism of Jewell, the Latitudinarianism of Chillingworth, the Platonism of Cudworth, the Utilitarianism of Paley—all have deposited their typical forms of thought in this great Herculaneum.

But leaving the Past, let us come to the consideration of theological influences which we may more distinctly recognize in the civilization of the Present. And here I shall be constrained to compress the discussion into a mere outline of points.

One marked characteristic of civilization, as we know it, is the stimulus which it gives to enterprise. This produces a spirit of hopefulness. Men look forward to the Future, and derive their inspiration largely from it. In times of stagnation Christianity becomes largely a Religion of the Past. The Golden Age has come and gone. The Ideal of Christianity lies in the same tomb with the Ages of Faith. Tradition rules the belief of men, prescription stereotypes their worship. Not so when civilization excites to activity and enterprise. The Ideal of Christianity, as of humanity, lies in a glorified future. This necessarily affects Theology. The prestige of traditional dogma wanes. The effort is made, consciously, or unconsciously, to bring the faith of the intellect into harmony with the living interests and aspirations of the present.

Again, the commercial activities, the territorial discoveries, the international intercourse, and the enlarged acquaintance with various types of religion which civilization develops, influence theology in more than one direction. The most marked effect is seen in the increased culture of a missionary theology, a theology, to-wit, possessed of these characteristics: 1. A heartier and more practical recognition of the universalism of Christianity; and 2. The effort to discover and make prominent those characteristics of Christian Truth

which are needed to supply the *vacua*, and to meet the aspirations of heathendom. The modern study of Comparative Religion may be referred to as an outgrowth of the wider outlook afforded by the extension of international intercourse. Closely associated with this is the enlarged sense of humanity, the intensified conception of the brotherhood of the race. Not long ago *Ecce Homo* explained the secret of the Christ to be the enthusiasm of humanity. Accepting this—not by any means as the whole truth, but as a valuable fraction of it—we may be prepared to find that any revival of the enthusiasm of humanity will lead to a more vivid appreciation of the Divine Humanity of Christ.

A notable fraction of the theology of our day has been the greater prominence given to Christology, and the more loving emphasis placed on the mediation of THE MAN Christ Jesus.

It is a striking remark of Matheson's that Art prepared the way for the Reformation by "bringing into prominence that element which had been long neglected, the vision of Christ's humanity: it was thus to open from the heart of man a door of direct communion with the life of God." (Spirit of Christianity, Chapter xxxvii.) Herein Art interprets the yearning of a higher civilization for One who shall realize the perfect Idea of Humanity.

Civilization tends still further to increase the material well-being of the race. It introduces prosperity and luxury. It multiplies the means of enjoyment and self-indulgence, and secures a large immunity from the temporal hardships and ills of a less perfect social organization. The effects of such prosperity on character are complex. One effect will be greater refinement and delicacy of sensibility. As Lecky says;

“Luxury is the parent of art, the pledge of peace, the creation of those refined tastes and delicate susceptibilities that have done so much to soften the friction of life.” This temper will naturally tend to soften also the rigors of those theologies in which the pressure of an iron logic tends to crush out the voices of the heart. No one can doubt that Calvinism grows sweeter and gentler with the years.

On the other side luxury or even physical well-being tends to the enervation of manhood, and the relaxation of fibre both of intellect and will. It tends to effeminacy, sentimentality, cowardice. As John Stuart Mill says: “There is in the more opulent classes of modern civilized communities much more of the amiable and humane, and much less of the heroic. . . . There has crept over the refined classes, over the whole class of gentlemen in England a moral effeminacy, an inaptitude for every kind of struggle. . . . This torpidity and cowardice, as a general characteristic, is new in the world; but (modified by the different temperaments of different nations), it is a natural consequence of the progress of civilization.” (Dissertations and Discourses I., pp. 206-7.) In Theology this process will naturally show itself in an increase of sentimentality, an unmanly shrinking from the sterner fractions of Divine Truth. Hence, in large measure the prevalence in modern times of that emasculated Theology which flatters itself with the name of Liberalism.

Not a few of the characteristic features of modern Civilization are due to the growth of democratic institutions, and the prevalence of the spirit of equality and individualism. De Tocqueville has to some extent endeavored to trace the influence of these agencies, as represented in American Democracy, on Religion and Faith. The following are some of his

conclusions which I will give as briefly as possible, and substantially in his own words.

a. In a democracy the public has a singular power, for it does not persuade to certain opinions, but enforces them by a sort of enormous pressure of the minds of all upon the reason of each. Everybody in the United States adopts great numbers of theories upon public trust; and if we look to it very narrowly, it will be perceived that religion herself holds sway there much less as a doctrine of revelation than as a commonly received opinion. *Dem. in Amer. II., 11.* In other words there is danger in a democracy, lest the tyranny of the majority should surreptitiously substitute itself for the authority of truth.

b. At times of general cultivation and equality, the human mind consents only with reluctance to adopt dogmatic opinions, and feels their necessity acutely only in spiritual matters. *Ibid. II., p. 25.* The influence of democracy then will be to restrict dogmatic Theology strictly to its own sphere, to exclude all extraneous elements.

c. Democracy favors the idea of the unity of mankind, and this idea constantly leads men back to the idea of the unity of the Creator, and the oneness of the way to heaven (as opposed to the tracing of a thousand private roads to heaven). *Ibid., p. 26.* This would seem to imply that in Theology, democracy tends to emphasize the absolute impartiality of the Divine dealings with men, and to assign fundamental significance to this in its theodicy.

d. Nothing is more repugnant to the human mind, in an age of equality, than the idea of subjection to forms. *Ibid., p. 28.* It follows that so far forth, democracy will prove favorable to simplicity, that type of

faith and worship which it is the spirit and aim at least of Puritanism to realize and conserve.

e. De Tocqueville believes that in democratic times the human mind will feel attracted towards Pantheism. *Ibid.*, 35-36. His reasoning on this head is more subtle, however, than satisfying.

f. In proportion as castes disappear, and the classes of society approximate, as new facts arise, as new truths are brought to light, as ancient opinions are dissipated, and others take their place, the image of an ideal but always fugitive perfection presents itself to the human mind. *Ibid.*, p. 37 seq. It follows that that type of Theology will prove most acceptable to democratic communities which most fully recognizes the indefinite perfectibility of man.

g. One of the distinguishing characteristics of a democratic period is the taste which all men then have for easy success and present enjoyment. This occurs in the pursuits of the intellect as well as in all others. They would fain succeed brilliantly and at once, but they would be dispensed from great efforts to obtain success. *Ibid.*, p. 19. On this side the theology of democracies seems liable to be shallow, superficial, brilliant rather than solid, a pyrotechnic blaze of novelties, rather than a constellation of eternal verities.

Again, Civilization as involving the growth of equality and individualism, and the more general dissemination of culture, enlarges the theological influence of the laity. While education was mainly confined to the clergy, laymen were content to accept with docility the Theological teachings of the priesthood. The clergy were the experts, the professional exponents of Theology. The cobblers of secular life must stick to their last. Now all this is changed. Theology is no longer a monopoly. One man is as good as another, and a

great deal better. All ways lead to Rome; all questions lead to Theology.

Tyndall discourses about the doctrine of Creation; Matthew Arnold writes on Literature and Dogma; Gladstone discusses the Course of Religious Thought; to say nothing of the hosts of lesser luminaries that shed their lucubrations at every cross-roads. The effect of all this will necessarily be two-fold. On the one side Theology will be brought into closer contact with the wider thought of the world. It will take cognizance of the living issues of the day, the questions which are burning in men's brains and hearts. It will be lifted in a measure out of the ruts, liberated from its conventional presentments, its stereotyped phraseologies. Fresh combinatiions of truth will be effected; and in particular its practical adaptations will be more fully developed.

On the other side we may look for an irruption of crudities and superficialities. The caprices of individualism will set at defiance the solemn consensus of the Church Catholic. The abandonment of forms and confessions consecrated by the baptismal fire of a thousand battles for God's truth, and fragrant with the faith and devotion of centuries may occasion a drift into theological communism and anarchy. Idiosyncrasies and extravagancies will command a premium. The Athenian appetite for novelties will enlarge the market for spices from Arabys unblest in place of the Bread of Life.

Again — Civilization through its commercial and industrial activities begets a practical habit of mind. Its temper, if not its philosophy, is utilitarian. It judges everything by its values and results. It looks with contempt on doctrinaires and theorists. It magnifies utilities above principles, practical ethics above speculative dogmatics. "The industrial character," says Lecky,

“is eminently practical. It leads men to care very little about principles, and very much about results; and this habit has at least a tendency to act upon theological judgments.” (Hist. of Rat. II., p. 310.) In its remoter issues the tendency would find expression in the complete secularization of thought and life, which of course would be the death of Theology. But when Theology does not succumb to secularism it is still liable to be affected by it. It is in danger of depreciating its transcendental and supernatural factors. In the effort to be practical it will be in danger of drawing more upon the world of society for its material than on the Word of God. In getting up a Theology for the market place it may overlook the Theology of the closet. In the endeavor to fill itself with plenty of human nature and the life that now is, it may leave out what is represented by the terms God and Eternity.—“The American Ministers of the Gospel,” says De Tocqueville, “do not attempt to draw or to fix all the thoughts of man upon the life to come; they are willing to surrender a portion of his heart to the cares of the present; seeming to consider the cares of this world as important, though secondary objects.” (II. p. 31.)

This practical tendency indeed is not necessarily or wholly unfavorable. While Theology has mainly to do with truth in its more general, and what I may call its transcendental relations, it has also a most important bearing on life and character. A Theology which did not make men better would be a lie and a curse. On the contrary the Theology which *in the long run* produces the highest manhood has every presumption in its favor as the best Theology. It is an advantage therefore to be suitably animated by the practical motive. The Theology which while holding to the transcendental pursues the useful, which realizes its mission as a vital-

izing and energizing power, quickening the conscience, purifying the affections, ennobling, beautifying and beatifying life, will gain proportionately in inward fullness, depth and symmetry.

Once more, the spirit of Civilization is irenic. Its tendency is to harmonize interests, unite activities, conciliate opposites. It bears fruit in leagues, alliances, federations, congresses, points forward possibly to a "parliament of man, a federation of the world." It thus begets a tolerant temper. Lecky has pointed out that the secular influences of Civilization, political combinations and enthusiasms, the enlargement of civil and political rights, national alliances, are adverse to sectarianism and bigotry. (*Hist. of Rationalism II*, p. 143.)

So with commercial intercourse between members of different creeds. "When men have once realized the truth that no single sect possesses a monopoly, either of virtues or abilities—when they have watched the supporters of the most various opinions dogmatizing with the same profound convictions, defending their belief with the same energy and irradiating it with the same spotless purity—when they have learned in some degree to assume the standing point of different sects, to perceive the aspect from which what they had once deemed incongruous and absurd, seems harmonious and coherent, and to observe how all the features of the intellectual landscape take their color from the prejudice of education, and shift and vary according to the point of view from which they are regarded—when, above all, they have begun to revere and love for their moral qualities those from whom they are separated by their creed, their sense, both of the certainty and importance of their destructive tenets, will usually be impaired, and their intolerance towards others proportionately diminished." (*Lecky, Hist. of Rat. II.*, 296.)

Under such influences Theology must of necessity become irenic. It will tend towards Catholicism, rather than sectarianism; it will become cosmopolitan rather than insular. Per contra, there is a liability on this side to indefiniteness. Like a political platform it may become so comprehensive as to be meaningless. The great doctrinal discriminations on which so much often depends may be obscured; a hazy, poetic sentimentality may be encouraged; the "vague Theology," which a Chicago pulpit glorifies, may prevail, in whose thin nebulosity Christianity itself may disappear.

There are other points which might be noted, but I must stop. I will close with the bare mention of a few inferences.

1. Theology like the world, is moving. It can not stand still. The forces which are ever acting on it make this impossible. As Dr. Shedd says: "Unceasing motion from a given point through several stadia to a final terminus, is a characteristic, belonging as inseparably to the history of Man, or the history of Doctrine, as to that of any physical evolution whatever." (Hist. of Doctrine I., p. 8.)

2. This onward movement is not one of uniform progress. On the whole the movement is an advance, but in its particular stages we shall find deflection, or even retrogression. The influences of an advancing civilization, as we have seen, are complex, generally favorable to true progress, but not seldom unfavorable.

3. It is the part of Christian Teachers to know the signs of the times, to watch the tendencies which are at work, to counteract such as are injurious, to encourage those which are beneficial, and in harmony with the normal development of Christian doctrine.

4. It behooves them to cultivate that wise conservatism which will protect Doctrine against unauthorized

innovation, together with that wise progressivism which will save it from stagnation. The communism which respects nothing, and the Bourbonism which learns nothing, are alike to be eschewed.

5. It becomes necessary to inquire into the theological legacies of former civilizations that we may see how truly they represent the Scripture proportion of faith, and how far they are suited to the peculiar requirements of the present.

6. The only sure criterion of doctrinal Truth amidst the fluctuations of History is the Word of God. The nearer Theology keeps to the Bible as its base line, the more it centers itself in Christ, the personal Logos, the sounder will be its contents, the truer will be its form, the healthier will be its growth, and the better prepared will it be to meet, and to be suitably affected by whatever influences may operate upon it.

November 8, 1880.

IV.

FISKE ON THE DESTINY OF MAN.

We do not regard it as the function of this Friday evening Lectureship to pass the universe under review. There will appear however, from time to time, movements, facts, utterances, so notable and significant, especially in their bearings on religious and theological thought, that we shall do well to consider them.

The other day I chanced to pick up a little book, just out, to which I have concluded to call your attention. The author is John Fiske, a gentleman of some literary and scientific fame, of whom you have all heard. The title is "The Destiny of Man, viewed in the Light of His Origin." It grew out of an address, the past summer, before the Concord School of Philosophy.

As Christian thinkers, we cannot help being concerned with the subject under discussion. For several years past the theory of evolution has been a question of living interest. We have been asking: is there any truth in it? If so, how much? Where does it lie? How does it affect our theology?

During the past few weeks we have seen the Southern Presbyterian Church agitated by the question, in connection with the instruction in one of their theological seminaries. We know not how soon, in one form

or another, the issue may be upon us. The Higher Criticism excitement has pretty well died out. Our ecclesiastical Don Quixotes, who started out so valiantly on their somewhat spavined but fire-breathing Rosinantes, have discovered nothing more formidable in that part of the field than one or two windmills, rather long in the arms, perhaps, but comparatively harmless. They may find more exciting game in some Dr. Woodrow, north of Mason and Dixon's line. Indeed, I find that a brother professor in a [certain] seminary, has found it prudent to put the notes of his theological lectures at the service of one of the editorial watchdogs of orthodoxy.

This little book has some special points of interest. The author, without being a great man, or a profound thinker, is an accomplished scholar, and an able writer. He is an ardent admirer of Darwin, and an enthusiastic disciple of Herbert Spencer. He has come to be the recognized exponent of Spencer's philosophy, in our country. And it must be said of him, that he is not a mere echo of his master. While his forte is exposition, he is still an independent expositor. Mr. Darwin has complimented him by saying, "I never in my life read so lucid an exposition" (and therefore, so lucid a thinker).

The Saturday Review characterizes his work on Cosmic Philosophy as the most important contribution, made by America, to the evolutionary philosophy. The London Academy goes further, designating it as the most important contribution yet made by America to philosophical literature." The New York Graphic puts him on the same plane of philosophical eminence with Jonathan Edwards. While we may not concur in the very high estimate of him which these commendations imply; we may at least assume that Mr.

Fiske is a competent witness to the positions of Darwinism and Spencerianism.

On evolution, he is an authority. He has made his own contribution to the theory, especially in the department of sociology.

His position is in some respects unique and interesting. While a radical and thorough-going evolutionist, he refuses to be a materialist. How far he is consistent will be seen presently. The fact remains that he rejects the materialistic view of man as to his origin, his nature, and his destiny.

His position is also peculiar, in that, while as a Spencerian, he is constrained to be theoretically an Agnostic, yet, he holds steadfastly to the Kantian trilogy: God, Conscience and Immortality.

This little book may be viewed, accordingly, as in some respects the last word of the best evolution. It represents the nearest approach which a naturalistic evolution has made as yet to the theistic position. It almost reads like an overture of peace to the party of faith, and the adherents of a spiritualistic philosophy. As such it challenges our scrutiny, and it certainly merits a fair, respectful, discriminating examination.

As regards the evolutionary teachings of the book, they are as thorough and radical as the most extreme evolutionists could desire. "As we examine the records of past life upon our globe," says Mr. Fiske, "and study the mutual relations of the living things that still remain, it appears that the higher forms of life—including man himself—are the modified descendants of lower forms. Zoologically speaking, man can no longer be regarded as a creature apart by himself. We cannot erect an order on purpose to contain him, as Cuvier tried to do; we cannot even make a separate family for him. Man is not only a vertebrate, a mam-

mal, and a primate, but he belongs, as a genus, to the catarrhine family of apes. And just as lions, leopards, and lynxes—different genera of the cat family—are descended from a common stock of carnivora, back to which we may also trace the pedigrees of dogs, hyenas, bears and seals; so the various genera of platyrrhine and catarrhine apes, including man, are doubtless descended from a common stock of primates, back to which we may also trace the converging pedigrees of monkeys and lemurs, until their ancestry becomes indistinguishable from that of rabbits and squirrels. Such is the conclusion to which the scientific world has come within a quarter of a century from the publication of Mr. Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and there is no more reason for supposing that this conclusion will ever be gainsaid than for supposing that the Copernican Astronomy will sometimes be overthrown, and the concentric spheres of Dante's heaven re-instated in the minds of men." (p. 20f.) Again, on the argument from design, he says, (p. 22f), "Those countless adaptations of means to ends in nature, which since the time of Voltaire and Paley we have been accustomed to cite as evidences of creative design, have received at the hands of Mr. Darwin a very different interpretation. The lobster's powerful claw, the butterfly's gorgeous tints, the rose's delicious fragrance, the architectural instinct of the bee, the astonishing structure of the orchid, are no longer explained as the results of contrivance. That simple but wasteful process of survival of the fittest, through which such marvellous things have come into being, has little about it that is analogous to the ingenuity of human art. The infinite and eternal Power which is thus revealed in the physical life of the universe seems in no wise akin to the human soul. The idea of beneficent purpose seems

for the moment to be excluded from nature, and a blind process, known as Natural Selection, is the deity that slumbers not nor sleeps. Reckless of good and evil, it brings forth at once the mother's tender love for her infant, and the horrible teeth of the ravening shark, and to its creative indifference the one is as good as the other. In spite of these appalling arguments, the man of science, urged by the single-hearted purpose to ascertain the truth, be the consequences what they may, goes quietly on and finds that the terrible theory must be adopted; the fact of man's consanguinity with dumb beasts must be admitted."

It will be noted that in the citation just given, "the creative indifference" of the power of Natural Selection is spoken of. So throughout 'creation' seems to be with our author another word for 'evolution,' the production by secondary causes of new forms or results. The difference between man and other animals, resolves itself ultimately, we are taught, into a difference of degree. His language is: "Not only in the world of organic life, but throughout the known universe, the doctrine of evolution regards differences in kind as due to the gradual accumulation of differences in degree," p. 35. And again, p. 53: "In the direct line of our ancestry it only needed that the period of infancy should be sufficiently prolonged, in order that a creature should at length appear, endowed with the teachableness, the individuality, and the capacity for progress which are the peculiar prerogatives of fully-developed man." In the career of the mastodon, hipparion, sabretoothed lion, dryopithecus, and other phenomena of the Miocene age we find "the germ of all that is present in humanity." We have, somewhere, half-way between brute and man, a "half-human man."

One chapter is devoted to physiological and psychological explanations of the dawning of consciousness ; and in one passage (p. 96,) "the universal struggle for existence" is accredited with "having succeeded in bringing forth that consummate product of creative energy, the Human Soul."

Elsewhere (p. 67) we are told that "rudimentary *moral* sentiments are clearly discernible in the highest members of various Mammalian orders, and in all but the lowest members of our own order." "The genesis of the altruistic emotions" (p. 75) is referred to the processes of "natural selection operating through the lengthening of childhood." So far it might seem that the most uncompromising evolutionist could ask for no stronger or more positive statements of the characteristic features of that philosophy.

On the other side, however, we note a number of very significant modifications and concessions. For one thing, we have the constant and reverent recognition of the existence and agency of God. Again and again, is God referred to as the First Cause — He is recognized as Creator.

The question is asked (p. 114) "Are we to regard the Creator's work as like that of a child, who builds houses out of blocks, just for the pleasure of knocking them down?" "The slow and subtle process of evolution" is described as "the way in which God makes things come to pass;" (p. 32.) Man is "the chief among God's creatures" (p. 12). Mr. Fiske emphatically repudiates atheism and materialism. "Once dethrone humanity," he says (p. 12 *f*), "regard it as a mere local incident in an endless and aimless series of cosmical changes, and you arrive at a doctrine which, under whatever specious name it may be veiled, is at bottom neither more nor less than Atheism. On its

metaphysical side, Atheism is the denial of anything psychical in the universe outside of human consciousness; and it is almost inseparably associated with the materialistic interpretation of human consciousness as the ephemeral result of a fleeting collocation of particles of matter. Viewed upon this side, it is easy to show that Atheism is very bad metaphysics, while the materialism which goes with it is utterly condemned by modern science. But our feeling toward Atheism goes much deeper than the mere recognition of it as philosophically untrue. The mood in which we condemn it is not at all like the mood in which we reject the corpuscular theory of light, or Sir G. C. Lewis's vagaries on the subject of Egyptian hieroglyphics. We are wont to look upon Atheism with unspeakable horror and loathing. Our moral sense revolts against it no less than our intelligence." As respects the argument from design, he tells us; (p. 113) "The Darwinian theory, properly understood, replaces as much theology as it destroys." More than once he draws a deep, decided line of demarcation between the soul, the psychic, spiritual life on the one side, and the material universe on the other. He calls the soul "that last consummate specimen of God's handiwork" (p. 32). "That divine spark, the Soul" (p. 171). "That consummate product of creative energy, the Human Soul" (p. 96). "Whence came the soul?" (he says, p. 42) "We no more know than we know whence came the universe. The primal origin of consciousness is hidden in the depths of the bygone eternity. That it cannot possibly be the product of any cunning arrangement of material particles, is demonstrated beyond peradventure by what we now know of the correlation of physical forces. The Platonic view of the soul, as a spiritual substance; an effluence from Godhood, which under certain conditions

becomes incarnated in perishable forms of matter, is doubtless the view most consonant with the present state of our knowledge." He is evidently anxious to maintain that man is "a creature essentially different from all others" (p. 56). "It is not too much to say" (he tells us, p. 57) "that the difference between man and all other creatures, in respect of teachableness, progressiveness, and individuality of character, surpasses all other differences of kind that are known to exist in the universe." He claims still further that in the Darwinian hypothesis (p. 25) "we rise to a higher view of the workings of God and of the nature of man, than was ever attainable before. So far from degrading Humanity, or putting it on a level with the animal world in general, the Darwinian theory shows us distinctly for the first time how the creation and the perfecting of man is the goal toward which nature's work has all the while been tending. It enlarges tenfold the significance of human life, places it upon even a loftier eminence than poets or prophets have imagined, and makes it seem more than ever the chief object of that creative activity which is manifested in the physical universe." He claims also that on the Darwinian theory (p. 31) "it is impossible that any creature zoologically distinct from Man and superior to him, should ever at any future time exist upon the earth."

According to Darwinism the creation of man is still the goal toward which Nature tended from the beginning. Not the production of any higher creature, but the perfecting of humanity is to be the glorious consummation of Nature's long and tedious work. Thus we suddenly arrive at the conclusion that Man seems now, much more clearly than ever, the chief among God's creatures.

He forcibly and eloquently affirms his belief in a per-

sonal immortality. He thinks indeed (p. 108) that "it is not likely that we shall ever succeed in making the immortality of the soul a matter of scientific demonstration, for we lack the requisite data. It must ever remain an affair of religion rather than of science." "In the domain of cerebral physiology the question might be debated forever without a result. The only thing which cerebral physiology tells us, when studied with the aid of molecular physics, is against the materialist, so far as it goes. It tells us that, during the present life, although thought and feeling are always manifested in connection with a peculiar form of matter, yet by no possibility can thought and feeling be in any sense the products of matter. Nothing can be more grossly unscientific than the famous remark of Cabanis, that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. It is not even correct to say that thought goes on in the brain. What goes on in the brain is an amazingly complex series of molecular movements, with which thought and feeling are in some unknown way correlated, not as effects or as causes, but as concomitants. So much is clear, but cerebral physiology says nothing about another life. Indeed, why should it? The last place in the world to which I should go for information about a state of things in which thought and feeling can exist in the absence of a cerebrum would be cerebral physiology! The materialistic assumption that there is no such state of things, and that the life of the soul accordingly ends with the life of the body, is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy."

But Mr. Fiske goes further than this, and grounds his belief in the permanence of the spiritual part of man on the "broad grounds of moral probability" (p. 111), and indeed ultimately on a postulate of faith. He com-

pare it to "our irresistible belief that like causes must always be followed by like effects" (p. 115), which he agrees with the authors of the "Unseen Universe" in calling "a supreme act of faith, the expression of a trust in God, that He will not put us to permanent intellectual confusion." "Now the more thoroughly we comprehend (he goes on to say) that process of evolution by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in Man is to rob the whole process of its meaning. It goes far toward putting us to permanent intellectual confusion, and I do not see that anyone has as yet alleged, or is ever likely to allege, a sufficient reason for our accepting so dire an alternative. For my own part, therefore, I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work." (A very remarkable declaration surely from an agnostic.)

"The Materialist holds that when you have described the whole universe of phenomena of which we can become cognizant under the conditions of the present life, then the whole story is told. It seems to me, on the contrary, that the whole story is not thus told. I feel the omnipresence of mystery in such wise as to make it far easier for me to adopt the view of Euripides, that what we call death may be but the dawning of true knowledge and of true life. The greatest philosopher of modern times, the master and teacher of all who shall study the process of evolution for many a day to come, holds that the conscious soul is not the product of a collocation of material particles, but is in the deepest sense a divine effluence. According to Mr. Spencer, the divine energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe is the same energy that wells up in

us as consciousness. Speaking for myself, I can see no insuperable difficulty in the notion that at some period in the evolution of Humanity this divine spark may have acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the wreck of material forms and endure forever. Such a crowning wonder seems to me no more than the fit climax to a creative work that has been ineffably beautiful and marvellous in all its myriad stages."

Towards Christianity our author's attitude is at least reverent. In his opening Chapter he conciliates favor for the Darwinian theory by showing that the Copernican astronomy has not shaken the foundations of Christian theology. "The speculative necessity for man's occupying the largest and most central spot in the universe is no longer felt. It is recognized as a primitive and childish notion. With our larger knowledge we see that these vast and fiery suns are after all but the Titan-like *servants* of the little planets which they bear with them in their flight through the abysses of space. And as when God revealed himself to his ancient prophet, He came not in the earthquake or the tempest, but in a voice that was still and small, so that divine spark, the Soul, as it takes up its brief abode in this realm of fleeting phenomena, chooses not the central sun where elemental forces forever blaze and clash, but selects an outlying terrestrial nook where seeds may germinate in silence, and where through slow friction the mysterious forms of organic life may come to take shape and thrive." (p. 16-17.)

With Christianity as a Gospel of Peace and Goodwill he is in hearty accord. He takes pleasure in identifying the ethical drift of Darwinian development with the ethical teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. He reverently calls Christ "the Master." The closing words of his little book give us the vision of a "future lighted

for us with the radiant colours of hope. Strife and sorrow shall disappear. Peace and love shall reign supreme. The dream of poets, the lesson of priest and prophet, the inspiration of the great musician, is confirmed in the light of modern knowledge; and as we gird ourselves up for the work of life, we may look forward to the time when in truest sense the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever, king of kings and lord of lords."

In all this there is much that is highly significant. It indicates that evolution is itself undergoing an evolution for the better. It is in a different strain from that to which we have been accustomed from the evolutionary school. It betrays a secret consciousness on the part of the more thoughtful, candid, and spiritualistic of its representatives that a bald, blind, purposeless evolution based on material, molecular, mechanical conditions, and nothing else, is felt to be unsatisfying and untenable. It indicates that such thinkers are seeking a *modus vivendi* with Christianity. It exhibits a decided *rapprochement* of modern science towards faith. It shows a healthy recoil from the stark animalism of the earlier and cruder Darwinian biology. It is a sign that the baseless assumptions and one-sided theorizings of the earlier evolutionists are beginning to be challenged by their followers. * * * * *

It suggests a hope that evolution is feeling its way to surer foundations, and that we may yet see a type of the doctrine which will at once satisfy the requirements of science, and command the assent of a Christian theism and theology.

For one I welcome these indications. I would gladly encourage the upward movement of which these would seem to be the tokens, and to promote a better adjustment of 'the relations between this powerful

tendency of modern physical science and Christian science.

Could I get Mr. Fiske's ear for a short time, I should be pleased to show what remains to be done, in order to perfect such an *entente cordiale*. I would drop upon him one or two remarks of this sort: "I have attended with great interest, Mr. Fiske, to the exposition you have given of your views respecting 'The Destiny of Man, in the light of his origin.' I sincerely congratulate you on the earnestness of your endeavor to relieve your favorite hypothesis of some of the deadening weights with which an atheistic materialism has sought to load it. Believing that further advance in this direction is possible as well as desirable and necessary, allow me respectfully to suggest a few defects, obscurities and contradictions which still remain to be cleared up, before a satisfactory conclusion can be reached. It is gratifying to hear from one of your school so distinct a recognition in terms, of creation and of a Creator. We have been accustomed to more or less evolutionary ridicule of what these terms imply, as antiquated and unscientific superstitions. Let me insist, however, in the interest of clearness, that creation must not be confounded with evolution. I am sorry to say that there is too much of this confusion in your little book. I would not say that in the broader sense of the word, creation may not include evolution. But evolution certainly is not creation. Christian Theology, the science of revealed truth, a science, let me remind you, which is nothing if not exact, recognizes the essence of the creative act to be the power of bringing into existence that which had no existence, that which had no antecedent condition of existence, outside of the power and will of the Creator. This absolute origination of existence is the central fundamental thing in

creation. To leave this out of a discussion of the origin of things, as I am afraid you have done, is to leave Hamlet out of the play. It is to formulate a circle without a centre, a process without a beginning, an origin which does not originate. It is most gratifying still further to hear from you so emphatic a repudiation of Atheism, and so unequivocal a recognition of the presence and activity of God. It still remains, however, for you to make of this presence and activity a still more vital and important reality by recognizing its interpositions, at those points where the facts of development absolutely require them.

Now let me remind you that science presents to us no unbroken line of evolutionary development. There are several missing links in the chain—links too, of vast importance. There are chasms in the line of march which no evolution can leap, and really it would seem a little strange that your book has not even a passing mention of these chasms. There is the chasm between the inorganic and the organic—between inanimate matter and life. Science establishes no evolution of an organism out of an inorganic mass. There is no spontaneous generation of life—no evolution of life out of death. There is but one explanation of the origin of life—the direct interposition of the creative energy of God. You find another chasm between the irrational and the rational. It is just as impossible that death should evolve life, as that irrational life should evolve rational life. There is nothing below reason that *can* develop into reason. Reason, the organ of necessary truth, of ethical relations, of immutable laws, of infinite valuations, of absolute being, can come into being and activity only as the direct effluence and influence of God.

Another chasm no less impassable lies between the

non-moral and the moral. That which is irrevocably subject to a fixed absolute necessity; that which in every part and particle of its constitution never was, never is, never will be, never can be anything more than an effect—that which can by no possibility be anything but what its environment determines that it must be—that which has absolutely no causal, self-determining power in itself, can by no conceivable possibility evolve itself, or be evolved into a free, responsible, moral agent. The record of science presents no such metamorphosis. Sensation can no more turn into the sense of obligation, than galvanism can turn into life. There is only one power that can make a conscience—that power is God.

Another chasm, as wide and deep as either of the others, lies between the self-regarding habits of the animal and the altruistic affections of the man. I do not hesitate to affirm that evolution has as yet utterly failed to account for the altruism of the brute, much less of man. You, Mr. Fiske, have done much for the evolutionary theory just at this point. You have shown what an important influence is exerted by the lengthening of the period of dependence in infancy and childhood. The suggestion is a valuable one; but neither you nor any one else has successfully shown how the altruism for the exercise of which a lengthened infancy or childhood furnished the occasion was originally produced. And what is more, I venture to say, that no philosophy the pivot of which is self can provide for the suppression of self. It cannot account for the self-forgetfulness of the mother bird, or mother bear, much less for the self-sacrifice of the martyr, or the devotion of the saint. Now in adjusting your philosophy to the demands of faith, these gaps, these chasms cannot be, ought not to be ignored. Nor will it do to cover them

up with the fogs and darkness of primeval antiquity, or to fill them with the accumulated modifications of a long stretch of dim æonian periods. No number of modifications, no amount of time will bridge those chasms. An infinite and eternal series of modifications in dead matter will never bring forth life. And so of the rest. There is but one bridge over the chasm, and that is God. And this brings me to another weak point of your philosophical method. I refer to the confusion of categories. Let me remind you that Theology has had a long training in the matter of categories. It is at home in all the quiddities: essence, mode, substance, quality, form, reality—it has been to school with these terms and the like for centuries. It behooves you to mind your p's and q's here accordingly with the utmost closeness.

Now when you say that "not only in the world of organic life, but throughout the known universe, the doctrine of evolution regards differences in kind as due to the gradual accumulations of differences in degree," let me gently assure you that the doctrine of evolution is attempting the very absurd feat of butting its head against a stone wall. Such a sponging out of one of the fundamental categories of thought, the category of kind as contrasted with the category of degree is simply impossible. Philosophy can only laugh at the absurdity. Your illustrations are altogether at fault.

Nebula, sun, planet, moon, differences in kind?

Steam, water, ice, differences in kind?

A horse's hoof, a cat's paw, different in kind?

Assuredly not. Widely different no doubt in form, different in incidental minor qualities and uses; but one in kind, who can doubt?

The difference between a corpse and a living body only a difference in degree? The difference between

Moses on the Mount and the stone tables in his hands only a difference in degree? The difference between the lion clutching his prey, and the martyr dying at the stake, only a difference in degree? Thus to categorize would be to put everything to intellectual confusion. The same may be said of the difference between substance and its modifications. Substance is one thing: modifications, properties, activities are another thing. The conscious ego is one thing: consciousness is another. Do you, Mr. Fiske, not sometimes confound these? Do you not identify the evolution of consciousness with the evolution of the conscious substance? In accounting for the dawning of consciousness, for the beginning of memory, emotion, reason and volition, as occasioned by the retention of a surplus of molecular motion in the highest centres, do you not ignore the subject, the substance which remembers, feels, reasons and wills? The soul you call a mystery — a spiritual substance, an effluence from Godhood, which has become incarnated in perishable forms of matter, and which cannot possibly be the product of any cunning arrangement of material particles. Most excellently said. But the activities of the soul; memory, reason, volition and even consciousness itself, you explain as due to the gradual accumulation of differences in degree, not of differences in kind. Is this logical? Is there not here a fearful confusion of categories and ideas? You say that the rudiments of memory, reason, emotion, volition, are discernible in the lives of the lower animals. What is the substance in which these predicates inhere? Is it soul? Is it a spiritual substance? Is it an effluence of Godhood? If so, what becomes of the ineffable superiority of man? If not — what are the predicates of soul — what distinguishes it so fundamentally from matter? The same confusion reigns in the representation of man. Is man

essentially different from the the rest of creation? You say yes. What is this essential difference? How is it brought about? You answer, by the accumulation of differences *in degree*. That you say is the answer of evolution. That is to say a difference in essence is brought about by an accumulation of differences in non-essence. Or, again, the accidents condition the essence, and not the essence the accidents. Philosophy can tolerate no such confusion as this. If man is different in essence, where does the 'one-half human man' stand — of which you somewhere speak? Has he only the half of the human essence? Is it a figurative expression? It hardly reads so. At all events science should deal sparingly in metaphors. The Australian savage, you say, is nearer to the ape than to the highest type of civilized man. Where does the essence of manhood stand in this case? Above the Australian, or below him?

If the former, the comparison you make is irrelevant. If the latter, the essence is again subordinated to the accident.

You very confidently assure us that 'on the earth there will never be a higher creature than man.' *On your premises* can you justify that confidence? If as you say the accumulation of physical variations in degree has resulted in a higher *kind* of existence, the human, why may not the accumulation of physical variations in degree result in a still higher kind of existence than the human? Indeed do not you yourself say: "From what has already gone on during the historical period of man's existence, we can safely predict a change that will by and by distinguish him from all other creatures, even more widely and more fundamentally than he is distinguished to-day"?

And, speaking of the accumulation of psychical variations as a factor of evolution, let me ask — have you

seriously weighed the perils to the theory of evolution of the admission of this factor? The accumulation of physical variations is, as you know, already a tremendous strain on the theory in the matter of time.

Astronomy is already protesting vigorously against your demand for a hundred or more millions of years.

But as your own discussion shows, the accumulation of psychical variations — these being infinitely more complex, more subtle and delicate, more rapid and evanescent, would require a vastly longer period for the production of a definite permanent result. And is it in any case conceivable that these infinitely varied, deeply rooted, far-reaching, subtly-working variations which characterize the psychical life — can be accounted for by so crude an agency as the principle of natural selection working on the lines of a low material utility?

You must confess that evolution is sorely put to it to account for the structure of the body on that principle. The eye, the ear, the heart, the lungs, the brain — organized by an æonian process of natural selection? That is a tremendous strain on our credulity. But when you add to this, the structure of the soul: sensibility, memory, imagination, fancy, wit, humor, analysis, synthesis, induction, deduction, intuition, aspiration, gratitude, sympathy, faith, hope, love — when you undertake to account for the building up of these and kindred powers, by simple natural selection, operating through the struggle for existence — operating almost exclusively thus far, mind you, on the plane of the physical life — you undertake surely what might well appal the world's most transcendent intellect.

Let me for a moment call your attention to one difficulty, which so far as I know has received very little, if any consideration. We ask you, whence come the present faculties, aptitudes, instincts, habits, of man and

other creatures? You tell us they are the results of a long, long history of efforts and failures, and efforts and successes, in sustaining life. For example, you tell us in your book that "all the visceral actions which keep us alive from moment to moment, the movements of the heart and lungs, the contractions of arteries, the secretions of glands, the digestive operations of the stomach and liver, belong to the class of reflex actions." That is to say — actions which have been "completely organized in the nervous system before birth."

But how did these actions become "organized" (mark the word)? To become organized is a process: how was it carried on? They are now automatic; that is, the action of the brain, through long habit, takes place so rapidly as to escape consciousness. But how did they become automatic? They were not always such — they could not always have been such. Before they became automatic, according to your own showing, there must have been consciousness: — and, as you say, 'consciousness implies perpetual discrimination, or the recognition of likeness and differences.' (p. 45.)

Now what was there to be conscious, to discriminate, to recognize likeness and differences?

What was there to build up all these organs and their activities, before their automatic action was established? Was there soul there? Was there consciousness there?

There must have been, according to cerebral physiology, and yet according to evolution, there could not have been, for soul, consciousness, psychical discriminations and variations, appear only much further on, and much higher up in the line. And so evolution resolves itself into a see-saw process.

First consciousness works up an automaton, and then the automaton evolves consciousness.

The conclusion to which we come all along the line is that Darwin's evolution, evolution by natural selection simply, is a totally inadequate solution of the facts.

It fills the past with perplexity, the present with confusion, the future with doubt. There is no personal immortality on the line of evolution by natural selection. Darwin felt that, and he knew his own theory if any man did. You yourself, Mr. Fiske, ground your faith in immortality on a postulate of faith, faith in the reasonableness of God's work. That is a reasonable principle, it is a large principle, a principle that will justify faith in very much besides the immortality of the soul.

Apply that principle all along the line, and it will introduce a good many other factors into the process of evolution besides Natural Selection.

Natural Selection unquestionably has its place in science. Evolutionary Natural Selection is doubtless a true fact so far as it goes.

It is doubtless a useful and fruitful "working hypothesis" in the hands of the physical investigator. But it is far from being exhaustive. It is very far from accounting for all the facts. We need a broader "working hypothesis," and one with diviner factors embodied in it.

We need a "working hypothesis" which will account for the origin of life, will account for the origin of soul, will account for the origin of the spiritual life. We need a "working hypothesis" which will take into account the Fact of Sin, and which will provide a Remedy.

We need that Divine Philosophy which will provide a Teacher who brings life and immortality to light in

the Gospel. With this we are sure of the Soul—we are sure of Duty—we are sure of Life—we are sure of God.

“This is life eternal that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Him whom Thou didst send, even Jesus Christ.”

V.

THE SCHOLAR AS AN ETHICAL FORCE.*

HALF a century ago, on an occasion similar to the present, R. W. Emerson spoke as follows: "Neither years, nor books, have yet availed to extirpate a prejudice then [when a boy in college] rooted in me, that a scholar is the favorite of heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, the happiest of men. His duties lead him directly into the holy ground where other men's aspirations only point. His successes are occasions of purest joy to all men. Eyes is he to the blind; feet is he to the lame. His failures, if he is worthy, are inlets to higher advantages. And because the scholar by every thought he thinks, extends his dominion into the general mind of men, he is not one, but many.

On a like occasion, half a decade ago, George William Curtis thus expressed himself: "Take from the country at this moment the educated power which is condemned as romantic and sentimental, and you would take from the army its general, from the ship its compass, from the national action its moral main spring. It is not the demagogue and the shouting rabble, it is the people, heeding the word of the thinker and the lesson of experience, which secures the welfare of the American Republic, and enlarges human liberty."

* Address at Adelbert College, Cleveland, O., 1883.

“ If American^{*} scholarship does not carry the election to-day, it determines the policy of to-morrow.”

“ Calm, patient, confident, heroic in our busy and material life, it perpetually vindicates the truth that the things which are unseen are eternal.” “ So in the cloudless midsummer sky serenely shines the moon, while the tumultuous ocean rolls and murmurs beneath, the type of illimitable and unbridled power.”

“ But, resistlessly marshaled by celestial laws, all the wild waters, heaving from pole to pole, rise and recede, obedient to that mild queen of heaven.”

I have cited these utterances of these two distinguished American thinkers because of the consentaneous appreciation which they exhibit, of the moral significance which attaches to the life and influence of the scholar. According to Emerson, the scholar is the light of his age, the eyes and feet of men, to bring them into the holy ground to which their aspirations point, or as he elsewhere expresses the same idea: “ The scholars are the priests of that thought which establishes the foundation of the earth. No matter what is their special work or profession, they stand for the spiritual interest of the world; and it is a common calamity if they neglect their post in a country where the material interest is so predominant as it is in America.” According to Curtis, the Scholar is the moral mainspring of his generation, swaying like the moon, the tidal forces which move and uplift the world.

With these noble and significant utterances, let me introduce to you the theme of the hour: *The Scholar as an Ethical Force.*

You will understand at once, that in discoursing on this theme, I assume that ethical power is an integral element of all true culture. The training which slights the conscience and the will, which does not clarify the

moral vision, which does not help to self-mastery, which does not put man in intelligent accord with the spiritual legislation of the universe, is radically defective.

The moral pigmy, though a giant in intellect, deserves not the name "Scholar." For the scholar is the well-rounded, symmetrical man, trained to grapple with every question which comes before him. And most assuredly the culture which does not fit a man to grapple with the ethical problems of the day, is superficial, if not spurious.

I am not unaware that in to-day's culture there are tendencies which seem unfavorable to the ethical symmetry of a well-rounded development.

There are forces at work in literature, in science, in art, in politics, which tend to the depreciation, if not to the elimination, of the ethical factor in those departments. This is true, in a measure, of the growing tendency towards specialties. In an age when the study of a beetle is the occupation of a lifetime, when the philology of a particle is a lien on immortality, symmetry is not likely to be the spontaneous product of the soil.

In magnifying the power of your microscope, you contract the scope of your horizon. Nor is the peril alone of intellectual oneness. There is danger also of moral narrowness.

The specialist runs the risk of losing clearness and fairness of vision, not only in the realm of truth, but also in the realm of duty. The vivisectionist, for example, may have something to say for himself as an investigator of certain facts, but it is at least a grave question whether the gain to the scientist does not mean some loss to the man. There are other influences in science besides specialism which tend to minimize the ethical interest. Take the search after unity,

which so powerfully dominates scientific thought. Whatever the line of his investigation, the naturalist seeks to discover at the far-off end of it, the primordial unit, the atom, the force, the law, the invisible One, out of which the visible Many have been evolved. But in the press and throng of material phenomena and interests which crowd upon his observation, it is not strange if he is more and more tempted to resolve all into a unit of matter, and so far at least to subordinate the spiritual and ethical to the physical, as to find in the former only a modification of the latter. Thus he is less concerned as to what ought to be, than what must be. Gravitation is to him a larger term than obligation. Affinity is a more important phenomenon than sympathy or love. In the literature of the day again, there are certain drifts noticable which give us pause.

Take the drift towards realism, and ask yourself what is its ethical significance? You have heard it said that literature is the photography of life.

The question which we hear the essayist, the poet, the historian of the day ask is: What about the men and women of real life?

'Let us have done with the ideal, the imaginary, the impossible.

'Away with the airy nothings of dreamland!

'Down with the gods and goddesses!

'No more Utopias!

'No more fooling fancies of a millennial mirage!

'Give us facts!

'Give us life—its comedy, its farce, its tragedy!

'Nay, give us death! give us sin, folly, vice, crime!

'Give us reality, ghastly, hideous, if so be.

'Immoral, you say—what of that?

'Let the picture be true to nature, and let nature be responsible for the effect.

'Let us have vivisection on a grand scale.

'Let this diseased leper of our common humanity be laid out on the dissecting table, and as its flesh quivers under the scalpel, let us see just what is the matter with it.'

Similarly in art.

Here, too, we behold "realism" asserting itself, at the expense again of the moral.

'Art,' we are told, must not preach.

'The more the picture or the statue is a sermon, the less is it a work of art.

'Art is the exponent of beauty, not of duty.

'It has nothing to do with morality as such.

'In its own nature and language—it is not indeed immoral, but certainly unmoral.

'Let the artist draw or hew the line of beauty as the spirit of grace may guide his hand, and let the straight line of right take care of itself.'

To some extent we note a kindred drift in public and political life. The growth of civilization has caused an immense expansion of the material interests of society. The business of civilized communities has assumed a vast complexity of forms and relations. The adjustment of these complex interests and claims is one of the most intricate problems of modern statesmanship. The effect of all this has been to give especial prominence to the material side of politics. The successful statesman of to-day is the large-eyed, long-headed, strong-handed man of business.

He is financier, commerce-opener, budget-maker, tariff-monger. Having to deal with the conditions of material prosperity and growth, it is not strange if he finds himself driven by the logic of his position to regard all social interests as predominatingly secular. And so the atmosphere of our public life tends to become more and

more materialistic and utilitarian. Moral issues are sent to the rear, and kept there until they force themselves to the front. Their first solution is attempted by the rule of Profit and Loss.

Whisky — an article of revenue ;

The Indian question — a question of land ;

Monopoly — a matter of percentage ;

The Public Service — private spoils and *væ victis* ;

Political Organization — the party machine ;

Principle — policy, and the devil take the hindmost.

These tendencies must be arrested, if a healthy social life is to be preserved. And if Mr. Curtis is right in claiming for the educated class, "the leadership of modern civilization," then surely the scholar has something to do in the correction of these evils. The loud call for "the Scholar in Politics" which from time to time goes forth, shows the conviction which is entertained in some quarters at least, that culture has its special responsibilities in the advancement of social improvement. It is but fair to notice however, that there are those who challenge the competency of scholarship for this social leadership.

Mr. Frederic Harrison in England and Mr. Wendell Phillips, lately deceased in our own country, have made the charge that Culture is timid, cowardly, ease-loving, time-serving, recreant to its responsibilities. It may be worth our while briefly to examine this charge. The scholar, it is said, is by virtue of his scholarship disqualified for some, at least, of the functions of an ethical force. The moral leader, the reformer, is likely to be handicapped by his scholastic accomplishments, or at least by the temper, or the tone of thought, feeling and purpose, which is breathed into him by the schools. Thoreau said of John Brown that he was "less concerned to right a Greek accent, than to lift up a fallen

man." It may be said — Mr. Phillips was wont to say it — that those who understood the slope of the accent cared but little for the posture of a man, and that John Brown made more thorough work of it, for knowing more about Sharpe's rifle than about an oxytone, or a barytone.

Then again we hear it charged that scholarship tends to abstractions, to the neglect of concrete realities. It lingers in the past more than in the present. It cultivates a taste for fossils, rather than for living organisms. It produces doctrinaires, instead of practical men. It makes men romantic, visionary, the ready dupes of Utopian phantasies, or of patent Millennium-incubators. Or perchance it runs into over-refinement, a squeamish æstheticism, an impracticable, fastidious dilettanteism, better suited for a cabinet of bric-a-brac, or the Sultan's garden of spices, or the cloth of gold, than for the dusty arena of competition, or the battle-field of thoughts and passions.

Let us frankly admit whatever of truth there may be in all this. Let these charges and insinuations serve at least to indicate some of the liabilities which beset scholarship when it gets out of the school, and against which it must sedulously guard, if it would realize its sublime mission. But the question still remains: Do these besetments set aside that mission? Is the scholar a failure as an ethical force? By no means. Whatever may be true of particular instances, it is assuredly not true that, as a class, educated men have been found wanting in the assertion of their moral personality as leaders both in the world of thought and in the world of action. Mr. Curtis has conclusively shown this, in the address already quoted, by abundant historical examples. Not to go over the same ground,

let me invite you to the consideration of the subject by a somewhat different line of approach.

Note then at the outset that the very logic of the scholar's discipline arrays him on the side of moral order and progress. I need not remind you that ethics is itself a branch of liberal culture. Ever since the days of Aristotle it has been recognized as a distinct science, and as an essential part of the academic curriculum. Its fundamental principles, axioms, definitions, its generalizations and laws, its inductions and deductions are carefully studied and discussed. The scholar's mind is trained to interest itself in ethical questions and considerations, to examine the foundations of conduct, to define the conditions and to formulate rules of right living, to forecast the tendencies of moral opinions and developments. Is it reasonable to expect that all this shall count for nothing? To be sure it is a long cry from theory to practice. But here again the value of scholastic training asserts itself. If liberal culture accomplishes anything for a man, it supplies the mental endowment for the conversion of theory into use.

The discipline which leaves a man a helpless theorist, is of little value. Moreover, the temper of a genuine culture is calculated to strengthen the moral instinct, in that it fosters the love of the real. The scholar is bound by the highest law of his being to reject all falsehood, affectation, sham, and to render allegiance only to the real, the substantial, the true. The ethical power of this obligation it is easy to see.

Then again, the general contents and resources of a wise, liberal culture have distinct ethical affiliations. Mathematics, Physics, History, Logic, Law, all strike hands with Ethics. All combine in the upbuilding of the personality, and in the development of moral, no less than mental capacity. A broad true culture is a unit.

All its branches re-enforce each other, and form a vital synthesis in the development, just as the universe to which a large culture correlates the mind, is a unit, and all its laws and kingdoms flow together and enrich each other. The processes of being run on parallel lines, largely indeed on converging lines. There is a unity of movement and purpose discernible in the entire scheme. One law of nature says *Amen* to the other.

The facts and principles of the moral universe have their echoes in the physical. The song of the planet, silently revolving in its orbit around its central sun murmurs itself in the still small voice of conscience. Hence in the line: "An undevout astronomer is mad," there is true logic no less than poetry; for whether seen through the telescope or from the shepherd's hilltop, the stars teach worship.

No less logical would it be to say — "A lying mathematician is mad," seeing that nature's figures never lie; or that — "A dishonest chemist is deranged," seeing that in nature's compositions the law of *quid pro quo* rules with invariable and infinitesimal exactness. "The principles of right living," says John Fiske, "are really connected with the constitution of the universe." And so in proportion as the scholar realizes his prerogative and gets near the heart of nature, he gathers into his own heart the ethical inspiration of her order, and the strength of her laws.

Then, still further, the scholar's discipline puts him *en rapport* with the loftiest thinkers of the ages, *en rapport* first of all, with the men. His scholarship introduces him to the confraternity of earth's great ones. Through his association with the choice spirits of the race, he catches somewhat of their tone and temper, he is brought out of his limitations, he is lifted above all personal and provincial narrowness, he acquires the

larger way of looking at things. Living on the lofty tablelands where Olympian souls hold high festival, he quaffs the elixir of true greatness: for as has been truly said: "He who keeps company with the great and the good, learns to love what they love and to despise what they despise." Nor is this all. Through the same companionship he becomes habituated not only to the tone and the temper of the great and the good, but also to their perceptions and conclusions:

His, the crystalization of the purest processes of thought;

His, the distillation of the clearest ideas;

His, the blossoming and fruitage of the ripest and sweetest juices of the world's growth. On the virgin soil of his mind fall the seed-thoughts of the ages, at the moment of their highest germinative potency. His ear catches the resurrection-trumpet-tones of the centuries—those mighty affirmations of truth and duty, which ever and anon startle the nations out of their slumbers and arouse them to a nobler manhood.

And more yet. His the teachings not only of this man and of that man, but of the ages. Revelation is a growth. Truth is communicated by instalments. Each age receives its portion. Each takes up the thread where the last dropped it, and carries on the weaving of the web to greater completeness. There are conclusions which traverse the ages. There are syllogisms, which more than one mind, which more than one generation are required to formulate and conclude. A Plato or an Epictetus furnishes the major premise, a Descartes or a Kant the minor.

So there are sorites—logical chains which run on through the centuries. The first century contributes the first link in the chain; the fourth century contributes the second link; the eleventh century contributes the

third link; the sixteenth century contributes the fourth link, and so down. It is the scholar's mission to combine the premises, to complete the series, and thus to make the vast amplitude of the past the base of his pyramid. So even in morals: although here certainly we are constrained to recognize a large intuitional element. But the processes of the ages do much nevertheless to clarify the intuitions of the individual soul, and to organize moral convictions into social forces. The life of humanity is pre-eminently a moral drama. The world's history, says Schiller, is the world's nemesis. It is the justification of the ways of the Supreme Ruler, the vindication of His eternal statutes, the living development of the Decalogue.

The Almighty Finger which wrote the Ten Words of Sinai on tablets of stone, has again and again written them in letters of flame on the destinies of Nations. The story of man is thus the story of a divine law. History is the record of progress under this law. Its representative personalities are the incarnations of eternal principles. Its revolutions are the protests of what Carlyle has called the Everlasting No. Its advances are the avatars of conscience.

"All political revolutions," says John Stuart Mill, "not effected by foreign conquest, originate in moral revolutions. The subversion of established institutions is merely one consequence of the previous subversion of established opinions. The political revolutions of the last three centuries, were but a few outward manifestations of a moral revolution which dates from the great breaking-loose of human faculties, commonly described as the revival of letters, and of which the main instrument and agent was the invention of printing. How much of the course of that moral revolution yet remains to be run, or how many political

revolutions it will yet generate before it be exhausted, no one can tell." Who, then, if not the scholar, will interpret for us the unfolding of this wondrous Drama?

Who, if not he, will read the Divine hand-writing on the wall, and teach us the lesson of the hour?

Let us note at this point one more special endowment of the scholar for his ethical vocation, that, to-wit, which lies in the power of expression.

One important advantage of complete culture is that it endows man with the gift of discourse. It changes the tongue of iron or lead into the tongue of silver or gold. The scholar is trained to be a Voice, to articulate men's thoughts and convictions, to define for them the truths, the sentiments, the impressions, the persuasions, which they imperfectly apprehend, so that they may become palpable, vocal, vivid realities. This is no mean function. It is one of the highest prerogatives of culture. In the exercise of it the scholar rises to the dignity of the prophet.

He is the advocate of the universal conscience. He voices the better self of the race. He pleads with each man for the supremacy of the God-like within him. He who does this has power, for he has God for his ally. This is what made Luther's words "half-battles." When conscience sends forth its lightnings, the words are thunder.

Such being some of the advantages with which the scholar is endowed for his mission as an ethical force, let us now consider—somewhat hastily—the task which lies before him.

"You believe"—says Frederic Denison Maurice, speaking through one of his characters in Eustace Conway—"that the university is to prepare youths for a successful career in society: I believe the sole object is to give them that manly character which will enable

them to resist the influences of society." Before a man can do what he ought to do, he must be what he ought to be. In every career in which he may engage, the scholar must be a pattern of every manly virtue and greatness of soul.

That ideal scholar, John Milton, thus describes the heroic aspiration with which in early youth he consecrated himself to his intellectual vocation: "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself *to be a true poem*, . . . not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that is praiseworthy." "Before he can make a *poem*," says Mark Pattison, "Milton will make *himself*."

So in Tennyson's charming *In Memoriam* portrait of his scholar-friend, Henry Hallam, we can but feel how essential are those traits of ethical excellence which mark the picture; that "high nature amorous of the good," that "soul on highest mission sent," that "growth" which was

"Not alone in power

"And knowledge, but by year and hour

"In reverence and in charity."

When Michael Angelo lost by death the support of Cardinal Ippolito, on whom all his best hopes had been placed, he resolved (in his own language) "to confide in himself and to become something of worth and value."

To produce a divine result, one must realize the divine in himself.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies

"In other men, sleeping, but never dead,

"Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

Being himself thus the exemplar of worth, the scholar becomes the commissioned advocate of justice, honor, truth. His scholarship is heaven's retainer, engaging his services in behalf of the celestial order, which should rule on earth as in heaven. It becomes his privilege to vindicate at all times the supreme sovereignty of conscience, the sweet reasonableness of right living, the sterling worth of honest thinking, of sincere feeling, of straight-forward action—to prove, not that honesty is the best policy, but that where it is a question of honesty, policy is not to be even thought of; and that duty, like the sun, shuts out all light save its own.

It becomes his sacred office to win the world's intellect to the support of the purest principles, of the noblest standards, of the most heroic enterprises, to bring about a loving concord between the sense of truth, the sense of right, and the sense of beauty, until the soul in all its powers becomes one harmonious commonwealth, realizing in itself the strength, the order, and the liberty of the republic of God.

Seeing again that the scholar is dowered with the gift of discourse, it becomes a part of his special mission, to vivify the expression of moral and spiritual truths which are current in the world.

We are all aware of the strong tendency which prevails to conventional modes of thought and speech. Our truths dry up into truisms. Our principles become petrified in propositions. Our moralities shrivel into mummies. The decalogue dwindles into a thing of rote. Our very religion hollows out into cant, and becomes as sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. There is need of the tongue of fire, to ignite these cold and lifeless forms, and to transform them into "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Who, if not the scholar, will rub off the rust?

Who will polish the steel so that it will shine?

Who will point it so that it will strike home?

Who, if not the scholar, will interpret to the age its own conscience, its own ethical enigmas and aspirations?

Who, if not he, will irradiate the law written on the heart, with the light of the present need, and of the present opportunity?

Who, if not he, will breathe fresh life into the skeleton, the abstraction, the generalization of duty, and change it into the living impersonation of godlike power and beauty?

We have heard that Webster's statement of his case was an argument. How often is a Webster needed to-day to state the case in the court of conscience!

Again—as we watch the development of society, we observe that it is not one of uniform advance.

All up and down our civilization we see survivals of barbarism, lapses into savagery, the re-assertion of brutal instinct, of the sensual thought, of the unregulated impulse, of the unreasoning will.

We see these barbarisms in our social customs, even in the family sanctities.

Note as one alarming indication of it, the growing laxity of our divorce legislation, the spreading impatience of all restraint on self-indulgence and self-will.

Is not the scholar engaged by all the instincts of a nature made fine by culture, and made strong by self-discipline, and by all the sympathies of his order with whatever is sacred, pure, sweet, and loving in life, to do all in his power to arrest these reactionary movements, and to put down these revolts of an insurgent animalism?

Or, if we look at our civilization itself, we find that

it is not without its drawbacks. There are losses and evils incidental to the very conditions of our social progress. In his interesting and suggestive little essay on civilization, John Stuart Mill has pointed out some of these incidental disadvantages.

One of these is that in a civilized condition "the importance of the masses becomes constantly greater, that of individuals less." "All combination is compromise." In the crowd the angles of individuality are rubbed smooth. In a state of organization men become machines. Personal independence is sacrificed. Mob law is too often the despot of the hour. The regulative and corrective value of public opinion, as an ethical influence, is largely weakened.

As Mill says: "It is not solely on the private virtues that this growing insignificance of the individual in the mass is productive of mischief. It corrupts the very fountain of the improvement of public opinion itself; it corrupts public teaching; it weakens the influence of the more cultivated few over the many."

Civilization, again, induces "the relaxation of individual energy, or rather the concentration of it within the narrow sphere of the individual's money-getting pursuits." "The consequence is that, compared with former times, there is in the more opulent classes of modern civilized communities much more of the amiable and humane, and much less of the heroic. There has crept over the refined classes, over the whole class of gentlemen in England, a moral effeminacy, an inaptitude for every kind of struggle. They shrink from all effort, from everything which is troublesome and disagreeable. The same causes which render them sluggish and unenterprising, make them, it is true, for the most part stoical under inevitable evils."

"But heroism is an active, not a passive quality, and

when it is necessary not to bear pain but to seek it, little need be expected from the men of the present day. They cannot undergo labor, they cannot brook ridicule, they cannot brave evil tongues."

Still further, in the heat and stress of competition which civilization engenders, immoral standards of conduct slip into use. In the rush of the street men do not pause upon moral niceties. There is no time for reflection. No encouragement is given to delicacy of conscience. The one motto is, success. Men play high to win; they throw for all or nothing, and so they become reckless. Gambling is a temptation. Deception is easy. Meretricious wares flood the market. Quackery and puffery abound, for the reason that any voice not pitched in an exaggerated key is lost in the hubbub." Insincerities adulterate the social currency. Materialistic aims predominate. In the strife for personal advantage men become hard, narrow, and selfish, while charity, considerateness, delicacy, and sympathy go to the wall.

Can any one doubt that in supplying these deficiencies, and in counteracting these evils of civilization a special responsibility falls upon the scholar? To him above all others comes the call, in the language of Maurice, with "manly cheer to resist the influences of society." His vocation typically represents the excellencies of which these evils are the negative. He is the champion of individual worth. He stands for the one, who, with God, makes a majority. In contrast with the amputations and mutilations which the social machine inflicts, he speaks for a symmetrical, full-orbed manhood.

He represents, as Emerson says: "The spiritual interests of the world." He is the Elijah of his age, lifting up his voice against its Baals and Mammons.

In him survives the soul of chivalry, of knighthood, without fear and without reproach, devoting itself to the quest of Ideal Loveliness and Goodness.

He is the Sir Galahad of his age, whose "strength is as the strength of ten, because his soul is pure," and whom angel voices and visions cheer with the call,
"O just and faithful knight of God,
Ride on, the prize is near."

To this knight of God comes the summons to ride forth to do battle for the soul and her rights, to smite down her foes, Giant Greed, Giant Waste, Giant Sham, Giant Flesh, to deliver mind from the thralldom of sense, to rescue conscience from the heels of the mob, to save faith from the clutch of despair.

"There can be no scholar," says Emerson, "without the heroic mind."

"Calm, patient, confident, heroic in our busy and material life," says Curtis, "it [American Scholaship], vindicates the truth that the things which are unseen are eternal."

"Culture," (says Matthew Arnold) "is a study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something, in an inward condition of mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances."

To the scholar comes the call accordingly to labor for the "prevalence of reason and the will of God," for the spiritualization of life and the ennobling of its conditions; for its liberation from the cramp and pinch of a mechanical social organization; for the rule of earnest conviction, high aspiration and the sway of unselfish love. In an age of cant, let his every word have the ring of gold. In an age of form, let his every step have the ring of purpose. In an age whose "vices fester in de-

spairs " let his voice thrill the air with the clarion note of purity and hope.

In closing, let me simply indicate a few of the special directions in which our age calls for the exercise on the part of the scholar of a distinct moral energy of purpose.

1. This is required of him as an intellectual producer. In the various fields of activity in which thought is produced and embodied, let him think and work on God's lines. Let his influence in literature be on the side of purity, elevation, healthy thinking, sane living, noble feeling and striving. Let it be his aim to produce works which shall have in them (as Milton said), "the life-blood of a master spirit," and which "the world will not willingly let die"—books "which will awe men to their knees as if they stood in presence of a king." In Art, while being true to nature, let him be true also to himself, to the higher, truer self in him and in others. Let him paint life as faithfully as he pleases, but let him so paint it that it will breathe life and not death. Let him emulate the painter Giotto, of whom it has been said that he "renewed art, because he put more goodness into his heads." So in Science: Here most assuredly the scholar is concerned with facts. But he above all others is concerned to demand that hypotheses shall not figure as facts, that assumptions shall not parade themselves as discoveries. He above all others must insist that a part shall not stand for the whole, that Geology shall not give the lie to Astronomy; that Physiology shall not gag Psychology; that Physics shall not swallow up Philosophy; above all, that matter shall not posture as mind, that the facts of sense shall give the law to Conscience, that animal development shall not furnish the logarithm for the arcs and cycles of the soul. The scholar as the representative of the complete orb of the

sciences and of a symmetrical manhood, must take his stand against all immoral belittling partialities of any onesided specialty, speaking in the name of science.

2. To the scholar of our day comes again the opportunity of exerting definite moral purpose as a social factor, and especially as a solvent of social antagonisms. The scholar, so far as culture has had in him her perfect work, is an emancipated person. He belongs to the race, not to any class or set. The yoke of social bondage, of class prejudice and factiousness sits lightly on him. As Guizot and Hallam have shown, none have done more than the world's scholars to break down the barriers of an artificial society, to articulate the aspirations of a universal brotherhood, to indicate the claims of manly worth — whether clad in homespun or in purple. And it is the spirit and the mission of a live scholarship to reduce, more and more, the artificial inequalities of society, to reconcile the antagonisms of classes, by leveling up the race and by enlarging the facilities for worth and ability to come to the top. Take the antagonism (so called) of Capital and Labor. The scholar knows that there is no antagonism between these two necessary factors of the social organism. It is impossible for him to take a partizan position in the struggle between them. His natural position is that of a mediator, and to this task of reconciliation he should address himself in earnest — not as a dilettante but as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; risking personal ease and popularity in the endeavor to remove mutual misconceptions, to resist arrogant and selfish pretensions on either side, to emphasize the harmony of interests, to inspire fair and generous dealing based on genial sagacity and an intelligent sympathy. Culture, says Matthew Arnold, "has but one great passion, the

passion for sweetness and light. Yes, it has one yet greater, the passion for making them prevail. It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man. It knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect, until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. Culture seeks to do away with classes, to make all live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, and use ideas as it uses them itself, freely; to be nourished and not bound by them. This is the social idea; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had the passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time."

3. In many other ways is the scholar called upon to mediate between extremes, in the solution of social and public problems. Thus we note to-day in one direction a strong tendency towards license and anarchy — in the opposite direction a strong tendency towards centralization and despotism. It is for the scholar to uphold, on the one side the sanctity of law and social order, on the other the claims of liberty and individual right. Here we see the spirit of bigotry; there the spirit of latitudinarian negation. It is for the scholar to maintain at once the supreme value and right of conviction, and the sacred right of denial and protest — to co-ordinate the Everlasting Yea with the Everlasting Nay. In public life, in politics there are problems of peculiar perplexity awaiting a satisfactory solution. The question respecting legislation on moral interests, respecting the grounds, extent, limitations of such legislation, demands earnest attention. The adjustment of legal requirements and personal rights, of statutory restrictions and individual liberties, challenges our thoughtful consideration. The

balancing of the relative claims of the Ideal and the Possible, of the Perfect and the Practicable, requires patient and considerate treatment. The determination of the spheres respectively of social authority and of the individual conscience has its practical embarrassments. What are the ethical rights of majorities? What are the ethical rights of minorities? What place shall be accorded to moral instruction in our schools? What shall be the standard, the text, of such instruction? These are questions not to be decided hastily. They are to be settled, not on abstract grounds alone, not by impulse, by sentiment, by theory. But, on the other hand, neither are they to be settled capriciously, empirically, without reference to fundamental principles, and to the permanent authority of ethical obligations and interests. And what I would strenuously insist on now, is that in the scholar's personal action on these questions, the ethical motive, the ethical interest, should be supreme. He cannot afford, it is true, to be an impracticable idealist, to be a transgressor against personal right, an aggressor on private conviction, a suppressor of free thought, a contemner of social and political equality. He cannot afford to rely on legal proscriptions and physical penalties, on mere numerical majorities and verbal pronouncements, apart from enlightened reasons and quickened consciences. But just as little can he afford to occupy a position of ethical indifference — to be a Gallio caring for none of these things; to be a Pilate shrugging his shoulders, asking 'what is truth?' and sending the Truth to the Cross; to be an Epicurean fatalistically acquiescing in the necessary reign of folly; a dilettante sybarite squeamishly shunning the foul odors of a world gone wrong, with no principle, no ideal, no faith, no chivalry, no mission of help and blessing. The scholar can be a

leader only as he proves himself to be a man of men, a thinker of honest thoughts, a speaker of living words, a doer of needed and earnest deeds.

At the helm of state in England to-day, stands one of the first scholars of the century. An admiring Contemporary Reviewer has said of him: "We may cut a scholar able to adorn a university out of Mr. Gladstone, and then carve from him a fine student and reverencer of art; next mark off a reviewer and general *litterateur* whom professed authors will respectfully make room for in their ranks; and not only is there still left, solid and firm, the great Parliamentary minister, but out of the scattered fragments a couple of bishops could easily be made, with, if nothing at all is to be wasted, several preachers for the denominations." For fifty years this multiplex man has been a conspicuous figure in the public life of England. For twenty-five years he has been the greatest power in that life. His name is identified with every important national measure and movement in the leading nation of the globe for the last quarter of a century. His the insight which discovers the need of the hour, his the voice which interprets it in words of imperishable eloquence, his the wisdom which devises the suitable and practicable remedy, his the courage, persistence, energy, magnetism, which conquer success. What is the secret of Gladstone's greatness?

First, his intellect. Make all due recognition of that. "The world," says some one, "lies at the feet of its first-class men;" and Gladstone is unquestionably of the first order of mental capacity and power. What next? His scholarship. Make full recognition of that too. A double-first of Oxford, he has brought to the public service the discipline of the university, the grace

of the classic page, the inspirations of the genius of antiquity, the lessons of the past, the exactness of mathematics and logic, the wisdom, completeness, mastery and pose of a wide and varied culture.

But genius, talent, eloquence and scholarship combined would not give you Gladstone. The crown of his greatness lies in neither of these. It is his moral earnestness, his fidelity to conviction, his enthronement of principle above the makeshifts of the hour, his idea of government as (to use his own words), a "moral trusteeship." A mole-eyed generation has sneered at these qualities. Jingoism has had its flings at him. Philistinism has had its flings at him. London society has honored him with its silly gibes. But in lofty disdain of all the petty shafts of malice he has kept on his course, ever following the commands of duty, until to-day he finds

"the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples which outredde
All voluptuous garden-roses."

A short time ago in advocating the Affirmation Bill in Parliament, while admitting that the Government was probably damaging itself with the community in trying to pass it, he nevertheless took the lofty position that it was none the less their duty to pass it—thus taking ground, as an eminent journal remarks, "on which few politicians in any age have stood." To-day again we see him undertaking the championship of a political measure which presages a revolution in the parliamentary government of Great Britain, which is dividing his own party, costing him the support of many of his most distinguished and loyal adherents, and which threatens the loss of his own premiership—simply as an act of justice to a people long ground

down by oppression. All honor to William Ewart Gladstone. Such a man gives us hope for our age, hope for scholarship, hope for humanity.

“Victor he must ever be ;
For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break and work their will ;
Though worlds on worlds in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ?
On God and Godlike men we put our trust.”

VI.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

I HAVE selected for the subject of our interview this evening a poet not very widely known, but I believe I may say best appreciated by those who know him best. I have selected him, rather than some more familiar name for two reasons. First, because in treating of him it will be easier to avoid beaten paths: and next, because in literature, as elsewhere, a new friendship, if a worthy one, is a priceless treasure both for mind and for heart.

The time allotted to me is too short for an elaborate critique. Much which I should wish to say, I must leave unsaid. Much on which I should be glad to enlarge, I can only touch upon. As to that whereof I may have most to say, I can only give a hint or two where it would be easy to give an essay.

I can only speak briefly of the poet, although the man was perhaps even more interesting. Arthur Hugh Clough was born in Liverpool, January 1, 1819. His father's business engagements led him to America, and Arthur passed some years of his earlier boyhood in this country, a fact not without its influence on his views and sympathies as a man. He was educated first at Rugby, during the first years of Arnold's headmastership. He proved to be one of the most brilliant of that famous teacher's scholars. Dean Hawley writes of him:

“Of all the scholars at Rugby School in the time when Arnold’s influence was at its height, there was none who so completely represented the place in all its phases as Clough.” “Over the career of none of his pupils did Arnold watch with a livelier interest or a more sanguine hope.” From Rugby he went to Oxford. It was a time when in the language of Thomas Hughes, “the whole university was in a ferment.” The Tractarian controversy was at its height. The questions stirred by it were occupying the most earnest and profound intellects in the university. Clough, as one of these, became deeply absorbed in philosophic and religious inquiries, and in the pursuit of a broader culture than that involved in the university course. The result was that although he came to be recognized as a man of marked personality and power, his Oxford career was less brilliant in its academic successes than had been anticipated. He won a fellowship indeed, but did not retain it long, on account of the growing divergence of his religious convictions from those dominant in the university. In 1848–49, Clough was on the continent, and witnessed some of the revolutionary struggles of those memorable years both in Paris and in Rome. He witnessed the siege of Rome by the French, and the overthrow of the Roman Republic, and has recorded his impressions of the same in his poem, *Amours de Voyage*. Upon his return he was appointed to a Professorship in the London University, but resigned it in 1852, and came to America. He settled in Cambridge, Mass., where he engaged in private instruction. Within less than two years he returned to England, having been appointed to a place in the Educational Department of the Privy Council. His arduous labors in office undermined his strength. He again visited the continent for his health, but in vain. In November 1861,

he died in Florence, where he was buried in the Protestant Cemetery.

Looking first at Clough's poetry on its outer side, or the side next to nature, I find it to be characterized by a robust and blithe vitality, a healthy responsiveness of soul to all bright and tonic influences from without. There is in it a peculiar freshness and crispness of impression, a wonderful buoyancy, exhilaration, and glow, as from one of his own early morning plunges into the basin of a mountain stream. His heart beats joyously to the pulse of earth and sky, sun and sea. His pictures are full of life and movement. They are pervaded by a decided, though not excessive realism. He never indeed wearies or bewilders us with a multiplicity of minute and unimportant details, after the fashion of the pre-Raphaelites. His sketches are broad and massive rather than complex and microscopic. Such details as he gives are those of most subtle suggestion. For the rest, his art abides in the most expressive features of the scene he describes, those which embody its life, its soul, its atmosphere. Two or three of his pictures will serve to illustrate these characteristics.

The first is of a "favorite spot," near Venice :

" Where by masses blue
And white cloud-folds I follow true,
The great Alps rounding grandly o'er,
Huge arc, to the Dalmatian shore."

The next a sea-scape on the coast of Scotland :

" As at return of tide, the total weight of ocean
Drawn by moon and sun from Labrador and Greenland,
Sets-in amain, the open space betwixt Mull and Scarba
Heaving, swelling, spreading the might of the mighty Atlantic;
There into cranny and slit of the rocky cavernous bottom
Settles down, and with dimples huge the smooth sea-surface
Eddies, coils, and whirls ; by dangerous Corryvreckan."

Once more the early morning in a large city :

“ All the great empty streets are flooded with broadening clearness,
Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous access
Permeates far and pierces to the very cellars lying in
Narrow high back-lane, and court, and alley of alleys ;
He that goes forth to his walk, while speeding to the suburb
Sees sights only peaceful and pure ; as labourers settling
Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweetness of slumbers,
Humble market-carts, coming-in, bringing-in, not only
Flower, fruit, farm-store, but the sounds and sights of the country
Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreaming drivers ; soon after
Half-awake servant-maids unfastening drowsy shutters
Up at the windows, or down, letting in the air by the door-way ;
School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio, satchel,
Hampered as they haste, those running, these others maidenly
tripping ;
Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it may be
Meet his sweet-heart waiting behind the garden-gate there ;
Merchant on his grass-plat, haply bare-headed ; and now by this
time
Little child bringing breakfast to father that sits on the timber
There by the scaffolding ; see she waits for the can beside him ;
Meantime above purer air untarnished of new-lit fires,
So that the whole great wicked artificial civilized fabric —
All its unfinished houses, lots for sale and railway outworks —
Seems reaccepted, resumed to Primal Nature and Beauty.”

In connection with this last extract I may note in passing that, after the blind Milton, Clough is beyond any modern poet of my acquaintance the priest of Day, of Light. This, I take it, is but one phase of his passion for reality of which still another phase shows itself in his Greek love for definiteness and absoluteness, and his contempt for Gothic vagueness and obscurity.

“ Come, leave your Gothic worn-out story,
San Giorgio and the Redentore :
I from no building gay or solemn,
Can spare the shapely Grecian column.

* * * * *

Maturer optics don't delight
 In childish dim religious light,
 In evanescent vague effects
 That shirk, not face one's intellects ;
 They love not fancies just betrayed,
 And artful tricks of light and shade,
 But pure form nakedly displayed,
 And all things absolutely made."

So in style he exacts above all else clearness.

"Writing's golden word what is it
 But the three syllables — ex-plic-it ?"
 Say, if you cannot help it, less,
 But what you do put, put express.
 I fear that rule won't meet your feeling ;
 "You think half showing, half concealing,
 Is God's own method of revealing."

That this decided realism is with him a principle, the outgrowth of strong conviction, that it does not proceed from insensibility to the charms of sentiment, or the fascinations of the ideal, is abundantly evident. Indeed his poetry derives a large measure of its significance from the attraction which on the one hand sentiment and ideality exercise over him, and the vigor with which on the other hand he resists or at least controls that attraction.

The "vague desires," which come and go, which with their fleeting beauty so often woo men and women to their own undoing, he would question them, bid them say whence and what they are ?

"A message from the blest
 Or bodily unrest ;
 A call to heavenly good,
 A fever in the blood ;
 What are ye, vague desires,
 What are ye ?"

Can anything be more dreamy, more mystical than the following ?

“Is it impossible, say you, these passionate fervent impulses,
 These projections of spirit to spirit, these inward embraces,
 Should in strange ways, in her dreams, should visit her, strengthen
 her, shield her?”

Is it possible rather that these great floods of feeling
 Setting-in daily from me towards her should, impotent wholly,
 Bring neither sound nor motion to that sweet shore they heave to?
 Efflux here, and there no stir nor pulse of influx?”

But Clough's healthy love of simplicity, his resolute demand for definiteness and reality, leads him to shun all mere sentiments as unsatisfactory, all pure idealism as untrustworthy. For himself at least he will have no illusion. Steadfastly and sternly, as Elijah to Baal, does he refuse to bow the knee to any idol, whether of the cave, or of the market, or of the temple.

“I will look straight out, see things, not try to evade them;
 Fact shall be fact for me; and the truth, the truth as ever,
 Flexible, changeable, vague, and multiform, and doubtful.”

Even in the blaze of victory he is not blind to the fact, to the base alloy which lies in the residuum.

“Victory! Victory! Victory!—Ah, but it is, believe me,
 Easier, easier far to intone the chant of the martyr,
 Than to indite any pæan of any victory. Death may
 Sometimes be noble; but life, at best, will appear an illusion,
 While the great pain is upon us, it is great; when it is over
 Why it is over. The smoke of the sacrifice rises to heaven
 Of a sweet savor, no doubt, to Somebody; but on the altar
 Lo, there is nothing remaining but ashes and dirt and ill odor.”

In close connection with this realistic simplicity, is his earnest love for naturalness, his strong recoil from all conventionalism. He would lead us away from the “great wicked, artificial, civilized fabric” of modern society, with its restrictions and repressions, its affectations and shams, its restless fevers and moody paroxysms, its morbid excitements and petrifying apathies, back to “Primal Nature and Beauty.” His poetry is one

continual protest against the dwarfing and warping influences from which man and woman are suffering. Especially does he feel "the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-quixotic, stir in his veins," and prompt him to sally forth like another Amadis to release woman from the enchanted castle of convention. With amusing extravagance the radical and utilitarian hero of his Long Vacation Pastoral invokes the Millennium of the Emancipation of Women through their restoration to naturalness and trueness of life, abandoning

"Boudoir, toilette, carriages, drawing-room, and ball-room.

* * * *

Bending with blue cotton gown, skirted up over striped linsey-woolsey.

Milking the kine in the field like Rachel watering cattle.

* * * *

Or with pail upon head, like Dora beloved of Alexis.

* * * *

Home from the river or pump moving stately and calm to the laundry.

* * * *

Or if you please with the fork in the garden uprooting potatoes.
So feel women, not dolls,"

And so realize in their life the architectural law of Christian Cathedrals, that "use be suggestive of beauty."

But this revolt of our poet against the artificial externalism of Modern Life, with its conventional lip-moralisms, and its actual heart-immoralities finds a still more earnest, and at times, bitter expression. With what keen satire he expounds the fashionable Law of Duty.

"Duty—that's to say, complying
With whate'er's expected here;
On your unknown cousin's dying,
Straight be ready with the tear,

Upon etiquette relying,
 Unto usage naught denying,
 Blush not even, never fear.

* * * *

With the form conforming duly,
 Senseless what it meaneth truly.

* * * *

Duty, 'tis to take on trust,
 What things are good, and right, and just,
 And whether indeed they be or be not,
 Try not, test not, feel not, see not.

* * * *

Stout, sturdy limbs that Nature gave,
 And be drawn in a bath chair along to the grave.
 'Tis the stern and prompt suppressing
 As an obvious deadly sin,
 All the questioning and the guessing
 Of the soul's own soul within.

* * * *

'Tis the blind non-recognition,
 Or of goodness, truth, or beauty,
 Save by precept and submission ;
 Moral blank and moral void,
 Life at very birth destroyed,
 Atrophy, exinanition !
 Duty ! yea, by duty's prime condition,
 Pure nonentity of duty."

With what terrible irony he preaches the conventional gospel of submission :

" This stern necessity of things
 On every side our being rings ;
 Our eagle aims still questioning round,
 Find exit none from that great bound.
 When once her law dictates the way,
 The wise thinks only to obey,
 Take life as she has ordered it,
 And come what may of it, submit,
 Submit, submit.

* * * *

We must, we must :

Howe'er we turn, and pause, and tremble,
Howe'er we shrink, deceive, dissemble,
Whate'er our doubting, grief, disgust,
The hand-is on us and we must ;

We must, we must.

'Tis common sense and human wit,
Can find no better name than it,
Submit, submit."

These lines suggest another feature of Clough's poetic temperament, which I may be allowed to call its other-sidedness. He is never satisfied with holding up one side only of a question, even although that side be his own. Thus while his predominant habit of thought and expression is, as we have seen, that of a hearty realism, we stumble occasionally upon an idealism which seems wafted from some old Hindû Purana, or some Sibylline leaf of Emersonian Transcendentalism. In *Amours de Voyage* he gives expression to the Hamlet-like irresolution of the speculative spirit, its hesitancy to conclude on any definite course of action, lest some fallacy should lurk in the premises, lest some fatal weakness, or as fatal perversity of will should occasion our drifting into some current which might sweep us we know not whither.

"I do not like to be moved ; for the will is excited, and action
Is a most dangerous thing ; I tremble for something factitious,
Some malpractice of heart and illegitimate process ;
We are so prone to these things with our terrible notions of duty."

Yet when has the clarion-call of duty been more bravely or cheerily sounded than in the following lines :

"Go from the east to the west as the sun and the stars direct thee,
Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth,
Not for the gain of the gold, for the getting, the hoarding, the
having,
But for the joy of the deed, but for the duty to do ;

Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth."

It must be confessed however, that the predominant mood of the poet is not this mood of resolute aggressiveness. It is rather one of hesitancy, suspense, longing for action paralyzed by doubt, or by disgust with the conditions of it. When the tutor, the "grave man Adam" remarks:

"There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who arrays our battalions;
Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in our stations."

The eager, impetuous Philip retorts:

"I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me sadly:
Children of Circumstance are we to be? You answer, On no wise!
Where does Circumstance end, and Providence where begins it?
What are we to resist, and what are we to be friends with?
If there is battle, 'tis battle by night: I stand in the darkness,
Here in the *mêlée* of men, Ionian and Dorian on both sides,
Signal and password known; which is friend and which foeman?
Is it a friend? I doubt, tho' he speak with the voice of a brother,
Still you are right, I suppose; you always are and will be.
Tho' I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to the duty of order.
Yet is my feeling rather to ask, where is the battle?
Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, notwithstanding my Elspie,
O that the armies indeed were arrayed! O joy of the onset!
Sound, then, Trumpet of God, come forth, Great Cause, to array us.
King and Leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee.
Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O where is the battle!
Neither battle I see nor arraying, nor King in Israel,
Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,
Backed by a solemn appeal, 'For God's sake do not stir there.'"

The poem which gives us the deepest insight into Clough's inner intellectual life, with its questings, and struggles, its divided purposes and baffled aims, as well as into the peculiar phases of his personality and experi-

ence, is the posthumous poem called *Dipsychus*. It is at the same time one of the most significant exponents of that peculiar result of our Nineteenth Century culture which Clough so well represents; that almost morbid othersideness which induces a sort of indefinite intellectual suspense, which shrinks from making a positive decision between rival creeds or tendencies, or from committing itself to any definite line of sympathy or action.

In form the poem is a dialogue carried on indirectly for the most part between a young man named *Dipsychus* and a spirit who speaks from behind the scenes rather than from the stage. As the name suggests, *Dipsychus* represents that double-mindedness, that quality of thought, inclination and purpose, which the mental and ethical conditions of our age tend to foster. He is haunted by the Ideal, but hemmed in by the Actual. His dreams are ever stranding themselves on the stern and rock-bound coast of Fact. He would fain believe, but Truth and man seem to be forever playing hide-and-seek with each other, and faith seems little better than a conventional decency. He would fain worship, but the Supreme Power in the heavens, seems either unable or unwilling to mend matters here, and the policy of non-interference between man and Him will probably work as well as any. He would fain act, but action is full of risks, even betraying men into premature folly.

There is another quality in the poem represented by *Dipsychus* and the Spirit. The latter is nameless, but evidently personifies the mocking, lying, debasing Power, which is ever luring man from the path of earnest faith and high endeavor. Rather an interesting Devil, of Goethe's line rather than Milton's. Indeed the poet comes near identifying him with *Mephistopheles*, but he

has some original traits of his own. The English Mephistopheles does not, like the German, represent the absolute negation of truth and goodness. There is more flesh and blood in his composition. He breakfasts on the London Times, and dines on roast beef, and evidently has no taste for sauer-kraut or metaphysics. He is eminently respectable—none the less “devilish” however, as Mrs. Browning would say, for that. He is, to be sure, a high-bred gentleman, believes in the code of honor, hates the May-meetings, and the angel whine,

“That snuffle human, yet divine;”

but then, although “religion may not be his forte,” he will have “no infidelity, that’s flat.” He does not approve the “strong Strauss smell” of some of Dipsychus’ verses, and advises him:

“Take larger views, (and quit your Germans ;)

From the Analogy and Sermons,

I fancied—you must doubtless know—

Butler had proved an age ago

That in religious, as profane things,

'Twas useless trying to explain things.

* * * *

Like a good subject, and wise man,

Believe whatever things you can,

Take your religion, as 'twas found you,

And say no more of it, confound you.”

In a word, he is the devil of what Matthew Arnold calls Philistinism, of imperviousness to spiritual grace and power, of a conventional faith-no-faith, sincere only in the service of insincerities, valuing religion only for its material utilities, knowing no higher trinity than the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. Hear him:

What we all love is good touched up with evil,
Religion’s self must have a touch of devil.”

“ This world is very odd, we see,
 We do not comprehend it,
 But in one fact we all agree,
 God won't, and we can't, mend it.”

“ Being common sense it can't be sin,
 To take it as I find it,
 The pleasure to take pleasure in,
 The pain, try not to mind it.”

Day by day he weaves his withes around Dipsychus, who struggles in the toils, but in vain. The iron enters deeper and deeper into his soul, and he submits:

“ Therefore, farewell! a long and last farewell,
 Ye pious sweet simplicities of life,
 Good books, good friends, and holy moods and all
 That lent rough life sweet Sunday-seeming rest,
 Making earth heaven-like; welcome, wicked world,
 The hardening heart, the calculating brain,
 Narrowing its doors to thought, the lying lips,
 The calm dissembling eyes, the greedy flesh,
 The world, the devil. Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!”

In religion Clough represents those, and they are not a few in number or importance, who are drawn to Christianity as a Divine supernatural religion by the infinite satisfaction which it ministers to our higher spiritual wants, who realize what an infinite loss would be its disappearance from the universe of moral ideas and forces, who, in a word, recognize in it the Ideal Religion, but who are so far influenced by the Negative Criticism of the age, that they fail to find adequate support for its external reality as a religion of Fact. In the Easter Poem, to which the Spirit in Dipsychus attributes that strong Strauss smell, there is a tone of inexpressible sadness over the lost, unrisen Christ:

“ Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
 As of the unjust also of the just,
 Yea of that Just One too!

This is the one sad Gospel that is true,
 Christ is not risen !
 Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved ;
 Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope,
 We are most hopeless who had once most hope,
 And most beliefless that had most believed."

* * * * *

" Here on our Easter Day,
 We rise, we come, and lo ! we find him not,
 Gardener nor other on the sacred spot ;
 Where they have laid him there is none to say,
 No sound, nor in, nor out,—no word
 Of where to seek the dead, or meet the living Lord,
 There is no glistening of an angel's wing,
 There is no voice of heavenly clear behest ;
 Let us go hence and think upon these things,
 In silence, which is best,
 Is He not risen ? No !
 But lies and moulders low,
 Christ is not risen ! "

And not seldom does Clough give utterance to that sense of orphanage, of homelessness, of a soul adrift, which so many in our day have felt when robbed of their Lord and their faith.

" Come home, come home ! and where a home hath he,
 Whose ship is driving o'er the driving sea ?
 Through clouds that mutter, and o'er waves that roar,
 Say shall we find or shall we not, a shore,
 That is, as is not ship or ocean foam,
 Indeed, our home ! "

In a flippant scepticism or a godless materialism at least Clough's spirit finds no anchorage.

" As of old from Sinai's top,
 God said that God is one,
 By science strict so speaks He now,
 To tell us, there is none !
 Earth goes by chemic forces ; Heaven's
 A Méchanique Céleste !

And heart and mind of human kind,
A watch-work as the rest !
Is this a voice, as was the voice
Whose speaking told abroad,
When thunder pealed, and mountain reeled,
The ancient Truth of God ?
Ah, not the voice, 'tis but the cloud,
The outer darkness dense,
Where image none, nor e'er was seen,
Similitude of sense."

“ It may be true
That while we walk the troublous tossing sea,
That when we see the o'er-topping waves advance,
And when we feel our feet beneath us sink,
There are who walk beside us ; and the cry
That rises so spontaneous to the lips,
The 'Help us or we perish' is not nought,
An evanescent spectrum of disease ;
It may be that in deed, and not in fancy,
A hand that is not ours upstays our steps,
A voice that is not ours commands the waves,
Commands the waves and whispers in our ear,
O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt ? ”

VII.

A SKETCH OF GREEK POETRY.

In undertaking at your request to deliver a Lecture auxiliary to your study of Classic Literature in this year's course, I have been somewhat troubled with what the French call an embarrassment of riches. After taking several outlooks over the field I have at last concluded to give you a hasty sketch of Greek Poetry. *Greek* Poetry rather than Latin for the reason that beautiful as the latter may be and not without originality, the former was its inspiration and its model. *Greek Poetry* for the reason that the whole domain of Greek Literature is too vast for a single survey, and that Poetry rather than History, Oratory, or Philosophy, gives us the truest and fullest expression of the Greek mind in Literature. But Greek Poetry again is a boundless study, which in all its wealth of detail could no more be crowded into a single lecture than the Alps into a cabinet picture. I can only point out to you a few of the salient peaks in that wonder-land.

I have asked myself—wherein does the chief significance and value of Greek Poetry consist? The answer to this question, I believe to be:—In its function as the expression of the character, the tendencies, the deepest thought, the inmost spiritual life and development of a people, the most interesting, versatile, exuberant, beauty-loving, symmetrical, and in some respects the

most highly cultivated which the world has ever seen. My chief endeavor to-night accordingly will be to give you through Greek song something of an insight into the Greek soul,—that soul which not only in its own records, not only in ancient Roman Literature, but in all the best Modern Literature is still marching on.

The literary development of the Greeks has five periods, or stages. The first is Pre-Historic. We are as yet in the morning twilight of legend and myth. The world's rulers are the demi-gods. The literary voice of the period is the Epic, the poetry of heroes and gods. Through the gray gloom the colossal image of Homer looms above the Greek world like the shadow of the Brocken, a vague and wierd mystery. This period reaches down to the first Olympiad, B. C. 776.

The second period is transitional. We are in the light of the morning dawn. History is forming, Political changes are taking place. The demi-gods are followed by men, tyrants, oligarchies, democracies. The super-abundant life of a young civilization shoots out into colonies. The growing order of society crystallizes into the laws of Solon, Lycurgus, and others. Ionian Athens and Doric Sparta are getting ready for their grand duel. Philosophy is syllabing its first thoughts, mainly in hexameters. Poetry sings in plaintive elegiacs, stirring lyrics, ethical and political apothegms, trumpet-tongued battle-songs. This period runs through 300 years, ending with the overthrow of the Persians at Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, B. C. 490-480.

The third period is climactic, ushered in by Pindar's immortal lyre. 'Tis the golden noon-tide of Greece. Athens is the eye, the brain and soul, the queen of Hellas. Socrates teaches Plato, Greece, the ages, to think. Thucydides shows how History should be written. Pericles rules the state as the inspired administra-

tor of the goddesses of wisdom and beauty. Art in Phidias realizes a perfection which is still the world's despair. The master-pieces of the drama burst into being as the constellations burst on the eye when the sun goes down. This meridian hour is brief as it is glorious. It covers about four-score years, ending with the departure of the sceptre from Athens to Sparta, about B. C. 404.

The fourth period is an age of transition, this time along the downward arc. Greece has passed her zenith, although the noontide glory still irradiates the brows of her Plato, Aristotle, and Demosthenes. Her genius produces less but diffuses itself further. Athens is a slave, but the winged words of her poets and thinkers still bring the world to her feet. A new Greece springs up in Macedonia, heretofore scorned as barbarian. Alexander the pupil of Aristotle, with Homer for his pillow, goes forth as a new incarnation of Achilles to conquer and to Hellenize the Old World of his day. Rhetoric is the rage of the schools. Painting is the prevailing mode in Art. In the New Comedy of Menander, Poetry comes down from Olympus, parts company with demi-gods and heroes, to interpret the prose of every-day life. This period ages like the former, lasts about fourscore years, ending with the death of Alexander, B. C. 323.

The fifth and last period is the age of decay, reaching down through six centuries to the final extinction of Greek civilization, 300 years after Christ. Athens shares her literary supremacy with Alexandria, and a little later Rome and then Byzantium are taken into the co-partnership. Great and splendid names indeed are not wanting in this period—Euclid in geometry, Ptolemy in physical science, Plutarch in biography, Lucian in polemics and irony, Epictetus in philosophy, Longinus in criticism; Neo-Platonists, Plotinus, Porphyry and Proclus,

besides Romans like Lucretius and Marcus Aurelius in whom Greek thought talks Latin. Poetry warbles sweet idyls among the olives of Sicily. But look at the period as a whole. The blight of decay is only too evident. (I am speaking, you will remember, of the Greek Literature now—it was otherwise in the Latin.) It was the period of poetasters rather than of poets; of sophists rather than of philosophers; of rhetoricians rather than orators; of dilettanteism rather than art; of butterflies rather than Titans. The old World in fact was dying. As has been said: “While Hypatia was lecturing on Homer, the Christians were converting the world.”

With this preliminary outline of the more general development of Greek Literature, let us retrace our steps to consider more closely the leading developments of Poetry.

In the discussion of a subject it is not always easy to know where to begin. Fortunately no such embarrassment besets us in the consideration of our present theme. Greek Poetry has its rise in the ocean. That ocean is Homer. Without Homer, Greek Poetry would have been impossible. With such a beginning any other sequel is inconceivable. Since the discovery of the inland seas of equatorial Africa, the Nile has ceased to be a mystery. Postulate Homer, and Greece follows as a necessity, with Athens and Sparta, the Parthenon and the Areopagus, Pindar and Æschylus, Solon and Socrates, Themistocles and Alexander. No doubt, as there were kings before Agamemnon, so there must have been poets before Homer. Such a magnificent Nile of song did not leap out of the barren rock at the touch of any wand, be it of inspiration itself. For even inspiration must have its conditions, its environment, its antecedents. And in Homer there is something besides inspiration, something besides genius; there is art, high,

consummate art. But art, like Rome, is not built in a day.

As regards the personality of Homer, I will assume that your study of the subject has at least put you in possession of the present status of that much-vexed problem of criticism. It may not have been given to you, any more than to others, to learn just how many there were of him, how many times, or in what places he was born. We may probably assume that, like the demon in the gospels, who, when asked his name, answered: "My name is legion," Homer is a noun both of the singular and the plural number. Criticism of details has established his plurality; criticism of the whole has no less convincingly proved his singularity. Some of you saw not many days ago the sun with his parhelia in our western sky. The parhelia were many, the sun is one. Homer had his parhelia, how many we know not; but Homer is one. Absorbing into himself the culture and the art of pre-historic Greece, of which we know naught except as it is reflected in his undying lines, the man Homer becomes the school Homer; the man the author (I take it) of the original Iliad, the school the manifold author of our present Iliad, and of the Odyssey, together with certain other Homeric fragments, some of which are more or less doubtful.

But what of the poetry of Homer? What is its place and function in the history of literature? Here let us turn aside to glance for a moment at that which constitutes the material, the substratum of the Homeric, as indeed of nearly all the Greek poetry. I refer to the Greek mythology.

We cannot pause now to consider the philosophy either of mythology in general, or of the Greek mythology in particular. How did these Greek myths originate? How far did they grow out of the histories

of actual personalities? How far did they represent external facts, e. g. solar or meteorological phenomena? How far were they the products of imagination and fancy? How far were they believed? What precise place did they occupy in the creeds and lives of the ancients? These and like questions have a fascinating interest for the student of history, but their consideration would lead us too far from the work before us at this time. Fortunately their significance in Greek poetry is almost wholly independent of the conclusions at which we might arrive in regard to these points. Suffice it here to say that mythology represents what was most vital in the religion of the Greeks, what was deepest and most comprehensive in their philosophy, what was most graceful in their imaginings, most symmetrical in the portraiture of character, most sublime in the achievements of heroism, most tremendous in the issues of destiny.

By way of introduction let us observe that recent ethnographical and philological researches have brought to light such analogies between the first inhabitants of Greece and the Aryan nationalities which settled on the banks of the Ganges and of the Euphrates, as justify us in assuming their common origin and the identity of their primitive beliefs. The worship of the Pelasgians, the original Hellenic population of Greece, was like that of the early Indians and Persians, the simple deification of nature. Zeus, for example, like the Hindu Indra represents the sky at war with the Titans, the "first-born of all shaped and palpable gods," as Keats calls them, the immediate successors of the primeval Darkness. Apollo represents the sun, Demeter the earth, Poseidon the fertilizing power of water, Hephæstus the volcanic forces and then fire as an industrial element, Dionysus (Bacchus) the productive, overflow-

ing, intoxicating power of nature. And so for the rest. But this natural worship was not long in undergoing a transformation, when transplanted from the dreamy banks of the Ganges, or the starry plain of the Euphrates, to the sunny isles and coasts of the Mediterranean. To come at once to the Greeks, note to begin with the influence of these physical surroundings. The temperature, character of climate, and the susceptibility to cultivation of a soil not excessively fertile, favored an active temperament and industrious habits among the people. "The Greeks," says Thucydides, "have learned from their fathers that they must pay the price of labor and effort in order to obtain any advantage."

Note again the geographical position of Greece at the confluence of east and west, near the junction of the great division of the world. "This small, many-toothed peninsula," says Dr. Schaff, "was inserted by Providence in the midst of the three divisions of the Old World to educate and refine them. And here the importance of the maritime facilities of Greece becomes apparent, bounded as it is by an infinitely undulating line of sea-coast, forming fine natural harbors, separated by the sea from Italy, Africa, (and yet) linked to them by its islands." "Whilst in the vast monarchies," writes De Pressensé, "framed in the image of surrounding nature, that sprung up in those immense plains of Asia, which are intersected by lofty mountains, and where none but the king rose above the level, religion never got beyond pantheism, sometimes monstrous, sometimes grand, but always fatalistic because affirming nature's triumph over man, the latter vindicated himself in a less favored land, in one in which being nearly encircled by the sea, man was constantly solicited to movement and action, and brought into the great current of ideas and civilization."

Not less important were the social and political influences which moulded the Greek development. It would be difficult," says Schlegel, "to point out a more striking difference, a more decided opposition in the whole circle of the intellectual and moral character and habits of nations, as far at least as the sphere of known history extends, between the seclusive and monotonous character of Asiatic intellect, the generally unchangeable uniformity of Oriental manners and Oriental society, and the manifold activity and the varied life of the Greeks in the first flourishing ages of their history. This amazing diversity in the moral and intellectual habits of the Greeks appears not only in their legislation, their forms of government, their manners, occupation and usages of life, but in their various and widely dispersed settlements and colonies, in their descent which was composed of so many heterogeneous elements, in the first seeds of their civilization, as well as their distribution into hostile tribes, and great and petty states, and even in their traditions, their history, and the arts and forms of arts to which these gave rise; finally in a science engaged in incessant strife, and marching from system to system amid the noise and tumult of opposition. In Asia the prevalent feeling was monarchical, proceeding from and returning again to unchangeable unity. On the other hand, science like life itself was thoroughly republican; and if we meet with particular thinkers who leaned toward this Asiatic doctrine of unity, we must regard this as only an exception, a system adopted from a love of change, or out of a spirit of opposition to the vulgar and generally received opinion that all in nature, that the world as well as man, was in a state of perpetual movement, constant change, and freedom of life. Even the fabulous world of Grecian divinities, as it has been painted

by their poets, has a republican cast; for there everything is in a state of change, of successive renovation, and of mutual collision in the war of natural elements, in the hostility of old and new deities, of the superior and inferior gods, of giants and of heroes, presenting as it does a state of poetical anarchy."

The three typical developments of Aryan mythology are found in India, Persia, and Greece. In the East the predominance of nature and her energies over man and his energies produced Pantheism. In the West the triumph of man over nature resulted in Humanism. Persia, intermediate between the two, where the contending forces were nearly balanced, stopped at Dualism. In India we see Fatalism, the reign of absolute, inexorable law, by which man is hopelessly enslaved. In Dualism we see an attempt, not very successful, to escape from Fatalism by the recognition of two antagonistic principles. In Greece accordingly we find the most emphatic recognition given anywhere by the ancient or the heathen world, of individual freedom, and the superiority of man to nature, of mind to matter. "It was in and through the Greeks," says Dr. Schaff, "that the human mind first awoke to a consciousness of itself, bursting away from the dark powers of nature, rising above the misty original broodings, and beginning to inquire with clear head and keen eye into the causes, laws, and ends of all existence."

The mythology of Greece became in this way essentially humanistic, resulting on the one hand in the humanization of the Deity, on the other in the apotheosis of humanity.

The foundations of this Humanism were laid in the heroic age of Greece, which may be sub-divided into two periods, the pre-historic, or legendary, when the struggle between the primeval barbarism and the nas-

cent civilization of Greece was carried on, and the historic, culminating in the triumph of Greece over Persia, "that historical Iliad," as it has been called, "almost as grand as the other, which Miltiades and Themistocles inscribed with their sword." "Heroism," says De Pressensé, "laid the foundation of that bold apotheosis of humanity which was so long celebrated on the radiant summits of Olympus. . . . The ancient religion of nature was to be effaced by the worship of deified heroes. . . . There was no longer that sterile bewilderment inspired by the spectacle of the irresistible forces of nature. They had caught a glimpse of a higher force, the power of intelligence and freedom which had been so often exhibited in the struggles that attended the formation of the different states. This power concentrated on a narrower field, bore a deeper impress of the individual character than it did in the revolutions of the vast empires of Asia. It matters little that the victories of Hercules and Perseus belong to fable; the sentiment revealed by these myths is not the less an historical fact, surpassing in importance all others, since it was this sentiment that moulded Greece, its history as well as its religion. The ideal of a hero, that is to say the consciousness of a human ideal, was the landmark dividing the east from the west, the land of light, the enchanting land of Hellas, from that vast empire prostrate under the inflexible law of nature."

And here we come upon the immense significance of Homer, in the literature of Greece. He is the first, as he is the greatest voice of this Humanism. He is the high-priest of the new Faith, as well as the builder of the temple in which its "fair humanities" were to be forever enshrined. He interpreted Greece to herself, creating in the same breath, as has been said, her poetry and her religion. His "Olympus is an ideal

Greece, the gods form a council of Hellenic kings." (De Pressensé.) The gods of his Pantheon are men of larger mould, of mightier energies, of intenser passions. They are not mere dramatizations of natural powers or processes, bound up with nature and incapable of transcending the limits of her operations. They live in an ideal realm of free, independent personality. Homer is the poet of anthromorphism. In profane literature he is the first on the one hand to interpret the Divine through the human, on the other to find in the human the reflection of the Divine. His poetry is the eternal protest of art as well as of religion, of the imagination as well as the conscience against the obliteration of a Personal Life and Will out of Nature, and against Fatalism which settles down upon the blank. His tales of the wrath of Achilles and the woes of Ilium, of the wanderings of Ulysses, and the trials of Penelope are the assertion of the mental and spiritual freedom of humanity, and of the affinity of its life to that of God.

It will readily be seen what an immense gain to the resources of the poetic art must have accrued from this new departure. Not only is Poetry made the organ of the human heart, the voice of its passions, its loves and its hates, its hopes and fears, but the introduction of gods and demi-gods on the theatre of human activity, their association with mortals in the experiences of life and the bonds of doom, gives a larger outline to character, a vaster scope to action, a wider horizon to life, and withal a profounder meaning to destiny. Of especial significance is the glorification of manhood through the advent of the Homeric hero, the man of god-like lineage, mien and powers. Homer is the world's prophet of Heroism. Granted that the legendary heroism of the pre-Homeric age made ready for Homer, it was Homer nevertheless who enthroned Heroism as

the Greek ideal, and as a permanent power in history. "Achilles," says Symonds, "more than any character of fiction reflects the qualities of the Greek race in its heroic age. His vices of passion and ungovernable pride, his virtue of splendid human heroism, his free individuality, asserted in the scorn of fate, are representative of that Hellas, which afterwards at Marathon and Salamis was destined to inaugurate a new era of spiritual freedom for mankind." This is why the *Iliad* became, as is been so often called, the Bible of the Greeks. Alexander was a later avatar of Achilles. He "expressed in real life," says Mr. Symonds, "that ideal which in Homer's poetry had been displayed by Achilles. He set himself to imitate Achilles. . . . On all his expeditions he carried with him a copy of the *Iliad*, calling it a perfect, portable treasure of military virtue. It was in the spirit of the Homeric age that he went forth to conquer Asia. And when he reached the plain of Troy, it was to the tomb of Achilles that he paid special homage." And all the way through the ages from Alexander down to Carlyle, the nineteenth century Apostle of Hero-Worship, who died the other day lamenting the death of heroes, Homer is the great father of heroic thought and inspiration in the education of the race. For me I doubt very much whether Mr. Huxley's crayfish would prove an adequate substitute for old Homer in this particular. Give us the crayfish, but by all means leave us the *Iliad*.

The next great name in Greek poetry is that of Hesiod. Here again I must pass by for want of time, the critical questions connected with his person and poetry, and limit myself to the question: What is the significance of Hesiod in the development of Greek poetry, and of the thought of which that poetry is the exponent? The story which Hesiod tells us of

his own call to the poetic office will help us to answer this question. One night the Muses appeared to him as he was watching his flocks on Mt. Helicon, and bestowed on him the gift of poetry, having first addressed him in these words: "Ye country shepherds, worthless wretches, slaves of the belly! although we often tell falsehoods and pretend that they are true, yet we can tell the truth when it pleases us." Here, as Ottfried Müller says, two things are noticeable: "Poetical genius is represented as a free gift of the Muses, imparted to a rough unlettered man, and awakening him from his brutish condition to a better life. Secondly, this gift of the Muses is to be dedicated to the diffusion of truth, the poet thus indicating the serious character of his poetry, not without an implied censure of other poems which admitted of an easier and freer play of fancy."

Thus we find Hesiod introducing a new element into Literature, the element of reflection, self-observation, meditation on life and destiny, an earnest questioning after realities. Homer represents the idealism of Greece, Hesiod its realism. There is a basis of truth for the remark of the old Spartan king, quoted by Plutarch, that while Homer was the bard of warriors and noblemen, Hesiod was the singer of the Helots. We may, at least, say, that Hesiod was not in sympathy with the development represented by Homer. He was a conservative. He believed in the old gods, the Titans, the natural deities, rather than the upstart Olympians, glorified by Homer. He shrank from the new Homeric anthropomorphism. He loved to commune with the divinities of heaven and air and earth and sea, and to contemplate them in their cosmogonic, rather than their historic relations. "He looked at life with a melancholy eye." History to him was not progress, but degeneration — from the Age of Gold to that of

Silver, then to Bronze and then to Iron. "Would that I had not been born in the hard age of iron!" is his lament. He sings the praises of labor (one of his poems is named *Works*, or, as it was called later, *Works and Days*), of frugality, simplicity and integrity. In *Atlas* he deifies the virtue of endurance. In *Prometheus and Epimetheus* he personifies mental activities, which Mr. Beecher (I believe) anglicizes as *Foresight and Hindsight*. "Justice," he sings in noble strains, "always ends in being triumphant in human affairs; and if her way is steep, if the gods placed sweat and pain in the path of virtue, the road grows easier along the heights."

Hesiod has a still further significance as the progenitor of the philosophic poetry of Greece. Two characteristics of his poetry gave him this position. The one was the theogonic and cosmogonic element. (One of his poems was named "*The Theogony*.") This furnished the material for those semi-poetic, semi-philosophical speculations about the origin of the universe, the history of matter and mind, the relations and activities of the atoms, elements, forces by which the world has been built up, which constituted the *Didactic Epic of Greece*. The other characteristics of his poetry which formed a foundation for the *Didactic Epic* was its shrewd, homely, practical wisdom. His own poetry is full of a proverbial wisdom, and becomes a receptacle into which a large mass of the gnomic poetry of the Greeks drifted. From the combination of these two elements in Hesiod, the theology and cosmology of his *Theogony*, and the practical wisdom of his *Works (and Days)* grew up the philosophic schools of Greek poetry.

It will not be necessary to dwell long on this school. For the most part the poetic form in which its founders

clothed their speculations was an accident. Verse was the literary medium of the day and they adopted it accordingly. It is a fact which is perhaps not generally appreciated that literary Prose marks an advanced stage of culture. The world scribbles its way through poor or mediocre verse into tolerable prose. Philosophy herself, Metaphysics even, lisps its numbers during her teens. So the earliest school of Greek philosophy, the Eleatic, sought to solve the riddle of existence, and to formulate the abstractions of geometry and the antinomies of Being and Not-Being in lumbering hexameters.

Undoubtedly these philosophic verses showed at times a marked poetic flavor, as in Xenophon's Parmenides, and especially in Empedocles, that strange, romantic figure, who stalked through the streets of Agrigentum, robed with Tyrian purple, crowned with laurel, shod with golden sandals, a self-deluded mystic, who fancied himself to be a god, and imposed his delusion on others, staying plagues, working enchantments, and yet who (as has been said) "made himself a poet among philosophers and a philosopher among poets, without thereby impairing his claims to rank highly, both as a poet and as a thinker among the most distinguished men of Greece." Symonds finds both in the quality of his imagination and in many of his utterances a striking resemblance to Shelley. In view of his accounts of animal organisms he has also been called "the oldest Greek forerunner of Darwin." His death by leaping into the crater of Etna (celebrated by many poets, among them Matthew Arnold) is probably a legend, although *ben trovato*, as the Italians say, as a fitting close to his sensational career.

The philosophic poetry signalized itself still further by carrying out the hostility of Hesiod to the anthropomorphic tendencies of the Homeric-heroic develop-

ment of Greek thought and life. The latter development indeed, was largely in the ascendancy, reaching its culmination in the deification of Hercules, but the other tendency as it survived in the later and nobler philosophy of Greece, notably the Socratic and Platonic, was a valuable counterpoise to the onesided humanism of the former.

The poetry which we have thus far considered was mainly that of the hexameter (the metre I need scarcely say somewhat imperfectly represented in English by Longfellow's *Evangeline*). A modification of this metre took place in the elegy, in which the hexameter (line of six feet) alternates with the pentameter (line of five feet), which has a feeble, hesitating movement. The elegy probably originated in Asia Minor, and was adopted exclusively by poets of the Ionian race for the expression of emotional and reflective sentiments. The word was first applied to funeral dirges, and then to plaintive laments in general, with a flute accompaniment, and was afterwards enlarged so as to include martial, sentimental (amatory), and gnomic poetry. In Tyrtaeus martial poetry is a clarion, stirring the Spartan youth to deeds of imperishable renown. It is the lion soul of Leonidas marching in verse. In Mimnermus the sentimental elegy glorifies youth and love, breathes the languor of unmitigated ennui, and chants the alphabet of an infant epicureanism. The Gnostic poetry is the poetry of the proverb-mongers, of common sense, of prudence, of the state, of the civic virtues, of social ethics, of justice. Some of this class of poets were men "inside of politics," as we sometimes say. Hear how one of them sings: "The citizens seek to overthrow the state by love of money, by following indulgent and self-seeking demagogues, who neglect religion and pervert the riches of the temples. Yet justice, silent but

all-seeing, will in time bring vengeance on them for these things. War, want, civil discord, slavery, are at our gates; and all these evils threaten Athens because of her lawlessness. Whereas good laws and government set all the state in order, chain the hands of evildoers, make rough places plain, subdue insolence, and blast the budding flowers of crime, set straight the crooked ways of tortuous law, root out sedition, quell the rage of strife; under their good influence all things are fair and wise with men." That was Solon, and he actually believed and practiced all that, heathen as he was. It would be curious to see the beliefs and practices of our modern Solons verified by themselves. I fancy that beside that old Greek they would cut rather a sorry figure.

In the later Gnostic poets we find along with much that is tender and true a sceptical and pessimistic spirit—a questioning of the equity of Heaven's dealings with men, a gloomy and even despairing view of the future. "One hideous Charybdis," says Simonides, "swallows all things—wealth and mighty virtue." "It is the best of all things," says Thespius, "for the sons of earth not to be born, nor to see the bright rays of the sun, or else after birth to pass as soon as possible the gates of death, and to lie deep down beneath a weight of earth." A sentiment whose echoes we hear again and again in the later poetry of Greece.

Symonds truly observes that to modern readers the philosophy of these poets may seem trite, their inspiration tame, their style pedestrian. It should be remembered however, that to the Greeks, even to the educated among them, to Socrates and his friends, the orators and the tragedians, their authority in morals was absolute, and their maxims which the progress of the centuries has made common-place, were oracles of superhuman wisdom.

The poetry thus far considered was based on the heroic metre, the feet of which were dactyls and spondees. We now come to a species of poetry based on the iambus and the trochee. Special import attaches to the introduction into poetry of the iambus, as "nearest in cadence to the language of common life," and as being "the fit vehicle for dialogue, and for all poetry that deals with common and domestic topics."

This metre had long been popular among the Greeks at their banquets, and especially at certain festivals for the purpose of raillery. But the first to capture the Iambus (the origin of the name is unknown) for the more serious purposes of poetry was Archilochus, the founder of the school of the Satirists, and a very conspicuous name among the Greeks, ranking next to Homer himself. A genuine Bohemian, as he would be called if living to-day, he had a strange and checkered career. "He seems to have been formed by the facts of his biography," says one critic, "for the creator of satire." "In conciseness, terseness and bitterness," says another, "he may justly be called the Swift of Greek Literature." The most distinguished of his followers in the school of satire was Simonides of Amorgos, whose libels on women have furnished the gall for the women-haters ever since.

A still more important development of Song is the lyric, or as the German critics prefer calling it, Melic poetry. "This was characterized," says K. O. Müller, "by the expression of deeper and more impassioned feeling, and a more swelling and impetuous tone than the elegy or iambus; and at the same time the effect was heightened by appropriate vocal and instrumental music, and often by the movements and figures of the dance."

More than any other form of poetry among the

Greeks the lyric was intertwined with actual life. "Every town," we are told, "had its professional poets and choruses, just as every church in Europe now has its organist." (Sym. I, 291.) Of the enormous mass of lyric poetry thus produced there remain only a few fragments scattered here and there, mainly in the literature of Pedants and Dry-as-Dusts, fragments of extinguished stars, as one calls them.

Of this lyric, or Melic Poetry, there are two principal schools—the Æolian and the Dorian. "The simple song of the Æolic school was sung by one person, and was never complicated in structure, as it was merely intended to reveal personal and private emotion; the choral melic poetry of the Greeks was, on the contrary, grand and elaborate . . . devoted to state interests and public affairs."

The center of the Æolian school was Lesbos, "the island of overmastering passions," passions which ere long bore their bitter fruit in a corruption which branded with shame the very name of their home. This development of lyric poetry in Lesbos was promoted by the social and domestic life of its people, the personal freedom accorded to the individual, and especially to woman. Nowhere in the ancient world did woman's social position approximate so nearly her place in modern society as in Lesbos. It is not strange accordingly, that the most distinguished of her poets is a woman, Sappho—"the woman poet," as Mrs. Browning calls her. In her verse the passion of nature becomes the perfection of art. As Homer was *The Poet* of the Greeks, so Sappho is *The Poetess*. Plato calls her the Tenth Muse. Longinus says of one of her Odes that it is "not a passion, but a congress of passions." Solon, on hearing one of her poems, prayed that he might not see death till he had learned it. The well-known legend of her

fatal leap from the Leucadian cliff is now declared to be a myth; but the sweetness of her poetry bespeaks the possibility of a despair sufficient for a thousand suicides. But little of it remains, and criticism declares that literature has suffered no greater loss. On the ethical side it must be confessed that her poetry suffers from serious limitations, which should not indeed be exaggerated, belonging as they did largely to her surroundings, but which can not be overlooked.

Simply mentioning the name of Alcæus, the rival and friend of Sappho, we may pause a moment with Anacreon, who belongs to the Æolian school, though not himself an Æolian. In him we see "the idle singer of an empty day." We no longer find the earnest passion of the Lesbian singers. He is a courtier in verse; his muse delights in trifles and tippling. His verse, it is true, is remarkable for its elegance and rich coloring. Horace is largely a copy on the one side of Alcæus, and on the other of Anacreon. The Anacreonic Odes, so called, with which you are familiar through the graceful versions of Tom Moore, are (it should be noted) a literary imposture of the fourth century.

So much for the Æolian School. The other development of Lyric poetry, it will be remembered, was the Dorian. As the Æolian Lyric was personal, the Dorian was choral. The Æolian singer told the story of his own heart, the Dorian chanted the praises of some god, demi-god, or hero. The Æolian accompanied his song with the flute or the lyre, the Dorian with a chorus of singers and dancers, among whom the various parts of the ode were distributed, epode answering to epode, strophe to antistrophe, thus developing a most elaborate and complex structure, suitable for the most varied, graceful, stately, eloquent movements of sentiment, metre, voice and person. Madame de Stael

called architecture frozen music. The Dorian Ode may be called a frozen cathedral. The Dorian habits of living were favorable to this development. More than any other Greeks they lived in common and in public. Their children were educated in companies by the State and for the State. They lived a large civic and social life. Their poetry accordingly became imbued with a grand public spirit, although singularly enough it was written mainly by strangers (i. e., non-Dorians) and mostly for money.

The originator of this Choral Ode was named Alcman. It owed its elaboration, however, to Arion, the hero of the well known legend which tells of his being thrown overboard like Jonah, on a voyage to Corinth, and being carried ashore by a dolphin, which had been enamored of his music. His most important movement is the dithyramb, a peculiar choral dance in honor of Dionysus (Bacchus). Other important improvements were introduced by Stesichorus, in particular, the strophe, antistrophe and epode, called the Triad of Stesichorus.

There are two names which stand conspicuous above all others as the masters of what the Germans call the "Universal Melic." The first of these is Simonides. He was pre-eminent for the sweetness and tenderness of his poetry. In pathos he has never been excelled. "Sadder than the tears of Simonides," says Catullus.

Still more significant and brilliant is the name of Pindar, the Theban Eagle. He excelled in all the known varieties of choral poetry; but the *Epinikia*, celebrating the victories of his patrons in the sacred games at Olympia, or Pytho, are the poems on which his fame mainly rests.

It may strike us as remarkable in a Greek poet that Pindar, although writing in one of the most stirring

periods of Greek history, shows no political, almost one may say, no patriotic bias. Like Michael Angelo who kept on modeling and chiseling through the sack of Rome, and Goethe who buried himself in his art while Napoleon was thundering around Germany, so Pindar through the stormy days of Salamis and Platea, kept on writing his magnificent Odes. Those wonderful compositions—who can describe? “He,” says Symonds, “taught posterity what sort of a thing an ode should be. The grand pre-eminence of Pindar as an artist, was due in a great measure to his personality. Frigid, austere, and splendid; not genial like that of Simonides, not passionate like that of Sappho, not acrid like that of Archilochus; hard as adamant, rigid in moral firmness, glittering with the strong, keen light of snow; haughty, aristocratic, magnificent; the unique personality of the man Pindar, so irresistible in its influence, so hard to characterize, is felt in every strophe of his odes. . . . The splendor-loving Pindar is his name and title for all time. . . . He who has watched a sunset, a sunset attended by the passing of a thunderstorm in the outskirts of the Alps; who has seen the distant ranges of the mountains alternately obscured by cloud and blazing with the concentrated brightness of the sinking sun, while drifting scuds of hail and rain, tawny with sunlight, glistening with broken rainbows, clothe peak and precipice and forest in the golden veil of flame-irradiated vapors; who has heard the thunder bellow in the thwarting folds of hills, and watched the lightning like a snake’s tongue flicker at intervals amid gloom and glory—knows in nature’s language what Pindar teaches with the voice of art. . . . Pindar as an artist combines the strong flight of the eagle, the irresistible force of the torrent, the richness of Greek wine,

the majestic pageantry of nature in one of her sublime moods."

Doubtless this splendor of Pindar is open to criticism. His grandeur at times becomes grandiloquence; his stateliness has a strut; his Titanesque power of expression becomes a splutter. It is, however, the splutter of a Titan and not of a Bombastes.

Pindar, it should be noted further, still preaches the Homeric Faith of the heroic humanism. The heroic ideal he holds up as a "divinity that the people should worship." He is in advance of Homer, however, in the lofty moral tone with which he accomplishes the exaltation of his heroes, and the earnestness with which he enforces the standard of moral obligation in the government of the world and in human conduct. He attributes the misery of human life to pride, its fleeting joy to the benevolence of the gods. "A god," he says, "is in all our joys."

No less important is the advance in Pindar's representations of the state of man after death. Thus while Homer describes his heroes as living a shadowy life in Hades, pursuing, though without thought or understanding, the same occupation as on earth, Pindar says that all misdeeds of this world are severely judged in the infernal regions, but that a happy life in eternal sunshine, without care for subsistence, is the portion of the good; "while those who have kept their souls pure from all sin ascend the paths of Zeus to the citadel of Crowns, where the Islands of the Blest are refreshed by the breezes of Ocean, and golden flowers glitter."

But passing by other developments of Greek poetry we come to consider, all too briefly, the most interesting if not the most important of all, the *Greek Drama*.

The Drama in its origin, like the Lyric, stands in close connection with the worship of Dionysus. First

came the chorus, chanting the dithyrambic Ode in praise of the god, attired like satyrs in goat-skin to represent the woodland comrades of Dionysus. Hence the name Tragedy, or "goat song." This dithyrambic ode, acquired partly from the character, the life, the adventures of the god celebrated, and partly from the enthusiasm which characterized his worship, a strongly dramatic character. This led to the addition to the Chorus of an interlocutor, "who not only recited passages of narrative, but also exchanged speech with the Chorus, and who in course of time came to personate" Dionysus or whatever other god or hero was celebrated. Then came the improvements in the conduct of the action introduced by Thespis (hence "Thespian," as an epithet,) the introduction of a second actor by Æschylus, and of a third by Sophocles. Comedy was in like manner a development, *κῶμος*, or revelsong, also a feature of the worship of Bacchus.

It should be noted also that the Attic theatre "was designed" (to use the language of Symonds,) "as though its architects were prescient that the Attic drama would become the wonder of the world. The spectators were seated on semi-circular tiers scooped out of the rock of the Acropolis. Their faces turned toward Hymettus and the sea. The stage fronted the Acropolis; the actors had in view the cliffs upon which stood the Parthenon and the gleaming statue of Protective Pallas. The whole was open to the air." In accordance with its size and situation, "everything in the Greek theatre had to be colossal, statuesque, almost statuary. The actors were raised on thick-soled, high-heeled boots; they wore masks and used peculiar mouth-pieces, by means of which their voices were made more resonant. . . . All their movements partook of the dignity befitting demi-gods and heroes."

But we cannot stop to consider further the external features of the Greek drama. More important is its interior sphere and significance. And here we must satisfy ourselves with a few general considerations.

Note then first of all that the Greek Drama became the great religious teacher of the people. The theater was the school in which the philosopher, the artist, the politician, the orator, and the common citizen were alike trained.

On the one side it has been appropriately termed the "consummate flower of Greek poetry; the epic and the lyric, the objective and the subjective united in one perfect blossom;" on the other hand it was "the opening bud of ethical philosophy and theology."

"The Greek stage," says Prof. Tyler, "was more nearly than anything else the Greek pulpit. With a priesthood that sacrificed but did not preach, with few books of any kind, and no Bible, the people were in a great measure dependent on oral instruction for knowledge; and as they learned their rights and duties as citizens from their orators, so they hung on the lips of the lofty, grave tragedians for instruction concerning their origin, duty and destiny as immortal beings. As the Pnyx was their legislative hall, and the Bema the source of their deliberative eloquence, the eloquence of the pulpit proceeded from the stage and resounded through the theater."

The Greek Comedy had in no small measure this preceptive moral value. "Comedy," says De Pressensé, "is the result of the contrast existing between man as he is in reality and man as he ought to be and might be. It presupposes his liberty; take away his liberty and there is naught shocking or ridiculous in avarice or cowardice. Nobody mocks the hare, but we all laugh at the coward."

The great representative of Greek Comedy is of course Aristophanes, a genuine poet, a brilliant wit, a master of language, the audacious caricaturist, the unsparing censor of folly, the unrelenting foe of demagogues, the champion of the conservative party, and the uncompromising opponent of all innovations in politics, philosophy, poetry, or art:—

“ Who took
The world with mirth and laughter—struck
The hollow caves of Thought and woke
The infinite echoes hid in each.”

There is much indeed in Aristophanes with which we cannot sympathize. We are revolted by his grossness. We are pained by his vulture-like irreverence in the treatment of what the best of the Greeks must have held most sacred. We protest against his abuse of Socrates and of his immortal *Φροντιστήριον* “or Thinking-shop,” notwithstanding the oddities of the man and of his ways which provoke our smiles. Yet after all we wonder at the exuberance of his genius and power of his imagination, the grace of his fancy, the beauty of his pictures, the delicacy of his touch, and we wander with inextinguishable laughter through his “transcendental bardlands,” and cloudlands and frog-ponds. We are captivated by his studies of the Athenian life [Symonds says that with Plato and Aristophanes for our guides we can reconstruct the life of Athens.] And through all his reckless wit and laughter we are constrained to recognize a staunch and honest purpose to puncture the shams, absurdities and stupidities of his day, and to aid the triumph of solid worth, honest thinking, and manly living.

But it is in the tragedy of Greece that its dramatic genius shone most conspicuously, and poured forth its loftiest utterances, while discoursing of “fate and chance

and change in human life." "Greek Tragedy," says Prof. Tyler, "is essentially didactic, ethical, mythological, and religious. It was the express office of the Chorus, which held the most prominent place in the ancient drama, to interpret the mysteries of Providence, to justify the ways of God to men, to plead the cause of truth, virtue and piety. Hence it was composed usually of aged men, whose wisdom was fitted to instruct in the true and the right, or of young women whose virgin purity would instinctively shrink from falsehood and wrong. . . . Tragedy in its very nature as conceived by the Greeks transported the hearer out of himself and away from the present. It carried him back towards the origin of our race, up nearer to the providence and presence of the gods, and on toward the retribution of another world. With few exceptions the subjects are mythological. The characters are heroes and demi-gods, monsters it may be in crime, but their punishment is equally prodigious. Sin and suffering always go together. They illustrate by their lives and in their lives the providential and retributive justice of the gods."

Æschylus represents the transition from the Epic and Lyric to the Dramatic Age of Poetry. At heart he really belongs to the former. He has been well called "the great lyrist of tragedy." He himself used to say of his tragedies that they were fragments of the great banquet of Homer's table. He "is pre-eminently the theological poet of Greece." Especially may he be called the poet of Destiny, the "iron power" of which filled his mind. "He was essentially" (says Symonds) "the demiurge of ancient art. The purely creative faculty has never been exhibited upon a greater scale, or applied to material more utterly beyond the range of feebler poets. He possessed in the highest degree the

power of giving life and form to the vast, the incorporeal, the ideal." "As befits a demiurgic nature, Æschylus conceived and executed upon a tremendous scale. His outlines are huge, his figures colossal; his style is broad and sweeping, like a river in its fullness and its might. Few dramatists have been able like him to wield the chisel of a Titan, or to knead whole mountains into statues corresponding to the stupendous grandeur of their thought."

He is the only dramatist who has left us a complete Trilogy—or three connected dramas, acted together and developing one great theme. These are the *Agamemnon*, the *Choephoroi* and the *Eumenides*. It is in this Trilogy that the massiveness and energy of his genius especially appears. The *Agamemnon* is in the judgment of Prof. Mahaffy and others the greatest of the Greek tragedies. The parallel between it and *Macbeth* has often been drawn, and is a most interesting study. The *Prometheus Bound* was doubtless one drama (the second probably) of a Trilogy. "No other play of Æschylus," says Mahaffy, "has produced a greater impression, and few remnants of Greek Literature are to be compared with it in its eternal freshness and its eternal mystery." Mrs. Browning has given a spirited translation of it.

But I must hasten on, simply reminding you that Æschylus was one of the heroes of Marathon, and the best actor of his own plays.

Sophocles was a typical Greek in body, mind and character. It has been said of him that "he is perhaps the only distinguished Athenian who lived and died without a single enemy." (Mahaffy.) "We can not but think of him," says Symonds, "as especially created to represent Greek art in its most refined and exquisitely balanced perfection." He represents more

completely than Æschylus the Greece of the age of Pericles. The humanistic development attains in him its most adequate expression. His ethical creed is summed up in these two noble passages; the one from the *Œdipus* translated by Matthew Arnold:

“Oh that my lot may lead me in the path of holy innocence of word and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws that in the highest empyrean had their birth, of which heaven is the father alone; neither did the race of mortal man beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep. The power of God is mighty in them, and groweth not old.” The other from the *Antigone*, versified as follows by Mr. Symonds: (*Antigone* is speaking of certain human edicts, relative to the burial of the dead, which she had violated.)

“It was no Zeus who thus commanded me,
 Nor Justice, dread mate of the nether powers—
 Nor did I fondly dream their proclamation
 Were so infallible that any mortal
 Might overleap the sure unwritten laws
 Of gods. These neither now nor yesterday,
 Nay, but from everlasting without end
 Live on, and no man knows whence they were issued.”

Antigone, the speaker of these words, is probably the finest female character in the whole realm of Greek poetry. The question, which of the seven surviving plays of Sophocles bears the palm, has been much discussed. Almost every play has its champions. The majority of critics have declared for the *Œdipus*, although some of the profoundest prefer the *Œdipus Coloneus*.

The last of the three Greek Tragedians is Euripides. He was naturally a serious character with a bias towards nice and speculative inquiries into the nature of things

human and divine. He is in fact a philosopher in buskins. That which interests him, that which he takes most pains to elaborate is the psychological element in his characters. There is more of character-painting in his dramas than in either of his two great predecessors. He is the poet pre-eminently of Passion. His *Medea* is grand, terrible in her passion. As we might expect there is more of the sensational in his poetry than in that of his rivals. He deals more largely in the spectacular. In picturesque effects he is unrivalled. He concentrates his power on particular scenes, rather than on the course of the drama. His lyrics are superb. His democratic sympathies, not concealed in his poems, brought down on him the lash of Aristophanes. Some one has said that there could be no surer proof of his real genius than the failure of Aristophanes to laugh him down. Yet after all Euripides is the mouth-piece of the first age of Athenian decay.

Prof. Tyler thus compares the three Tragedians, and with this extract I close. "Æschylus, like some ancient prophet, or oracle-declaring priest, ascended the tripod and in strains of awful sublimity proclaimed the laws of God and the destiny of men, pointed criminals to the everlasting Erinnys that were sure to overtake them, and arraigned heroes and demi-gods before divine justice. Euripides seated himself in the chair of the philosopher, and interspersing his dialogues with discussions, reasoned, refined, doubted, sometimes almost scoffed, and perpetually mingled the myths of the ancients with the declamations of the sophists and the speculations of the schools. Sophocles walked the stage as if it were emphatically his own, sang in the orchestra as if music and verse were the language of his birth, and represented the

past, the present and the future, the providence and the government of God, and the character and destiny of men, not distorted or discolored, just as they were mirrored in the tranquil depths of his own harmonious nature."

VIII.

ANTHROPOPHAGY.*

THE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT OF THE RACE; OR THE COMING CANNIBAL.

THE anthropophagic origin of the human race will be admitted at once by the well regulated radical mind. The first man was beyond all reasonable question a cannibal. This to be sure is a paradox; but all the more true for that, and like every other paradox its esoteric significance is luminous to the initiated, so that I need not dwell on it in this enlightened circle. And this paradox, I need not say, is true, whether the first man was one or many. It is more of a paradox perhaps if he was one; but it is none the less true if he was many. For, as will abundantly appear as we proceed, the anthropophagic instinct is one of the primal instincts of man's nature; primal, I say, and therefore congenital, universal, invariable, inalienable, indestructible. It inhered in the first man (whether singular or plural) as the generic germ of every variety of the genus homo.

* A number of essays and poems "in lighter vein," were selected to form a division by themselves in this volume. On examination it was found that their full enjoyment depended so largely on local allusions, or on the circumstances of their production that it would not be best to publish them all. This and the following are given simply as specimens.

From him as seminal center, as *primum mobile* and *punctum saliens*, has radiated in endless undulation, in *anarithmon gelasma*, all that is anthropophagous in human history. There was still further an anterior necessity for this characteristic development. Modern science, which, as Prof. Tyndall truly observes, is no longer the servile follower of pure reason, which is just as much, if not even more the product of imagination, has discovered, by lofty imaginative processes, the great law of evolution, in accordance with which man may be traced back through simious and reptilian genealogies to the primary molecule in which existence had its beginning. This genealogical line runs, I need not say, through numberless strata of allelophagous races. The ichthyosauri, plesiosauri, megalosauri and pterodactyli, after the most approved fashion, devoured one another, or, at any rate, creatures but little, if any, below themselves in organization. Their victims, in accordance with the eternal law of conquest, were, we may suppose, their inferiors in size, but probably in very little else. Subjectively considered, with reference to their controlling instinct, and their practical views on the questions of securing the means of support, they were, to all intents and purposes, cannibals. They lacked, to be sure, the enlarged views, the enlightened processes, the enterprising audacity, the artistic execution which belong to the highest representative of carnivorism or cannibalism, man; but we must remember that they lived in a comparatively benighted period. They lived up to the light that was in them. If their cannibalism was imperfect, so was everything at that time. Indeed, if they had been perfect cannibals, what need of man? Their attainments in this line were but "hints and previsions," which, as Browning tells us:

“Are strewn confusedly everywhere about
 The inferior natures, and all lead up higher ;
 All shape out dimly the superior race—
 The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false,
 And man appears at last. So far the seal
 Is put on life ; one stage of being complete,
 One scheme wound up ; and from the grand result
 A supplementary reflux of light
 Illustrates all the inferior grades, explains
 Each back step in the circle.”

[*Paracelsus.*]

Standing thus at the culminating point of the series, man inherits in their utmost perfection the carnivorous propensities of his entire ancestral lineage, and in him we behold the ideal cannibal, exercising his gastro-nomic faculty on all forms of animal life, from the invisible animalculi which swarm in his ice-water, up through cheese-maggots, frogs, Bolognese dogs, buffaloes, bears, up to his own race. He thus becomes a cannibal *ex vi naturæ*. There is an inexorable necessity laid upon him by that long antecedent chain of causation. The forces which have worked their way upward through saurian and silurian developments, and of which he is the consummate product, make it impossible for him to be true to his genesis and to himself, without being a cannibal.

The positive indications of the cannibalism of the first man are, I regret to say, fewer than we could desire. Perhaps the strongest proof has already been given in the necessity resulting from his genealogical antecedents, from his position as son and heir of all the carnivorous races of the pre-historic period, as well as the necessity inherent in his position as progenitor of all succeeding cannibals. There is, however, a little more of that “supplementary reflux of light,” of which Browning speaks, from which we may learn

something. For example, a very suggestive inference may be drawn from matrimonial phenomena. In man's uxorial relations we find two distinct historical tendencies, two antithetic ideas asserting themselves. One of these ideas is represented by the term monogamy, the other by the term polygamy. In contemplating the various races, ages, and creeds of the globe, we find some that are monogamous, others which are polygamous. This line of division has always existed; the philosophic mind affirms that it always will. But how is this to be accounted for? The origin of it is lost in the morning twilight of human history. We are logically constrained, however, to seek the angle from which these great lines of divergence proceed in the first man. If, as we can not doubt, he was the germ of all the tendencies and developments which have subsequently appeared in the race, he must have embodied in some way in his own life the contradiction of monogamy and polygamy. The only satisfactory solution of this contradiction is to be found in the fact that he was a cannibal. Endowed at the beginning with a plurality of wives, he ate them all up save one. Much as it may be regretted that he did not also eat her, inscrutable as his conduct may seem in not eating her, we must accept the situation. The past is irrevocable, but the future is ours. The first man, then, cannibalized himself out of polygamy into monogamy. And this hypothesis, besides furnishing the angle of divergence for the great historical tendencies already mentioned, also furnishes us with one reason why cannibalism is so important a factor in the progress of the race. Had it not been for the cannibalism of the first man, the entire race would have been polygamous, a state the bare possibility of which it is appalling to contemplate, and the existence of which would have

kept humanity down in a state of permanent degradation. Monogamy being thus indispensable to progress, and cannibalism to monogamy, it follows that progress would have been impossible without cannibalism.

It would have been exceedingly interesting, had the limits of the present discussion allowed, to present in detail the history of anthropophagy in all ages and lands and under every variety of manifestation. We are mainly concerned, however, at this time with anthropophagy in the *future* development of the race. In the *To-Be* we find the resumption, under advanced conditions, of the *Hath-Been*. "Being," says Goethe, "is ever a birth into higher Being." The New is the perpetual metamorphosis of the Old. In advancing along the spiral line of progress, we mount higher and higher, it is true, but the circumference of our course lies within the same *Ideal Cylinder*; at every new point we are recurring to the same old position; the line of our present movement is strictly parallel to the line of a former movement, except that it is on a higher (inclined) plane, or in the profound words of the Koheleth, Mahsh-shehayah, hu shey-yi-he-yeh, umashshen-nasah hu shey-ye-a-seh, veyn kol chadhash tahath hash shamesh, to which may be added the well known majestic, liturgical formula, *owsper ien en arche esti nun kai estai eis tous aiownas town aiowneon*. Of nothing can these words be more truly said than of anthropophagy. So vitally incorporated is it with the organic life of humanity that nothing is more certain than that it will continue to perpetuate and reproduce itself. Cannibalism having inwrought itself into the elemental structure of the subjective consciousness, and having established itself as a dominant force in the objective phenomenality of appetency, mastication and digestive assimilation,

can not fail to assert itself as a permanent factor of human history. It may lie dormant here and there; it may slumber now and then, for even *bonus dormitat Homerus*, and according to the sublime teachings of the Vedas, the life of Brahm itself is an alternation of sleeping and waking. But when the tongue of the centuries strikes the hour of destiny then will the Man-Cannibal awake out of his sleep, like a giant refreshed, and then will begin one of those eventful æons which make history.

For a considerable period past it may be said that the anthropophagic Brahm has been slumbering—at least, as regards some of his functions. Neither as a profession, nor as a fine art, nor as a system of philosophy, nor as a problem of Malthusian political economy, nor as a patriarchal domestic institution, can cannibalism be said to have flourished latterly, except in isolated instances and in remote and unpopular localities. With us it is in a dormant, or perhaps, I should say, in a transitional state. It is true that a certain modified imperfect anthropophagism has prevailed in some highly civilized communities. There have been those known as landsharks, vultures, leeches, vampires, and the like, persons whose distinguishing characteristic has been their epicurean fondness for certain choice tit-bits of their fellow-men, such as their reputation, their happiness, their virtue, their money. This partial cannibalism is indeed a most hopeful indication of the future possibilities of humanity in this direction. For as we shall see immediately, the coming cannibal will distinguish himself from his naked and tattooed New Zealand prototype by his success in making a more complete disposition of his brother man, dispatching not only his body, but also his mind and estate; not only his fat, but also his effects and affections; not only what he has in

common with the porpoise, but his purposes and his purse as well. Herein will he vindicate the great law of progress in himself. Our sleeping Brahm, not altogether asleep, seems even now to dream in a confused way of this ideal perfection of cannibalism, as appears from that significant and melodious sonnet of our great poet laureate:

“If I were a cassowary,
On the shores of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Flesh and bones and hymn book too.”

Observe that masterly stroke, not only of rhyme, but also of reason, with which the stanza concludes—“*and hymn book too*”—indicating that as a cannibal our poet would make thorough work of his brother, the missionary, and of all his effects and appurtenances. But the great and fatal defect of our modern civilized anthropophagism, is that it limits itself, so to speak, to the hymn book, lacking either the taste or the courage, or both, to eat up the flesh and bones of its subjects. It is the sublime mission of radicalism to introduce the complete cannibalism of the future, by serving up the entire man in all that he is, and in all that he has, as a dainty dish to set before a king.

You have all read Charles Lamb's charming essay on Roast Pig. To the superficial reader it is probably nothing more than an exquisite extravaganza of literary sybaritism, the Puck-like reveling of wit and genius in the aromatic lusciousness and ravishing deliciousness of what is indeed one of the most royal dishes before which an epicure can sit. To the philosophic mind, however, it is above and beyond all this a parable of profound significance. You find in it doubtless, as I do, a subtle suggestion of a banquet worthy of Plato

and his friends, a truly Olympian symposium. It can not be doubted that the roast pig of which the gentle Elia discourses here so delightfully, is emblematic of a human being prepared by the most approved culinary processes for alimentary uses. Can we doubt this when we remember that his own name was Lamb, and that the analogy between roast pig and roast lamb is almost perfect? Does not probability become certainty, when we read in Sir John Lubbock's Prehistoric times (p. 449) that among the Feegeans "human flesh is known as '*puaka balava,*' or 'long pig?'" Only thus, moreover, do we obtain a satisfactory clue to that entertaining Oriental fiction with which Lamb introduces his description. I refer, of course, to his account of the discovery of the first roast pig among the ruins of a burnt house, and the Chinese custom, thence derived, of burning down a house whenever this dainty is to be produced. Literally understood, this is but a piece of delightful absurdity, of clever humorous extravagance. But, philosophically understood, it has a world of suggestions in it, pointing as it does most unmistakably to the proper culinary process by which the coming cannibal's *chef d'œuvre de cuisine* is to be produced. In a word, beneath the mystic symbol of a pig roasted whole in a burned down house, the philosophic Elia teaches us that in order properly to cook a human being he must be roasted or baked whole in a composite bonfire or furnace constituted of his house, library, clothes, correspondence, papers, and everything belonging to him, all his properties and accidents, relations and correlations, collaterals and contemporalities. A holocaust must be made of him and his. The coming cannibal will be satisfied with nothing less.

But let us pause for a moment here to enforce the necessity of making the physical man a part of the

holocaust. The error of the South Sea Island cannibal is that he has restricted himself too exclusively to the corporeal element in his dietetics; the error of the civilized Caucasian is that he has totally abstained from the corporeal element. The savage cannibal is satisfied with the flesh of his human roast or fricassee; the civilized cannibal devours all but the flesh. The former type of cannibalism is too gross and earthy; the latter is too refined and volatile. The king of the Cannibal Islands, like Tony Weller with his alleybye, thinks there is nothing like *habeas corpus*; the Sachem of Tammany, or the Prince of the Power of Aery, applies to everything the process known as abstraction.

These two types of cannibalism must be combined, married together into one higher type, forming in the coming cannibal, like Tennyson's Man and Woman,

The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart beating with one full stroke,
The two-celled stomach, filled with one square meal,
A MAN!

“The proper study of mankind is man,” says a poet, whose very name is the guaranty of his infallibility. *A fortiori* may it be said, “the proper diet of mankind is man;” man, I say, considered as an integer, one and indivisible. It was all very well for our unscientific ancestors to make a distinction between the corporeal and the incorporeal in man, and to make their diet of the one or the other, as fancy or taste might incline. It is all very well for our cousin, the King of Dahomey, to eat up his missionaries, and to think, after swallowing all save their boots and buttons, that he has disposed of all there was of them, for he is ignorant of the existence and value of ideas. It was all very well for Dr. Watts to say, “The mind's the measure of the

man," for Dr. Holmes had not taught him that mind and body are one and the same machine; and furthermore, as Sydney Smith said of another, he had scarcely body enough to cover his soul; his intellect was improperly exposed. But we nineteenth century radicals, who have condescended to favor a benighted world with the discovery of protoplasm, *nous avons changé tout cela*. It behooves us to rise above the partial views alike of an untutored barbarism, and of an imperfect civilization, and to advance intelligently and courageously to the higher synthesis which includes both. The doctrine of protoplasm furnishes us with one "physical basis of life" for the entire man. Huxley's exposition of it is familiar to us all. This profound radical discovery renders obsolescent the old notions of an essential distinction between the material and immaterial constituents of human nature. Matter and spirit are practically at least resolved into one original force.

Those who talk of mind and matter,
 Just a senseless jargon patter.
 What are we, or you, or he?
 Dissolving views, not mind or matter.

Even admitting a theoretical or ideal distinction between matter and mind, their concrete synthesis in the individual man results in a single entity. Each man is an *ens individuum*, possessing one, and that a physical basis of life. Now hear what Mr. Huxley says of the appropriation of his physical basis, or protoplasm, as he calls it. "Mutton," he says, "was once the living protoplasm of a sheep. As I shall eat it, it is the same matter, altered not only by death, but by exposure to sundry artificial operations in the process of cooking. But these changes, whatever be their extent, have not rendered it incompetent to resume its old func-

tions as a matter of life. A singular inward laboratory which I possess will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm. The solution so formed will pass into my veins, and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm, and transubstantiate sheep into man." Here is the principle, but how shall we reach its highest application? Obviously by substituting for the sheep the highest organic form in which protoplasm is found. Here *e. g.* is Mr. Huxley. I wish to possess myself of his *vis vivida vitæ*, to have his protoplasmic force transfused through my system. How shall it be done? I read his writings, his essay on the Physical Basis of Life, his lay sermons, and the rest; but how little of the true Mr. Huxley do I get into me by this? But I obtain Mr. Huxley's consent to figure on my bill of fare; I constitute him my principal dish; I provide for myself and family a few courses of Huxley, Huxley soup, roast Huxley, corned Huxley, Huxley *ragout a la mode*, cold Huxley, Huxley pie, Huxley hash; and what is the result? Why, a singular, inward laboratory which I possess will dissolve a certain portion of the modified Huxley-protoplasm; the solution so formed will pass into my veins, and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm, and transubstantiate Huxley into Jones. And when it becomes my turn to be served up in the same way, then Huxley in me passes into others, and so on *ad infinitum*, and so, as Ariel sings,

" Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change,
Into something rich and strange."

What is true of Mr. Huxley could be true of all great men. By eating them we would assimilate, as we could in no other way, their thought, genius, wit,

imagination, knowledge, heroism, all in them that is worth appropriating. A dim apprehension of this exalted function of anthropophagy seems to have dawned even on the savage mind. "The cannibalism of the New Zealander," says Sir John Lubbock, "though often a mere meal, was also sometimes a ceremony; in these cases the object was something very different from mere sensual gratification; it must be regarded as a part of his religion, as a sort of unholy sacrament. This is proved by the fact that after a battle the bodies which they preferred were not those of plump young men or tender damsels, but of the most celebrated chiefs, however old and dry they might be." In fact, they believed that it was not only the material substance which they thus appropriated, but also the spirit, the ability and glory of him whom they had devoured. The greater the number of corpses they had eaten, the higher they thought would be their position in the world to come. "Under such a creed," adds Sir John, "there is a certain diabolical nobility about the habit, which is at any rate far removed from the groveling sensuality of a Fejee." (Prehistoric Times, p. 457.) But why diabolical? Who ever heard of cannibalism among the devils? But how singeth the great Poet of Transcendentalism?

"The Past in me doth live again :
 In me each great and thoughtful brain
 Hath left some legacy behind ;
 Of each some living trace I find :
 Of Plato's soul I find a part,
 Of Homer's muse, of Sappho's heart."

But how much more true would this be were such as Plato, Homer and Sappho, Cæsar, Alfred and Shakespeare, to undergo that assimilation and transfusion which is the result of a thorough process of

digestion? Precisely herein is it that anthropophagy is to play so important a part in the future development of the race. By means of it, the protoplasmic essence of all true greatness will communicate and diffuse itself through the entire organism of humanity. The feast of reason and the flow of soul will become literal facts of human development. Humanity will dietize itself into greatness. Platonic philosophies will disseminate themselves through the alimentary canal. The genius of the future Shakespeare will mingle with the gastric juice. Progress will be a secretion of the digestive apparatus. The cabalistic motto of our universities, the abracadabra of culture will be, "Fee, fi, fo, fum!" The coming cannibal, whether he smells the blood of an Englishman, or of any other man, will be recognized as the ultimate metamorphosis of the universal protoplasm, of which every sage and hero is the more perfect exponent. Thus it is that protoplasm begins by revolutionizing our philosophy, next revolutionizes our *cuisine*, and achieves its final apotheosis in the grand Vou-dou, or Man-Eater of the future.

How simple, and at the same time how beautiful the answer thus furnished to the all-absorbing questions of life and destiny! Here we have the process by which the human organism is to be refined, elevated, enriched with all the constituents needful for its most perfect nutriment.

All nature widens upward evermore :
The simpler essence lower lies,
More complex is more perfect.

Man, as the most complex and refined organism, demands the most complex and refined alimentation. The lowest forms of organic life in the vegetable kingdom find their alimentation in inorganic matter. The paw-paw bush is nourished by the soil; the animal

kingdom, possessed of a higher organization, finds its alimentation in some form of organic matter. The lamb eats grass. The noble horse eats and feels his oats. The dog, man's *fidus Achates*, has an organism equal to the proper appreciation of a bone. The lion, king of the forest, the eagle, monarch of the air, demand for food matter in its highest organic form of fibrine and gelatine. Lamb and roast pig, symbol, as we have seen, of a still higher roast, puts all nature under tribute, eats and assimilates everything. Man, the crown of organic life, must seek and find his alimentation in the plane of his own organization. He can be satisfied with nothing below the highest form of organic matter, the highest development possible of fibrine and gelatine, that which is produced by that "singular inward laboratory" of which Mr. Huxley is so justly proud, that which is distilled out of this wonderful alembic of his own vital apparatus. When this principle comes to be universally recognized and applied, may we not expect to see a development of humanity, an advance in refinement, ethereality, and purity of organization which must be seen to be believed in?

There is one application of our subject which should not be passed by, although I can do no more than hint at it here. I refer to anthropophagy as a development of love. In that mysterious complexity of phenomena to which the name love is given, there is nothing which the philosophic observer contemplates with greater interest than the uncontrollable propensity which those who are under the influence of the tender passion evince to eat one another up. In one form or another, this propensity finds continual expression. The language of love is full of it. The poetry of love derives very much of its tenderness from it. For the most part

suggested, it is sometimes explicitly avowed. It is quaintly assumed in the following instructive little legend, from the Siamese, translated by a fair friend, from whose manuscript I am kindly permitted to copy it:

A youth was once joined to the girl he loved best,
 But before a year sped to his friends thus confest :
 For a very short time of my new married life,
 My love was so great, I 'most ate up my wife,
 And—ah me ! I've been sorry I didn't since then ;
 For alas ! I am now the most wretched of men.

The frequent tributes which lovers make to one another's sweetness are to be explained on the same principle.

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
 Sugar is sweet, and so are you.

Thus does St. Valentine sing, and his song echoes itself from year to year through all generations. The instinct of absolute possession, so strong in love, points in the same general direction. Its great soul-agonizing question is, Wilt thou be mine? Its sweet, soul-entrancing confession is, I am thine. It would possess its object wholly, solely, and absolutely, individually, undividedly, and eternally. You would appropriate, assimilate, make part of yourself, the object of your love. And how can this be perfectly done except by eating the object? Kissing is a still more significant indication. Through leaving out its anthropophagic origin philosophers have utterly failed in their explanations of this singular phenomenon. Nothing, indeed, could well be more absurd than the application of one person's lips to the face or hands of another accompanied by a noise resembling a small explosion, if that were the whole of it. Why the lips? Why not the nose, accompanied, say, by a delicate, finely modulated

sneeze? The latter demonstration, as all will admit, would be just as convenient, no less graceful, and far more useful than the former. But eating is done not with the nose, but with the mouth, and the law of kissing *follows the law of eating*. The whole philosophy of osculation lies in the anthropophagic quality of the tender passion. Cupid in a word is a cannibal, and kissing can be understood only as a modified process of manducation, a suppressed bite. It is the anticipation in typical form of the New Evangel, of which the coming cannibal is to be the apostle. The bearing of this on some of the great social questions of the day, such as divorce, Mormonism, early marriages, old bachelorism and the like, I leave to your reflection.

IX.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA;

OR A WORD FOR LOAFERS—BY ONE OF THEM.

IN the department of criticism, this Age is perhaps liable to the reproach of being the Age of Whitewash. So many characters which the eyes, or at least the imagination, of our forefathers painted black, now look so much like a board fence newly touched by the hand of Spring, or like Roman candidates for office, as to suggest that criticism, historical criticism especially, has come to be an Art of Whitewashing in all colors. The Nero who fiddled while Rome was burning has become transformed into an amiable amateur violinist, whose irrepressible enthusiasm for art made him at times a little absent-minded. Catiline, the wretch who so outrageously abused the patience of the Roman Senate, and against whom in undergraduate days we thundered our Ciceronian wrath, is painted as the able, patriotic, highly misunderstood prototype of Mazzini or Garibaldi. Henry VIII, Frederic the Great, the Duke of Alva, and other interesting "monsters" of a morbid and unphilosophical past, have been made to look as white as the sepulchres of assassinated prophets. Some fine touches have been put on Judas Iscariot; we are beginning to ask whether Cain was not afflicted with

“moral insanity;” and one is almost tempted to say that there is hope even for General Butler.

It is not my present purpose to justify, nor yet to condemn this particular tendency or our age. It may possibly indicate a deeper love of truth, a sincerer desire for justice, a wider knowledge of fact, than obtained under the old, critical regime. Or it may be the symptom of a looser ethical code, of a more reckless disregard of verity, of a stronger fancy for sensational effect. There is one advantage, however, connected with it. It shows that conventional opinions, and the prejudices which are rooted in them, have a less tenacious hold on men's minds than of old. It is easier to obtain a hearing in behalf of a persecuted being, or a maligned class, than it used to be. We are more ready to hear Themistocles, however it may be about striking him. And so I feel encouraged to say a word or two in behalf of my brethren the Loafers.

What's in a name? Much every way. I am sure that the Loafer has suffered from his name. Not that it lacks altogether in euphony, for it begins and ends with a liquid, and its principal vowel is round and musical. But the Average Man is an indifferent etymologist; and I am persuaded that nineteen out of twenty of those whose noses curl upward at the mention of the name Loafer, are secretly persuaded that it has something to do with a loaf of bread, and thrill with inward horror at the thought that the First Loafer got his name from stealing a loaf, or begging for one, or being a disciple of loaves and fishes. In point of fact, however, bread is no more a staff of life to the Loafer than to anybody else; and there is no reason whatever in his pedigree why he should not face a loaf of bread as boldly as any one of his detractors might look a sheep in the face. Loafer is *laufer*, or *lofer*, from *laufen*, or

lofen, to run, and means properly runner, racer, courier, post, either of which definitions suggests for the Loafer a respectable, if not an honorable parentage. Not impossibly it was first applied to the swift footed Achilles, in which case the world owes to him its Iliad. At all events it should not be forgotten that a Loafer was the hero, the inspiration, the final cause of the greatest of all the world's Epics; as perchance the father of the family was a noted runner in the Olympian games, whose laurel crown made him at once the pride and the envy of assembled Greece. And as the racer among horses is the purest representative of the thoroughbred, it is not too much to assume that the First Loafer was the most thoroughbred man of his time. Or, peradventure, he was a swift messenger, a bearer of news, a human Mercury, the precursor of the Able Editor of to-day—a supposition, let me add, which is favored by the fact that Mercury, the runner or loafer of the gods, was their advertising agent and their commercial reporter. Or not improbably he was the post, the letter-carrier of his day, the first attempt made in the world of running, or loafing, a Post Office. The Loafer accordingly has, as you see, a very fine choice of pedigrees, and whichever paternity he adopts, whether the hero of the Iliad, or the first thoroughbred man, or the first newspaper, or the first Post Office Department, it must be admitted that he has a species of origin which Darwin himself might envy.

These remarks are intended simply to relieve the origin of the Loafer from unworthy suspicion, and are descriptive only of the *First* of the species. It does not follow that the Loafer of to-day is literally a runner, any more than that the Baker of to-day knows anything about making a loaf. If the Loafer had kept on running all the way “down the corridor of time,” his

fate would doubtless ere this have reminded us of the famous Mynheer von Hamm, with his cork leg, and I should be now reading his L. E. G. But it is an important point in his favor that the vulgar prejudice against him as being descended from some one who once upon a time was involved in some questionable transaction touching a loaf, can be shown to have no foundation whatever, and we are now prepared to consider what further may be said in his behalf.

Disregarding the Dictionary, which on this point, as on others, is simply the organ of popular prejudice, let me begin by defining the Loafer to be the man of infinite leisure, who refuses to recognize the conventional code of activity prescribed by an antiquated system, established not only before he was born, but what is far more, without his consent; who, moreover, having strong absorbent qualities, appropriates to himself whatever he finds suitable to his need or comfort, of which he becomes the vehicle, conveying it with himself as a part of himself and thus becoming a disseminator of the more subtle and intangible elements of social existence, his social circulation being determined by no material or economical laws, but by an inward spontaneity and in obedience to undefinable attractions, wandering like Wordsworth's river, "at his own sweet will." This same spontaneity making him a most important solvent of the more rigid, mechanical elements of society through the infusion into our civilization of that freedom, ease, abandon, grace, which it so greatly needs. This definition is, I admit, somewhat long and lingering—but so, to be candid, is the Loafer.

In calling the Loafer a man of infinite leisure, I do not mean to insinuate that he never issues a business card, never advertises in the papers, never frequents at mysterious seasons a mythical locality which he meta-

phorically calls his "office." He has the good fortune however, to be practically independent of the drudgery and tyranny of what the common run of men call "business." He is too considerate of his nose to keep it for any length of time down to the grindstone. On the contrary he keeps it well up in the air. He looks like one who is consciously monarch of all he surveys, and what he surveys is evidently no pent-up Utica. He commands his time. The seasons are his own. He is never in a hurry, however much others might wish that he were. There is something approaching the sublime about the glacier-like repose which he maintains amid the rushing avalanches about him. His calm inertia is an invaluable phenomenon in this world of whirl and worry, froth and fret, push and passion. As Mrs. Stowe says of the Yankee variety: "Every New England village, if you think of it, must have its do-nothing as regularly as its school-house or meeting-house. Work, thrift, industry, are such an incessant steam-power in Yankee life, that society would burn itself out with intense friction, were there not interposed here and there the lubricating power of a decided do-nothing, a man who won't be hurried, and won't work, and will take his ease in his own way, in spite of the protest of his whole neighborhood to the contrary."

The Loafer is thus your grand social sedative. The very sight of him is, or ought to be, sufficient to call the bulls and bears of the gold-room into the repose of the cradle. His whole life is an echo of Earl Russell's famous motto: "Rest, and be thankful!" No matter what is to be done—be it to declare war, to elect a President, to resume specie payment, to reform the civil service, to put down the Athanasian creed, to annihilate the nebular hypothesis—it is all one—he loafs and still he is happy. Wise man! Tell the sluggard to go to

the ant—but tell the rest of the world to go to the Loafer, and to believe that, in more senses than one, half a loaf is better than none, and very often is just as good as a whole loaf.

The Dictionary calls the Loafer a “sponge.” This is a feeble attempt at satire; in fact, it is a compliment. The Loafer has, I repeat, strong absorbent faculties, and to be a sponge is one of his rarest and most beautiful uses. He takes into himself much that is floating and flowing in the air and sea of life about him, which would otherwise be lost. The men in active life are all the time throwing off a vast amount of electric energy which if left loose would run riot, or return back whence it came and where there is too much of it already. This passes over into the Loafers, by whom it is absorbed, and in whom it remains latent until it is wanted. When the time comes for them to discharge, then look out for live thunder!

Not only that, but they carry off considerable else which needs to be disposed of. The Loafer is the waste-pipe of the social machine. A sponge is he? Well, he sponges up a vast deal of other people’s nonsense for one thing, which they are well rid of, and which doesn’t seem to hurt him. And yet we squeeze him and blame him for the nonsense that comes out of him. Men say much to the Loafer which it is well they should get off their minds, but which they would hardly care to say to anybody else. A business man does not care to show his weak side to another business man, but to the first Loafer that comes along, ten to one he’ll show it. And this is one way it comes to pass that he knows so much about everybody. And then he is so good-natured he disarms everybody, he draws out everybody, takes in everybody, he is the same to everybody, he takes an interest in everybody, and he takes everything from

everybody. Others vent their humors of all sorts on him; these drop serenely on him like rain-drops on a duck's back; the duck is happy, the sky gets clear and the world wags on.

As one happy result of this power of absorption, he is to some extent, at least, a valuable social disinfectant. Noxious gases, absorbed by him, pass over into an insensible state, and so become, for the time being, at least, harmless. In revolutionary times, to be sure, he becomes for this reason, a dangerous element, but so are all magazines liable to explosion. They are necessary nevertheless. And it is worthy of note that if the agitator, the anarchist, the agrarian, the petroleanist, the communist, is often the metamorphosis of the Loafer, just as often the Man for the Crisis is the Loafer, too. "Beware of that young trifler!" said the Dictator Sulla of Julius Cæsar. The greatest empire which the world has yet seen was founded by a Loafer. Rienzi was a Loafer and a buffoon until his hour came. In our own civil war, which the Loafer had much to do doubtless in bringing on, who, nevertheless, was more successful than he in putting an end to it?

One chief value of the Loafer resides in the free spontaneity of his movements. Like Wordsworth's river, he "wanders at his own sweet will." Other men move in grooves and beaten paths. Business necessarily means routine, and routine means ruts. If it were not for the Loafer, life would be one dull routine. The world would run on a straight T rail instead of swinging gracefully and majestically in its ever advancing spiral curves. He breaks up its dead uniformities and angularities and monotonies. His path is the waving line of beauty. Because he lives in it, the world no longer looks like a gridiron. He makes its lines picturesque. And by his freedom of movement he

distributes abroad the social elements and forces of which he is the reservoir. He is thus useful as well as ornamental. He is like the cloud, which instead of moving in uniform lines drifts in every direction and thus bears its sweet influences wherever they are wanted. Roaming where he will, he carries and deposits the pollen necessary for the fertilization of human orchids.

This element of grace in the Loafer belongs not simply to his movements, but to the man himself. The man of routine can not help being angular and stiff. His mechanical life makes a machine of him. He is a pair of tongs, a pump-handle, a walking wax figure. The Loafer on the contrary, being free from this mechanism, strapped up in no strait-jacket, displays the freedom and ease of nature in every line. There is a careless misstudied grace about him which is quite refreshing in a world of cast-iron. He is a natural professor of Deportment, a poet laureate of the Picturesque; if not the glass of fashion, he is the mould of form. The Italian lazzarone, for instance, what an embodiment of grace! The models from whom our artists get their Apollos and Adonises, who are they? Loafers to a man!

There are other noble uses of the Loafer which I can only mention. Besides being a thing of beauty, he is a joy forever. In a world of worry his life is a carol. He is a living piece of sunshine. He relieves the world of its lonesomeness. How many spots now haunted by his Genial Presence, would be bleak and solitary as Juan Fernandez, if he should become extinct. How many sharp corners of which he is the tutelary divinity, would become positively dangerous! How many rough angles would our knee-pans strike against which are now rounded smooth and harmless by the friction of his benevolent back! How many hours in life would

be vacant blanks if he were not thrown in, like whisky at a wake! How many lectures, operas, plays, or even sermons would present a beggarly account of empty boxes, or pews, if he should retire from the world, and take his place among the fossils! How many important transactions would be born to blush unseen, if he did not always happen to be around in the very nick of time. How dreary and barren would the History of the Witness-box be but for his timely contributions! What has ever taken place in the world worth seeing or hearing which the Loafer was not there to see or hear? What would have become of the Daily Press, that mighty engine of progress, but for him with his valuable nose for news? And that palladium of our liberties, that bulwark of justice, that climax of civilization, the Jury-box, where, oh! where would that have been, had the evolution of the heterogeneous out of the homogeneous never produced the Loafer!

Again, how many of the most valuable inventions, especially in the economics of life, have originated with the Loafer? Noah Webster sneers at him as one who seeks his living by expedients. Truly, and why not? What is life at the best but a series of shifts and expedients, dodging nature's constables, paying off your old debts with new promises to pay, learning by one scrape how to get out of the next, making the best out of a bad bargain, keeping up appearances, making a part equal to the whole, and all that? The loafer honestly accepts the situation, and beats you at the same; that is all.

My present limits will not allow me to dwell on the varieties of the genus, interesting as many of them are; such as the Loafer Genteel, the Loafer Out-at-Elbow, the Hotel Loafer, the Church Loafer, the Police Court Loafer, the Loafer of the Corner, the Loafer of the

Pit, the Loafer of the Lobby, the Moonlight Loafer, the Sea-Side Loafer, the Loafer in Politics, the Philistine Loafer, the Dilettante Loafer, the Country-Store Loafer, the Book-Store Loafer, the Philosophical Loafer, and many more too numerous to mention.

I regret also being unable to do justice to many of the Loafer's most remarkable accomplishments, especially his mastery of the jack-knife. What the sword is to the hero, what the pen is to the author, that the knife is to the Loafer. It may be true that the pen is mightier than the sword, but I have no hesitation in saying, that the jack-knife is mightier than either, and the Loafer is pre-eminently the Hero of the jack-knife. Who can doubt that the steam-engine, the cotton-gin, the ocean frigate, the organ, and all the inventive triumphs of civilization, owe their rudimentary beginnings and their completed development to the jack-knife? How much we owe to this most modest, and yet most mighty of all weapons, let the Patent Office tell. The world whittles its way to the Millennium. That Good Time Coming would be nowhere without the jack-knife, and the jack-knife, I need not say, would be a failure without the Loafer. Walt Whitman says, that the forte of Americans is confessedly loafing and writing poems. Judging by Walt's poetry we might doubt our poetic calling, but judging by our whittling and inventions, we may say that loafing is our forte.

I cannot close without one word of deprecation. I protest against holding the Loafer responsible for all that is objectionable in every member of the class. For instance, because now and then a Loafer is a Bore, it is egregiously unfair to regard every Loafer as a Bore. I venture to say that some of the most delightful fellows who have ever lived were Loafers, as, to mention

no other one except William Shakespeare. So again, because loafers are sometimes ne'er-do-wells, it is unjust to charge all with being such. Sam Lawson, to be sure, was a do-nothing as well as a Loafer—but as a Loafer his career was brilliant and *sans reproche*. Mr. Micawber's creditors had a serious time of it, I admit, but Wilkins Micawber is one of earth's immortals nevertheless. What we condemn in these men is accidental, what we admire belongs essentially to them as Loafers. But if you would know what a Loafer can be, let me point you to Old Socrates, the Ideal Loafer of the centuries, who, lounging around Athens, barefooted and shirtless (as we should say), wearing the same old coat summer and winter, dropping in here and there and everywhere, dropped questions, and hints, and syllogisms, and parables, which may be almost said to have created philosophy, as it won for him the fame of the one martyrdom which the world will remember outside of the Christian Church. The next time you see a Loafer, remember Socrates, and take off your hat.

X.

JOHN MILTON, THE PATRIOT.

“A GRATEFUL recollection of the Divine Goodness is the first of human obligations; and extraordinary favors demand more solemn and devout acknowledgments: with such acknowledgments I feel it my duty to begin this work. First, because I was born at a time when the virtue of my fellow-citizens, far exceeding that of their progenitors in greatness of soul, and vigor of enterprise, having invoked heaven to witness the justice of their cause, and been clearly governed by its directions, has succeeded in delivering the commonwealth from most grievous tyranny, and religion from the most ignominious degradation.”

So begins the famous “*Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano*,” written by one whose Prose has proved him no less worthy to vindicate the People of England, than his Poetry to undertake the vindication of the ways of God to man.

Believing that we also have the same cause of gratitude, that we also live in a time, when the virtue of our fellow-citizens, if it does not far exceed that of their progenitors in greatness of soul and vigor of enterprise, does not fall far short of it, when the great contest of the Seventeenth Century is under new conditions

waged over again, when the essential principles, advocated and established by the pen of him whose tongue dictated *Paradise Lost*, are again struggling for the mastery, when Puritan Democracy again invokes heaven to witness the justice of its cause, as against a perfidious, arrogant, *jure divino* tyranny, I invite you to spend a brief hour in communing with the spirit of the great, good, and wise man, whose words you have just listened to, the Advocate of Freedom, the Defender of the Commonwealth of England, JOHN MILTON, THE PATRIOT.

The Patriot to-day, rather than the Poet: although in Milton, more than in any other, more even than in Dante, Patriot and Poet are inseparable. While his poetry is absolutely free from every vestige of political passion or prejudice, such as glares in Dante's *Inferno*, it is controlled throughout by those clearly defined and firmly held principles of Government, Justice, Law, Liberty, which guided his conduct as a citizen. In every book of *Paradise Lost*, we feel the pulsations of that mighty revolution, wherein he bore so prominent a part. Still more vividly do we discern in his enthusiasm for all that was chivalrous, in his homage to all that was heroic, in his magnificent rage against tyranny, in his burning pleas for Truth, Right and Liberty, the true God-sent Poet, the *Vates* of olden time, his lips touched with fire from off the altar of heaven, his heart kindling with the ardors of Eternity. Gœthe has said, that the poet must hold himself aloof from the polemics of his generation. The remark is unquestionably true, when these polemics are nothing more than the personal strife of factions, the conflict of partisan prejudices, the antagonism of ephemeral issues, whose interest is transient, whose results are perishable. But when the controversies of an age are the life-or-death struggles of

Principles of world-wide interest and timelongs results, when, as to Milton's poet-vision, the angels and the demons marshal their hosts for strife, then no true Poet, no devout worshipper of the Beautiful, to whom the goddess reveals herself not less in the gleaming flash of Truth's sword, and in the waving plumes of warring Duty, than in the glittering spears of the dawn or the swaying crest of the forest-pines, *can* hold himself aloof. Whether here or there, whether on the red field, where "principles are rained in blood," or in the senate-hall and council chamber, where wise and brave measures are matured, or on the forum, whence winged words may take their flight to enlighten, to arouse, to calm, to strengthen, or yet in the meditative retreat, where his low-toned lyre sounds the keynote of the clashing and crashing discords of the storm, somewhere he will be found aiding and hastening the victorious result. But whatever his words, and with whatsoever weapon it is done, the poet's chaplet ever crowns his head, the prophetic fire ever burns in his heart. He, with whom we are now about to commune, will stand before us A POET, confessed and undisguisable. You will see the light of Apollo's kiss on his brow, even when it is knit in beautiful wrath against the wrong. His words will drip with the honey-dews of Helicon, while they come to us winged with the wisdom of the sage. The poet will make himself known, while I seek to show you THE CITIZEN, THE MAN.

In a season of National Trial, like that in the midst of which To-day finds us, it is well that we should give heed to the Voices of the Past, especially to those which come to us out of those stirring, heroic times, when humanity was agitated to its depths, when men's intuitions of truth and duty were quickened into almost supernatural clearness and power, when the world

throbbled with the pulsations of a grander life, and when marvelous and blessed Results sprang Minerva-like, full-grown and full-armed out of the spiritual throes of the Age. I desire, therefore, on this occasion, to let Milton himself be heard, to be the simple mouth-piece of his wisdom. Much as we may know, wise as no doubt we are, I think that there are yet a few things which this Patriot of the olden time can teach us.

To the end, however, that we may understand his words, it will be necessary for us to glance at a few of the more prominent facts of his life and times, such in particular as are related to his public career and patriotic utterances.

John Milton was born in the heart of the city of London, on the 9th of December, 1608. His father, also named John Milton, was a scrivener, or writer of legal documents. The poet was of a stern and sturdy stock, for we are told that John Milton, the elder, on becoming a convert to Protestantism, was disinherited by his father, who was a substantial farmer of Oxfordshire. The sternness of the old Romanist, or bigotry as our age would call it, casting off his own son for embracing what he conceived to be an error, and the inflexible conscientiousness of the son, submitting to the loss of his patrimony, rather than betray his convictions, are noteworthy antecedents of the resolute character of their descendant. By his diligence and prudence, however, Milton's father had acquired an independent livelihood, and become able to make suitable provision for the education and comfort of his family. He himself was a man of liberal taste and varied accomplishments. His grandson Philip, Milton's nephew, says of him: "He did not so far quit his generous and ingenious inclinations, as to make himself wholly a slave to the world;" a trait of character which

some, whom we know, would do well to imitate. He was an especial admirer of music, owned a parlor organ, bass-viol and other musical instruments, and brought up his family in the love and exercise of that Divine Art. With a natural talent for music, aided by such an education, his son John became a passionate lover of the art, and an earnest advocate of its cultivation. Thus in his Tractate of Education he recommends, with a manifest recollection of his own early home education, that the intervals of rest, which occur in the education of young men, "be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learned; . . . which if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic hardships and distempered passions."

But better than all other charms, which rested on the London scrivener's home, were the high moral and religious influences which prevailed there. It was indeed a genuine Puritan home, not sombre, gloomy, forbidding, as the common idea would make it, but grave, serious, quiet, yet withal cheerful and cozy, abounding in innocent delights, intelligent conversation, pleasant recreations, useful occupations, lofty Christian meditations and pursuits. Milton's mother also deserves particular mention (as the mother of what great man does not?) for he speaks of her as "a most excellent mother, and particularly known for her charities in the neighborhood." With grateful and noble pride does Milton in after life refer to the home of his youth, and to the pure and Christian training which he there received.

We have a portrait of Milton taken at the age of ten by Cornelius Jansen, a young Dutch painter of that

day, regarded as second only to Vandyck, and which is no doubt an exceedingly truthful likeness. You have probably seen in shop-windows and elsewhere, what purports to be a portrait of Milton in his boyhood, in which he is represented as a young cherub, or rather a young something between a cherub and a seraph, with a celestial cast of countenance with features of the most orthodox classical mould, with long golden ringlets clustering around his shoulders, the whole gotten up after the most approved style of the seraphic-cherubification of boys. Why people will persist in painting angels as nice boys, or nice boys as angels, is, I confess, to me a mystery. If you have seen such an angelification of the young Milton, let me beseech you to dismiss it from your memory at once. It is no more like Milton than it is like a real angel. Jansen's portrait is that of a charming little English boy, in a black-braided tightly-fitting coat, with a wide lace frill around the neck, of a delicate red and white complexion, light auburn hair cropped close, disclosing a massive, practical cast of head, a grave countenance, the predominant expression of which is a mild, loving, and lovable earnestness, less removed, one would think, from tears than smiles, although when it changes into smiles, one sees they must be of rare winningness. Altogether it is the picture of a "sweet little Roundhead," differing from an angel's in this, that you do not tire of it; but the more you look at it, the more you like it.

This serious little Roundhead, who, as his father played the organ at evening, would stand by his side, lost in rapture, and as soon almost as he could reach the keyboard, learned to play himself, who if he did not, like Pope, "lisp in numbers," did certainly scribble boyish rhymes, and was in consequence installed poet-laureate of the family, was according to his own

account "destined by his parents and friends from childhood to the service of the Church." It was resolved accordingly to give him a liberal education. He gives himself the following account of his early youth and studies. "I was born at London, of an honest family. My father was distinguished by the undeviating integrity of his life, my mother by the esteem in which she was held, and the alms which she bestowed. My father destined me while yet a boy for the study of humane letters, which I seized with such eagerness, that from the twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight; which indeed was the first cause of injury to my eyes, to whose natural weakness there were also added frequent headaches. All which not retarding my impetuosity in learning, he caused me to be daily instructed both at grammar school and under other masters at home; and then when I had acquired various tongues, and also some not insignificant taste for the sweetness of philosophy, he sent me to Cambridge, one of our two national universities." The only teacher of Milton of whom we have any account was Thomas Young, a Scotch Puritan, "who cut his hair short." The grammar school of which Milton speaks, was St. Paul's School, taught at this time by Dr. Gill, who was assisted by his son, Alexander Gill, and who is described as "a very ingenious person, who notwithstanding had his moods and humors, as particularly his whipping fits," which Milton had occasion to remember.

Milton entered Cambridge in the year 1625, when he was a little over sixteen years of age. There he pursued his studies with indefatigable assiduity for seven years. Dr. Johnson, in his life of Milton, has given publicity to a silly and ungrounded rumor that Milton was one of the last students in either uni-

versity that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction. The rough old Tory's prejudice against the Republican champion has led him too easily in this as in other matters, to fear something to be true which was not. The only circumstance which can give color to the tradition is, that a quarrel between Milton and his tutor, which may have amounted to a personal scuffle, and in which possibly Milton not being a Heenan, came off second best, led to a brief rustication of the young man at his father's home, the "*otium cum dignitate*" of which "exile" (as he calls it) he seems to have appreciated and enjoyed not less than others after him have done.

It is indeed quite possible that he was not as great a favorite with the College authorities as he might have made himself by greater ductility and tractability, by showing less independence and less disdain for the time-sanctioned routine of University discipline. He might also have acquired greater popularity among his fellow-collegiates had he exhibited less of that proud and sensitive reserve, less of that womanly delicacy of soul which shrank from the coarseness, the boisterousness and recklessness of university life. There is, however, sufficient evidence to show that by his attainments, his culture, and the purity and nobleness of his character, he compelled the admiration of his instructors, secured the esteem of his fellows and won the passionate idolization of his friends.

We have another portrait of Milton while a student at Cambridge, in which he appears to us as a fresh, fair complexioned, frank looking English youth, of slender but graceful form, with oval face, dark gray eye, long light brown hair falling to his ruff, with the same gentle seriousness brooding over the face, which is, however, now lighted up by the pride of conscious power and the cheerfulness of resolution and hope. "His de-

portment at this time," says one, "was affable, his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness." He tells us himself that he practiced daily with his sword, and that "armed with it, as he generally was, he was in the habit of thinking himself quite a match for any one, even were he much more robust, and of being perfectly at ease as to any injury that any one could offer him, man to man." Notwithstanding, so fair and delicate was he in appearance and so serious and pure in manners, that he was known as "The Lady of Christ's College." In one of his College Orationes we find him alluding to the matter thus: "Why seem I then too little of a man? . . . Is it because I never was able to quaff huge tankards lustily? or because my hands never grew hard by holding the plough, or because I never, like a seven years' herdsman, laid myself down and snored at midday; in fine, perchance, because I never proved my manhood in the same way as these debauched blackguards? I would they could as easily doff the ass, as I can whatever of the woman is in me."

And here is the place perhaps to make a remark which is indispensable to a correct view of Milton's life and character; to-wit, that having in very early youth formed the conviction that "by labor and intense study, which," he says, "I take to be my portion in this life, joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die," he seems to have realized almost as early that in order to accomplish this end he must develop in himself a perfect and heroic character. "Long it was not after," he tells us, "when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, *ought himself to be a true poem*, that is, a composition and pattern of the best and

honorableness things." Noble words! He who would write a poem must be a true poet; he who would fitly represent whatever is noble and honorable must be a composition and pattern of the best and honorable things; he who would accomplish a great and Divine work in the world must above all things keep himself pure. Without high moral integrity there can be no real success. No virtue, no victory. With this fixed principle did Milton begin life, and it was the key of his success. Spurning away from him all Devil's Wild Oats fallacies, and planting himself on God's truth, "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap,"—*that*, and nothing else, he sought from early springtime to make his mind a garden of all which might be fair and fruitful, to implant therein the purest and heavenliest germs, to weed out all which was rank and noxious; to build therein bowers for heavenly contemplation; to open fountains of divinest joy, to make it, in a word, an Eden, the spiritual counterpart of that earthly one of which he was sanctioned to sing. And so, at the age of twenty-three, he says:

"All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

One can easily see how such a youth might be ridiculed by the gay young wits of Cambridge; looking forward through the Centuries and into Eternity, one can also see how well he could afford it.

Milton left the University in his 24th year. As has been already remarked, he was educated for the Church. It would seem, however, that while in the University his views underwent a change. He himself tells us that he had been "destined to the service of the Church by the intentions of his parents and friends, and in his own resolutions; till coming to some matur-

ity of years, and perceiving that tyranny had invaded the Church, that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, and take an oath withal which he must either straight perjure or split his faith," he thought it "better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing." In other words, we are to understand that such were the corruptions which had introduced themselves into the Church, such the restraints imposed on the freedom which a man like Milton must claim for himself, so offensive the pretensions and assumptions of Laudism, then a growing power in the Church, that Milton, with his nice sense of honor, his independence and integrity, as well as his strong Puritanic sympathies, could not compromise his manhood and self-respect by such servility as the Prelacy would require of him. "For me," he writes a few years later, "I have determined to lay up as the best treasure and solace of a good old age, if God vouchsafe it me, the honest liberty of free speech from my youth, where I shall think it available in so dear a concernment as the Church's good." Let me give you here one or two examples of the "Free speech," which Milton claimed he exercised. "What would ye say now, grave fathers, if you should wake and see unworthy Bishops, or rather no Bishops, but Egyptian taskmasters of ceremonies thrust purposely upon the groaning Church, to the affliction and vexation of God's people?" "He that will mould a modern Bishop into a primitive, must yield him to be elected by the popular voice, undiocesed, unrevenued, unlorded, and leave him nothing but brotherly equality, matchless temperance, frequent fasting, incessant prayer and preaching, continual watchings and labors in his ministry; which, what a rich booty it would be, what a plump endow-

ment to the many-benefice-gaping mouth of a prelate, what a relish it would give to his canary-sucking and swan-eating palate, let old Bishop Mountain judge for me." "They have been in England to our souls a sad and doleful succession of illiterate and blind guides, to our purses and goods a wasteful band of robbers, a perpetual havoc and rapine; to our State a continual hydra of mischief and molestation, a forge of discord and rebellion." A man who would thus think and speak would have made rather a singular figure in the English Church of that day. Such a Bishop or Dean as he would have made, one is rather amused in trying to imagine. With a Charles Stuart at the head of the Nation, and a William Laud at the head of the Church, the situation of a Rev. or Right Rev. John Milton, would have been a peculiar one. On the whole perhaps Milton did wisely to hesitate about taking orders, at least to postpone the matter.

Having graduated at the University, and being "Church-outed (as he calls it,) by the prelates," he went home to his father, who had retired from business on an ample competency, and had taken up his abode at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, not quite twenty miles due west from London. To use his own account: "I retired to my father's house, whither I was accompanied by the regrets of most of the fellows of the College, who showed me no common marks of friendship and esteem. At my father's country residence, whither he had retired to pass his old age, I, with every advantage of leisure, spent a complete holiday in turning over the Greek and Latin writers, not but that sometimes I exchanged the country for the town, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning something new in Mathematics, or in Music, in which sciences I then delighted. I then became anxious to

visit foreign parts, and particularly Italy." These five years we must hastily pass over with the remark that the masques *Comus* and *Arcades*, and several of his minor poems, such as *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, were then composed. There is, however, one glimpse of his inner life at this time which I must give you. It is contained in a letter to his friend *Diodati*. "You make many anxious inquiries," he writes, "even as to what I am thinking of. Hearken, *Theodotus*, lest I blush, and allow me for a little to speak big words to you. You ask me what I am thinking of? So may the Good Deity help me, of Immortality! But what am I doing? I am pluming my wings, and meditating flight, but as yet our *Pegasus* raises himself on very tender pinions. Let us be lowly wise." Out of lowliness, wisdom, and aspiration like that, *Diodati* may reasonably expect that something would come, as indeed the world knows that there did come "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

In the month of April, 1638, Milton, being in his 30th year, set out for the continent, which was at that time the theater of the Thirty Years War. It was not, however, an irrepressible curiosity to see a big Battle, such as History informs us, carried distinguished Members of Congress and others to the plains of *Manassas*, and some of them a little further, in the Year of Grace, 1861, that induced Milton to visit the Continent, for he avoided the seat of war entirely. Neither was it that he might write a *Book of Travels*. His literary ambition does not seem to have aspired so high. Neither was it for recreation. It was work, serious business, a part of that disciplinary "pluming" process by which he hoped to prepare himself for that flight into Immortality, to which he looked forward. At Paris he visited the renowned *Grotius*, who "took his visit kindly, and gave him

entertainment suitable to his worth and the high commendations he had heard of him. At Florence he stopped about two months, where he "contracted an intimacy with many persons of rank and learning, and was a constant attendant on their literary parties." "There it was," he writes, "that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." A memorable interview that, between the blind old Martyr of Science, and England's coming Poet, now bright with the beautiful morn of manhood, but ere he has fairly passed its noon, himself to be, like the sage before him,

"from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to him expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

At Rome he "spent two months in viewing the antiquities of that renowned city." At Naples he formed the acquaintance of Manso, the friend of the illustrious poet Tasso. "When I was about to return to Rome," he says, "the merchants [at Naples] warned me that they learnt by letters that snares were being laid for me by the English Jesuits, if I should return to Rome, on the ground that I had spoken too freely concerning religion. For I had made this resolution with myself—not indeed of my own accord to introduce in those places conversation about religion, but if interrogated respecting the faith, then, whatsoever I should suffer, to dissemble nothing. To Rome therefore I did return, notwithstanding what I had been told; what I was, if any one asked, I concealed from no one; if any one in the very city of the Pope attacked the orthodox religion, I as before,

for a second space of nearly two months, defended it most freely." A man evidently who knew no fear, who did not dare to lie; who like most of those old Puritans, like poor Prynne, for example, whose ears were sawed off, feared the fire of hell, that is the pain of God's displeasure and of a guilty conscience, more than the Pope, or all the fires of the Inquisition; a man who, had he lived in our day, would be much safer *out of* the "Southern Confederacy," than in it. "By the favor of God," he continues, "I got safe back to Florence, where I was received with as much affection as if I had returned to my native country." Then a month in surveying the curiosities of Venice. "At Geneva I held daily conferences with John Diodati, the learned Professor of Theology. Then pursuing my former route through France, I returned to my native country, after an absence of about one year and three months." At the close of his journey he was able to make this proud declaration: "I again take God to witness, that in all those places, where so many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that though I might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes of God." A man, we should say, to be trusted, one of an old tribe of whom it has been said that they walked with God, and lived as seeing the Invisible. It might be worth our while to inquire, how much this fact had to do with making those men just what they were, and whether really if we wish "to make our lives sublime," we had not better begin where they did.

Milton's return to England was hastened by a cause which he describes as follows: "When I was preparing to push over into Sicily and Greece, the melancholy intelligence which I received of the civil commotions in

England made me alter my purpose ; for I thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home." In the midst of the excitements of travel, the amenities of refined social intercourse, the thousand objects of interest which greeted his scholarly tastes, and poetic instincts on the classic soil of Italy, the trumpet of conflict, sounding from his Northern island home, roused the Hero-spirit of the man, and summoned him to the battle. That great contest, one of the grandest which the world has yet known, merits here a brief consideration.

The grand Puritanic Revolution, which we are now about to contemplate, was the culmination of a struggle which had been going on in England for more than a century. The conflict between the Old and the New in religion, between formalism and a living faith, between ceremonialism and simplicity in worship, between priestcraft and individual liberty, spiritual tyranny and free inquiry, known as the Protestant Reformation, differed in various important respects in England from the same movement elsewhere. On the continent, the contest was waged distinctly and definitely between the Church of Rome on one hand, panoplied in the traditions, canons, and decretals of Ages, and the Protestants on the other, at first a devout and zealous party within the Church, desiring the reformation of its practices, and the purification of its doctrines, but afterwards by the excommunication and voluntary withdrawal of its members consolidated into a new and reformed Church. In England, where the contest assumed at first the same form, the insubordination of Henry VIII. to the Pope, which resulted in detaching the nation at one blow from Rome, made the Church, so far as its foreign relations were concerned, independ-

ent, but left the contending parties, exclusive of those who still adhered to the Pope, nearly on the same footing as before, excepting that each party found itself more or less restricted in the exercise of its liberty, and constrained to abate somewhat of its claims. The consequence was that in the very heart of the English Church were two powerful opposite tendencies, the one gravitating toward Rome, the other toward Geneva. The former, having triumphed in the ritual and worship of the Church, sought also to Romanize its doctrines; the latter having triumphed in its articles and homilies, sought also to simplify its forms. The one retained its reverence for an imposing hierarchy, endowed with plenary powers in all ecclesiastical and religious matters; the other, rejecting the rank-distinctions of prelacy as unscriptural, inclined to a more democratic theory of the constitution of the Church, and of the rights and liberties of its members. The prelatical party, having transferred to the English Monarch the allegiance which had formerly been yielded to the Pope, easily glided into the most servile theories of the Divine Right of Kings, and the duty of non-resistant submission; the Presbyterian party, having always resisted the usurpation of ecclesiastical authority by the civil power, were exceedingly jealous of all royal encroachments on their political, as well as religious liberties. Under the Tudors this controversy, although at times it raged violently, was nevertheless working toward a harmonious solution. Henry and Elizabeth were, it is true, inflexible, and often arbitrary, in the assertion of the royal prerogative, but they had wisdom also to foresee the point beyond which it might not be safe to wage their claims. The Stuarts were not gifted with the same discretion. James I. insulted his Parliament by reminding them that they held their privileges only during his

good pleasure, and that they had no more right to examine his prerogatives than those of the Deity. Fortunately however, he possessed neither the courage, nor the ability to maintain his extravagant pretensions against their opposition. His son, Charles I., who succeeded him, had far more strength of will. He was a despot by nature, by education and by conviction. No obligation into which he entered toward his subjects could bind him. He violated without compunction the most solemn pledges given to the nation. Finding Parliament intractable, he dissolved it once and again, and at last sought to govern the nation without it. He levied by his own authority taxes which were without a shadow of legal right. The Star Chamber and High Commission Courts exercised the most tyrannical inquisitorial functions, and fined, imprisoned, pilloried and mutilated their victims with malignant ferocity. His political counselor, Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, a man of consummate ability and imperious resolution, sought to convert the monarchy into an absolute despotism, and to make the crown the unchallenged arbiter of the property and liberty of the subject. His religious counselor, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, a man of narrow but decided views, of an irritable but unyielding temper, sought by cruel oppressions and persecutions, to crush out Puritanism, in the Church, and out of it. Many fled for refuge to the wilds of New England, there to lay the foundations of a free Commonwealth. Those who remained were filled with dismal forebodings for the future. But at this juncture the Primate, in the very insanity of bigotry, determined to subjugate Scotland to his Anglo-Romanism: Scotland, the land of Knox, the hotbed of Puritanism, where Rome was hated as the gate of perdition, and where the choice between the Pope and the Devil might not have been

the most flattering to his Holiness. On this country Laud resolved to impose two abominations, as the Scotch considered them, Bishops and a Liturgy. The country rose in mass against them. In St. Giles' Kirk, Edinburgh, as the Bishop was proceeding to read the Collect of the day, Jenny Geddes, a market-woman, hurled her stool at his head. Some cried out—"A Pape! a Pape!" Others,—“Stane him! Stane him!” The riot grew into a general rebellion. The King, unsuccessful in his attempts to subdue it, and being without means to carry on the war, was compelled to call Parliament, which had not met for eleven years, the longest interval between two Parliaments ever known in the history of England. That which now met however, made up for it perhaps, by continuing in power thirteen years, whence it is called the “Long Parliament.”

These were the “civil commotions,” the “melancholy intelligence” of which caused Milton to abandon his plan of visiting Greece, and to return immediately to his native land. The decision must have cost him no small struggle. Flushed with the tribute of admiration and praise which he everywhere received, reveling in the contemplation of scenes crowned with historic interest, drinking into his soul the inspirations of the past and the present, storing his mind with rare and glorious images wherewith to adorn the future creations of his genius, and exulting in the prospect of the increase of such delights amid other and still more venerable scenes, it must have required no ordinary resolution to resist such fascinations, or to deny himself such enjoyments. But Milton was no intellectual voluptuary, no self-pampering virtuoso, to whom the gratification of his own desires, and the culture of his own powers were objects of infinitely higher consequence than the rights and interests of his fellow-men.

Like every true man he felt that his life and powers were not his own, and that it was, as he said, "a base thing to be seeking his own amusement, while his fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home." This was his first great victory; others and greater ones were soon to follow.

"As soon as I was able," he informs us, "I hired a spacious house for myself and my books, where I again with rapture renewed my literary pursuits, and where I calmly awaited the issue of the contest, which I trusted to the wise conduct of Providence, and to the courage of the people." This curious statement, which seems at first sight to be at variance with the avowed object of his return, to take an active part in the struggle then going on, is to be explained as follows. He found on his arrival in England, that the commotions which had been reported to him in Italy, and which perhaps, as usual, had been magnified by rumor, had sensibly subsided at the reassembling of Parliament in 1640. He therefore wisely deemed it best to await the issue now being tried between the King and Parliament. "*With rapture,*" he tells us, "he renewed his literary pursuits," an expression which shows us how much it had cost him to give them up. In the "spacious house" hired by him, he taught a number of boys after a system of education very different from that pursued in all the public institutions of that day, and much more nearly resembling our modern systems. I am probably safe also in saying, incredible as the statement may appear to an American, whose first business in life it is to get born, and whose second it is to set up for himself, that Milton, now a bachelor of thirty-two, had never earned a penny in the world, until he began to teach this select school in London.

But not long did Milton indulge in the favorite liter-

ary occupations, to which he so rapturously returned. The battle began to be too hot all about him for such as him to remain quiet; but on which side should he fight? To which of the great parties should he attach himself? On the one side was royalty, surrounded by the romance of "Right Divine," and by the base actualities of perfidy, cruelty, and tyranny: there was Prelacy with its semi-popery of genuflections and surplices, its "piebald frippery, and ostentation of ceremonies;" there, for the most part, was the nobility, priding itself on its pedigrees, its gentle blood, its aristocratic privileges; with a loose crowd of base fellows of the lewder sort "bringing up the rear." On the other side, led by a few noblemen, of heaven's line as well as of earth's, were the people of England, its stout and sturdy yeomanry; its middle classes, its farmers, artisans, "greasy mechanics," as in the refined vocabulary of a modern chivalry they would be called, above all, the Puritanism of England, that is to say, its faith in God, its zeal for reformation, its yearnings after spiritual progress, its Divine scorn of shams in Church and State, its Hell-Devil-defying earnestness, its martyr-spirit, as Milton so gratefully describes it, "with the irresistible might of weakness shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon." For this is what the Puritanism of the Seventeenth Century meant. It was not the canting, sniffing, drawling, bigoted, morose deformity, which the stage buffoons of that day caricatured, and which godless satirists of later days have travestied. Neither was it exclusively that bundle of rigidities, exaggerations, and Hebrewisms, which Macaulay, with his fondness for brilliant colorings and pointed aphorisms, has grouped together. Charles Kingsley says truly of the "average Puritan, nobleman, gentleman,

merchant, or farmer," that he was "a picturesque and poetical man, a man of higher imagination and deeper feeling than the average of Court poets, and a man of sound taste also:" and that "we, if we met such a ruffed and ruffled worthy as used to swagger by hundreds up and down Paul's Walk, not knowing how to get a dinner, much less to pay his tailor, should look on him as firstly a fool, and secondly, a swindler: while, if we met an old Puritan, we should consider him a man gracefully and picturesquely dressed, but withal in the most perfect sobriety of good taste; and when we discovered, (as we probably should,) over and above, that the harlequin cavalier had a box of salve and a pair of dice in one pocket, a pack of cards and a few pawnbroker's duplicates in the other, that his thoughts were altogether of citizen's wives, and their too easy virtue, and that he could not open his mouth without a dozen oaths, we should consider the Puritan, (even though he did quote Scripture somewhat through his nose), as the gentleman, and the courtier as a most offensive specimen of the 'snob triumphant, glorying in his shame.'"

It is always well when we can, to give modern illustrations of ancient facts; I may, therefore, be allowed to introduce in this connection a short extract from the Special Correspondence of the London Times, a foreign newspaper. The writer informs the world that the inhabitants of a well known Southern State, whose "admiration for monarchical institutions, privileged classes and a landed aristocracy is undisguised and apparently genuine," naturally "regard with an aversion of which it is impossible to give an idea to one who has not seen its manifestations, the people of New England and the populations of the Northern States, whom they regard as tainted beyond cure by the venom

of 'Puritanism.' Whatever may be the cause, this is the fact and the effect. 'The State of South Carolina was,' I am told, 'founded by gentlemen.' It was not established by witch-burning Puritans, by cruel persecuting fanatics, etc. It is absolutely astounding to a stranger who aims at the preservation of a decent neutrality to mark the violence of these opinions. 'If that confounded ship had sunk with those—Pilgrim Fathers on board,' says one, 'we never should have been driven to these extremities. We could have got on with these fanatics if they had been either Christians or gentlemen,' says another, 'for in the first case they would have acted with common charity and in the second they would have fought when they insulted us; but there are neither Christians nor gentlemen among them.' (It is encouraging to see that there is a glimmering consciousness of a difference between a Christian and what is known as a gentleman, even in South Carolina.) 'Anything on the earth,' exclaims a third, 'any form of government, any tyranny or despotism you will; but'—and here is an appeal more terrible than the adjuration of all the gods—nothing on earth shall ever induce us to submit to any union with the brutal, bigoted blackguards of the New England States, who neither comprehend nor regard the feeling of gentlemen! Man, woman and child, we'll die first.'"

The present contest between the Puritan's Democracy of the North and the aristocratic, self-styled "Chivalry" of the South, is indeed in many respects the same old Seventeenth Century conflict repeating itself under new forms—with *this important exception*, that whereas Puritanism seems to have lost very little in dropping the nasal twang and Old Testament dialect of the Fathers and in working itself out into Free Schools, Free Speech, a Free Press, benevolent institutions and

Christian Churches, assimilating to itself all the new elements which it has received from without, and adapting itself to the requirements of progress—*Chivalry*, reduced at first to the fewest possible drops of 'gentle blood,' and these for the most part the aristocratic dregs of the Old World, diluted in rivers of base plebeian blood, and pampered for nearly two centuries with the vitiating influences of a rotten system of society, can not be said to have very much improved. While accordingly, I have no doubt at all, that Cromwell, Hampden, Pym and Milton, if raised from the dead, would find very little difficulty in soon making themselves at home among the Yankees of the North (which indeed would be the less to be wondered at, seeing that some of them came very near being Yankees, and would have been, had not Charles I. put an embargo on their expatriation, a piece of folly of which he afterwards repented with his head)—I do think, on the other hand, that Hamilton, Holland, Newcastle, or any old-fashioned genuine cavalier, would have looked with something more than astonishment if any one of the half-a-million aspirants to the name in Rebellom had approached him with anything like the familiarity with which a cur might approach its master.

So much for our modern illustration. Returning to Milton, you are already prepared to hear that the question, which side he should take? did not admit of long hesitation on his part. "Already," says Carlyle, "either in conscious act, or clear tendency, the far greater part of the serious thought and manhood of England had asserted itself Puritan." Milton is proof of this. He was by birth, education, instinct and choice, a Puritan. He was no compromise, or half-way man, as some have sought to delineate him. No one who reads his works can doubt this for a moment. He

was indeed the Ideal Puritan of his age, of all time; far more truly than Rupert, or the "wandering Charlie" could be called the Ideal Cavalier, for the simple reason that an Ideal is something toward which there is an *upward* tendency. A class which is ever tending downward can not properly be said to have an Ideal. It is far juster, therefore, to judge the Puritans by their representative men than to judge the Chivalry by theirs. For such a man as Milton was, such did each humbler Puritan, each Sword-of-the-Lord and-Gideon Heartwell or Smite-them-hip-and-thigh Armsteady strive, in some dumb or stammering fashion, to be. Each one sought in his rough way to make his life a poem, and had more or less success in the same. If not very musical, it was at least a genuine poem. It may be said indeed that Cromwell is the true exponent of Puritanism, and so he is of Puritanism considered as an active, combative, conquering and regnant force in History; but of the Puritan character, regarded in itself, in its seriousness, purity, conscientiousness and earnest sympathy with beauty and truth, John Milton is the noblest Model we have.

This representative Puritan then, being at that time a humble schoolmaster in London, saw, in looking around him, that the Church, as then managed and ruled, was "the grand engine of oppression in the hands of the King." When, therefore, the Parliament began "to humble the pride of the Bishops," all his attention and zeal was awakened. "I saw," to use his own language, "that a way was opening for the establishment of real liberty; that the foundation was laying for the deliverance of man from the yoke of slavery and superstition; that the principles of religion which were the first objects of my care, would exert a salutary influence on the manners and constitution of

the Republic ; and as I had from my youth studied the distinctions between religious and civil rights, I perceived that if I ever wished to be of use, I ought at least not to be wanting to my country, to the Church and to so many of my fellow-Christians, in a crisis of so much danger. I therefore determined to relinquish the other pursuits in which I was engaged, and to transfer the whole force of my talents and my industry to this one important object."

To this end Milton wrote and published his first book. It was *not*, like the first book of many Miltons of our day, a volume of Juvenile Poems, published in deference to the urgent solicitations of numerous friends of the Author, although, as we know, the charming little Roundhead of ten was even then a poet. Milton's first *formal* appearance before the public was not in the character of a poet, although anybody could see that he was a poet. Indeed, to an age so prolific in poets and poetesses, whose first volumes antedate by months the period of life when according to our overdiscreet ancestors a young man or a young woman might, in extreme cases, legally dispense with the guardianship of their elders, it may well be an astounding fact, that the Author of Paradise Lost, although he had already written some of the finest poetry in the English language, had not at the age of thirty-two deliberately printed a single volume. A few of his poems had, it is true, crept into print; some, as Lycidas, hiding themselves modestly in collections of poems by various authors; others, as the Masques Arcades and Comus, printed for the accommodation of the musical public; none, so far as I can discover, of malice aforethought on the part of Milton. Verily times change and poets change with them. But then! the brilliant discovery had not yet been made, that Modesty is scarcely com-

patible with the self-conscious greatness of Genius ; and the spirit of modern enterprise had hardly begun to show itself, which, as it would not shrink from contracting to build Rome in a day, would as little hesitate to supply the New York Ledger with one book of the Iliad per week. It is a fact then, not without its lesson to aftertimes, that the greatest poet of his age, and one of the greatest of all time, did not print a book until he saw that the time had come when he might strike a telling blow for the truth.

Dr. Johnson has insinuated that Milton's cowardice led him to use the pen instead of the sword. Had Milton been a Tory, the good Doctor would have spurned such a suspicion with scorn. Is a man necessarily a coward, who believes that he can better serve his country otherwise than as a soldier? There are times when a soldier's calling and a soldier's work seem transfigured with rare and radiant glory. Honor, immortal honor, to those who at their country's call gird themselves for the battle, step into the serried ranks, march to the stirring strains of liberty, follow the good old flag of their nation's honor, gather around it with undaunted hearts where the battle-storm is loudest, charge on the foe with exultant shout where the sulphur clouds are thickest, disdaining danger, braving death for God and their right. Blessed are they when their Country crowns their triumphant return with the laurel wreaths of victory. Blessed are they when Peace, restored by their stout arms and valorous hearts, sweetens their cup of joy with the proud memories of self-sacrificing devotion. Thrice blessed are they when their poured out blood is a part of the price by which their country's deliverance is purchased, and when, mourning their loss, she hallows with her tears the sod beneath which moulder the hearts of her fallen brave. But are there no

battles except at the cannon's mouth? Is there no courage but that which can face without quailing the thunder of artillery? Are there not other sacrifices no less hard, no less costly than that of life? Was Milton the less a hero because he conquered himself, and gained a victory over the ruling passion, the daring ambition of his soul, than if he had shot down a royalist? Consider a moment what is implied in the modest declaration before quoted: "I therefore determined to relinquish the other pursuits in which I was engaged and to transfer the whole force of my talents and my industry to this one important object." Remember that for years he had cherished in his inmost soul the design of producing a poem such as that "aftertimes should not willingly let it die;" that it was his fond hope, "that what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, (I quote his own words,) I, in my proportion, with this over and above of being a Christian, might do for mine;" that it was the dream of his waking and sleeping hours to write "a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, as the vapors of wine; like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases;" that to accomplish this work, he had from earliest youth bestowed on all his powers the deepest culture, that he had sought to keep his soul pure from every contamination of vice, that he had traveled abroad, visiting the ruins of antiquity, communing at once with the glories of the Past, and

with the life of the Present, that he had in a word so labored and lived that those who knew him best regarded him with wondering awe, as a magnificent promise, heralding its own fulfillment. Was it nothing to tear himself from those beloved occupations, to turn his back on that glowing hope, which had been to him the morning star of Immortality; to resign for years, it might be forever, the possibility of giving birth to those transcendent creations, which even then awaited the fiat of his genius? Was it no sacrifice "to interrupt (as he says), the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings?" Ah! Dr. Johnson, you too were a hero, I admit, and no common one either, albeit a very surly one; but I must say that I can find nothing in your life quite as heroic as this one act of Milton's, this resolution to lay aside that lyre of exquisite sound which God had given him, to lock up within him those "thoughts that moved harmonious numbers;" to bid adieu to those fair ideals of beauty, harmony, and truth, which thronged his path, and beckoned him to their high abodes, and to beat about among the stupidities and inanities of frog-and-mice controversies, to open the "packsaddles" of pompous pedants, and to fight the "inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery" of the heroes of unsung Dunciads. "But were it the meanest underservice, if God, by his secretary Conscience enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back." Who but a hero could have said

that? But hear his own vindication: "Though I did not participate in the toils or dangers of the war, yet I was at the same time engaged in a service not less hazardous to myself, and more beneficial to my fellow-citizens; nor in the adverse turns of our affairs did I ever betray any symptoms of pusillanimity and dejection, or show myself more afraid than became me, of malice or of death; for since from my youth I was devoted to the pursuits of literature, and my mind had always been stronger than my body, I did not court the labors of a camp, in which any common person would have been of more service than myself, but resorted to that employment in which my exertions were likely to be of most avail. Thus with the better part of my frame, I contributed as much as possible to the good of my country, and to the success of the glorious cause in which we were engaged. . . . Hence, while I applaud those who were victorious in the field, I will not complain of the province which was assigned me; but rather congratulate myself upon it, and thank the author of all good for having placed me in a station, which may be an object of envy to others, rather than of regret to myself."

Milton's first book was entitled, "Of Reformation in England, and the causes that hitherto have hindered it." Its object is to prove that prelacy is essentially hostile to civil liberty. It is written with vigor, acuteness, and eloquence; it is rich in illustration, ponderous in argument, severe in its satire, and often majestic in style, as well as thought. His picture of modern politics would hardly be suspected of being 220 years old. "This is the masterpiece of a modern politician; how to qualify and mould the sufferance and subjection of the people to the length of that foot that is to tread on their necks; how rapine may serve itself with the fair

and honorable pretenses of public good; how the puny law may be brought under the wardship and control of lust and will, in which attempt if they fall short then must a superficial cola of reputation by all means, direct or indirect, be gotten to wash over the unsightly bruise of honor. . . . To be plainer, sir, how to sodder, how to stop a leak, how to keep up the floating carcass of a crazy and diseased monarchy or state, betwixt wind and water, swimming still upon her own dead lees, that now is the deep design of a politician. Alas, sir! a commonwealth ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body."

One of the fashionable cant phrases of Milton's time was, that extremes must be avoided. It would seem that there then existed a class of nice respectable citizens, who prided themselves greatly on their moderation, and who had an especial horror of everything like ultraism. "We must not run," they said, "into sudden extremes." Milton boldly challenged this *dictum*. "This is a fallacious rule, unless understood only of the actions of virtue about things indifferent; for if it be found that those two extremes be vice and virtue, falsehood and truth, the greater extremity of virtue and superlative truth we run into, the more virtuous and the more wise we become; and he that, flying from degenerate and traditional corruption, fears to shoot himself too far into the meeting embraces of a divinely warranted reformation had better not have run at all. . . . Certainly we ought to hie us from evil like a torrent, and rid ourselves of corrupt discipline, as we would shake fire out of our bosoms."

That same respectable class seems moreover to have been exceedingly hostile to the idea of a "Higher Law." Prelacy, they said, must not be touched because it was

now so "weaved into the common law." "In God's name" then, says Milton, "let it weave out again; let not human quillets keep back divine authority. It is not the common law, nor the civil, but piety and justice that are our foundresses; they stoop not, neither change color for aristocracy, democracy, or monarchy, nor yet at all interrupt their just courses, but far above the taking notice of these inferior niceties, with perfect sympathy, wherever they meet, kiss each other."

The book closes with one of the sublimest prayers ever breathed to heaven; and so appropriate are its petitions to our present national condition, that I cannot refrain from rehearsing a portion of it, as specimen of an old-time patriotic prayer: "And now we know, O Thou our most certain hope and defense, that thine enemies have been consulting all the sorceries of the great whore, and have joined their plots with that sad intelligencing tyrant that mischiefs the world with his mines of Ophir, and lies thirsting to revenge his naval ruins that have larded our seas; but let them all take counsel together, and let it come to naught; let them decree, and do thou cancel it; let them gather themselves, and be scattered; let them embattle themselves, and be broken, for thou art with us. Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains, in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate Thy Divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness and casting far from her the rays of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation, to be found the soberest, wisest and most Christian people at that day, when Thou, the eternal and shortly-expected King, shalt open the clouds to

judge the several kingdoms of the world, and distributing national honors and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth; where they undoubtedly, that by their labors, counsels and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive above the inferior orders of the blessed, the regal additions of principalities, legions and thrones into their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in overmeasure for ever!"

Milton, having thus thrown himself into the conflict, carried it on with invincible earnestness. Pamphlet after pamphlet issued from his hand, abounding in learning, argument, eloquence and wisdom, confirming what Cowper says, that—

"A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart."

How beautifully does he discourse of the necessity of discipline, or, as we may call it, government. "He that hath read with judgment of nations and commonwealths, of cities and camps, of peace and war, sea and land, will readily agree that the flourishing and decaying of all civil societies, all the moments and turnings of human occasions are moved to and fro, as upon the axle of discipline. So that whatsoever power or sway in mortal things, weaker men have attributed to fortune, I durst, with more confidence (the honor of Divine Providence ever saved), ascribe either to the vigor or to the slackness of discipline. Nor is there any social perfection in this life, civil or sacred, that can be above discipline; but she is that which with her

musical cords preserves and holds all the parts thereof together. . . . And certainly discipline is not only the removal of disorder; but if any visible shape can be given to divine things, the very visible shape and image of virtue, whereby she is not only seen in the regular gestures and motions of her heavenly paces as she walks, but also makes the harmony of her voice audible to mortal ears. Yea, the angels themselves, in whom no disorder is feared, as the apostle that saw them in his rapture describes, are distinguished and quaternioned into the celestial principedoms and satrapies, according as God himself has writ his imperial decrees through the great provinces of heaven. The state also of the blessed in Paradise, though never so perfect, is not therefore left without discipline, whose golden surveying reed, marks out and measures every quarter and circuit of New Jerusalem."

Under a Republican government no question can be more important than—What should be the qualifications of its rulers? Hear what Milton says: A ruler must be "such a one as is a true knower of himself, and in whom contemplation and practice, wit, prudence, fortitude and eloquence, must be rarely met, both to comprehend the hidden causes of things and span in his thoughts all the various effects that passion or complexion can work in man's nature; and hereto must his hand be at defiance with gain, and his heart in all virtues heroic."

In the tract entitled "An Apology for Smectymnus," he has an eulogy on the Long Parliament, which I think it would be well for some Tract Society to republish and to put into the hands of every Member of Congress and Legislator, both as a specimen of splendid English prose, the study of which might greatly improve the style of some of our Honorable Representa-

tives, and also as a description of what a legislature ought to be. I can not forbear, however, reproducing one trait which Milton ascribes to that Parliament, which may God grant it to be true of ours.

“Having by a solemn protestation vowed themselves and the kingdom anew to God and his service, and by a prudent foresight above what their fathers dreamed on, prevented the dissolution and frustrating of their designs by an untimely breaking up; notwithstanding all the treasonous plots against them, all the rumors either of rebellion or of invasion, they have not been yet brought to change their constant resolution, ever to think fearlessly of their own safeties, and hopefully of the commonwealth, which hath gained them such an admiration from all good men, that now they hear it as their ordinary surname, to be saluted the fathers of their country, and sit as gods among daily petitions and public thanks flowing in upon them. . . . The more they seek to humble themselves, the more does God by manifest signs and testimonies visibly honor their proceedings. . . . Wicked men daily conspire their hurt, and it comes to nothing; rebellion rages in our Irish province, but with miraculous and lossless victories of few against many, is daily discomfited and broken. . . . And whereas at other times we count it ample honor when God vouchsafes to make man the instrument and subordinate worker of his gracious will, such acceptation have their prayers found with him, that to them he hath been pleased to make himself the agent and immediate performer of their desires; dissolving their difficulties when they are thought inexplicable, cutting out ways when no passage could be seen; as who is there so, regardless of Divine Providence that from late occurrences will not confess? . . . Which I leave with them as the greatest praise that

can belong to human nature; not that we should think that they are at the end of their glorious progress, but that they will go on to follow his Almighty leading, who seems to have thus covenanted with them; that if the will and the endeavor shall be theirs, the performance and the perfecting shall be his." It were something, were it not, to have a Congress like that in Washington just now?

Perhaps the most finished, certainly the best known of Milton's prose Treatises is the "Areopagitica; a Speech for the liberty of unlicensed Printing." The design of it he himself gives as follows: "Lastly, I wrote my Areopagitica, in order to deliver the press from the restraints with which it was encumbered; that the power of determining what was true and what was false, what ought to be published and what to be suppressed, might no longer be entrusted to a few illiterate and illiberal individuals, who refused their sanction to any work, which contained views or sentiments at all above the level of the vulgar superstition."

The question is often asked, what constitutes a Free State? Milton answers as follows: "This is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth; that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for."

The treatise abounds in evidences that Milton would have made a very unfit vassal of Jefferson Davis. How passionately he loved liberty! Speaking of the cause of "the flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily" in the land, he says: "It is the liberty, lords and commons, which your own valourous and happy counsels have purchased us; liberty,

which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarified and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. . . Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties."

How noble the confidence which he puts in the power of Truth! "Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?" What is secession but cowardice—want of faith in the might of the right, or rather perhaps, the consciousness of falsehood and wrong? If the rebel States are in the right, if their cause be just, if it be such as will ultimately triumph, why secede? Why skulk out of the field? Why decline the gage of battle with the weapons of Truth? "When a man," says Milton, "has been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, though it be valor enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty?"

In view of the evidences of activity, thrift, progress throughout the North, notwithstanding our difficulties, the following sentiments are highly inspiring. "When the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new

invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle" — and by the blessing of Heaven these words shall yet be prophetic not only of the nation to which they were first applied, but of its offspring, not then born, whose emblem is that very eagle which Milton proceeds so magnificently to describe — "methinks I seek her as an eagle sunning her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of the timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

But while Milton was thus dealing sturdy blows upon the bulwarks of oppression, Cromwell and his Ironsides were fighting against them with another kind of weapons. The rupture between the King and Parliament had by this time resulted in war. The history of that war we cannot now follow in detail. Suffice it to say, that the historian might without difficulty trace various interesting analogies between it and the Civil War now raging in this land. Substituting the Slave Oligarchy of the South for King Charles, and the U. S. Government for the Parliament, the points in the parallel will be seen without difficulty, as for instance: Charles was infatuated with the delusion that he held his throne under the seal of God: He sought to make himself absolute

Lord of the realm, to consolidate all power in his own hands. While negotiations were pending between himself and Parliament, he was all the time engaged in preparations for war. When he found that he could not make the Parliament his slave, he seceded from London, and took up arms against the nation. When it was palpable to the world that he was the aggressor, he mendaciously charged the Parliament and People with making war on him. His arms were at first victorious. He boasted of his invincibility. He sneered at the armies of the Commonwealth as mercenaries and hirelings. The Parliamentary army was composed mainly of raw recruits, and its generalship was at first very indifferent. It had its panics and disgraceful routs. London was hastily fortified. There were Peacemen in those days, who groaned over the unnatural war, and who cared more for purse than principle. But it was not long before the Leader whom God had raised made his appearance. Victory after victory blazed in his pathway, for his troopers had the fear of God, and "truly," says he, "they were never beaten at all." After the war had lasted nearly seven years, the King was taken. He was put on trial as a criminal, a traitor to the nation. Being found guilty, he was sentenced to die. On the 30th of January, 1648-9, he was beheaded in the open street before Whitehall for having "traitorously and maliciously imagined and contrived the enslaving or destroying of the nation." "Perhaps the most daring action any body of Men to be met with in history ever with clear conscientiousness deliberately set themselves to do," says one. Let our King Charles beware of the doom which the hand of Divine Justice has written against it, and which sooner or later on Heaven's appointed day, will fall on its neck, fatal, it may be swift, as the stroke of the Thunder's lightning-arm.

Hitherto Milton had not taken a direct part in the discussions concerning civil liberty, because, as he tells us, "I saw that sufficient attention was paid to it by the magistrates; nor did I write anything on the prerogative of the crown, till the king, voted an enemy by the parliament, and vanquished in the field, was summoned before the tribunal which condemned him to lose his head. But when at length some Presbyterian ministers, who had formerly been the most bitter enemies to Charles, became jealous of the growth of the Independents, and of their ascendancy in the parliament, most tumultuously clamored against the sentence, and did all in their power to prevent the execution, though they were not angry so much on account of the act itself, as because it was not the act of their party; and when they dared to affirm, that the doctrine of the Protestants, and of all the reformed churches, was abhorrent to such an atrocious proceeding against kings, I thought that it became me to oppose such a glaring falsehood; and accordingly without any immediate or personal application to Charles, I showed in an abstract consideration of the question, what might lawfully be done against tyrants, and in support of what I advanced, produced the opinions of the most celebrated divines, while I vehemently inveighed against the egregious ignorance or effrontery of men, who professed better things, and from whom better things might have been expected." That book did not make its appearance till after the death of Charles, and was written rather to reconcile the minds of the people to the event, than to discuss the legitimacy of that particular sentence, which concerned the magistrates, and which was already executed.

In this Treatise, called "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," Milton showed that he had no patience

with those men who were afraid to carry out their political convictions to their legitimate results, and to punish the royal traitor with merited death. "Others, who have been fiercest against their prince, under the notion of a tyrant, and no mean incendiaries of the war against them, when God, out of his providence and high disposal hath delivered him into the hand of their brethren, on a sudden and in a new garb of allegiance, which their doings have long since cancelled, they plead for him, pity him, extol him, protest against those that talk of bringing him to the trial of justice, which is the sword of God, superior to all mortal things, in whose hand soever by apparent signs his testified will is to put it." It is to be hoped that our Government will sometime learn that truth, and act on it.

I would respectfully recommend the following to those among ourselves who shiver at the ring of every vigorous blow, and whine about the unconstitutionality of those bold decisive measures which can alone save the Constitution, and leave us *anything* which is constitutional. "Another sort there is, who coming in the course of these affairs, to have their share in great actions above the form of law or custom, at least to give their voice and approbation, begin to swerve and almost shiver at the majesty and grandeur of some noble deed, as if they were newly entered into a great sin, disputing precedents, forms and circumstances, when the commonwealth nigh perishes for want of deeds in substance, done with just and faithful expedition."

There were not a few Englishmen who kept up a continual whimper about the horrors of a fratricidal war, and who demanded that such a war should instantly cease, or at least be prosecuted with the most

tender brotherly consideration and love. How little sympathy Milton had with such maundering sentimentalists may be judged from the following. "When fellow-subjects, neighbors, and friends do one to another so as hostility could do no worse, what doth the law decree less against them than open enemies and invaders? Or if the law be not present, or too weak, what doth it warrant us to less than single defence or civil war? And from that time forward the law of civil defensive war differs nothing from the law of foreign hostility. Nor is it distance of place that makes enmity, but enmity that makes distance. He, therefore, that keeps peace with me, near or remote, of whatsoever nation, is to me, as far as all civil and human offices, an Englishman and a neighbor; but if an Englishman, forgetting all laws human, civil, and religious, offend against life and liberty, to him offended and to the law in his behalf, though born in the same womb, he is no better than a Turk, a Saracen, a heathen." "Lawful war," he tells us again, "is but the execution of justice against them who refuse law."

In the month of March, 1649, within less than two months after the execution of Charles, Milton was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State. This appointment was a tribute at once to his thorough mastery of the Latin language, his incomparable literary ability, and the signal services which he had already rendered to his country. A fitter choice could not have been made. He brought to the discharge of his duty wisdom, integrity, genius of the highest order. His State papers have never been surpassed. Neither was his pen limited to these.

Soon after the King's death a book was published called "Eikôn Basilikè, Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings." It purported to

have been written by the Royal Martyr himself, although it is now known that the use of the King's name was a fraud. "I was ordered to answer it," says Milton, "and opposed the Ikonoklast [Image-breaker] to his Ikon [Image]. I did not insult over fallen majesty, as is pretended. I only preferred Queen Truth to King Charles." The arguments of this book are irresistible; its invective is tremendous. No sooner had he laid down his lance after this encounter than he was summoned again to enter the lists against one of the most learned and eminent scholars of the age, Claudius Salmasius, Professor in the University of Leyden, who had been employed by Charles II., then a fugitive in Holland, to advocate the cause of monarchy in general, and of Charles I. in particular. The Council forthwith ordered: "That Mr. Milton does prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius, and when he hath done it, bring it to the Council." And now we come upon one of the most touching and noble incidents to be found in the annals of Heroism. As we have already seen, Milton's eyes were naturally weak, and had been greatly injured in early youth by his protracted midnight studies. At the age of 42, his sight was so much impaired and his health so poor, that his physicians forewarned him that the labors to which he devoted himself would inevitably bring on blindness. Without a moment's hesitation the intrepid Patriot answered, Let blindness come, but let me serve my country. Years afterwards, when his enemies inhumanly exulted in his blindness as a Divine judgment for his sins against royalty, he wrote the following beautiful and touching words. "Since my enemies boast that this affliction is only a retribution for the transgressions of my pen, I again invoke the Almighty to witness, that I never, at any time, wrote anything

which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice and to piety. [How many, I wonder, of our modern politicians and editors can make that declaration?] This was my persuasion then, and I feel the same persuasion now. Nor was I ever prompted to such exertions by the influence of ambition, by the lust of lucre or of praise; it was only by the conviction of duty, and the feeling of Patriotism, a disinterested passion for the extension of civil and religious liberty. Thus therefore when I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the defense of the royal cause, when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye, and when my medical attendants clearly announced that if I did engage in the work, it would be irreparably lost; their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no dismay. I would not have listened even to the voice of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast; my resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty."

The next year Milton was totally blind. He had sacrificed his sight to his country. Ah! to be fascinated by the "pomp and circumstance of war," to be aroused by the trumpet voice of Battle, to yield to the inspirations of a great national enthusiasm that surges through the land like a mighty tide, to surrender oneself to the wild intoxication of glory, to have the lion in man waked up by the fierce roar of the cannon, to rush undaunted

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,"

when the heart is fire, and the blood is flame; that I

take it is not the hardest thing in the world, although I am far from saying that there is nothing laudable or grand about it. But calmly and deliberately to choose blindness as one's portion, to turn one's back on a future of light, brightness, and gladness, and instead to enter on a long black vista of darkness, to undergo voluntary banishment from all the joys, the truths, the labors which sight makes sweet, to render still more doubtful than ever the possibility of fulfilling the cherished hope of a life, the opportunity to "rise to the height of some great argument," which "the mind at home in the spacious circuits of her musing proposed to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting," to do this solely at the behest of "God's secretary, Conscience," sustained by no power other than that which springs up evermore in the pure and faithful heart, stimulated by no reward other than the approbation of God, the gratitude of one's country, and the consciousness of doing right, which are indeed the only reward a true man will care about, there is something *Divine* about that!

Twenty-four years was Milton blind. Not once, I venture to say, during all that period, did he murmur against his lot. Of many things he doubtless did complain; and who can blame him? Who with a nature so sensitive, so lofty, so honorable as his, could brook the indignities and cruelties practiced on him by those whose privilege it was to respect him, whose duty it was to love him? But his blindness he cheerfully accepted as the inevitable condition of serving his generation, and how even then he might best honor God, this was for the blind hero the great question of life. On the third anniversary of his blindness he addressed the following lines to his friend Cyriack Skinner:

"Cyriack, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied,
 In liberty's defence, my noble task."

Well might he rejoice in the thought that "Europe rings from side to side" with his work, for the world will ring with it forever.

This last work, which cost Milton his sight, was written in Latin, and was entitled "*Defensio pro Populo Anglicano Contra Claudii Salmasii Defensionem Regiam.*" It was a most triumphant vindication of the People of England. Its trenchant sarcasm, slashing logic, withering vituperation and the burning eloquence of words "winged with red lightning and impetuous rage," procured for it a wide circulation abroad as well as at home.

On the 16th of December, 1653, Oliver Cromwell was installed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England. Much has been said for and against the assumption of this dignity by Cromwell, especially against it. There are two facts, which are to my mind a conclusive justification of it. The principal fact is the condition into which England was plunged after Cromwell's death, and in which it remained for thirty years, a period which has been truly described as the darkest and most disgraceful period in the annals of England. The other fact is, that Milton, of the purity of whose patriotism, of the sternness of whose republicanism, of whose thorough acquaintance with the condition of the country and of the exigency of the times,

there can be no question whatever, was throughout a most ardent friend and supporter of Cromwell. In his "Second Defense of the People of England," published in a year after Cromwell's elevation, he thus loftily addresses him: "We all willingly yield the palm of sovereignty to your unrivalled ability and virtue, except the few among us, who are either ambitious of honors which they have not capacity to sustain, or who envy those which are conferred on one more worthy than themselves, or else who do not know that nothing in the world is more pleasing to God, more agreeable to reason, more politically just, or more generally useful, than that the supreme power should be vested in the best and wisest men. Such, O Cromwell, all acknowledge you to be; such are the services which you have rendered as the leader of our councils, the general of our armies and the father of your country. For this is the tender appellation by which all the good among us salute you from the very soul. Other names you neither have nor could endure, and you deservedly reject that pomp of title which attracts the gaze and admiration of the multitude. For what is a title but a certain definite mode of dignity? But actions such as yours surpass, not only the bounds of our admiration, but our titles; and like the points of pyramids, which are lost in the clouds, they soar above the possibilities of titular commendations. . . . Do you then, sir, continue your course with the same unrivalled magnanimity; it sits well upon you: to you our country owes its liberties, nor can you sustain a character at once more momentous and more august than that of the author, the guardian and the preserver of our liberties. . . . Revere the fond expectations which we cherish, the solitudes of your anxious country; revere the looks and the

wounds of your brave companions in arms, who, under your banners, have so strenuously fought for liberty; revere the shades of those who perished in the contest; revere also the opinions and the hopes which foreign States entertain concerning us, who promise to themselves so many advantages from that liberty which we have so bravely acquired, from the establishment of that new government, which has begun to shed its splendor on the world, which, if it be suffered to vanish like a dream, would involve us in the deepest abyss of shame; and lastly, revere yourself; and after having endured so many sufferings and encountered so many perils for the sake of liberty, do not suffer it, now it is obtained, either to be violated by yourself, or in any one instance impaired by others. You can not be truly free, unless we are free too; for such is the nature of things, that he who intrenches on the liberty of others is the first to lose his own and become a slave."

This advice, we may suppose, was not lost on Cromwell, who retained the blind Patriot as his Latin Secretary and entered into cordial, personal relations with him. Undoubtedly, the most interesting fact in this period of Milton's life, is the part which he took as Cromwell's Secretary in protesting against the persecution of the Waldenses in the valleys of Piedmont by the Duke of Savoy. Milton wrote letters in the Protector's name first to the Duke, demanding a cessation of the persecution, and restitution for his poor and oppressed subjects, then to the Potentates of Europe, bringing the facts to their notice, and calling on them to unite with England in demanding justice. These are the most celebrated of Milton's State Papers, and they are truly masterpieces of their kind. No one can read them without feeling that then the English government was actuated by other than selfish considerations, and

believed that in contests between those principles of human liberty which were dear to the hearts of Englishmen and those principles which make tyrants, there was something better than a cold, heartless neutrality. As for example witness this in the Letter to the Evangelic Cities of Switzerland: "As for our part be assured that we are no less anxious and solicitous for your welfare and prosperity than if this conflagration had broken forth in our republic, or as if the axes of the Schwitz Canton had been sharpened for our necks, or that their swords had been drawn against our breasts." Or this in the Letter to the United Provinces. After rehearsing the cruelties exercised toward the Piedmontese, he says: "These things, with what commotion of mind you heard related, what a fellow-feeling of the calamities of brethren pierced your breasts, we readily conjectured from the depths of our sorrow, which certainly is most heavy and afflictive. For being engaged together by the same tie of religion, no wonder we should be so deeply moved with the same affections upon the dreadful and undeserved sufferings of our brethren." Thus did England two centuries ago, recognizing the obligations of Christian sympathy on Governments, as well as individuals, speak in the name of her Protector,

"Great in council, great in war,
The foremost captain of his age,"

And in the words of her great Poet, Patriot and Statesman, glorious John Milton. Verily, two centuries make quite a difference in International Law, Foreign Policies, and State Correspondence of Governments. I do not wonder that sixty years ago Wordsworth sang:

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

"The Genius of England," says Thomas Carlyle, "no longer soars sun-ward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms, 'mewing her mighty youth,' as John Milton saw her do; the Genius of England, much like a greedy Ostrich intent on provender and a whole skin mainly, stands with its *other* extremity sun-ward." I am not sure, to be honest about it, that *our* Eagle has not on the whole behaved very much like an Ostrich. Let us hope that both the Eagle of Albion, and the Eagle of Columbia, pulling their heads as quickly as possible out of the provender bags, will rise once more in harmonious concert, and see in friendly emulation, which can soar nearest the sun.

But dark and evil days were about to fall on England. In the month of September, 1658, Cromwell died. The stormy elements which his strong hand had held in check soon burst out, and Richard the Protector, proved himself unable to control them. The Royalist party raised its head defiantly. The Army and Parliament were at strife. From Anarchy to Military Despotism, such seemed to be the inevitable drift of events. At this juncture Milton exerted all his efforts to secure the establishment of a moderate Republican Commonwealth. To this end he wrote first a letter to General Monk, commander of the army in Scotland, entitled, "The present means and brief delineation of a Free

Commonwealth," and then a Tract called "A ready and easy way to establish a Free Commonwealth." The Republicanism which is advocated in these Essays is not, to be sure, of the modern radical type. It is however sufficiently pronounced to identify the author with the cause of popular liberty, as opposed to the domination, either of a tyrannical person, or a tyrannical class, as the following extracts will show: "'Go to the ant, thou sluggard,' saith Solomon, 'consider her ways and be wise; which having no prince, ruler or lord, provides her meat in the summer, and gathers her food in the harvest;'" which evidently shows us that they who think the nation undone without a king, though they look grave or haughty, have not so much true spirit and understanding in them as a pismire; neither are these diligent creatures hence concluded to live in lawless anarchy, or that commended, but are set the example to imprudent and ungoverned men, of a frugal and selfgoverning democracy or commonwealth, safer and more thriving in the joint providence and counsel of many industrious equals, than under the single domination of one imperious lord." "I doubt not but all ingenuous and knowing men will easily agree with me that a free commonwealth without single person or house of lords, is by far the best government, if it can be had." "Now is the opportunity, now the very season, wherein we may obtain a free commonwealth, and establish it forever in the land, without difficulty or much delay. Writs are sent out for elections, and which is worth observing, in the name, not of any king, but of the keepers of our liberty, to summon a free parliament; which then only will indeed be free, and deserve the true honor of that supreme title, if they preserve us a free people." "Liberty of conscience, which above all other things ought to be to

all men dearest and most precious, no government more inclinable not to favor only but to protect them a free commonwealth, as being most magnanimous, most fearless and confident of its own fair proceedings." "The other part of our freedom consists in the civil rights and advancements of every person according to his merit; the enjoyment of those never more certain, and the access to these never more open, than in a free commonwealth." "Of all governments a free commonwealth aims most to make the people flourishing, virtuous, noble and highspirited." "Free commonwealths have been ever counted fittest and properest for civil, virtuous, and industrious nations abounding with prudent men worthy to govern; monarchy fittest to curb degenerate, corrupt, idle, proud, luxurious people. If we desire to be of the former, nothing better for us, nothing nobler than a free commonwealth." These, be it observed, are not the crude speculations of Milton's youth, they are the mature convictions of his later years, the results of his long public experience, embodied in the last of his political writings, and intended as a final appeal to the nation against the anti-republican reaction which was now setting in. But his counsels did not prevail. The Royalist party triumphed. Charles II. was proclaimed King, and ascended his father's throne. Milton was forced to conceal himself. A price was set on his head. His *Iconoclastes* and *Defence of the People of England* had the honor to be burned by the common hangman, by vote of the House of Commons. After remaining four months in concealment he was, through the intercession of friends, released by the Act of Oblivion, and spent the rest of his days in literary retirement.

There is something at once sad and sublime about the closing days of John Milton. Blind, persecuted by his enemies, neglected and wronged by "unkind chil-

dren," as he touchingly called them, fallen, as he tells us,

"On evil days . . . and evil tongues,
In darkness and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude,"

Bereft of old friends, the labors of a score of years, the best part of his lifetime, apparently lost, the commonwealth which he had labored to build, to sustain, and to preserve, swept away; the monarchy, which he both detested and dreaded, restored; the errors and vices, which with the eye of an Uriel he had detected, which with the constancy of an Abdiel he had resisted, and which with the energy of a Michael he had combated, invading the land, and darkening it with the banners of hell, the England he so loved maddened with the Circean cup, and abandoning herself to a life that was worse than death; his sight gone, his life-plan marred, and the sacrifice which he had made of each, so far as one could judge, wasted—shall we not pity him? Yes, but only while the tear of pity remains, for he tells us himself, that now, in his darkness, as he "stands and waits," "bearing God's mild yoke,"

"His state
Is kingly, thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest."

Still, as years before, he might say to his enemies: "Let the calumniators of the divine goodness cease to revile, or to make me the object of their superstitious imaginations. Let them consider that my situation, such as it is, is neither an object of my shame, or my regret, that my resolutions are too firm to be shaken, that I am not depressed by any sense of the divine displeasure; that on the other hand, in the most momentous periods, I have had full experience of the Divine favor and protection; and that in the solace

and the strength which have been infused into me from above, I have been enabled to do the will of God; that I may oftener think on what he has withheld; that in short, I am unwilling to exchange my consciousness and rectitude with that of any other person, and that I feel the recollection a treasured store of tranquillity and delight. . . . My blindness keeps from my view only the colored surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there besides which I would not willingly see; how many which I must see against my will; and how few which I feel any anxiety to see. There is, as the apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the light of the divine presence more clearly shines; then, in the proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong, and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. Oh! that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity! And indeed, in my blindness I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree, the favor of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion, in proportion as I am to behold nothing but himself. Alas! for him who insults me, who maligns, and merits public execration. For the divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack, not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seem to have occasioned this obscurity, and which, when occasioned, he is wont to illuminate with an interior light, more precious, and more pure."

Nay indeed, the blind Patriot is to be envied rather than pitied. His state is far kinglier than that of the reigning Monarch, surrounded by the miserable vanities of his dissolute court. "The great Taskmaster," in whose sight he has ever sought to live, does not forget his faithful servant in the darkness of his old age. For now, as he resumes the lyre, which years ago he laid aside, he finds to his joy that its strings are neither broken nor tuneless, nay rather, that during the long years of its neglect and forgottenness, God has kept it in his hand, and now restores it to the sightless Bard, purified in temper by every fire through which it has been carried, etherealized in tone by every storm in which it has been strained. At their Lord's bidding the fair Ideals of Grace and Truth, of which he had erewhile taken a long if not a last farewell, troop once more around him, clothed in heavenlier loveliness, bearing larger gifts, and uttering diviner messages than before. He prays:

"Celestial Light!

Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight!"

And ere the prayer is made, it has been answered. Truly does he find of virtue as he sang in his youth:

"She can teach thee how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime,
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

Truly might Tennyson, mourning the death of the "Great Duke," with the examples of Milton, Cromwell, and the heroes of the Commonwealth before him, sing:

"Not once or twice in our rough island story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory ;
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes,
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredde
 All voluptuous garden roses.
 Not once or twice in our fair island story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory.
 He that ever following her commands
 On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,
 Through the long gorge to the far light, has won
 His path upward, and prevailed,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled,
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is morn and sun.
 Such was he ; his work is done."

On the 10th of November, 1674, within one month of his 66th birthday, John Milton entered on his everlasting reward: *Here*, Immortality, a name embalmed in a Poem which the world will not willingly let die ; in good books, which fulfill his own encomium, which are "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit," embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life ; and better than all in a life, which was as he sought to make it, "A TRUE POEM:" *Yonder*—a still brighter Immortality, darkness exchanged for light, blindness for sight, an earthly for a heavenly Commonwealth, a lost Paradise for a Paradise regained. Looking back over his glorious career, who will not say with Macaulay in the closing words of his celebrated essay on Milton: "Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great Poet and Patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the

public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame."

XI.

THE GENTLEMAN.

BEFORE discoursing of a theme like that which I desire to present to you to-night, it would be advantageous to ascertain if possible how great a homogeneousness prevails in regard to it. Looking at any subject through the atmosphere of social opinion by which it is surrounded, it is difficult either to form a correct idea of it, or to come to any clear mutual understanding in regard to it. For this atmosphere is made up of layers of different quality and density. A lives in one stratum, B in another; both look at the same object; to the one it looms through a mist, to the other it shines through a halo. The air is full of mirages. Where one sees a city with glittering spires and domes, another sees—a sandbank! Things present different associations to different minds. Names awaken not the same reminiscences in all, nor touch the same chords. Language has many more words than you will find in the lexicon, and the words which we all speak have definitions in the minds of many which neither Johnson or Webster dreamed of. Johnson himself had his own private definitions which he did not always think best to put in his dictionary, although he has done so half-maliciously in a few instances, as for example in his definition of Ex-

cise: "A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by competent judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid"—or his definition of Pension: "An allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England 'it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country"—or his definition of oats: "A grain which in England is generally given to horses but in Scotland supports people." A score of dictionaries constructed on these Johnsonian principles would be a rare curiosity.

Everybody, of course, has his own idea and definition of the Gentleman. Comparing this conception with the generic idea of "man," to one the Gentleman will be something more than a man, to another something less than a man, to another this or that modification of man. Some would regard the qualification of the Gentleman as accidental and external; others as inherent and internal. Some might look on him as a one-sided development of manhood, others as its coronal development. One perhaps would say: "The Gentleman is an artificial growth, a hot-house plant, forced into existence by stimulating agencies and sustained only by special culture and nutriment." Another would say: "He is a rare and precious plant of a different and higher species, as far superior to the ordinary race as a century plant is to a thistle." Another would say: "He is but a more cultivated specimen of mankind, as a garden rose is a more cultivated specimen of the rose that you will find in the wild woods, worthy of our regard and honor as indicating what all may and should become."

In attempting on this occasion, not of course to fill the place of him who was appointed to address you, but to occupy the time set apart for these remarks, I

shall take for my subject the character which is implied in the form of address which I have just applied to the members of this society.

I have addressed you as gentlemen; my theme will be *the Gentleman*; without pretending to investigate minutely his genealogy, or to analyze thoroughly his character, I shall simply mention a few facts of his history and a few traits of his character, which it may not be unprofitable for us to consider.

Even in republican America, I am inclined to think we shall find as great varieties of opinion on this subject as may be met with anywhere, although not perhaps quite as exaggerated. We have our gentlemen-worshippers no less than the Old World. We have our aristocracy—have we not? and wherever there is aristocracy you will invariably find flunkeyism. It is hard to say which precedes the other. At first blush, you will say aristocracy, at the second flunkeyism. If it be true that but for aristocracy there would be no flunkeyism, it is just as true that but for flunkeyism there would be no aristocracy. To be sure the qualities, the instincts which make aristocrats would exist, but these would be held in check by universal manliness. Their possessors would not dwell in a distinct sphere,—a Paradise guarded with flaming swords not to be entered without its magic countersign of blood, caste, privilege,—were it not for that groveling, self-abasing, self-betling spirit, that whining, fawning, cringing disposition, which is pardonable in spaniels, but which is despicable in men. Whether My Lord or the Valet was first in the order of nature, certain it is, that neither was long without finding the other. Pretense, Pomp, Arrogance, were not slow to claim and to clothe with their livery Obsequiousness, Stupidity, Servility, and to put the brand of bondage on them forever. Now it is

sufficiently evident that there are any number of men who are born lackeys. They come into the world with collars round their necks and they run about wagging their tails and asking, Who wants me? Won't you take me, sir? Won't you? The lackey's universe is not altogether like yours or mine. He acknowledges, as we do, a difference between man and the brutes. His conception of the difference may not be very philosophical or distinct, still it would strike him as highly absurd to classify him with his master's horses and hounds.

But if there is a great difference between man and the brute, the interval between a man and a gentleman is immense. He himself is a man. Sir Lionel acknowledges that when he says, my dog Rover, my horse Comet, but my *man* William. Yes, but what of that little possessive pronoun? Oh! that is—in fact it is something to be proud of. My man William, says Sir Lionel, and “my man” expands several inches all around with the sense of his importance; for why? Sir Lionel is a gentleman, of a race of gentlemen, of gentle name, of gentle blood, and William only—a man, and is it not honor enough to have a gentleman say, “My man?” Ah! but you say we have outgrown all that. We live in a Republic. Our Constitution forbids. We have no lackeys—no valets. Does a carriage go by with driver and flunkey in full livery? It is a foreign ambassador, My Lord Anonymous or Baron Blank. No! but that is Mr. Smith, an American citizen. Ah! indeed, you say, and your nostrils detect a very perceptible fragrance of codfish in the air. You know something about Mr. Smith. You have some acquaintance with his pedigree. It is not like that of the Scotch Laird who was “a penniless laird in a lang pedigree.” Mr. Smith has pennies, but his pedigree is very short. No! we can not abide any aping of aristocracy in this free demo-

cratic country. Every man is a king and the equal of every other,—if he is of the orthodox color. Yet I am not sure that because we have no liveries, we have no lackeys. I am not sure that because the Constitution has put an end to the titled orders of nobility that it has put an end to the fawning mood of sycophants, valets and vassals. I am not sure that because his Royal Highness, Jefferson I., Lord Mason, Viscount Slidell, Baron Breckenridge and Sir Robert Toombs have not yet cared to assume the titles which they covet, that their minions are any the less willing to “let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp and crook the pregnant hinges of the knee.” The difference between us and the people of Europe is, that whereas there they put their lackeys on their carriage boxes when they ride out and behind their chairs when they dine, here we give them seats in Congress and we have been known to board them at great expense to the public at the White House. Aristocracy and flunkeyism, I say, go together; and Cotton lords, as well as others, find their flunkeys ready made; and further I say, if it had not been for the contemptible meniality and servility of Northern flunkeys, slaves in everything but name, this gigantic Rebellion of Southern gentlemen would never have taken place. So much for the lackey’s estimate of the gentleman. The gentleman is his divinity. As for himself, he is only a man and not his own at that.

Again you will find a considerable number who look on the gentleman as differently organized from themselves. He is not exactly above them, nor below them, but different, unlike. He is of another disposition, another temperament, another organization. He has ways which they have not, manners which they cannot acquire, a carriage which they cannot sustain, a demeanor

which is foreign to them. His gentlemanliness is a peculiar gift, natural, or easily acquired by him. Everybody cannot attain to it. Like a commanding form, a handsome face, a musical voice, it is a fortunate inheritance which falls to the lot of the favored few. It would be a pretty sight if all possessed the graces and accomplishments of a gentleman, but there is no use repining—all were not made alike. Says one: "I was not meant for a model gentleman, I am too clumsy—too awkward—forever putting my foot into it. The fact is it was never intended that I should pick my way among eggs without breaking them. God has made me to be pioneer—to push my way across untrodden deserts—through unbroken forests, and over rocky mountains. There I can tramp on fearlessly, heedless of eggshells and soft toes." Says another: "Mine is not the charming elegance of a knight of the carpet, who can dance his minuet with the dainty tread of an Ariel and murmur his flattering compliments with the persuasive voice of a Zephyr, always saying the right thing at the right time, and doing the right thing in the right place, submitting gracefully to the inflictions, crosses, and despotism of society. I can't listen to old Dr. Bore as though he were the most original and delightful fellow in the world and relieve myself of him before he is half through with such grace that he never suspects the truth, and goes away with a better opinion of me than he ever had before, saying, 'That young Thompson is a most remarkable and promising youth.' I cannot conceal my weariness, and presently I begin to fidget and in sheer desperation break away from him most unceremoniously, leaving him to say 'That young fellow Thompson has very little brains; he is a shallow, conceited, empty pated fop, that is what he is!' I can't entertain Miss Viola Vapid until she begins to think that she is really interesting, and that Mr. Thomp-

son is a very elegant gentleman. I can't toss the shuttle of nonsense back and forth. After discussing the weather, the last lecture, the last concert, the last wedding and the last death, the case becomes very dreary. I begin to wriggle and squirm, to hum and to haw, to look up and look down, and to look all round, to find a thousand and one uses for my pocket-handkerchief — invaluable consoler of the afflicted; delightful relief not only of catarrhs of the nose, blushing cheeks and moist brows, but of mental blushes and intellectual perspirations! Blessed be the man who invented sleep, said Sancho Panza. Blessed be the man who invented pocket-handkerchiefs, say I. But even this last refuge of the unfortunate fails with Miss Viola. I cannot play the gentleman to her, and when I have torn myself away she sets me down as a stupid bore, or an ungentlemanly wretch. No sooner do I try to launch myself out in anything powerful than down I come with a ridiculous crash. If I attempt a compliment, ten to one it is a perfect failure. If I attempt a joke, everybody looks solemn and somebody looks offended; and if in my dismay I try to mend the matter, I invariably make it worse. No! no! my fate is evidently not to play the gentleman, as according to the great moral showman of the present century, the forte of George Washington was not to have any of the public men of our day resemble him to any alarming extent."

There are not wanting those who look down on the gentleman as something beneath them, who would scorn to bear the name. It is to their mind synonymous with pride, disdain, affectation, insolence, indolence, effeminacy, usurpation. I thank heaven, says one, that I am not a gentleman, I am above that. I glory in being a man. When God proceeded to form a being in his own image, he did not say, "Let us make a gentle-

man," but "Let us make a man." The gentleman is the Devil's handiwork. He is the fruit of the fall. Had man remained in Paradise the thing would have been unknown. Man and Woman! no other names would have been needed. It was only after ages of degeneracy that the Gentleman and the Lady were invented. Who repeats with infinite gusto—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

"For my part," continues our worthy friend, "I am an original democrat of the Adam and Eve stripe. I am in favor of going back to first principles. I think we had better restore the old regime and banish these modern shams to the primeval shades. Gentleman, forsooth! An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"Ye see yon birkie ca'd a laird
Wha struts and stares and a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his feet
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that and a' that
His ribbon, star and a' that,
The man o' independent might
He looks and laughs at a' that.
A prince can make a titled knight,
A marquis, duke and a' that,
But an honest man's above his might
Guid faith he mauna fa' that.
For a' that and a' that
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that."

"Now that's what I call good poetry, good philosophy, good politics and good sense," says our enthusiastic democrat, and I don't know that we should quarrel with him on that score.

It seems at first a pity that the primitive simplicity of thought and language should be so much broken up as it is, that the pure ray of white passing through the

prism of human history should be refracted into so many different colored rays. Our ideas and our words have, in consequence, become partial, onesided. Very many terms carry with them only a fraction of their original significance, and we have been under the necessity of borrowing, or inventing, or remaking other words to represent that which has been lost. Language abounds in half-words and quarter-words, which represent only one-half or one-quarter of their first value. The intellectual currency of the world has expanded so much and become so inflated, that the market value of its notes is often very much below their face value. There has been a great demand for small change to represent our partial ideas of things and there has been necessarily a largely increased issue to meet the demand. We have been reduced even to such straits that we are sometimes glad to pass an intellectual dollar for a dime. Take the word Honor: "One of the most valuable pieces of currency ever coined in Truth's mint. Worth all that is sacred in the soul." Yet what a bubble is that which it often represents! Heroism! One of the highest certificates ever issued on Heaven's treasury! A regular \$50,000 certificate! The equivalent of invincible strength, heaven born enthusiasm, Divine self-sacrificing love! And who has not seen it pass for pottage valor, for the thick-hidedness and thick-headedness which will stand an hour's vigorous pummeling, or as I saw it elegantly expressed the other day in a hand bill advertising a sparring exhibition—a Lecture on heads. And yet how cheaply you can sometimes buy it! But after all, has not this expansion of our intellectual currency, this multiplication of terms to express our incomplete conceptions, its advantages? Does not one supplement what is lacking in the other? Are they not fragments of the dreams of a lost Paradise

which haunts humanity, which we may to some extent piece together into a vision of Paradise Regained? Virtue, Manhood, Purity, Goodness, Morality, Integrity, Honor, Nobleness, Holiness, Love, they all mean the same. The golden age of humanity, whether past or future, lies bound up in each one of them; to lay hold upon either is to lay hold upon all: each is a gate opening into the Palace of the Beautiful, and if we look attentively, first at this and then at the other, we shall find it the same. Yet do we not need them all and a great many more? Coming up out of the wilderness, as we do, by devious paths, now from this side and now from that, is it not well that there should be entrances on all sides, lest in blundering around to find the one gate we should miss our way and be lost? Of these which I have named and of others which I might name, Manhood means all the rest. But if we had no other goal presented to us, or rather if the goal was presented to us in no other form than Manhood, how many of you would reach it? What is manhood?

Now let us take the three following terms and consider their relative claims: Man, Democrat, Gentleman. In their primary, unperverted sense all three mean the same. Precisely. They are exactly co-ordinate and co-extensive. Each includes the others. Neither excludes the rest. Man means Gentleman; Democrat. Democrat means Man; Gentleman. Gentleman means Democrat; Man. Adam, taking him as expressive of the original idea of humanity in its creation, was all three. We say, Adam was to be a man. What do we mean? That he was to be a revealer of Divinity. God manifesting Himself in created soul and body. Infinity shining through the finites. Heaven walking on Earth. He was also to be a Democrat. It is needless to say that I use the word in its secondary

moral sense, not literally or politically. He was to be a Democrat. What does that mean? It means that he was to assert the rights and prerogatives of his manhood against any and every effort to curtail them. He was to maintain the dignity of the Divinity—of the God within him—against any and every attempt to insult it. And this I say whether Adam had a white or a black skin, or whether, as some say, there was a black as well as a white Adam; altho', as Thomas Corwin once said, it is very strange if the ethnological and social theories of some politicians and divines are correct, that the Bible does not mention that when God created Adam and Eve, He created a black Adam and Eve to wait on them, to work for them, and to cook for them, the black Adam to handle the spade lest Gentleman Adam's lily-white fingers should be soiled, and the black Eve to comb Lady Eve's hair—the most important part, it may be presumed, of the toilet of Eden—thus maintaining both in that *dolce far niente*, that sweet do-nothingism, which is some folks' beau-ideal of Paradise. Heaven save the mark! But the idea of Democracy is involved in the very idea of manhood. When God sent man into the world he sent him with democratic ideas inwrought into his very being. Whenever another should appear, and in the pride of a fancied superiority, should say to him: By the right of the stronger thou art mine; thou must think, speak, work, and live only as I bid or permit thee—God put in man a sleeping thunderbolt of a No! which at the first touch of wrong offered to the God-like within was to wake up and leap forth in living flame to strike down the oppressor and make a free path for his manhood to God.

But we say still further, Adam was to be a gentleman. What was that? Essentially the same as man and democrat. To be a gentleman was to maintain,

inviolable and unsullied, the prerogatives of his manhood; to demean himself worthily of his high lineage; to keep the escutcheon of his nobility without a blot; especially to keep himself from self-degradation; to maintain at its height the inward standard of purity, honor, courage, magnanimity, truth, benevolence, to betray these never!—neither to temptation nor forces from without, nor to weakness nor selfishness from within. This was what God meant man to be in making him a gentleman—to be gentle, noble, brave, true, guileless, honorable, disinterested, pure, godlike, to be all this as against the Devil, as against self. You see accordingly there is no essential difference between democrat and gentleman. One is the obverse of the other. The Democrat is man preaching against the limitations which bar his freedom, flinging away the gyves which shackled his progress. The Gentleman is man cultivating the area of liberty which the democratic force has conquered, and filling it with order, sweetness, and beauty. The Democrat is man declaring his independence. The gentleman is man taking and fulfilling the oath of allegiance to the Divine Constitution and Laws. The Democrat is man asserting his claims to himself. The Gentleman is man vindicating his worthiness to be his own master. The Democrat is a Gentleman protesting against wrong. The Gentleman is the Democrat realizing his nobler aspirations. The former is man saying to every false pretender, to every harsh oppressor, “I will not have thee to reign over me.” The latter is man saying to Right, Thou art my King! and to Beauty, Thou art my Queen! and to Truth, Thou art my Liege! and to Honor, Thou art my Mistress! and to Duty, Thou art my Commander! Obeying you I also become a King. For to be a Gentleman is to be a King. Is not the King the first Gentleman in the land?

So at least says Theory. So it has been in the palmy days of royalty. So it was in the age of David the Hebrew; so in the age of Philip of Macedon; so in the days of Titus the Roman; so in the times of Alfred the Saxon; so in the days of Charlemagne the Frank. The converse is true yet in republic and in monarchy, the first Gentleman of the land is King. Whether he wears a crown or not, whether or no royal blood runs in his veins, he is King. Yea! every true gentleman is King. What is his Kingdom? Himself and the empire of all that is noble, generous, true, angelic, godlike. Here then we arrive at the paradox: the true Democrat is the most Kingly of all personages. The motto of democracy is *not* Down with Kings, but Up with Kings! Not Down with Noblemen, but Up with Noblemen! Let all be Noblemen! Let every man be King! And no one accomplishes the true democratic idea who does not work out his democracy into gentlemanhood, noblemanhood, royalty, The Gentleman is the accomplishment of the Democrat. One is not perfect without the other. Without freedom and independence no one can be a Gentleman; no one can be free without gentility of soul. Manhood is the blending, the harmony of both, like perfect music set to noble words. There is no incompatibility whatever between democracy and gentlemanhood, no more than in a beautiful song, music and poetry are discordant. To be a democrat is not to be a boor; to be a gentleman is not to be a snob. The Chevalier Bayard would have been none the less "the flower of Europe for his chivalry," the Knight without fear and without reproach, with the principles of a Jefferson. Tom Payne would have been just as good a Democrat, had he the manners and breeding of a Raleigh, which he had not. What better proof of this than the character of George

Washington, the Gentleman-Democrat? "While the army was encamped at Morristown," says Irving, "he one day attended a religious meeting, when Divine service was to be held in the open air. A chair had been set out for his use. Just before service commenced, a woman with a child in her arms approached. Washington immediately arose, placed her in the chair which had been assigned to him, and remained standing during the entire service." Don't you suppose that the verdict of that woman was, General Washington is a Gentleman? "Is it possible, General, that you take off your hat to a negro?" "I will not let a negro outdo me in politeness, sir." The answer was hardly worthy of the deed, but it was good enough for the question. Do you say these incidents prove that he was a gentleman? Certainly, and they prove also that he was a democrat. Had he not been so thorough a democrat, he would not have been so perfect a gentleman. Down at the foundation of every true gentleman's life, be he democrat in creed or not, you will find this—a deep, holy, and indestructible reverence for man, and for all which makes man sacred in the sight of God, for all which constitutes in him the image of his Maker. He who will despise, insult, outrage *that*, I care not what he may call himself, is at heart neither democrat nor gentleman. He may be a Christian, some say,—Credat Judæus Appelles, non ego!

The old Greeks were wont to call the Gentleman *καλοκαγαθός*, the man *καλός καὶ ἀγαθός*, beautiful and good. His exterior, so thought the Greeks, his looks, words, performances, shine with a loveliness which wins all; his heart gushes forth with a tenderness, a goodness, a fullness of sympathy, truth and love which satisfy all whom he draws to himself. Among the Romans the Gentleman was the *vir honestas*, the honorable man,

worthy of reverence and trust; *vir nobilis*, the man well known, conspicuous by his dignity, his power, his virtues, his rank—Saul overtopping all others from his shoulders upward. *Ingenuus* or *liberalis*, the well born, free born, exempt from all taint of villainage or bondage, whose right to himself no one can question; one of the *optimates*, originally the best men in the state, the élite of the land, its choice ones. Horace calls him, “*homo factus ad unguem*,” the man polished with the nail, like the model of clay, the last finishing touches to which were given by the statuary’s finger nail, hence the polished, perfectly finished, exquisitely molded man, to whom no other touch may be added. More commonly, as with the English world, he is the *vir generosus*, the man of birth, of race, of family, the well born. Among the old Germans, gentlemen were sometimes called *Güte Männer*, good men, men of whom it is enough to say they filled up the measure of the German adjective *gut*. Among the old fashioned French, the gentleman was *le prud’ homme*, the prudent, experienced man, who had been tried, found true, approved. The modern gentleman of France is *l’homme de bon ton*, the man of good tone, pitched in the right key, the man of fashion; *l’homme de bon société*, the man of good connections, of genteel associations, of high caste; *l’homme comme il faut*, the man as he should be, as he must be, the man of respectability, of faultless propriety, who worships at the shrine of good society and whose oblations are unblemished. The English word Gentleman, traces its descent through the French gentil homme from the Latin gentilis, whose qualities Cicero gives as follows: 1. That he should bear the family name. 2. That he should be descended from ingenui, i. e., from free born respectable parents. 3. That not one of his ancestors should ever have been a slave. 4. That he should never

have lost his head, i. e., never have been deprived of his civil rights, which to the Roman citizen was just as bad as having his head cut off. Thus we see that when the world was young, gentleman was free-man. The word was very nearly synonymous with citizen. The origin of the term justifies me, if nothing else did, in insisting so strenuously on the intimate alliance between freedom under its more modern name of Democracy and the condition of gentleman. Whenever you carry the condition of the one, you carry also the condition of the other. The old Roman idea, reduced to its purity, is very near the truth, there is but one genuine aristocracy, that of liberty. But this beautiful germ was very soon crushed and buried under the accumulating heaps of corruption. With the increase of wealth, luxury, power, military and political, concentrating themselves first in the hands of the leaders of the state and then in their families, came the formulation of the narrower and impure aristocracies of Rome, which merging into or assuming the names of the families descended from the Patres—the Fathers—constituted ere long the nobility, the patricians, while the rest of the populace, massed together in one group, were contemptuously called the Plebs, the crowd, the multitude, common folks, the vulgar. Feudalism did yet more to confirm the separation and to widen the breach between Patrician and Plebeian, between Gentleman and Churl, until presently it became a universally accepted maxim that the two orders had existed by Divine appointment from the beginning, ever since the time of the sons of Adam, as Dame Juliana Berners has quaintly expressed it in her treatise on coat-armory: “Cain became a Churl from the curse of God, and Seth a Gentleman from his father’s and mother’s blessing.” Another old writer goes back one step even beyond the Dame:

“Moreover for that it might be knowen, that even anon after the creation of Adam, there was gentleness and ungentleness, you shall understand that the secōd man that was born, was a Gētlemā, whose name was Abell. I saye a Gentleman both of vertue and lignage, with wose sacrifice God was muche pleased. Hys brother Cain was Ungentle, for he offered God the worst of his fruites.”

It redounds greatly to the honor of those who in by-gone days were called “gentle” that they so bore the name as to give it a new and noble meaning. For the word no longer suggests the fact of parentage and lineage, but the nobler fact of character. Instead of standing for the physical accident of birth, it stands for a moral quality of soul. It is no longer gentle blood, but a gentle spirit. All honor to that glorious line of men, who by their virtues, their affability, their mildness, courtesy, urbanity, refinement, raised the attributes of the class to which they belonged, and crowned it with imperishable moral grandeur, making it no longer express whence they were, but what they were. All honor to the men whose characters converted the words gentle and noble, so that the world has well nigh forgotten that they ever meant anything else than sweetness of disposition and grandeur of soul. There are names which have been dragged down by the degradation of those who bore them. Savage once meant nothing more than woodman—a dweller in the forests. Villain was at first no worse than peasant. Churl, the opposite of gentleman, was only a strong man. Be assured that there was real worth in these gentles and nobles who raised those words up into the meaning which they now have.

There can be no doubt but that this result was greatly promoted by the rise and growth of chivalry.

The spirit of chivalry was essentially and wholly the spirit of gentility. The Knight was the model gentleman of his age. His education was conducted expressly with reference to the production of this character. First, the boy became page to some baron or knight, with whom he was instructed in the accomplishments of his future vocation. As Ben Jonson tells us this was accounted—

“ The noblest way
Of breeding up our youth in letters, arms,
Fair mien, discourses, civil exercises,
And all the blazon of a gentleman.
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
To bear his body gracefully, to speak
His language purer, or to turn his mind
Or manners more to the harmony of nature
Than in those nurseries of nobility ? ”

There the youth became a squire, perfecting his education as an armed attendant on the knight or nobleman to whom he was attached. Let Chaucer describe for us a model squire :

“ Singing he was or floating all the day,
He was as freshe as is the month of May.
Short was his gown with sleeves long and wide,
Wel coude he sitte an hors an fayre ride.
He coude songes make and well indite,
Juste, and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.”

Having passed the due period of probation as squire, he was admitted to the highest degree, that of knight. On the eve of battle or on the field of war, the squire was led to his prince or general, before whom he kneeled down, while his two sponsors, who avouched his worthiness of honor, buckled on his gilded spurs and belted him with his sword. After this the person who dubbed him gave him the accolade, a slight blow on

the neck with the flat of the sword, pronouncing the formula: "I dub thee knight in the name of God and St. Michael (or in the name of the Trinity). Be faithful, bold and fortunate." The new made knight, eager for renown, would plunge into the fight, when, if he distinguished himself, he was said to win his spurs. But the investiture of a knight at some great ecclesiastical or royal festival was still more significant. The candidate then watched all night in a church or chapel, preparing for the honor which awaited him by vigils, fasting and prayer. The squire's brown frock was laid aside and after bathing the person, to typify the spiritual purification which the true knight must undergo, he put on a richer garb. He was then equipped and armed with his knight's weapons; and as each piece of honor was put on, curious allegories were recited and quaint parallels drawn between the weapons of his temporal and spiritual warfare. For remember that the ordinance of knighthood was in its first institution a religious, semi-monastic order, and the knight was a soldier of the church as well as a soldier of his king. He was then conducted in solemn procession to the church or chapel, where the ceremony of his investiture was to be performed, high mass was said, the king gave him the accolade, the prelate of highest rank present, took from the altar his sword, which had previously been laid there, his spurs were fastened on by some high born lady, he took the oath of loyalty to God, the King and the Ladies, was led out of the church with music and acclamations, mounted his horse, cavorted with him, plying his spurs and couching his lance as if eager to vindicate the prowess of his strong right arm, which he generally had the opportunity of doing in a grand tournament with which the festival closed. In the expulsion of a knight from the order, a very serious affair,

indeed, in those days, the same religious element appeared. His spurs were cut off close to his heels with a cook's cleaver. His arms were baffled and reversed by the common hangman. His belt was cut to pieces and his sword broken. He was placed on a hurdle and covered with a pall, and amid the chanting of a funeral service and the tolling of the death-bell, he was sent either to his grave or back into the herd of serfs as a man dead to knightly honor. And the man who has lost his honor, is he any better than dead? Would it not be better if he were dead? When now we remember that in the earlier and better days of chivalry these ceremonies were not empty ecclesiastical pageants, but solemn realities, that the founders and first representatives of that chivalry, Gerard, Godfrey, Baldwin, Raymond, Tancred, were men of deep and earnest piety, according to the light they had, and fully consecrated themselves to the ends of their orders, need we wonder that the name and character of gentleman were exalted to that pitch of veneration and affection with which they were regarded. Gibbon can not deny himself a sneer at the religious character of the knightly orders, yet he must have known that but for that, he could not have said of the knight, that "he devoted himself to speak the truth, to maintain the right, to protect the distressed, to practice courtesy, a virtue less familiar to the ancients, to pursue the infidels, to despise the allurements of ease and safety, and to vindicate in every perilous adventure the honor of his character." He still further speaks of chivalry: "The benefits of this institution to refine the temper of barbarians and to infuse some principles of faith, justice and humanity, were strongly felt. The asperity of national prejudice was softened, and the *community of religion and arms* spread a similar color and generous emulation over the face of

Christendom." Undoubtedly chivalry underwent a sad degeneracy in its later days; but as a higher development of the ideal of gentlemanhood and as a potent inspiration to the culture of that ideal, its significance is great and permanent.

The qualities of courtesy, truth, kindness, clung to the ideal of the Knight, even in the decay of chivalry, as we may see from the *Morte d' Arthur* in the eulogy passed on Launcelot du Lake, by his brother, Sir Ector, when after a seven years' search he found him dead. "Ah! Sir Launcelot," said he, "thou were head of all Christian Knights! And now I dare say," said Sir Ector, "that, Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, thou were never matched of none earthly Knight's hands; and thou were the curtiest Knight that ever beare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrood horse; and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strooke with sword; and thou were the goodliest person that ever came among presse of knights; and thou were the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest Knight to thy mortal foe that ever put speare in rest." So Sir John Froissart describes Gaston de Foix as one, who "loved that which ought to be loved, and hated that which ought to be hated. . . . He said many orisons every day; he gave five florins in small monies at his gate to poor folks for the love of God; he was large and courteous in gifts. He could right well take when it parteyned to him and deliver again when he ought. . . . He was of good easy acquaintance with every man, and amorously would speak to them."

"The spirit of chivalry," says Hallam, "left behind it a more valuable successor." The character of Knight

gradually subsided in that of Gentleman, and the one distinguishes European society in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries as much as the other did in the preceding ages. A jealous sense of honor, less romantic but equally elevated, a ceremonious gallantry and politeness, a strictness in devotional observances, and feeling of independence upon a sovereign for the dignity it gave, a sympathy for martial honor, the more subdued by civil habits, are the lineaments which prove an indisputable descent." The transition of which Hallam here speaks is most pronounced in the age of Elizabeth. That age may be appropriately denominated as, *par eminence*, the age of Gentlemen. This fact was largely due to the character and influence of England's Maiden Queen, the crowned gentlewoman who then ruled, who having married her realm, refused a husband. And so the gentlemen of England found in her a mistress, to whom they might and did each and all vow their knightly allegiance and dedicate their trenchant swords and devote their purest chivalric love. It was the age of the stately Leicester, the prudent Burleigh, the dextrous Walsingham, the imperious Oxford, the elegant Sackville, the all accomplished Sidney, of Essex, "the ornament of the Court and of the Camp," (I quote Macaulay) "the model of chivalry, the munificent patron of genius, whom great virtues, great courage, great talents, the favor of his sovereign, the love of his countrymen, all that seemed to insure a happy and glorious life led to an early and an ignominious death;" of Raleigh, "the soldier"—again I quote Macaulay—"the sailor, the scholar, the courtier, the orator, the poet, the historian, the philosopher, sometimes reviewing the Queen's guards, sometimes giving chase to a Spanish galleon, then answering the chiefs of the country party in the House of Com-

mons, then again murmuring one of his sweet love songs too near the ears of one of the Queen's maids of honor, and soon after, poring over the Talmud or collating Polybius with Livy." It was the age of rare Ben Johnson, one of nature's noblemen, if he was once a bricklayer, of Shakespeare the creator of so many gentlemen, of Spencer, gentle Colin Clout, whom everybody loved, the poet of chivalry, of gentlemanhood, after its most exalted, most spiritual types. If you would know what the True Gentleman is, read and study the Faery Queen, its legends of Holinesse, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, Courtesie.

The Gentleman of Elizabeth's era, the embodiment of Spencerian virtues, is doubtless a noble improvement on the Knight of Chivalry. For although the catalogue of virtues of each is the same, these in the progress of society, and especially in the grand moral illumination which flooded the world through the Protestant Reformation, had acquired a higher interpretation. The Elizabethan Gentleman had been elevated into a loftier sphere of manhood. He was a poet, not a framer of love ditties and of martial lays simply, but a true seer of the Beautiful, a worshiper of that Soul-Beauty, that Heavenly Beauty, which revealed itself to Spencer.

"What time this world's great workmaister did cast
To make all things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly patterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashioned them as comely as he could,
That now so fair and seemely they appeare
As nought may be amended any wheare."

"The meanes therefore which unto us is lent
God to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent
And in the same, as in a trasen booke,

To read enregistred in every nooke
His goodness, which his beauty doth declare,
For all that's good is beautifull and faire."

He was in sympathy with every movement toward the emancipation of mind, and the elevation of science and art. In philology a Bacon, in poetry a Spencer, in manners a Sidney, in arms an Essex, in gentle culture a Raleigh, each shows us degrees of attainment as far above the old chivalry as that was above the older barbarism. He was not a mere courtier, although in all the annals of court exploits there is to be found nothing more exquisite in its way than Raleigh stripping off his rich cloak from his shoulders and laying it on the ground, that the Queen might step over the mud without soiling her feet. But the faultless courtier was that and far more. He carried within him a soul filled with loyalty to the Right and zeal for Truth. He was willing to hazard his all for the honor of his Queen, the integrity of his cause, the triumph of his faith. No Knight of Malta ever rode forth more eagerly to fight the infidel Paynim, than did he to fight the great Trinity of Evil which Elizabeth's Knights must fight to the death, the Pope, the Spaniard and the Devil. Religion was not with him, as with the old Crusaders, a blind semi-superstitious impulse, or a wild-fire enthusiasm, however noble and fervent; it was an intelligent belief, a glowing earnest conviction, commingling of light with fire. Hear how a gentleman of that olden time speaks: "There is a foolish and a wretched pride wherewith men being transported, can ill endure to ascribe unto God the merit of those actions in which it hath pleased him to use their own Industry, courage or foresight. Therefore it is constantly seen that they who entering into Battel are careful to pray for aid from Heaven with due acknowledgment of his power who is

the giver of victory, when the field is won do vaunt of their own exploits. . . . Every one striving to magnifie himself while all forget God as one that had not been present in the action. . . . Yet this is true that as he that findeth better success than he did, or in seas not expected, is deeply bound to acknowledge God the author of his happiness, so He whose meer Wisdom and Labor hath brought things to a prosperous issue, is doubly bound to show himself thankful both for the Victory and for those Vertues by which the Victory was gotten. And indeed so far from weakness is the nature of such thanksgiving, that it may well be called the height of magnanimity, no Vertue being so truly Heroical as that by which the spirit of Man advanceth itself with confidence of acceptation into the love of God. In which sense it is a brave speech that Evander in Virgil useth, none but a Christian being capable of the admonition :

"Aude hospes contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge Deo."

Do you know who spoke these noble words? It was our Knight of Malta, the same Sir Walter Raleigh who performed that act of inimitable courtesy to his Queen, and he is a type, one of the highest sort, to be sure, but still a type of the Gentleman of England, in the days of good Queen Bess.

We pass now from the Golden Age of Gentlemanhood to its Iron Age. Under the Stuarts the world witnessed a chaotic confusion of names and things, of moral principles and civil relations, from which it has scarcely yet recovered. Ever since the accession of James I., England had been ripening for revolution. On the one side the people under the impetus given them by the Sixteenth Century Reformation were moving toward

Freedom, Constitutional Right, Personal Independence, Mental Enlightenment, Moral Power, toward the broadening and brightening future. On the other hand the Court clinging with all its might to the Old, binding itself to the decaying pillars of Absolutism and Semi-Popery, if not Popery itself, sought not only to resist, but to stay the current which now seethed and foamed angrily, the Rapids above the Falls. On the former side was arrayed the Progressive Force of England, its vital Protestantism, its latent and open Republicanism, its sturdy independent Yeomanry. On the other side was arrayed its Conservative Force, its half-dead Semi-Papist Protestantism, its oligarchic Feudalism, its timid Old Fogysm, its mean spirited Lackeyism, in a word its Anti-Protestantism. It is one of the historical fallacies current in some circles, that in that great struggle which culminated in a Puritan Commonwealth, the gentry of England stood on one side and the Puritans on the other. It was the Cavalier against the Roundhead, we are sometimes told in a tone which indicates the Cavalier to be the embodiment of all that is noble, chivalrous, gentlemanly, liberal, brave; the Roundhead to be the embodiment of whatever is narrow, bigoted, vulgar, unwilling, mercenary, fanatical, hypocritical. Any such affirmation or insinuation, (for there are those who will insinuate all that, without daring openly to assert it), has its origin either in unprincipled malignity or in intense ignorance. In opposition to it I affirm, and if time permitted, each affirmation could be sustained by the most direct and abundant evidence: First, that while it may be granted that counted by heads simply, the greater number of the English gentry belonged to the Cavalier party, a large and influential minority, not much inferior in number either, belonged to the Puritan party. Next, that the Puritan gentry

of England, including those who sympathized and co-operated with these Puritans in their general aims, without being particularly identified with them, while they were the equals of the Royalists, in good breeding, in chivalry, in aristocratic privileges and accomplishments, were, taken as a whole, greatly their superiors in intelligence, in character, in sympathy with whatsoever is humane and progressive. To those who know anything about history it will be enough to mention the names of the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Manchester, Sir John Elliot, Lord Fairfax, Sir Henry Vane, Algernon Sydney, John Hampden.

Next, that while there was in the Cavalier ranks much of true nobility, there was at the same time in the aggregate more bigotry, more fanaticism, and that of a far lower sort, more cant, if that word be used in its proper sense, more ignorance, vastly more mercinariness, and incomparably more immorality, than in the Puritan ranks, and finally that, taking each of the two parties in a body, turning our attention away from local and transient peculiarities to that which was essential and permanent, looking at the centre of each and not at its extremes; comparing their leaders, their moving spirits, their ruling ideas, the brain power and heart power enlisted on each side, weighing in the scales of historical justice, the contribution made by each side to the knowlege, the art, the intellectual, the political and moral progress of the world, it will be found that three-fourths of all that the world has gained from that Seventeenth Century struggle was the gift of the Puritan, not of the Cavalier.

“Great men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none;
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.

These Moralists could act and comprehend,
 They knew how genuine glory was put on :
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
 In splendor ; what strength was that would not bend
 But in magnanimous meekness."

Wordsworth, when he wrote that, was no Puritan in the technical sense, but every one of the great names he mentions as the glory of England, was according to the spirit, if not according to the letter, a Puritan. Every one of them was a pronounced Anti-Cavalier. The great poet but echoes the sentiment of every intelligent and candid historian, Puritan or no Puritan, of Carlisle, Arnold, Kingsley, Macaulay, Froude, Bancroft, Guizot. Ask Carlyle the Iconoclast and Pantheist, the worshipper of Goethe, who says that Literature is his church. He surely is no Puritan, yet he will tell you : " In conscious act or in clear tendency, the far greater part of the serious Thought and Manhood of England, has declared itself Puritan." And speaking of King Charles' Parliaments he will say : " All these Parliaments grow strangely in Puritanism. . . . The nobility and gentry of England were then a very strange body of men. The English squire of the Seventeenth Century clearly appears to have believed in God, not as a figure of speech, but as a very fact, very awful to the heart of the English squire. He wore his Bible Doctrine around him, says one, as an English Squire wears his short belt ; went abroad with it nothing doubting." Ask Dr. Arnold the scholar, the historian, the Father of the Broad Church, so called ; he will tell you that, while " in the government of the church the Puritans had done nothing, changes of the greatest import had been wrought in the state, not in its forms indeed, but in its spirit." Among the changes, he enumerates the most important civil reforms of the last two centuries.

Ask Chas. Kingsley the disciple of Arnold, preacher, poet, novelist, historian, and apostle of muscular Christianity. You may call him a Puritan or not, just as you please. What does he say? "We hold the average Puritan, nobleman, gentleman, merchant, or farmer, to have been a picturesque and poetical man, a man of higher imagination and deeper feeling than the average Court poets, and a man of sound taste also." Ask Macaulay, the brilliant essayist, the eloquent parliamentarian, the cultivated scholar, the graphic historian, the accomplished man of the world. What does he tell us? "Those who roused the people to resist, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who in the short intervals of domestic sedition made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere exterior badges like the signs of free masonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations, had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I., or the easy good breeding for which the court of Charles II. was celebrated. But if we must make our choice we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix our choice on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure." Elsewhere, in speaking of the Puritans, he calls them "the deliverers of England, the founders of the great American Commonwealth." By what standard will you judge the gentleman? By that of Dress? In this

matter Mr. Kingsley will tell you: "The Puritan triumph has been complete. Even their worst enemies have come over to their side, and the whirligig of Time has brought in his revenges. Their canons of taste have become those of all England, and High Churchmen who still call them Roundheads and cropped ears, go about rounder headed and closer cropt than they ever went. They held it more rational to cut the hair to a comfortable length than to wear effeminate curls down the back. And we cut ours much shorter than they ever did. They held with the Spaniards, then the finest gentlemen in the world, that sad, *i. e.*, dark colors, above all black, were the fittest for stately and earnest gentlemen. We all, from the Tractarian to the Anythingarian, are exactly of the same opinion. They held that lace, perfumes and jewelry on a man were marks of a womanly foppishness and vanity, and so hold the finest gentlemen in Europe now. In applying the same canon to the dress of woman they were wrong. As in other matters they had hold of one pole of a double truth and erred in applying it exclusively to all cases. But there are two things to be said for them; first, that the dress of that day was palpably an incentive to the profligacy of that day, and therefore had to be protested against; in these more moral times, ornaments and fashions may be harmlessly used which then could not be used without harm; and next, it is undeniable that sober dressing is more and more becoming the fashion among well-bred women, and among them too the Puritan's canons are gaining ground."

Shall we test the gentleman by his manners? Here also the Puritan has conquered, so far at least, that if you compare the manners of the self-styled gentleman of that day with those of to-day, you will find that:

“the Puritan and not the Cavalier conception of what a gentleman should be, is the one that prevails now.”

Shall we make genius, the power of imagination and the love of the beautiful the test? Macaulay has said that during the latter half of the seventeenth century there were only two great creative minds in England. One of these minds produced *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Both, I need not say, were Puritans. Even Cromwell, the barbarian, as Hume calls him, patronized Waller, employed Milton and saved Raphael's cartoons to the British Nation when Charles I.'s pictures were sold. For every fraction of the old cavalier which enters into the real gentleman of to-day, you will find four fractions of the Puritan, when there was any antagonism between the two. I am far from saying or supposing that the Puritan is the highest type of a gentleman which the world has seen or ever will see. I do not think he is equal to the perfect gentleman of to-day. I hope we shall go on improving on the type to the end of time. I desire simply to protest, through the testimonies of competent authorities, whom you must and do respect, against the shallow, ignorant and silly sneers of flunkeyism in our own day and in our own land, which exposes its shame by reflecting the ignorance and echoing the sneers of a spurious cavalier aristocracy of which it is the slave, now, it is to be hoped, in a fair way to extinction. Spurious, I say, for the chivalry of the Royalist party of England was as much more respectable than the bastard negro driving which steals its name, as that was surpassed by the chivalry of Spencer's Knight of the Red Cross. I do not call the Puritan a model man, but I do say that but for him our model man of to-day would have been a very sorry specimen of manhood. He was a good way beneath our beau ideal of the gentleman, but had

it not been for him, our beau ideal might have been a thing for earth to blush at, for heaven to weep over. He may have lacked the outward graces and amenities which harmoniously bespeak the inward gentleness and grace, he may have lacked the right culture of some of the æsthetic principles which constitute the spiritual economy of the perfect gentleman, but he did not lack those which were absolutely indispensable: honor, truth, self-respect, self-control, loyalty, purity, love. Whenever then, you hear some babbling demagogue prating about the narrow-minded, canting, fanatical, mean, unchivalrous, sniffing tribe of the Puritans, whether he mean the Puritans of Old England in her grand Revolutionary struggle, which secured her freedom forever, or the Puritans of New England, worthy descendants of noble sires, who brought here the manly independence, the free principles, the moral worth and the true gentlemanhood of their fathers and brethren beyond the seas, and who by means of this laid the foundation of a nobler commonwealth than that which their sires established, but failed to sustain, set him down for a contemptible flunkey, destitute of soul or of principle, or of both, bestow on him your utter contempt and say to him that which will burn down to the core of his flunkey soul: "Ape of the Dead Seas! peering asquint into the Holy of Holies, let us have done with thy babblings, thou canst not fathom it."

Isaac Barrow says that the properties of a gentleman, "which he that wanteth is not otherwise than equivalently a gentleman as an Image or a Carkase is a man," are especially two, Courage and Courtesy. Without these "gentility is no more than a vain show or an empty name." Of gentlemanly courage he says: It is not seen in a flaunting garb or in strutting deportment, not in hectorly, ruffianlike swaggering or truss-

ing; not in high looks or big words, but in stout and gallant deeds, employing vigor of mind and heart to achieve them." There are those who can not distinguish between the blusterer and the gentleman. Soft words, courteous hints, gentle forbearance, silent magnanimity, are lost on them as a child's caresses would be lost on a hippopotamus. But give them blows, punches, stripes, kicks and they at once adore your divinity. Coleridge says that once he was riding in a coach "opposite a Jew, a symbol of old clothes, an Isaac of Holywell street." Coleridge opened a window, the Jew shut it; Coleridge put it up, the Jew put it down; the author of the "Ancient Mariner" again opened it, the modern Isaac again closed it. At length Coleridge, waxing wroth, began to abuse him roundly and railed at the son of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in a style which would be strikingly appropriate if directed against a pork killing establishment in full blast, winding up as follows: "See the Man in the Moon? He holds his nose at thee at that distance. Dost thou think that I, sitting here, can endure it any longer?" The Jew was astonished, opened the window himself forthwith and said, "I am sorry, sir, I did not know before, you was so great a gentleman." Coleridge was a gentleman notwithstanding the Jewish compliment. But as Barrow says, the courage of the true gentleman is not of that blustering and demonstrative type which forcibly impresses the senses, but of that silent, unseen type which carries a man unfalteringly and triumphantly through all that is to be endured and done. One of the finest chapters in *The Caxtons* is that entitled, "My Father's crotchet on the Hygienic Chemistry of Books." Mr. Caxton, Sr., perceiving that his brother, the Captain, and his son Pisistratus both needed medicines for certain ailments of mind with which they were

respectively afflicted, prescribed for them an original cure. " 'Roland, you said you would try my prescription, here it is,' and my father took up a book and reached it to the captain. My uncle looked over it—Life of Rev. Robert Hall—'brother, he was a dissenter and thank heaven I am a Church and State man to the backbone.' 'Robert Hall was a brave man and a true soldier under the Great Commander,' said my father artfully. The captain mechanically carried his forefinger to his forehead in military fashion and saluted the book respectfully." A few days after the two invalids, or convalescents, as we may now call them, sit together and begin to talk about the book. "Well, sir," said Roland, "has the prescription done you any good?" "Yes Uncle, great." "And me too, by Jupiter. Sisty that same Hall was a fine fellow. I wonder if the medicine has gone through the same channels in both? Tell me first how it has affected you."

Pisistratus is most struck with the earnest heavenly purpose of the man, "A man intent upon a sublime and spiritual duty, in short, living, as it were, in it, and so filled with the consciousness of immortality and so strong in the link between God and man, that without any affected stoicism, without being insensible to pain, rather perhaps from a nervous temperament acutely feeling it, he yet has a happiness wholly independent of it. It is impossible not to be thrilled with an admiration that elevates while it awes you, in reading that solemn 'Dedication of himself to God,'" and so forth. "All that is very well said," quoth the captain, "but it did not strike me. What I have seen in this book is courage. Here is a poor creature rolling on the carpet with agony, from childhood to death tortured by a mysterious and incurable malady, a malady that is described as an internal apparatus of torture, and who does by his

heroism more than *bear* it, he puts it out of its power to afflict him, and though (here is the passage) 'his appointment by day and by night was incessant pain, yet high enjoyment was notwithstanding the law of his existence.' Robert Hall reads me a lesson, me, an old soldier who thought myself above taking lessons in courage at least. And as I came to that passage when in the sharp paroxysms before death he says, 'I have not complained, have I, sir? And I won't complain.' When I came to that passage, I started up and cried, 'Roland de Caxton, thou hast been a coward and, an thou hadst thy deserts, thou hadst been cashiered, broken and drummed out of the regiment long ago.'" The old soldier was right. That was true heroism—true gentlemanly courage, the courage of the Christian, showing, as the Guesses at Truth says, that the Christian is God Almighty's Gentleman. That courage which will take up pain and by devotion to duty put it out of the power of pain to affect the man, to disturb the serenity of his inward peace, or imbitter the sweetness of his soul's influences—there is no higher courage known than that. Every Gentleman needs this courage too, every day of his life, although he may not, like Hall, lie on his back on the floor by the day and the week, racked with agony intense. The thousand petty annoyances and discouragements, which like skirmishers beset and harass the soldier of duty every day, which tempt him to parley with the enemy, to betray his Leader's cause, to swerve from the right path or to turn his back ignominiously, these require the same steadiness, the same enthusiasm, the same fearlessness, the same devotion, which sustain him on the battlefield when the storm of fire and death sweep round. He who surrenders to the guerrillas of life, the sneers, the taunts, the sarcasms of the superficial or the unprin-

cipléd, is a greater coward, a greater because a more inexcusable coward, than he who flinches before the tempest and hail of persecution and martyrdom, and he deserves, as Roland de Caxton expressed it, "to be cashiered, broken and drummed out of the regiment" of God's Gentlemen.

The other primary quality of a Gentleman, according to Barrow, is Courtesy. Originally the word meant the manners of one accustomed to court life, the affability, condescension, gentleness and deferential urbanity of a courtier. But now, as Milton says, it

"Oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, than in tap'stry halls,
In courts of princes where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended."

Looking from its original to its present signification, let us glance at some of its features. True courtesy shows itself in a delicate appreciation of the feelings of others. It exchanges positions and conditions with them, enters into their symptoms; their needs, their preferences, their antipathies, their prejudices, even their idolatries. It does not demand instant and absolute conformity to its own standard. It is not a stiff, unbending perpendicular to which everything must make itself parallel and equal. The courteous man always interprets the words and deeds of others according to the intent rather than the form. He clothes the awkwardness, the untowardness, it may be the impropriety of the expression, with the beauty of the thought, which is the soul of it. Feeling is sacred with him, except when it stands in the way of duty. He would no more lay violent hands on another's self-respect, than a devout Israelite would have violated the Ark of the Covenant. His heart is stung tenfold more by the wrong which he unwittingly inflicts

than by that which he receives. His air never says: "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark." You never feel like saying to him: "Excuse me, my Lord, for stepping on your shadow!" Nor yet like saying: "Who has made thee better than me." His whole conduct testifies the profoundest reverence for manhood. The affinities are more pronounced than the antagonisms. The universal overshadows the particular. Without contracting his freedom, he does not inflate his individuality. There are some who spend most of their time in cultivating wens and warts. They are proud of their deformities and infirmities, and they meet with a class of sympathizers who fully envy them the possessions of their distinctions as marks of superiority. "I'm sure, sister," says Mrs. Pallet of the Dodson family, "it's a nice sort o' man as Mrs. Sutton has left her money to, for he's troubled with the asthmy, and goes to bed every night at eight o'clock. He told me about it himself one Sunday, as free as could be, when he came to our church. He wears a hare-skin on his chest and has a trembling in his talk, quite a gentleman sort o' man." The Pallet idea of the Gentleman is more common than many suppose, but it won't do. The true gentleman is a healthy man. He does not parade his defects as virtues. He does not thrust his distorted or puffed out individualism on society as much as to say: "This is the kind of man I am, and this is the kind I mean to be. If you don't like me, get out of the way, I have the inalienable right to be myself and nobody else." The true Gentleman makes you think more of the man than of this or that part of him. Thus most, if not all, are at home with him. He is fundamentally impartial, equal in his courtesies. He is not to one June, expanding in bloom, radiant with cheer, and gushing with sweetness, while to another just as

good he is a January, ice-bound, grim, freezing. Of course he has his preferences and his antipathies. But he is not their slave. Their tyranny never compels him to be unfair, unkind, ungenerous. Like the poet he is "dowered with hate of hate, with scorn of scorn, with love of love."

He is true, simple, *sine plicâ*, without a fold. He does not live a double life. His courtesies are not assumed. They are not Saul's armor on the body of David. They sit easy on him because they are a part of himself. They are the living language of a soul full of all princely, generous and royal magnanimities, a soul above the narrowness and shallowness and littleness of a shackled, servile condition, or of a false, artificial life, or of a gross material career. They are the flowing development of a free life. Yet he is not a bundle of manners. His *mores*, manners, are not his *mors*, morals. The two are not divorced. His manhood is not melted into courtesies. The flowers outside are the bloom of the granite-dust; the rock still lies at their roots. Beauty in his character is the bride of strength. Only if either has not yet found its mate, it is strength. Is grace wanting? It is a pity. Is strength wanting? It is a shame. Dr. Johnson was often harsh, inconsiderate, overbearing, bearish, yet the world has always accepted him as, after all, a gentleman. Why? Because beneath that shaggy outside, behind those rough words, beat a heart as tender and loving as any woman's, yet withal as independent as a king's. He picked up the wretches whom he found in the streets, fed them out of his half empty cupboard, clothed them out of his scanty wardrobe, gave them money out of his purse in which, like Timon's, it was "deepest winter," and sympathy out of his heart where brightest summer reigned. The model gentleman of the mode in that day was Lord Chesterfield, whose

letters to his son were long the Code of Fashion, the manual of the gentleman, made, not born, and perhaps may be yet. Lord Chesterfield had always treated Johnson with cold disdain and neglect. But when he heard that Johnson was about to publish his Dictionary he began to flatter and to compliment him, writing articles in his praise, hoping in this way to secure the Dedication of his great work to himself. Johnson wrote him a letter in which he said: "Seven years, my Lord, have now past since I waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before. . . . Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labor, had it been early, had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no cynical asperity not to confess obligation when no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which providence has enabled me to do for myself." Who was the greater gentleman—the courtly, polished, heartless man of the world, "the glass of Fashion and the mould of form," whose word was law and whose favor would have been a fortune, or the poor but grandly proud Dictionary maker, who would not barter away his self-respect and honor for the kingdom which lay in the smile of a Chesterfield?

In close connection with the traits just described stand self-reliance and presence of mind. The gentleman stands firm on his own foundations. This implies that he has foundations to stand on. "Well," said a conceited fellow once to Dr. Emmons, "every tub must stand on its own bottom." "Yes, yes," said the Doctor, "but what will those tubs do that have no bottom?" The gentleman needs no crutches. He stands and moves in the strength and dignity of his own manhood. He is master of the situation. He is not in haste to "rush in when angels fear to tread." He does not fall into the blunder of certain upstarts in the Apostle James' day, who took a higher seat than was becoming to them and were commanded to come down again. If he is bidden to take a lower seat "some one blundered," but not he. His humility, which is an inalienable trait of his character, teaches him his place and his powers. It causes moreover that he is not always thinking of himself and imagining that everybody else is thinking of him. This is the important difference between him and the snob. The latter has an intense consciousness of his own importance. Most generally he enjoys the monopoly of the conviction. Sometimes a more meritorious person than the snob, who has many of the elements of the true gentleman, is painfully lacking in the power of self-forgetfulness. In consequence he is easily embarrassed, unbalanced, thrown off his centre. He curses daily his misfortune, his bad luck. His good thoughts never come at the right nick of time. A happy idea strikes him, but, alas! it is five minutes too late. He is lacking in the gentlemanly quality — presence of mind. He is not exactly what is called absent-minded. Many a gentleman is that. You have heard of the man who, while out visiting a friend, was overtaken by a storm which raged so furiously that his host insisted on

his spending the night with him. During the evening, the storm raging violently, he was found to be missing, but presently he reappeared dripping from top to toe, looking like a dog about the paws and like a weeping willow about the head. On being asked, "where on earth have you been?" he quietly answered, "I have been home to tell my wife it was such a bad night I should not return." That man, I say, was most indubitably a perfect gentleman, the ladies being judges. But he was a little absent-minded! But by presence of mind I mean that constant self-possession which prevents a man's being taken by surprise and having the enemy thundering through his camp while he is half asleep and half-dressed.

Dr. Brown, in *Spare Hours*, calls it having the outposts always awake, and compares it to sleeping with your pistol under your pillow and it on full cock. He gives an instance which is worth quoting as an illustration of the dependence of this quality on the fact of gentlemanhood. I shall give the Doctor's own inimitable version. "Dr. Reid of Peebles . . . a man of great force of character and a true Philip, a lover of horses, saw one fair day a black horse, entire thoroughbred. The groom asked a low price and would answer no questions. At the close of the Fair the Doctor bought him amid the derision of his friends. Next morning he rode him up the road, came home after a long round and had never been better carried. This went on for some weeks; this fine creature was without a fault. One Sunday morning he was posting up by Neidpath at a great pace, the country people trooping into town to church. Opposite the fine old castle the thoroughbred stood stock still, and it needed all the Doctor's horsemanship to counteract the law of projectiles; he did, and sat still and not only gave no sign of urging the

horse, but rather intimated that it was his particular desire that he should stop. He sat still a full hour, his friends making an excellent joke of it, and he declining of course all interference. At the end of the hour, Black Duke, as he was called, turned one ear forward, then the other, looked aside, shook himself and moved on, his master intimating that this was exactly what he wished; and from that day until his death some fifteen years after, never did these two friends allude to this little circumstance, and it was never repeated, though it turned out that he had killed his two men previously." This certainly shows, as Dr. B. says, great presence of mind, but does it not show something else? Would any other than a perfect gentleman have treated his horse that way, humoring his whims, entering so thoroughly into the horse's feelings, and deferring so courteously to his good pleasure? Didn't the horse feel that he was treated like a gentleman, and wasn't the logical inference that he who bestrode him was a gentleman? And wasn't that a fine gentlemanly trait in each that neither ever after alluded to the little circumstance? Suppose the brute in the case to have been a biped and not a quadruped, would not the result have been the same? Is it not perfectly evident therefore, that to be perfectly master of the situation, a man must have that clear instantaneous perception of all the necessities of an emergency, which only true gentlemanhood, that is, entire self-control and a delicate appreciation of all the surrounding forces, and gentleness combined with firmness in managing those forces, can give? The perfect gentleman is then at once self-possessed, self-reliant, and self-forgetful. When Robert Burns came to Edinburgh, fresh from the plow and the sod, and was introduced as the lion of the season to the most select circles of Auld Reekie, he took

his place at once among the first gentlemen of Scotland. He charmed all by the nobility of his demeanor, the purity of his speech, the exquisite propriety of his manners. Whence had he learned it all? Not in school, not in fine society, for he had seen but little of either. But his teachers had been diviner ones than books, or school, or society. That gentle heart which grieved over the "wee mousie" whose habitation had been upturned and overthrown by the plough, the self-respect and self-reliance which ring in every line of "A man's a man for a that," his "pith o' sense and pride o' worth," his self-unconsciousness, his native courtesy combined with intellect and genius, these they were which gave the ploughboy of Ayrshire the mien and bearing of a nobleman.

The gentleman must not be a drudge. By this I do not mean that he should be a lazy good-for-nothing. Neither rank, nor blood, nor office, nor money, nor reputation, nor polish gives any man exemption from the universal Law of Labor. The miserable fallacy that to be a gentleman is to have nothing to do, has too long been the curse of those who aspire to the name. He of the Silver Spoon, whose sole business in life is to be fed, to be waited on, to consume his blank hundreds or blank thousands a year—the least said of him the better. The Highest whom the world has known came not to be ministered into, but to minister. "All true work," says a well-known writer, "is sacred. In all true work, were it but true hard labor, there is something of divineness. Labor wide as the earth has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart, which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms up to that 'agony of bloody

sweat, which all men have called divine. . . . And who art thou that braggest of thy type of idleness, complacently showest thy bright equipages, sumptuous cushions, appliances for the folding of the hands for more sleep? Looking up, looking down, around, behind, before, discernest thou if it be not in Mayfair alone, any *idle* hero, saint, God, or even devil? Not a vestige of one. In the Heavens, in the Earth, in the waters under the earth, is none like to thee. One monster there is in the world—the idle man.” “Gentlemen have to learn,” says Ruskin, “that it is no part of their duty or privilege to live on other people’s toil. They have to learn that there is no degradation in the hardest manual or the humblest servile labor when it is honest; but that there is degradation, and that deep, in extravagance, in bribery, in indolence, in pride, in taking places they are not fit for, or in coining places for which there is no need. It does not disgrace a gentleman to become an errand boy or a day laborer, but it disgraces him to become a knave or a thief, and knaving is not the less knaving because it involves large interests, nor theft the less theft because it is countenanced by usage or accompanied by failure in undertaken duty. . . . On the other hand, lower orders and all orders have to learn, that every vicious habit and chronic disease communicates itself by descent, and that by purity of birth the entire system of the human body and soul may be gradually elevated, or by recklessness of birth degraded, until there shall be as much difference between the well-bred and the ill-bred human creature, whatever pains be taken in their education, as between a wolf hound and the vilest mongrel cur.” If all work is noble, then the workman is to-day’s nobleman. The chivalry of the Nineteenth Century is the chivalry of Labor. Mrs. Browning has

said: "The earth is all too gray for chivalry." Yes! for the chivalry of the Lance and the Tournament. The world is too gray or rather too mature for that, "Being," says Goethe, "is ever a glorious birth into higher Being."

Chivalry has been transformed. A new and nobler chivalry has dawned upon the world—the chivalry of the Plough and the Loom, the chivalry of the Pen and the Press, the chivalry of Books. Our Knights Templars are our Mechanics and Manufacturers; our Grand Masters are our Teachers and our Authors. The Knighthood of the age is that of the strong arm and the cunning hand and the vigorous brain. The ring of the blacksmith's anvil has as much poetry in it as the ring of the old crusader's shield. The sweat which drops in the newly turned furrow is nobler than the blood which stained the field of gold. Is your vocation honorable? Is it useful? Be proud of it as any old knight of his order. If you rightly and worthily fulfill it, and faithfully cultivate the duties which grow out of it, and all the graces which adorn it, you are more truly a gentleman in the sight of God than if every drop which rolls in your veins were the blood of a Percy or a Plantagenet. This war has been called by some, who instigated it, a gentleman's war, a war of the gentlemen of the South against churls. Very well, so be it! It *is* a gentleman's war, a war for *God's* idea of a gentleman, a free, self-owning, self-respecting, self-governing Workman, against the Devil's idea of a gentleman—the Do-nothing! Chivalry? Yes! there is chivalry on the one side or the other, chivalry of a certain kind on both sides; but on the one side it is the old effete chivalry of the Past, on the other side the young blooming chivalry of the Future, the chivalry of the Millennium, when the highest title known on earth will

be Worker. The gentleman, I say, is the workingman. But however hard and however faithfully he may labor he is never the drudge. What do I mean? I mean that he does not carry into his work a menial spirit, the spirit of the hack, of the galley-slave. He will never allow himself to become a wheel whirling around and around, without ever advancing. He will never be content to work drearily, mechanically, like a horse in the tread mill, without ever asking himself, "What is to become of all this work?" Labor will be to him a means, not an end. He will not be satisfied until his work becomes in some way a blessing. This is the essential difference between the Drudge and the Gentleman. The former just works, the latter is a Doer. The former goes through his work as the plow goes through the sod—driven through it; the work of the latter comes out of him like the song out of the bird, a joy to the bird and to the universe of God. You have seen a man sawing wood. Rather a curious machine on the whole. Saw—saw—saw—all day long; a saw with a *man* behind it. Have you ever seen Ole Bull playing the violin? Holding it as tenderly, embracing it as lovingly, leaning toward it as sweetly as though it were his bosom bride, his tall form swaying gracefully like one of the pines of his own doorway, his right arm sweeping those mystic strings with the magnetic bow, he draws out the deep impassioned tone, the weird æolian wail, the melting bird-like warble, the thrilling strain and stirring chord—whence? Out of the depths of his own musical soul. The violin? You don't think of it. It is lost in the man. The magician and his instrument are one in the enchantment of sense and soul, which he throws around you. Like Ole Bull's violin is work to a Godlike worker. It becomes a part of himself and he draws his soul's harmonies out

of it. Saw—saw—saw—that is the drudge. Music—enchantment—heaven—that is the artist; and every true worker, every one who works for the soul and not for the body, for spiritual ends and not for physical, for the hereafter and not for the now, every such worker is an artist, though his work be only the sawing of wood. And the moment he ceases to be a drudge he becomes a gentleman, although like God's first gentleman, his implement be a spade. The curse of American business, of American work, is that there is too much drudgery in it. We dig and we delve, we buy and we sell, we hammer and we plow, we scribble and we travel, we press heaven and earth and the nethermost abyss into our service; we toil like Hercules, we kill hydras and human lions and pythons, we level mountains and fill up the valleys and create States, we would think nothing of contracting to build Rome in a day or of constructing a Continent in a week, Old World fogies and Old World geologists to the contrary notwithstanding, but it is the most gigantic drudgery. There is too little freedom, enjoyment, elevation, inspiration, about it. It is time we rise above this slavery to toil and learn the art of working. We need to learn how to rest. The man who works the most is he who rests the most. But the secret of rest escapes nine out of ten. The art of Recreation is to many a lost or an undiscovered art. They have not the slightest idea of the way to recreate their wasted energies. These are arts indispensable to the perfect gentleman, which we must cultivate more diligently and successfully if, as I trust we do, we aspire to become a nation of gentlemen.

It is hardly necessary to name in addition as traits of the Gentleman, Magnanimity, Honor, Unselfishness. In nothing were the benefits of Chivalry more manifest than in the encouragement which it afforded to the

development of these virtues. Compare the conduct of the Black Prince toward a vanquished adversary, with the wrath of a barbarian Achilles. Under the walls of Calais, Edward fought hand to hand with a French Knight and overcame him. Afterward he entertained him as a guest, and when the supper was over, took the chaplet of pearls from his own brow and placed it upon that of his adversary, saying: "Well hast thou fought, Sir Eustace! Wear these for my sake, and accept thy freedom as a token of my good-will." But there is a higher magnanimity than that. It is not so hard to be magnanimous to one you have vanquished. But can you be magnanimous to one who has vanquished you? If so, then indeed you are a Gentleman.

Honor is no less indispensable; superiority to all that is mean, underhanded, tortuous in policy, to all double dealing in speech or in practice, to all untruthfulness, treachery, deceit. The Gentleman, like Arthur, is a

"King who honors his own word
As if it were his God's."

Not only does he shrink from doing that which he feels would be dishonorable when others are looking on, but when he is alone, for he preserves his honor toward God and not merely toward men. He lives "as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

And to crown the whole, not a stain of selfishness is allowed to rot on his soil. This indeed is the sum of all that has been said. Love to all, pure, disinterested, ever growing, will make the gentleman, whatever natural aptitudes or acquired accomplishments he may be wanting; whereas, he who thinks first and only of himself, can never be a Gentleman, though he have the manners of a Chesterfield, and though his pedigree go back to the Flood. The dying Sidney passing the cup of water

brought to himself to the wounded soldier at his side, saying: "Thy necessity is greater than mine," will never be forgotten while the world endures, and not unworthy to go down with it to the remotest generations is the memory of our own gallant Col. Fred. Jones, who in his dying agonies sent away his physician, saying, "Never mind me, look after my poor men." Heroes—Gentlemen both! Neither can we forget as higher and diviner than all, one great Exemplar, who combined in himself these and all the perfections of complete manhood, who sought not to please himself, in whom was no guile, who forgave his enemies with his dying breath, who did nothing out of season or out of place, who won all, subdued all in reverence to him, who was and is meek and lowly in heart. If to be a Christian is to be like Christ, no one who aspires to be a Gentleman need blush to be a Christian.

XII.

THE WELSH PULPIT.

I. FROM HOWEL HARRIS TO ROBERT ROBERTS (CLYNOG).

A WRITER in the *London Christian Spectator* has said: "Welsh preaching is as great a mystery to an Englishman as the language; he is not able to analyze it, nor to put himself in the place of the hearer, and to judge for himself of its power. Yet he is assured, on good authority, that it is immeasurably superior to the best English preaching; and remembering that the English pulpit can boast of a Hall, a Chalmers, and a Melville, he begins to suppose that Welsh preaching must be superhuman—something to which the angels would like to listen, if Welsh were but the language of Paradise. It can not be translated; it can not be reproduced in an English form; the beauty, the inexplicable charm vanishes if you attempt to convey it through any other medium." Struggling as best we may, then, with our limitations, let us endeavor to reproduce as vividly as possible some of the leading representatives of the Welsh pulpit. Having done this, let us seek to enter, in some measure, into the secret of its power, and to describe some of its prominent characteristics.

The movement which gave to Welsh preaching its distinctive shape and character, and which invested the Welsh pulpit with its significance was Methodism. That movement began in Oxford a little over a century and a half ago, in a little circle of devout young men, who

associated themselves together for religious improvement: Wesley, and afterward Whitfield, being of the number. At first a movement for the cultivation of stricter methods of holy living, it assumed ere long the character and the proportions of a deep and wide-spread religious revival. About 1735 the movement spread into Wales, through the agency of a young man named Howell Harris, of Trevecca, South Wales, who had gone to Oxford to prepare for orders in the Church of England; but soon becoming disgusted with the prevalent laxity and immorality, he left the university and returned to Wales. He engaged in teaching a parish school. He could not limit himself, however, to the duties of the school-room. The Word was as fire burning in his bones, and he began to exhort his neighbors. Presently he extended his visitation to the surrounding villages and towns. His course being distasteful to the parish authorities, he was put out of the school. He now resolved to devote himself to the business of preaching. Three times he sought for Episcopal ordination, and three times he was refused. He felt that no course was now open for him but to seek his commission from God; and thus invested to go forth as a preacher of repentance. Like John the Baptist, he was "made without fear." He had an iron frame, an eagle eye, and a tongue of fire. He was, as John Wesley said of him, "a powerful speaker both by nature and by grace." He seized upon all available opportunities to address the multitudes, preaching, wherever he could get a hearing, to all sorts of gatherings, in church-yards, at fairs, in highways and byways, and always with tremendous success. His fame spread through the principality; and he traveled up and down the land preaching to numerous multitudes, so that thousands were brought under conviction. He was violently persecuted. Again and again

he escaped, with his life as by a miracle. His autobiography is a grand, thrilling record of a noble, heroic, consecrated life. Like John the Baptist again, he was the morning star of the evangelical reformation in his country, and he worthily heads the list of modern Welsh preachers.

A still greater preacher of the same period was Daniel Rowlands, of Llangeitho. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, converted after ordination, at the age of 22. At once he threw his whole soul into the preaching of a living Gospel. He was "the first of the Welsh clergy to be called a Methodist." His fame as a preacher spread far and wide; and it was not long before the insignificant country village in which he preached became the Mecca of the Principality. Thousands thronged there from all parts of Wales, North as well as South. His church was the scene of successive Pentecostal outpourings of the Spirit of God; and the multitudes who took their pilgrimage to hear him, returned singing the songs of Zion, which echoed and re-echoed among the hills on their way home. His personal appearance was commanding—a broad, high, full forehead, arching eyebrows, piercing eyes, a wide mouth, thin lips, and resolute look. He would generally leave to others the conduct of the preliminary services, although his own conduct of them was deeply impressive. One of the mightiest of the Llangeitho revivals is said to have broken out during his reading of the Litany. When the time for the sermon had come, he would enter the church at a door in the rear, step into the pulpit with a wild and agitated look, give out one verse of a psalm, read his text, and begin his sermon with a low voice and rapid utterance, betraying strong feeling and some degree of trepidation. Before long he begins to gain more possession of himself; and here I quote the

graphic description of another :* “ He speaks more deliberately, and with more vigor. He warms up as he proceeds, and the congregation shares in his glow, until a thrill of tender emotion pervades the assembly. He has finished his first observation; he lowers his voice, shakes himself on one side, and begins upon his second observation. He begins this again somewhat slowly and deliberately; but very soon he speaks more rapidly, with great fluency and extraordinary power; his eyes flash through the church; his voice is raised; his feelings are set on fire, the people catch the fire; tears course down their cheeks; the warm ‘Amens’ pour over their lips, preacher and people are in happy possession of each other. He finishes his second observation. He descends gradually again to the quiet deliberative manner which he seems to regard as fitting for each new beginning. And we have heard it remarked more than once by his old hearers, that he never appeared to better advantage as a speaker than when thus descending from the emotional exaltation, to which he and his congregation had been raised, to that deliberateness which gave him a better starting point for another ascent. He was never seen to tumble down, but descended easily and calmly, retaining all his energy for the next ascension. And now he begins to rise again, and to carry up his audience with him. Their feelings become more exalted, more intense, more ardent. The ‘Amens’ come oftener and louder: shouts of ‘*Diolch!*’ ‘*Bendigedig!*’ ‘*Gogoniant!*’ (‘Thanks!’ ‘Blessed!’ ‘Glory!’) are heard in every corner of the house, and the whole congregation, in a delightful frame, is tasting of the joy of salvation.

*Dr. Owen Thomas, in his Historical Sketch of the Welsh Pulpit, published in his Life of Rev. John Jones, Tal y sarn, to which I am especially indebted for valuable material respecting the early Welsh Preachers.

“ But the preacher checks himself again ; he descends once more, if anything more gently and beautifully than before, and he gives his hearers a few seconds’ respite that they may come down with him. But the end is not yet. He starts again, and mounts up higher, HIGHER, HIGHER. And now there is something awful about his appearance. His eyes are aflame, his voice quivers, his face shines ; his whole body seems to be inspired ; that great soul pours itself forth, a torrent of living eloquence—thoughts of fire, setting on fire the whole congregation, and kindling strange experiences of rejoicing and praise. His voice is now lost in the shoutings and songs of the multitude, and in the tumult which follows he ends his sermon, nobody knows just where or how, and hastens away to rest, the throng remaining to shout and sing for hours.”

I have given this passage, not only as a description of Mr. Rowlands, but as a vivid illustration of the law of movement and climax in Welsh preaching, to which we shall have frequent occasion to refer.

The description just given presents the preacher of Llangeitho, of course, at his best ; but the occasions when he reaches that altitude were by no means unfrequent. The testimony to his pulpit power is strong and universal. Howel Harris, who had often heard Whitfield and Wesley, said of him : “ His power and gifts surpassed any one I have ever known. God is so manifestly with him that I believe the old dragon trembles wherever he goes.” Another eminent minister, Rev. D. Jones, Llangana, a correspondent of Lady Huntington, said in a letter : “ Unquestionably he is the greatest preacher in Europe.”

One of Mr. Rowlands’ contemporaries, and a man of whom he himself entertained an extraordinary opinion, was Dafydd Morris, Lledrod. He possessed a most

wonderful voice; and he was, besides, a preacher of great originality, and at times of tremendous power. One of his noted sermons was called "The Sermon of the Great Loss" (*Pregeth y Gollod Fawr*), the effects accompanying which were most remarkable.

He was eclipsed, however, by the greater celebrity of his son, Ebenezer Morris, Twrgwyn. He was by no means as careful a composer as Mr. Rowlands; the constant requisitions for his services made this impossible. He preached, as a rule, three times every Sunday, and every day of the week except Monday and Saturday. But such was the dignity of his presence, the grandeur of his character, the loftiness of his personality, and the impressiveness with which he presented the truth, that very few have ever surpassed him in pulpit power. Rev. John Elias testified of him, that he had never heard of any one to compare with him, and that it would pay to hold an Association every week, so as to get Ebenezer Morris to preach in it. Like his father, he too had an incomparable voice. Dr. William Rees once asked Dr. Owen Thomas if he remembered Ebenezer Morris. "No," was the answer. "Then you have never heard VOICE." He had also a most wonderful smile. He was preaching once at the Carnarvonshire Association from the words: "It is the blood (Welsh version: *this blood*) that maketh an atonement for the soul." When he came to speak of the salvation through this blood, having reached the climax of his argument, he began to shout the words, this blood, in Welsh: *y gwaed hwn, y gwaed hwn, Y GWAED HWN, Y GWAED HWN*, six or seven times, raising his voice higher and higher with each repetition of the phrase, while his face was lit up with an angelic smile, the whole effect being indescribable and never to be forgotten. "That smile," said an eminent minister who

was there, Michael Roberts, Pwllheli, "was what slew men."

A remarkable constellation of preachers appeared in Carnarvonshire, North Wales, during the latter half of the eighteenth century. One of these was Mr. John Jones (Edeyrn,) who had been converted under the preaching of Dafydd Morris, and who came to be one of the most eloquent and powerful preachers of the day. Dr. Thomas states it as a probable fact that for twenty-five years in succession he was one of the "Ten o'clock preachers" at the Bala Association, the highest compliment a Welsh Calvinistic Methodist preacher could enjoy. He was noted for the combination, not uncommon in the Welsh pulpit, of the most sparkling wit with the most impressive earnestness.

Evan Richardson, of Carnarvon, was a genuine "son of consolation." His tongue dropped honey; his preaching was most tender, gracious and winning. Once when John Elias was shaking his congregation with the Sinai thunder of his eloquence, a man was heard to cry aloud in the agony of his soul, "Oh, for five minutes of Evan Richardson!" He was a teacher and a fair scholar; and an interesting fact respecting him is that on learning that some of his *quondam* pupils in the ministry had learned Hebrew, he, when in his fifth decade, applied himself to the study of that language, and made no mean proficiency in it.

The most brilliant star of the group, however, and one of the most remarkable speakers who have ever appeared in the pulpit, was Robert Roberts, Clynog. He died at the early age of forty, but the impression he made was something marvelous. He was deformed and sickly in his appearance; but his singular intensity, his whole frame trembling with the passion of his theme, his unrivaled power of expressing varied feel-

ings by look, voice, feature, and gesture, the preternatural lightning of his eye, his extraordinary skill in word-painting, made him one of the most remarkable orators of the Welsh pulpit. On one occasion, when, to use the graphic language of an old deacon who heard him, "heaven was pouring itself down on his head and the heads of his hearers," Mr. Roberts seemed unable any longer to contain the fullness of the glory which overwhelmed him, and suddenly turning his face to the wall back of the pulpit, he exclaimed: "Hold, Lord! remember that I am flesh; remember that I can not hold too much!" and then, facing the congregation, he shouted at the highest pitch of a voice of remarkable range, "*Gogoniant* (Glory) for the hope of a morning when I shall hold my full of Deity, without cracking forever!"

Two school-boys once went to hear him preach, one of whom, named Elias Parry, was familiar with Welsh preaching, the other not. When Mr. Roberts had reached the climax of his discourse, the whole assembly being electrified; some fainting, some crying out, and the preacher, with a voice like God's trumpet, thrilling the place through and through, the young, strange lad turned to Elias Parry and asked him, his face pale as a corpse, "Is he a man or an angel?" "Why," said Parry, somewhat roguishly, "an angel, didn't you know?" "No, indeed, I didn't know. Great Heaven! but how much better an angel preaches than a man, doesn't he?"

On one occasion he was describing the perils to which sinners are exposed, comparing their situations to that of men amusing themselves on a bar on the sea-shore during the ebbing of the tide. Absorbed in pleasure, they forgot all about their position. In the meantime the tide has turned, the waters have well-nigh surrounded them; there is but one way of escape—a

narrow tongue of land in the distance, which grows narrower every minute. Their danger has now become apparent to those on shore, and some one shouts to them with a loud voice, that they are in extreme peril, that there is not a moment to lose, that in a few seconds the sea will be upon them, and they will be lost beyond redemption. "Flee, Flee, Flee," shouted the preacher in clear, ringing tones. So vivid had been his description of the scene, and so startling, so electric was the voice in which he had called out the command to flee, that the congregation in alarm sprung to their feet and rushed out of the house, crying for their lives. The greater number presently returned, and were prepared to listen in deep solemnity to the preacher's appeal to "flee from the wrath to come."

Ebenezer Morris once said: "If I had died without hearing Robert Roberts, of Clynog, preach, I should have died without any such conception as I now have of the glory of the ministry of the Gospel."

II. CHRISTMAS EVANS.

Robert Roberts of Clynog, whom we last considered as a representative of the Welsh pulpit, has a special claim on our recognition, apart from his unique personality and power. He it was who interpreted Christmas Evans to himself. When the latter was asked, if he could give an account of what led him into his peculiar way of preaching, he replied: "Yes, I can,—partly at least. I had the ideas before, but somehow I could not get at them. When I was in Lleyln, the Methodists had a man of the name of Robert Roberts, of Llanllyfni, who was very popular, and there was a great deal of talk about him. Well, I went on one Sunday afternoon to hear him. He was one of the most insignifi-

cant persons I ever saw; a little hunch-backed man, but he neither thought nor said anything like other people; there was something wonderful and uncommon about him. *This Robert Roberts gave me the key.*"

Christmas Evans, the best known of Welsh preacher outside of Wales, was born on Christmas day, 1766, in the depths of poverty. His father, a shoemaker, dying while Christmas was yet a child, he was hired out, at the age of nine, as a farmer's boy. At the age of eighteen he had never been to school, and did not know one letter of the alphabet. About that time he was converted and forthwith learned to read his Bible. Soon he began to exhort, his talents at once shone forth, and before long he entered the ministry. His ministerial outfit consisted of a wife, who proved a noble helpmate, a Bible, Burkitt on the New Testament, and a Welsh and English Dictionary, which he borrowed to help him through the hard words in Burkitt. His study was his bed, over which he sprawled with his huge form, with his books around him. At the age of twenty-five he went to live in Anglesea to take the oversight of the Baptist churches on that island, which is also one of the counties of Wales. For twenty years he labored on a salary of £17 a year. It was then advanced to £21 a year. He got in addition a few pounds more for his books and from outside preaching. The largest amount he ever received in one year was about £40, or \$200.

He was a large man, about six feet high, with an immense head, and one eye prominent, large, luminous; "an eye, sir," as Robert Hall said, "that might light an army through the wilderness." He was a natural orator, fluent and brilliant in speech, a master of metaphor, wit and sarcasm. A brother minister, Mr. Hering by name, once met him on a summer day on top of

a mountain which they were crossing in the opposite directions. "Dear me," said Mr. Hering, "What a strange thing to see Christmas in midsummer." "Not a bit more strange," was the reply, "than to see a living Hering on the top of a mountain."

As a preacher, his most remarkable characteristic was his imaginative faculty, which was truly oriental in luxuriance and range. Like John Bunyan, he was a born speaker of parables. His conceptions spontaneously arranged themselves in allegories. Truth was a drama, in constant living action before his mind. The facts and forces of the gospel took the form in his preaching of vivid personification. The most favorable specimen of his genius is the well-known "Allegory of the graveyard." It has often been published in English, with more or less variation. The following version represents most faithfully, perhaps, its genuine form.*

"I imagined that I saw a vast, immense graveyard, in which were lying the numberless hosts of Adam's posterity. The place was full of deadly caverns, and a dense cloud overhung it, so that no light of sun or of moon, or of candle was to be seen there. The gates were a thousand times stronger than castle gates of brass, and were locked up by Divine Justice with deathless bars and locks, so that no hope remained of escape from that dark enclosure." "In Adam all die."

"With the breath of dawn, lo! Mercy came down from the heaven of heavens in the chariot of the early morning promise, and with her a person like unto the Son of Man, the Seed of the Woman. Mercy called at the iron portal of death, saying: 'O Justice, my brother! thou art here keeping watch over this place of

* The version here given is translated directly from the Welsh version in "Allegorian Christmas Evans," edited by the accurate Welsh scholar, Rev. Robert Evans, (*Cynddelw.*)

burial, and thou hast sealed the gravestone with the seal of God.' 'Yes, what wouldest thou, Mercy, my sister?' 'My request is that I may have leave to come in to the inhabitants of this graveyard. If leave were granted I would cause this accursed place to wear the look of life instead of death.' 'Understand me, my sister,' said Justice: 'I know that by reason of thy love for Justice thou canst not break these locks, neither can I open the door; not that I am wroth with the wretched inmates of the place, but that I love the law of God.' 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission.'"

"Then Mercy lifted up her bright countenance, one sight of which had been enough to make hope alive through the graveyard, and the Seed of the Woman stood by her side. 'Justice, my brother! wilt thou accept a surety until the time comes for that blood to be poured, that the gates of death may be opened to me, and that I may have access to those imprisoned there?' 'I will,' said Justice, 'if only he be a near enough kinsman both of the lawgiver, and of the inmates of the graveyard, and be offered up on a tree within this inclosure.'"

"Then the Seed of the Woman came forward and said: 'Wilt thou accept me as surety?' Justice looked closely at him and said: 'Yes, willingly; and for myriads more, if need be; for thou hast been brought up in the court of the Lawgiver from all eternity; and thou shalt be the Seed of the Woman, I see thy bloody heel.' 'Justice, what are thy demands?' 'Humiliation for exaltation, life for life and death for death.' 'Behold,' said the Seed of the Woman, 'I strike my hand in thy hand, and I write my name in the roll of the book which I now give to thee, as a pledge that I will pay thee on the tree a ransom greater than the world's iniquity. And do thou give Mercy the key of the

graveyard. Tell me, O thou heaven's great Justice, what time shall I specify in the bond which I give in the name of all my churches? when shall I appear as one of the inmates of death's graveyard?' 'In four thousand years from the time when its gates were barred.' 'So be it, I am content; here I give thee the promise, written with my own hand: 'Lo, I come!' Here is one copy for thee to keep in the great hall of Justice, and another copy for the patriarchs and the prophets, and for Moses, supervisor-in-chief of the writ.' 'Behold I too,' said Justice, 'give Mercy the key of the graveyard.' 'And in order to show the nature of the payment which I shall make, and the need of the same, and in order to produce in my Church faith and expectation for the year of redemption to this graveyard, I set up the ceremonial law in my name, to foreshadow me in its sacrifices and feasts of the atonement, to make mention of sins, and to exhibit the true sacrifice, and that my purpose shall know no change.' "

"The fire which consumed the sacrifices of Israel had fallen in the first instance from heaven, as a token of God's avenging wrath against sin; and the blood that was offered was a token that nothing could quench the curse of the law but the blood of Jesus Christ. Great and long was the contest between the fire and the blood on the altars of Israel; but the myriads of dumb creatures, whose blood was poured into the flames of the altar, had neither power nor virtue, nor worth to extinguish their fire. It turned the heads that were offered into a handful of worthless ashes under the rim of the great altar."

"But in the fulness of the time the Messiah was born of one of the daughters of the graveyard. He appeared within its bounds as the Lamb of God, and the

fourteenth day came, on which he was to be caught, and brought to the altar. He was caught in Gethsemane, he submitted to be led as a lamb to the slaughter. The altar was set up, not in the precincts of the temple, but without the gates of Jerusalem, on the hill of the skulls of the dead. He himself was priest, and victim, and altar. He was bound to the horns of the altar about nine o'clock in the morning, a day to be remembered forever. The fire took hold upon him as a deadly plague, saying: 'Justice am I; I will spare no one; justice will I have. I have burned myriads of the lambs of Israel; and unless I am extinguished in burning the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, I will burn the entire graveyard, souls and bodies, down to the lowest hell.' "

"The consuming flames of the curse continued to devour and to swallow and to burn, and the blood continued to drop into the midst of the flames, so that some began to think that the fire would prevail. From the sixth hour to the ninth the violence of the conflict transcended all comparison; and at the critical hour of victory, all was silence upon the mount. But at three in the afternoon, when the avenging fire had burned its way through all the feelings of the humanity, *it touched the altar of deity, and then it expired.* The sun became black with astonishment, the rocks cleaved, the earth trembled, the graves were opened, the dead arose; for they saw God in the nature of man dying on a tree."

"There had been in the old sacrifices only a reminder of sin, with nothing paid; but Jesus appeared according to the agreement. He was seen with the bag of gold on his back walking from Gethsemane through the streets of Jerusalem, to face the bond, the handwriting which he, with his own signature, had en-

gaged to pay. He cried out before the office of Justice: 'My father, the hour is come; here is the bag of gold, and here I pour its contents on the great table of account.' 'Enough, my son! I have received satisfaction, and here is the handwriting that was against thy people; I give it up to thee. It shall no longer remain in the office of Moses and Sinai; take it, and do what thou wilt with it.'"

"And what did he do with the handwriting? did he tear it up, and cast it to the wind or bury it in the earth? Ah, no! He put it in a place far more secure, he nailed it to the cross; when he left the cross, he nailed the bond there in his place; and he gave the cross to his twelve apostles, and to all his true ministers to carry it through the world, with the bond nailed to it, and the debt all paid. It is no more Jesus that is on the cross, but the old debt that was against us, and written under it the words: 'This debt was paid on Golgotha.'"

In the same manner that the allegory of the graveyard exhibits the idealistic side of his imagination, his description of the healing of the demoniac of Gadara may be instanced as exhibiting its realistic side in the vivid, graphic, often humorous, portraiture of human events. Having detailed the preliminary facts of the narrative, he goes on to say: 'Jesus commanded the legion of unclean spirits to go forth out of the man. They knew that they would have to go; but they were like some Irishmen, they were very unwilling to go back to their own country, and for that reason Christ suffered them to go into the herd of swine. I can imagine one of the swine-herds, who kept a sharper eye on the swine than the rest, saying: 'What's the matter with the swine? look sharp on that side, boys! keep them in! make the best use of your whips! why

do you stop running? do you know what? as true as I'm alive one of them has got over the edge of the rock. There! there is another! Morgan, run away off there! Drive them back, Tom!' There never was such running; but down went the swine headlong, in spite of themselves. One of them says: 'they are gone, every head of them.' 'No! is it possible? every one of them into the sea?' 'Yes, every single one of them. If the devil ever was in anything in the world, he must have got into those swine.' 'What!' says Jack, 'is that splendid black pig gone too?' 'Yes, yes; I saw him galloping down the hillside over yonder, as though old Satan himself were riding him; I saw the tip of his tail sink out of sight for the last time among the angry billows down below.'

“ ‘What shall we say to our masters?’ said Tom to Morgan. ‘What can we say! we must tell the truth; that is all there is about it. We have done our best, all that could be done; what more could anybody do?’ and so they start for the city to tell their masters what has happened. ‘Jack! where are you going?’ shouts one of the masters. ‘Sir, did you know the demoniac that used to live among the tombs?’ ‘Where did you leave the swine?’ ‘That crazy man, sir, of whom ‘missis’ used to be so much afraid.’ ‘Crazy man? why are you coming home without the swine?’ ‘He used to rave and yell, and cut himself with stones.’ ‘Pooh pooh! I’m asking you a plain question, Jack, and why don’t you answer me? where are the swine?’ ‘That man that was possessed with devils, sir!’ ‘Surely you haven’t lost the little sense you had, you look very wild, tell your story if you can, be it what it may.’ ‘Jesus Christ, sir, has cast the unclean spirits out of the demoniac, and they have gone into the swine, and the swine are drowned every one in the sea, for I saw

the last one's tail as he disappeared. Now master, that is the truth, you can depend on it.' ”

“The Gadarenes went out to see what had taken place, and they came to Jesus, and found the man out of whom the demons had been cast, sitting, clothed and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus; and they feared and besought Jesus to go away from them. Who can tell how fearful is the condition of those who love the things of this world above the Son of God!”

Having proceeded with the story he reaches the point where the demoniac returns to his home. “As soon as he comes within sight of the house, I imagine that I see one of the children running in and saying: ‘O mother! father is coming; he will kill every one of us.’ ‘Children,’ says the mother, ‘come into the house every one of you, and let us fasten the doors. I do not believe that anybody ever had such sorrow as mine;’ and she feels as though her heart would break. ‘Are the windows all safe, children?’ ‘Yes, mother.’ ‘Mary, my dear child, come out of the window, do not stay there.’ ‘Why, mother! I can scarcely believe that that is father; that man has such nice clothes on him.’ ‘O yes, my dear children, it is your father; I knew him by his walk the moment I saw him.’ Another child who had gone to the window to look out, says: “Do you know what, mother, I never saw father coming back as he is doing to-day. He comes round the turn of the hedge, and past the wall; he always used to come on a straight line, over ditches and hedges and walls, and I never saw him walk as slowly as to-day.’ ”

“In a few seconds he reaches the door of the house, to the great consternation of all who are within. He tries quietly and deliberately to open the door; but he can not. He pauses and thinks for a moment; he goes to the window, and he says in a low, firm, persuasive

voice : ' My dear wife, if you will let me in, there is no danger ; I will do you no harm, but I will bring you glad tidings of great joy.' The door is opened slowly, in part willingly, and in part unwillingly, between fear and joy, and having sat down, he begins to speak and says : ' I want to tell you of the great things which God has done for me. He has loved me with an everlasting love. He has redeemed me from the curse of the law ; he has saved me from the power and dominion of sin ; he has cast the unclean spirits out of my heart, and has made the heart which was a den of thieves a temple of the Holy Ghost. I cannot tell you how great is my love for the Saviour. Jesus Christ is the foundation of my hope, the object of my faith and the centre of my affections ; I can venture my immortal soul on him ; he is my best friend ; he is altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand ; he is my wisdom, my righteousness, my sanctification, and my redemption ; there is enough in him to make a poor sinner rich, and a miserable sinner happy ; his flesh and blood are my food, his righteousness is my marriage robe, his blood cleanseth me from all my sins ; through him I can attain unto life eternal, for he is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person, in whom all the fullness of the Godhead dwells bodily ; he is worthy of my highest reverence and of my warmest praise. To him who loved me with an everlasting love, and has washed me in his own blood, to him be the glory, the dominion and the might forever and ever.' Who can conceive the happiness and rejoicing of the family ? The joy of the mariner who has been saved from shipwreck, the joy of one who has been rescued out of a burning habitation, the joy of the prisoner in the court of justice who has been acquitted and released, the joy of the condemned criminal who obtains pardon, the joy of the

captured soldier, when he is set free—all such joy is as nothing when compared with the joy of the man who has been saved from going down into the pit of eternal destruction, for it is a joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

While a rigid analysis would find in such representations many anachronisms and incongruities, their dramatic vividness and practical effectiveness are undeniable. In the swift and easy transition from the wit and humor of the introductory part of the description to the eloquence and pathos of the conclusion we have a distinct characteristic of no small part of the preaching heard in the Welsh pulpit.

III. WILLIAMS, OF WERN; JOHN ELIAS; HENRY REES.

Christmas Evans was one of a trio of contemporaries, who, at the opening of this century, were the stars of the Welsh pulpit. Another of the trio was William Williams, of Wern, a minister of the Independent denomination. He was of a very different type from Christmas Evans. The cast of his mind was philosophical. He, too, possessed imagination, but in the language of Dr. O. Thomas, “it was the scientific imagination, rather than the poetic, that of Bacon, rather than of Milton.” There was in his sermons a remarkable combination of clear and vigorous thought, with lucid and felicitous illustration. So perfect were his illustrations, that it seemed as though they had an existence in the order of things, on purpose to set forth the truths with which they stood associated. Reflection made his hearers feel that it was the truth which glorified the emblem, and not the reverse. He was unquestionably a worthy peer of his brethren in the trio, and I take peculiar pleasure

in paying this brief tribute to his memory, remembering that my revered grandfather, Rev. Robert Roberts, of Rhos, was his nearest ministerial neighbor and dearest bosom friend.

The last and greatest of the trio was John Elias, of Anglesea, all things considered, the most eminent representative of the Welsh pulpit, and one of the half dozen great preachers of the age. He began to preach at the age of twenty, and at once began to draw upon himself the attention of the public. He was a born orator to begin with, and all through his life he made preaching a matter of the most thorough and conscientious culture. He is a conspicuous example of the success with which the *art* of preaching may be studied and practiced, and a striking confirmation of the truth that the best and truest art neither hides nor weakens, nor injures nature. The one fault which intelligent criticism has found with his preaching is that, too often, in unfolding the manifold contents of his text, his discourses lacked the most complete and effective unity.

He had a tall, lithe, straight frame, made up of bone and sinew, dark complexion, high cheek-bones, grayish-blue eyes of intense and fiery expression, strong, resolute mouth and jaw, and preëminently a look to threaten or command. I have heard my good old father say that his look, his aspect, mastered the congregation from the very first, and held every man by a spell which he could not resist. His voice was strong and penetrative, "the best speaking voice," it has been said, that has perhaps ever been heard in the pulpit, although somewhat harsh when at its loudest pitch. His mastery of it was perfect, although his power was greatest when he thundered.

When under the full inspiration of his theme, he was like a volcano, burning, flashing, thundering, pouring

out lava-torrents of eloquence, while bolts and sparks of fire shot far and wide. It was like standing at the foot of Sinai to listen to him at such times. It was on such an occasion, doubtless, that the cry of agony already referred to was wrung from one of his hearers—"Oh! for five minutes of Evan Richardson of Carnarvon." His gestures, his intonations, his pauses even and his silences, all were electric with soul. "Even his stammering," says one of the many elegies upon him, "was a chasm of glorious eloquence."

" 'Roedd hyd yn nod ei attal-d'wedyd
Yn gyfwng o hyawdledd cu.'—*Eben Feardd.*

Often would he stand for seconds struggling with the thought to be uttered, the thought meanwhile working in the muscles of his face, and in the quivering of his hands and fingers, until at last it would burst forth like a torrent, sweeping all before it.

His power to give reality to all that he said was extraordinary. Two boys were talking together after an association about the preachers. "Which of them did you like best?" said one. "John Elias, of course," replied the other. "That's so!" said the first, "wasn't he splendid? Didn't he tell it well about Peter? I could just see Peter standing by that bridge there." Once as he was preaching on Paul before Agrippa, he gave such a graphic description of his words, his looks, his attitude, the chains on his hands, that a sailor in the congregation, much excited, cried out: "Fie! Fie! take off those chains at once from the man's hands!" He talked, in fact, all over. The movement of his body, now swaying back and forward, now swinging partially as on a pivot, now writhing as with the travail of thought, now standing firm and erect as a pillar of granite, while launching out some terrific thunderbolt, then suddenly hurling himself into a new position, all was tremendous-

ly effective. His gestures were infinite in variety and expression. The action of his index-finger alone was a study and a marvel; now shaking it up and down, now thrusting it forward, now poising or waving it aloft, now describing effective arcs of thought or feeling.

Add to this the sweep, the rush, the thrust, the blow of the sinewy arm, the authoritative stamp of the foot—add a style of marvelous fitness for *popular* effect, homely, plain, at the same time pure, strong, nervous Welsh from the granite rock-bed of the language—add a wonderful gift in fitting such words together, so that they would strike home—add the perfect preaching temperament with its instinctive preception of the tone, the temper, the atmosphere of the congregation, and the exact point at which to get the mastery of it—add a holy audacity which shrank from no lawful expedient to arouse and to hold the people—over and above all add a burning passion for souls, an awful intense earnestness which had in it all the solemnities of all the eternities, and you may faintly conceive the power of the man.

His popularity was immense. Wherever he went the multitude thronged to hear him. No matter where, no matter when, in what season of the year, on what day of the week, on what hour of the day, his audiences were numbered by the hundreds, not seldom by the thousands. The farms, the workshops, the mines, the quarries, the warehouses, the kitchens, all were emptied to hear John Elias.

In their written form his sermons had nothing very remarkable about them. It was the man put into the sermon which made it what it was. The following sketch of an exhortation to good conduct during the session of the Association at Holyhead, in 1824, from the pen of Dr. Thomas, will illustrate some of his char-

acteristics, and the irresistible power which he wielded over the multitude: "He spoke," says Dr. Thomas, "with great force against drunkenness as a sin which always and everywhere degrades man, more possibly than any other sin, but he dwelt more especially on its heinousness on occasions of a religious convocation, and he hoped that there was no one there who could take advantage of such a gathering to bring disgrace on their country, on themselves, and on religion. Are there drunkards here? I fear that there are. Let me entreat you for this day, at least, to endeavor to exercise proper self-control. If you have no regard for Almighty God, no regard for your country and laws, no respect for yourselves—I acknowledge that I am occupying a very low plane in making this appeal—will you not for our sakes behave soberly and decently to-day? When you come to a meeting like this, and drink and get drunk, and are disorderly, you break our character. All our enemies are not yet dead in the land. They stand ready to use everything which will serve their purpose to injure us. And we have nothing but our character to fall back upon. We are not rich—we are not learned—we are not gifted—we have no titles—we have no one among us high in authority. But we have our character—we think a good deal about our character—we mean to keep our character—we do not intend that any one shall break our character. And these Association drunkards do break our character. And yet, we poor Methodists, are they who suffer from them. What shall we do with them, brethren?" Becoming excited, he continued: "I feel like putting them up at auction this very moment to any one who will take them, so that they need not give us any more trouble." Then, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, and stretching out his arm as though holding them in his hand, he cried

out: "Who will take them? Who will take them? Churchmen, will you take them? We! we profess at baptism to renounce the devil and all his works. No! we won't take them." Then a pause. "Independents, will you take them? What? we! we have for generations past left the church of England because of its corruptness; we won't have them." Another pause. Then, with outstretched arms, he cried out again: "Baptists, will you take them? We! we plunge our people all over in water, to show that we receive only those who want to be clean; we won't have them." Another pause. "Wesleyans, will you have them? What? we! Good works are a matter of life with us; we won't have them." At this, still holding out his hands, as though he were holding them in it, he wheels around from side to side, facing the congregation, and shouts at the height of his voice: "Who will take them? Who will take them? Who will take them?" In an instant his whole nature is aroused—his eyes flash lightning—his frame is strongly agitated—he turns his face to the left, and in a low voice, which is yet distinctly heard by the entire congregation, he says: "I almost fancy that I hear the devil here at my elbow say: *'Knock them down to me, I will take them.'*" Thereupon he lifts up his eyes, and with a look of terrible earnestness he gazes around upon the congregation, and for a full quarter of a minute he utters not a word. Then facing again to the left, and showing the index finger of the right hand in the direction of his (left) elbow, once, twice, three times, he shouts with a mighty voice which echoes through the town: "I was going to say, Satan, that you might have them, but," lifting up his eyes and stretching out his hand heavenward, and exclaiming in a voice of tender exultation, "I hear Jesus cry out: 'I will take them! I will take them! I will

take them! just as they are; foul, to wash them; drunkards, to make them sober; in all their filth, to cleanse them in mine own blood.'” By this time the scene was a strange one. The preachers on the platform seemed to be beside themselves. The vast congregation was in one great ferment. Nor did the excitement subside until several hours after, when in the evening of the same day Mr. Elias himself again took the stand and preached from John iii: 1-5, one of the most powerful sermons which he ever delivered.

After the death of John Elias, Henry Rees, of Liverpool, by common consent succeeded to the premiership (if the term may be allowed) of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist pulpit. Him I often saw and heard when a boy. He has been pronounced by so competent a judge as Dr. Hall to be the most powerful sermonizer known to him; Dr. Hall's judgment being based on sermons which had been translated especially for his benefit, and on impressions received through frequently hearing Mr. Rees in person, when the substance of the sermon was communicated to him by an interpreter. Dr. Owen Thomas gives the same judgment. His language is: “In Henry Rees, the pulpit reached in our judgment the highest perfection it has ever attained in our country, and we know of no one in any country or in any age, whose sermons, considered simply as compositions, we should be willing to acknowledge as being superior to his.”

His appearance in the pulpit was most impressive. His person was tall and commanding; his forehead broad and full; his eyes large and lustrous; a face of seraphic beauty and purity; his expression most delightful, gentle and winning. He had a peculiar spiritual wistfulness in his look as he stood before a congrega-

tion, the like of which I have never seen. It seemed to convey an intense yearning for every soul present.

His voice had a certain plaintive pathos in it that was unusually effective, whether in solemn remonstrance, or in tender pleading. Mr. Williams, of Wern, once said of it, "that it was not a good voice by nature, it was his piety that made it what it was." He was one of the most conspicuous illustrations, both in the pulpit and out of it, of the spiritualization of a man's personality by grace. The secret of his pulpit power lay here. The transfiguration of a soul whose abode was in the secret place of the Most High, was visible alike upon the man and upon the sermon.

His preaching was adapted to all classes. By its fullness, depth and symmetry, it held the most cultivated; while by its simplicity, tenderness and personal directness, it impressed the most illiterate. His analysis of the heart was most masterly; his dissection of motives, of subterfuges, of self-deceptions, most keen and searching. Having laid bare the soul's inmost depths, and brought his hearers to the verge of despair, he would with inimitable persuasiveness bring forth the consolations of the Gospel. How at such times would his voice melt into the gentleness of tears, while his face would shine like that of an angel.

"Yea, Sinai, send forth thy thunders; Ebal, pour down thy curses; Throne of God, shoot forth thy lightning; Satan, put forth thy accusations; guilty conscience, pass thy sentence of condemnation. But, in the midst of the thunders of Sinai, within sound of the curses of Ebal, face to face with the radiant brightness of the throne, in spite of all the jeers of the enemy, notwithstanding all the taunting of the heart, thou poor lost sinner, take hope! take hope! It is Christ that died."

At the same time that Henry Rees stood at the head

of the Calvinistic Methodist pulpit in Wales, his brother, William Rees, stood and still stands at the head of the Independent pulpit. A manysided man, of extraordinary versatility and genius, one of the first poets of Wales, an unrivaled platform orator and lecturer, an effective political writer and speaker, he is also a preacher of rare genius and power.

IV. JOHN JONES, TALSARN.

One of the most remarkable and original preachers in Wales was John Jones, first known as John Jones, Llanllyfni, and afterwards as John Jones, Talsarn, in Carnarvonshire. Between the ages of twelve and sixteen, it was my privilege to hear him several times in the neighborhoods of Bangor and Bala, often walking to points three to six miles distant, where he had been announced to preach. I heard him preach on Bala Green, in the Association of 1848, one of the greatest sermons of his life, and one of the most powerful ever preached on that consecrated field, from the words: "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He had preached from the same words a few days before in Liverpool, but to use the Welsh phrase, there was "no go" (*dim myn'd*) in the sermon. Very different was the case in Bala. To quote from Dr. Thomas, who heard him on both occasions: "He preached this time with tremendous power and effectiveness. The truth enlarged in his hands, and expanded before his mind with such clearness and such glory, that the sermon which the day before scarcely filled three-quarters of an hour, now extended over an hour and a half. The effects on the vast congregation continued and increased to the end. The importance and danger of 'losing the soul' took

such complete possession of all minds that no other thought could find a place. Before the end hundreds had broken out in shouts of rejoicing over God's plan for 'saving the soul;' and the depth of feeling exhibited by the millions who were present that morning on the *Green* is something to be remembered forever."

It is simply impossible to convey by a pen-and-ink description in English any adequate idea of the peculiar power wielded by this remarkable representative of the Welsh pulpit; and yet I would fain convey a faint glimmer of his preaching.

Imagine a man five feet ten in stature, of comely proportions, head rather high and long, broad forehead, very full over the eyes, of dark brown hair, and dark blue eyes, with heavy over-arching eyebrows, with thin red lips, and a beautifully expressive mouth, long, oval face, fresh rosy cheeks, the whole expression of countenance combining in unusual measure sweetness and strength. A more perfect embodiment of manly beauty never occupied the sacred desk. He stands bolt upright looking straight before him, just over the Bible, turning neither to the right nor to the left, holding the corners or edges of the desk board or the Bible, turning the leaves of the latter a little perhaps, maintaining that posture nearly all the way through, with scarce a movement of the body, except as now and then he makes a sweeping gesture with his arm, or leans forward on the Bible, or emphasizes a thought by stamping the floor with his foot. Evidently we have no John Elias here. But ah! what a voice! who can describe it? Rich, deep, strong, sweet, resonant, penetrative, with modulations and inflections, I venture to say, never heard before in a pulpit voice. He begins on a low key, too low indeed for the large congregation which is listening to him, were it not for

the breathless stillness which prevails. But he is soon heard everywhere with ease, and you find that you are listening not only to a wonderful voice, but to an extraordinary mind; a thinker of rare originality and daring. You are interested, startled and delighted. What sinewy Welsh! What bold conceptions! What forcible statements of leading truths! What strange combinations of ideas! What novel flights of fancy! What audacious hypotheses! What quaint sequences of thought! What startling effective transitions!

But note the *movement* of the sermon. See how every stage in the discourse is not only an advance, but an ascent.* Mark, meanwhile, how the voice enlarges its range, its volume, its flexibility. Observe how new inflections, modulations, and cadences come in, and how musical and expressive they are. Did you notice that change of key? Did you mark how effective it was, how well suited to the transition of thought? Did you notice that grand swell of tone, like the diapason of an organ? Did you ever hear anything like it? Did you notice that swell which followed the former, then another and another, like wave following wave, all alike, yet each different? And now do you notice, as the thoughts come rushing along, as though struggling to overtake each other, how those tone-swells come rolling onward, each mounting on the back of the one just before it until massing themselves together, and lifting their crest heavenward, they break on their shore in a long roll of thunder, which haunts you ever after like the music of the sea?

He is preaching on Eternal Life. His text is—"Lay hold on eternal life." (1 Tim. vi: 12.) He begins with a definition of his theme. Clearness of conception and exactness of statement are at all times characteristic of

*Compare what was said above in Art. 1, of the gradations in the preaching of D. Rowlands, of Llangeitho.

this didactic discussion. Then all at once, abruptly, solemnly he plunges into a description of the amazing conduct of those who are indifferent to such a priceless boon. Oh, the folly of it! the cruelty of it! the inconsistency of it! What if men adopted in reference to their religious interests the rule of this world's utilitarianism? What if they allowed eternal life to count in their practical estimates according to its real worth and importance? How would the proportion of things be inverted? How would the petty concerns of this world be crowded out?

And now, with change of intonation, follows a bit of calm, exquisite philosophic discussion of the threefold life of the Christian: the natural life, the spiritual life, and the eternal life. He shows how the natural life makes the man; how the spiritual life makes the saint, and how the eternal life makes the saint made perfect. He shows how and why holiness is the law which rules the development of life into life eternal. And now the transcendent glory of eternal life as the culmination of holiness and communion with God challenges his consideration. But how shall he describe it? How little we know of it!

“We have never seen that eternal world or the life which is lived there. I have never been there, and I have never seen anybody who had been there. I have seen many go there; but I have never seen anybody come back. The Bible does not say much about it. It says what it knows, but that is only a very little. ‘I know but in part,’ it says by the mouth of Paul. ‘Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.’ ‘It doth not yet appear what we shall be.’ It’s very little we know of what we were; it’s very little we know of what we are; it’s still less we

know of what we shall be. That great world of eternity is a very dark world to us in the present. Well, as for that matter, I suppose we have no language in this world with which to describe the things of the other world. The language of earth is far too feeble. This is only something with which to toss the affairs and interests of time from one to another. It was never intended to take in all the greatness and the glory of the blessedness of the saints in the world to come. It is too small for that. Its streams are too shallow for the leviathan vessels of eternity to float in them. Its chambers are too narrow for eternal realities to turn around in them.

“I know nothing of the Greek and the Hebrew. Those who are acquainted with those tongues tell me that they are languages of extraordinary power. They have in them words strong beyond all comparison, some words which are semi-infinite, they tell me. But the Apostle Paul at all events knew both Hebrew and Greek perfectly; and he was a rare master of language. He could take the strongest words in those languages, and stretch them to the utmost tension of which they were capable. But when the Apostle Paul came down from the third heaven, after he had been given there just a glimpse of its glories, he could find no words, either in Greek or in Hebrew, or in all the languages of earth combined, that could convey the faintest idea of what he had seen. All that he could say about those things was: *unspeakable*.”

A little further along in the discourse he is distinguishing between eternal life and eternal existence. “Eternal life is something on which you are to lay hold. You have no need to lay hold of eternal existence. Eternity will one day come by thee, and it will lay hold on thee. Eternal existence belongs to us already, and

that is something that appals me at times. I am in one respect infinite in existence, in duration: my being runs parallel to that of the Infinite God himself in duration. I am not like Him in any other respect—in power, or in wisdom, or in knowledge; but in duration I shall exist while He exists; in duration I am on a parallel with the Infinite God. I sink to nothingness in a sense, when I compare myself with that great sun up there; but he too sinks to insignificance when compared with me in duration. When he has ended his day's work (*pan y bydd efe wedi cadw noswyl*), I shall be only beginning to live. When he is laid to rest from his labors, I shall just begin to be conscious that I am a man. Let the little bird tune his song on the bough, there is no eternity connected with his works; let that little lamb gambol in the meadow, his day will soon be over; let sea-monsters sport in the waters, their life will soon come to an end—but Oh! God, be merciful to me and my hearers; we are creatures before whom lies *eternity!* Be pleased, O Lord! to incline our hearts to answer the end of our existence! Help us to use our opportunities to prepare for an eternity of duration."

These short, ejaculatory prayers, which abounded in his sermons when the "*hwyl*" had come, were most striking and effective, and generally met with a response of *Amens* which shook the house.

He did not hesitate on occasions to stimulate the responses of the congregation by special expedients and appeals. The most striking example of this was in his sermon on the words: "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" The magnificent challenge of the suffrages of his hearers for their chosen Lord and Master on which he ventures in this discourse is perhaps without a parallel for audacity and effectiveness in the annals of pulpit eloquence. The style of the discourse was thoroughly

popular, the language and images those of the serving and laboring classes. "I am here to-day," he said, "in behalf of my Master, to seek to hire you every one for his service. You have been urged to this a hundred times before, but I fear that many of you have not done so yet, and are still in the service of Satan and of sin. Well, let us know why you refuse to hire yourselves? 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?'"

1. "*Why? Have you anything against the Master?*" Here he dwelt in servant-class phraseology, on the excellencies of the Master, whose cause he was pleading, contrasting him with the devil, whom so many of them were serving, with an eloquence which thrilled all hearts.

2. "*Why? Have you anything against the service?*" Here again in popular language he vividly contrasted the reasonableness and pleasantness and dignity of Christ's service, with the folly and wretchedness and shamefulness of the service of Satan and sin.

3. "*Why? Have you anything against the wages?*" Here he extolled the unspeakable preciousness of the rewards promised by Christ, of which indeed only the earnest is received in this life, although that is worth infinitely more than the wages of sin, were nothing else to follow.

4. "*Why? Have you anything against the other servants?*" Here followed an elegant eulogy of all Christ's servants, through the ages, as "the salt of the earth," men "of whom the world was not worthy," contrasting them with the "serpents," "generations of vipers," "fiends in human shape," who were engaged in the devil's service.

5. "*Why? Have you anything against the table, and the provision made for your support?*" Here came a glorious description of the feasting in Christ's house,

the hidden manna, the new wine, the clusters of Canaan, contrasted with the ashes, the wormwood, and the gall, the apples of Sodom on the devil's table. By his arguments of each of these points he had acquired the most complete mastery over the congregation, and now he felt ready to challenge their suffrages.*

“ Well, my hearers, I have been trying thus far to present the claims of the two Masters as fairly as I could. I am very sure that I haven't wronged the devil. If either of them has suffered wrong at my hands it is Jesus Christ, for I have nothing like the ability to do Him justice; we must go to heaven to get that, and we must have eternity to praise Him. But you have heard enough, I presume, to enable you to come to some decision of the question, and have made up your minds whom you will serve. Let me then ask you what you intend to do? For whom will you cast your vote? What can we do better than put up the one and the other for your choice, take the vote of the house, and find out fairly who is for the one and who is for the other. Let us pronounce our benediction on the two princes, and I will ask you to be ready with your Amen, to second the benediction. And lest anybody should charge me with the disposition to wrong the devil, I will give him the first chance; and I call upon you, his supporters, to be ready to give him your vote, and to make public your acknowledgment of him :

“ Belzebub, thou prince of the powers of the air, commander of the hosts of hell! with pleasure we acknowledge thy authority; thy service is our delight, we rejoice in the expectation of its rewards; with all our

* I have followed in the main the version given by Dr. O. Thomas in the text of his Memoir, with a few modifications from the version given in the appendix.

heart we desire thee to live forever, to rule over us to all eternity, and to extend thy sceptre over the uttermost ends of creation. If that sentiment pleases you, say *Amen!*" [Startled silence.]

"Where is your Amen? Why do you keep so still? Where are Satan's servants? Stand up like men for your Master. Perhaps you did not understand the proposition. I will give you another chance. Oh, thou most illustrious Satan, emperor of hell, great chieftain of all the devils of destruction, who didst not dread the thunderbolts of the Omnipotent, but didst challenge Him to arms, and didst so far succeed in the rebellion against Him as to spread sorrow and lamentation and woe over the most delightful and paradisaical provinces of his dominion; we glory in being thy followers; we delight in thy sovereignty over us, and we bind ourselves to be forever faithful to thee. Long live the King! and may he reign over us forever and ever! Now for your *Amen.*"—[Solemn and oppressive silence.]

"What! are there none of the devil's servants here? Surely you are not going to disown your master thus publicly. Where are you who were so shamelessly calling upon him in the fair the other day? I am about to give you one more opportunity. Now or never is your only chance. Stand up for your master like men. Own him in the monthly meeting as you do at the fair, or in the tavern. Now then give your voice in his favor. Blessed be thy name, O Prince of Gehenna and Emperor of the Bottomless Pit, who dost build thy throne on oppression; who dost administer thy government by means of falsehood; who dost write thy laws with the blood of thy subjects; on thy head be an everlasting crown. Let thy dominion be established forever; let God be cast down from His throne and

deprived of all His rights. Let His authority be everywhere overthrown. Thine be the government through all eternity, and hasten we pray thee, to bring us home to thyself, where we may enjoy closer communion with thy Satanic Majesty, and be in more complete subjection to thy will. And let all the people say AMEN!" [Continued silence, accompanied by deep excitement.]

"Well, the devil himself cannot say that I have not given his friends, if any of them are here, every chance to acknowledge him. It would seem, however, that we have a very happy state of things here to-day. Here is a chapel full of people, without as much as one servant of the devil; at least, if there are any here, they are ashamed of him, and I hope that they have made up their minds never to serve him more.

"But let us see who there are here, and how many who are for Jesus Christ, and whether they are ashamed to own Him. His old servants here in Montgomeryshire—where are you? Some of you have been in His service now for over half a century. You have by this time given Him a fair trial; let us hear what you think of Him. Now then for it: Oh, Thou blessed Jesus! Thou didst give thyself for us, and didst redeem us with Thy precious blood; in infinite mercy Thou didst deliver us out of the hard servitude in which we were bound, and didst receive us into Thine own delightful service, and into Thine own dear house. With all our heart we bless Thy name for Thine unspeakable kindness. We are resolved to serve Thee henceforth while we live, and we can wish for no better heaven than to be freed from all that unfits us for Thy service and praise, and to cast our crowns forever at Thy feet. O precious Jesus, Son of the Blessed, Saviour of sinners, accept our imperfect and unworthy service, and grant that forever we may be somewhere trying to do some-

thing for Thee!" [Hundreds of *Amens* in all parts of the house.]

"Oh, yes, that's it! I am glad to hear that *Amen*, the old *Amen* that I heard in Montgomeryshire nearly twenty-four years ago. It proves to me, what I thought all the time, that there are here many old servants of Jesus Christ, who are ready to commend Him, and are not ashamed to own Him. Let us see if there are any others here who are ready to enter upon His service. Come with me now: Oh thou great Jesus, Son of God, Saviour of sinners, who from eternity hast been anointed to be our king, and who hast the best right to our service, we mourn with heartfelt sorrow that we have so long delayed giving ourselves wholly to Thee. We come to Thee now, to offer ourselves to Thee. Receive us, O Saviour of men, save us through the merits of Thine infinite sacrifice, and receive us to endeavor to do all in our power, henceforth, for Thy name and glory. Live forever as our Saviour, and as our King, and on Thy head be the crown, forever and ever, *Amen*." [What seems to be a universal *Amen* from all in the house.]

"Yes, that sounds like it; and I trust that this is not the excitement of the moment; but that it signifies the heart's earnest decision in favor of Jesus Christ. Suppose we have one more trial, that we may see how many are sincerely resolved to enthrone Him in their hearts. Come now, let us hear: O Thou beloved Jesus, who in our low estate didst remember us, for Thy mercy is from everlasting to everlasting; who in Thine infinite, loving kindness, being rich, didst for our sake become poor; didst espouse our cause, and pour out Thy soul to death in our stead, taking on Thyself the chastisement of our peace; take the rule over us forevermore; enthrone Thyself on our hearts as King

Everlasting, and let Thy kingdom embrace the uttermost ends of the earth, and all the world's inhabitants. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and praise, and might, be unto Thy name, forever and ever. AMEN."

The effect of this last appeal was indescribable. Dr. Thomas, who was present, and who has furnished the above report, says: "We are not quite certain as regards the religious character of the excitement which was produced. There was a large multitude, doubtless, whose feelings were sincere; there were more, we fear, who were carried away by something like the spirit of a political contest. But we do not remember having ever witnessed a more complete mastery of the congregation by the preacher."

V. CONDITIONS OF ITS POWER.

In order to understand the peculiar power of the Welsh pulpit, regard must be had to what modern science would call its "environment." It is what it is largely in virtue of being where it is. The national, social, ecclesiastical, and religious conditions which surround it are an important factor of its influence and success.

1. In the first place it should be remembered that in Wales religion is everything. It is the one great interest of the people. It is the protoplasm of the national life. It is the woof, whatever else be the warp of its institutions. It is the be-all-and-end-all of its organizations. If elsewhere men make a religion of art, of science, of literature, in Wales religion itself furnishes the art, the science, the literature. In Greece the theatre was the nation's pulpit; in Wales the pulpit is the nation's theatre. All power, intellectual and moral, gravitates

to it. Its honors are the mother's prayer; the boy's young dream; the aspiration of the student; the destiny of genius.

2. Religion being, as I have said, the one great interest of the nation, it becomes a mighty bond of union between pulpit and people. The preacher has an immense advantage in the hold which his theme has on the sympathies, the thoughts, the life of his hearers. Even the chimney-corners of the tavern re-echo with discussions of preachers and preaching; and "Jack on his ale-house bench," in his cups, it may be, criticises the latest pulpit sensation. This, of course, has its unfavorable side. It is a disadvantage that the Gospel should so largely take the place of a diversion. The number of Gospel-hardened sinners in Wales is doubtless very great. On the other hand the proportion to the entire population of the country, of those who have real living heart-interest in the Gospel, is probably nowhere larger than in Wales.

3. It is not surprising, as a result of the above facts, that, in Wales, popularity is a test of real power. The very best preachers are most popular. As in Greece, the popular verdict on the orator, or the dramatist, was well-nigh an infallible one; so in Wales the popular sentence passed on the preacher rarely, if ever, errs. It is a significant fact that the most celebrated and successful preachers attained popularity early in their career. The critical instinct of the populace was not slow in deciding upon their worth. The ring of the genuine metal is known at once.

4. The great popular preachers of Wales, again, are men of the people. Largely, indeed, they are of the poorer, lower classes. Christmas Evans, as we have seen, was a farmer's bound boy. John Elias, in his youth, was spoken of as the "weaver boy from An-

glesea." Henry Rees was first a farm-hand, and afterwards, a book-binder. His friend, and in many respects his equal, John Hughes, was a carpenter. William Roberts, of Amlwch, a genuine old Titan, was a miner's boy. John Jones, Talsarn, was, at one time, a quarryman. The greatest living preachers of Wales were, for the most part, brought up to manual labor. Not a few of them were brought up on small peasant farms. Most of them were engaged during the week in farming, shop-keeping, or even in mining, quarrying, or kindred occupations. These men understood the people, their daily experiences, wants, and trials. The roots of their life strike in the same soil with those of their hearers. They know where to find and touch the springs of thought and feeling. And the people have no difficulty in understanding them. The speaker is one of themselves, bone of their bone; and as he stands before them, he and they alike respond to the "touch of fellow-feeling" which makes them all akin.

5. The training of these men is also worth noting. Until a comparatively recent time, collegiate instruction was a rare pulpit equipment. Many a preacher began as a "man of one book"—that book, possibly, Peter Williams' Bible. By degrees a commentary ("Esboniad Jas. Hughes," perhaps) and a Bible Dictionary ("Geiriadur Charles," no doubt) were added, and the preacher regarded himself as having a fair outfit. I well remember with what mysterious awe, and reverence for the preacher's attainments, I would listen to an occasional allusion to Josephus—"Ymae Josephus yn dyweyd" (Josephus says.) Their preparation was of a decidedly practical sort. As the Indian throws his papoose into the water, that instinct may teach him to swim, so in Wales, a young man of promise is put up on his feet before a congregation, with just one thing before him to

do. Speak he must, whether he can or not. If it is in him, it will out. Failures are not unknown, 'mute, inglorious' Chrysostoms, doomed to remain mute and inglorious, because their mouth, unfortunately, was not gold. So, by a process of natural selection, the fittest find their way into the pulpit, while the rest, usually, at least, are left out.

6. The system of itineracy, at one time universal, and still but partially modified by the settled pastorate, is also a condition not to be overlooked. On the one side it makes the hearers acquainted with every variety and style of preaching. It thus helps to educate the critical faculty. The same is true also of the many special preaching occasions which occur in connection with the Associations, Monthly Meetings, etc. By these means the young aspirant for the pulpit receives important homiletic training. All the models of the Welsh pulpit are brought in their turn before him; by composing and studying their excellencies or their defects, he learns much respecting pulpit methods, and conditions of success.

The itineracy is important, also, in its relations to the preacher. Formerly, no minister had to prepare more than two or three dozen new discourses in one year; very many not more than half a dozen. Even to-day, when the best preachers are settled pastors, there is rarely occasion for the preparation of more than three or four dozen. Their pastoral engagements rarely call for more than two Sabbaths a month in their own pulpit, and on these they are not seldom relieved by some wandering star. The rest of the time they are engaged in preaching elsewhere, while others take their places. This, of course, is a great advantage in the matter of preparation, and still more so in the matter of delivery. Whitefield, as is well known, preached his best sermons

scores, possibly hundreds of times, improving both matter and manner, and especially the latter, with each delivery. Henry Rees never took less than six weeks for the preparation of his greatest sermons, and preached them a score of times, or more. No wonder that such sermons blazed their way through the principality.

7. The fact just now noted, that these men were largely working men—men of business, thrown in contact with their fellow-men in the pursuit of business, and in the daily affairs of life, is not without its significance. With all their unworldliness, there was in their preaching a great deal of this wordliness. Their language and illustrations were businesslike and popular, drawn from the farm, the shop, and the way-side. Like the Great Teacher, they spoke much in “parables,” made up of familiar scenes, incidents, and analogies. Their comparisons were often rude and homely; but, for that very reason, came home all the more readily to men’s hearts.

8. The encouragement given to *individuality* in Welsh preaching should be noted. Speaking generally, the eloquence of the Welsh pulpit has been the eloquence of untutored nature, exhibiting the faults no doubt, but also the excellencies of that school. There has been the very largest measure of spontaneity, simplicity, naturalness, individuality, mother-wit, originality. Queer idiosyncracies have abounded, but being accompanied by elements of genuine power, they have generally added to the effectiveness of the preaching. Of course it is out of the question to give to the English reader any but the faintest taste of the original flavor of the wit, quaintness, humor, and pathos of men like Siencyn Penhydd, Evan Harries, Aberhoudda, Robert Thomas, or Dafydd Rowland Llidierdau.

Robert Thomas (or Tomos) was once in the predicament of Father Taylor, of Boston, when he said: “My

verb has lost its nominative case, but I'm bound for the land of glory." So when Robert Tomos once came to his second head it wasn't there. "Secondly," he said, "secondly, my people.....We come now to the second point.....Yes, my people, there is a secondly here..... Oh yes.....if there were no secondly here, my beloved hearers, I would dismiss the congregation on the spotbut there is a secondly here.....and you must hear what that is too.....Oh yes, if I had only had my first head, I would let you go home right away.....but I am coming to the second point now.....and that is a very important point.....yes indeed, you see.....a very important point.....This second head is a great deal more important than my first head.....and (catching it at last) here it is," and then he went on under full sail.

I once heard him preach from the words, "And he died for all" (2 Cor. v: 15). After giving two or three expositions of the expression, he introduced the following imaginary dialogue between a hearer and himself: "Well, Robert Tomos, what is your opinion?" "Well, I am of precisely the same opinion with Paul." "But what is Paul's opinion?" "Well, Paul is exactly of the same opinion with me." "Yes, but what is your opinion and Paul's?" "Well, we are both just exactly of the same opinion one with another." In almost anybody else this would have sounded trivial and impertinent, but in Robert Tomos it sounded natural and striking enough, and stimulated attention to the original exegesis which followed, which no doubt was what he aimed to do.

Such men would scatter smiles all along their course, and even convulse the hearers with laughter; and yet, except in very rare cases, there would be no sense of incongruity or impropriety, the outbreaks being so spontaneous, so irresistible, and so characteristic of men whose piety and earnestness were far above all question,

that their solemn and pathetic utterances would be all the more effective by contrast. It is as common in a Welsh congregation to see men's faces glisten at one and the same moment with smiles and tears, as it is to see sunshine and shadow chasing each other over the landscape on an April day.

9. I must not omit to mention as peculiarly characteristic of Welsh preaching what is called the "hwyl." The word means strictly a *sail*, and it conveys peculiarly the idea of a sermon under full sail. There is a Divine Afflatus in the soul of the preacher. A breeze from heaven sweeps over the congregation, and the sermon, under full canvas, "walks the waters like a thing of life." When the preacher reaches this mental and spiritual exaltation (for it is both), his voice rises to a higher key, and moves along in measured and musical intonations. The Welsh are pre-eminently a music-loving people. Tone has strange power over the ear and over the soul. Hence, in Wales, the pulpit tone has reached its acme of perfection. It has undergone decided modification with the change in pulpit style and method. The greater, and to some extent, colder intellectuality of the modern style tends toward a more didactic delivery, and the discontinuance of the chant-like modulations, which were at one time all but universal. No great pulpit master of to-day relies on the tone, although, when combined with striking ideas, strains of pathos, strokes of imagination, it is still very effective with a thoroughly aroused Welsh congregation.

10. Finally, we must take into account the atmosphere of the service. I have already spoken of the very intimate and living sympathy between the pulpit and the congregation. There prevails a sort of confidential love-language to which the pulpit has a conse-

crated right, terms of affectionate address, and tender appeal, which have a peculiar charm in the old Welsh. *Bobl anwyl*, (my dear people), *Wrandawyr tirion*, (my affectionate hearers), *O eneidiau gwerthfawr*, (precious souls), *Enaid anwyl*, (beloved soul), and many like them.

Then, again, there is the responsiveness of the congregation, showing itself in the face, the eyes, the movements of the head, the posture, some leaning forward, others rising to their feet, and above them all, the loud and earnest ejaculations, "Amen!" "Diolch!" "Moliant!" "Bendigedig!" "Gogoniant!" the English equivalents of which (Thanks! Praise! Blessed! Glory!) are, as will at once be noted, far less satisfactory to both ear and heart. When the "hwyl" has come, the "Amen corner" spreads all over the house. This, of course, reacts upon the speaker, and kindles his fervor to a still higher pitch, until, at times, one can almost imagine himself at Patmos, listening, with John, to the trumpet voice of the angel, and the apostolic responses of the heavenly hosts.

VI. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE WELSH PULPIT.

Our sketch of the Welsh Pulpit may appropriately close with a brief summary of those characteristics which gave it its special and pre-eminent power.

I. To begin with, it was thoroughly scriptural. It never entered an old-time Welsh preacher's head to make the text a peg on which to hang an essay. With every one of these men to preach was to proclaim the Word of God. Every sermon was rooted in its text, grew out of the text, and had the sap, the living truth of the text running all the way through it. I have seen John Elias's study Bible; a large folio, with alter-

nate blank leaves, every page of which, from Genesis to Revelation, was written all over with notes. They were men who read the Bible, read it thoughtfully, read it constantly, read it on their knees, digested its contents, and got it into the marrow of their being. Their delight was in the law of the Lord, and in His law did they meditate day and night.

2. Their preaching was wonderfully authoritative. No wonder. From beginning to end it was "Thus saith the Lord." They had the advantage—the earlier preachers especially—in that their congregations were altogether strangers to the doubt and queries, the hypothetical and critical processes, which are to-day rife among us. The new atmosphere is diffusing itself in Wales, as elsewhere, and is affecting somewhat the quality of its preaching; although it is still a noteworthy fact that the men of power in the Welsh Pulpit to-day, as of old, are the men who preach God's word without a quaver of hesitation, or a tremor of doubt.

3. The large infusion of the scriptural and doctrinal element has given to Welsh preaching a very definite character of solidity and weight. The treatment of this element has, of course, varied according as the preacher's mind has been predominantly logical, or imaginative, or practical. But the doctrinal substratum is never wanting. The allegories of Christmas, are, like the graveyard allegory, theological personifications. Every link in the chain of Williams of Wern's logic was a fundamental gospel truth. The Platonic reveries of Henry Rees were genuine evolutions of Job, or Isaiah, or John. The Demosthenic appeals of John Elias were doctrinal thunderbolts. A sermon which is not full of thought, solid Bible thought, has ever been, and still is, a non-entity in the Welsh pulpit.

4. The suffusion of solid thought with deep and

tender feeling, is also characteristic of the most effective Welsh pulpit oratory. The theology of the intellect as preached in it, is at the same time the "theology of the heart." Its logic is not only "logic on fire," but logic in tears. Its poetry and precept melt in pathos. While some of the sensibility excited may be spurious or superficial, being generated by the skillful and tearful vocal modulations of the speaker, it is beyond question that no preaching has been more successful in producing deep and genuine emotion.

5. There prevails a similar union of logic and imagination. Every great Welsh preacher is alike a master of practical logic, and an artist in the use of illustration and ornament. One rarely hears a sermon that is nothing but dry bones, or a sermon that is nothing but flowers. Argument may predominate in one, illustration in another. But the combination of both is the rule rather than the exception, and even the exquisite balance of both is by no means uncommon.

6. Every one of these preachers is still further a preacher for the people, addressing himself to the people, using plain popular language, which all may understand. In no pulpit is there less shooting over the heads of the people, less of abstruse speculation, of unintelligible technicalities, of the airing of academic lore, or more of the language and knowledge common to all, used with dignity and tenderness.

7. The *arrangement* of thought and illustration is also in general skillful and effective. The law of climax is carefully studied; the weightiest thoughts and the most powerful illustrations being brought in at that stage of the discussion where they will tell most forcibly. The same climactic arrangement rules, also, in the management of the voice; its pitch, intonations, energy of delivery. Let me here refer the reader back

to the description given from Dr. Owen Thomas, of the preaching of Rowlands, Llangeitho.

8. Very effective use is made of *reiteration*. Some significant and telling phrase, generally taken from the text, is repeated again and again, until it acquires tremendous cumulative power. So in the great sermon of Dafydd Morris, already referred to, the words, "*Y Gollod Fawr*" (The Great Loss) were repeated with awful solemnity and effect, so that they rang for months and years in the memories and consciences of the hearers. So with the use of the words, "*Y Gwaed Hwn*" ("This blood") by his son Ebenezer Morris in the sermon already described and of the words "*Hyn Bethau*" ("Which Things") in a sermon on the text—"Which things the angels desire to look into." A wonderful effect was similarly produced by the reiteration of "*Gwr Rydd*" ("A Free Man") in a noted sermon by Thomas Richards, Abergwaun. A few years ago I heard Dr. Owen Thomas develop his theory of the structure of an "Association sermon" (Pregeth Gymanfa), and I remember that he attaches great importance to this expedient. He also values it for its influence in giving unity to the sermon.

9. I will just mention, without dwelling on it, the distinctive individuality of every great Welsh preacher, as an element of his power. To the Welsh hearer, accustomed through the *itinerancy* to so many types of pulpit eloquence, the separate individuality of each, carries with it its own charm, and is a source of special power.

10. Lastly, and chiefly is the terrible earnestness, which is an unvarying characteristic of every master of assemblies from Howel Harris down. A man who heard Howell Harris preach, said of him—"That man preaches about hell as though he had been there." John

Elias, when a young man, preached at a Monthly Meeting in Merionethshire. An old minister, Dafydd Cadwalader, was asked: "What sort of a Monthly Meeting did you have?" "Well," said he, "there was a young weaver boy from Carnavonshire there; he is just beginning, and we put him to preach in the Monthly Meeting. May the Good Lord keep him from error—the *people will have to believe whatever he tells them.*" So, with Henry Rees, John Jones, William Roberts, Amwlch, and all the rest. The power of personal conviction was in their preaching. They could say each one of them, "I believe, and therefore do I speak."

11. This earnestness was fed by earnest and constant prayer. They were men mighty in prayer, Israels, princes with God. The daughter of Daniel Rowlands, said of him: "*Hen weddiwr mawr oedd e*" ("He was a great old man of prayer"). John Elias, when quite young, was put to pray in an Association at the opening of the services. There was more said about that prayer than about all the preaching. He spent a Saturday night at Liverpool in the house of Mr. Rees. Between four and five o'clock Sunday morning, he awoke, and overheard Mr. Rees wrestling in prayer, with God for his help to preach that day.

12. Then, how they loved to preach! It was the supreme joy of their being. Their feeling, one and all, was voiced by John Jones, Talsarn, in the following sentiments which were frequently uttered by him: "There is no occupation on the face of the earth to compare with the preaching of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners. Old John Brown, of Haddington, used to say, that he would have been content, if it had been necessary, to beg his way, from door to door, all through the week, that he might preach Jesus Christ to sinners, on the Sabbath. Indeed, I can assure you

I should be willing to do the same. I often have such pleasure in it that I have no idea how I could be happy in heaven without preaching. As for that matter, I don't believe I shall have to try that. I believe there will be a great deal of preaching there. Oh! we shall have Associations without number there, such as we never saw the like of them here. Enoch, the seventh from Adam will be there, the first preacher of whom we have heard: Isaiah, the greatest preacher of the Old Testament; Paul, the chief speaker among the Apostles; old Augustine, the greatest of the Fathers; Martin Luther, the great Reformer; George Whitfield, Daniel Rowlands, John Elias, and hosts of others—they will all be there, and in '*hwyliau*' [flights, 'sails,' see above], infinitely higher than they ever enjoyed in this world declaring the wonders of Grace, and praising the merits of the Great Sacrifice. And, indeed, I hope that I, too, shall be allowed to try it there sometimes. But, blessed be his name for the honor of doing a little at it here, and for the heartfelt joy which is granted me in the work."

The Lord gave to Wales His Word; great and glorious has been the company of its preachers.

XIII.

THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF THE REM- NANT AND OF NUMBERS.

IN the immortal protest which was adopted by the Evangelical Members of the Imperial Diet at Spire in 1529, the Protestants gave as one reason for not consenting to the repeal of the decree of 1526: "Because it concerns the glory of God and the salvation of our souls, and that, in such matters, we ought to have regard above all to the commandments of God, who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords, each of us rendering his account for himself, without caring the least in the world about majority or minority." On the basis of this heroic declaration we are justified in assuming it as an essential characteristic of Protestantism that in all questions of conviction and duty, it cares far more for truth and right than for numbers.

It so happens that at this very time, just when we are commemorating the activities of Protestantism in connection with the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the great Protestant Leader, a distinguished English critic is visiting our shore and lecturing on Numbers, Majorities and Minorities, declaring it as his conviction that the Majority is unsaved and that our only salvation lies in the Minority. In this lecture, as you will remember, Mr. Matthew Arnold bases his opinion on certain expositions of Plato and Isaiah. He quotes Plato as saying that "there is but a very small remnant of honest followers of wisdom" and that "they may be compared to one, who has fallen among wild beasts, who will not be one of them, but can make no head

against them," and who must be content to "keep still as it were, standing aside under a wall in a storm of dust and hurricane of driving wind, to behold the rest filled with iniquity, if only he himself may live his life clear of injustice and impiety and depart when his time comes, in mild and gracious mood, with fair hope."

Of his other great authority, he goes on to say: "Isaiah like Plato, with inspired insight, foresaw that the world before his eyes, the world of actual life, the state and city of the unsound majority, could not stand; and unlike Plato, Isaiah announced with faith and joy, a leader and a remnant certain to supersede them." Our Nineteenth Century critic, it is true, somewhat superciliously condemns the Greek Philosopher's views as "visionary" and the Hebrew Prophet's expectations as "fantastic," to-wit, for his time and country.

It would, perhaps, be not uncharitable to suggest nor difficult to prove that the modern Apostle of Hellenism understands Plato a little better than he understands Isaiah. My main object, however, is to call attention to his conclusion, in which, after showing the perils consequent upon the unsoundness of the majority, he says: "From this hard doctrine we will betake ourselves to the more comfortable doctrine of the remnant. 'The remnant shall return' (quoting Isaiah), shall convert and be healed itself first, and shall then recover the unsound majorities." "And you are 50,000,000 and growing annually," he says to us. "What a remnant yours may be, surely! A remnant of how great numbers; how mighty strength; how irresistible efficacy!" Taking my cue from the declaration of our Protestant Magna Charta, which I have already read, and from the theme of Mr. Arnold's first lecture in America, I have thought it might not be unreasonable to offer to-night a few considerations on the Scripture Doctrine of Numbers and the Remnant. Numbers acquire their chief significance from contrast or opposition. The "Remnant" is the result of war, destruction, exile. "Majority" or "Minority" presupposes opposing parties.

I. I find accordingly the first foundation stone of the present discourse in the Protevangelium: "I will put

enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Sin produces the moral antagonism represented by the Serpent and the Seed of the Woman. It is not a question as yet of numbers, but of parties. The Serpent is the Tempter Satan, the Personal head of the kingdom of evil. The Seed of the Woman means Humanity: Humanity, however, in a complex sense and relation. (1.) Even in its ruin humanity has not lost all of its godliness. What remains of the godlike in fallen humanity so long as it does remain in that humanity continues to make war on the Serpent, on the Evil which has wrought its own ruin. In the heart of the sinner, in the bosom of the race, in society, the desperate duel goes on. It is a duel, however, in which advantage is all on one side. It is the duel of the victim with his victor. But (2.) The Son of God comes to the rescue of the victim, taking on him his form and nature. As the Son of Man—as the Seed of the Woman, he conquers the Serpent, bruising his head. (3.) This victory of the Seed of the Woman is the victory of humanity. In its Elder Brother, the race, Universal or Total Humanity, overcomes Sin. The history of the race is the development of this conflict.

II. After the Protevangelium, the first decisive step in the advancement of the conflict is the Call of Abraham. This call is significant of the *Divine Method*. The special characteristic of this method may be defined by the word Particularism. By this is meant particular selection for the accomplishment of a universal result. In the selection of Abraham and his household, note a twofold contrast. (1.) The contrast of the *few* and the many. Thus, in David's Psalm, recorded in 1 Chron. 16, we are told "of the covenant which He made unto Abraham and of His oath unto Isaac and hath confirmed the same to Jacob, . . . saying: Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan . . . when ye were but few, even a few, and strangers in it. And when they went from Nation to Nation and from one Kingdom to another people, He suffered no man to do them wrong." (2.) Note the contrast of the "*one*," and the "*many*," or "*all*." Isa. 51: 2. "Look unto Abraham, your father,

and unto Sarah that bare you; for I called him alone (or as one, אֶחָד) and blessed him, and increased him." Gen. 12: 3. "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Gen. 17: 5. "Thy name shall be Abraham, for a father of many nations have I made thee." Gen. 22: 18. "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Paul develops the idea of the Abrahamic Covenant still further. Gal. 3: 16. "He saith not, and to seeds, as of many, but as of one, and to thy seed, which is Christ." That is to say, God's promise in its historic realization does not dissipate itself amongst a loose, indefinite plurality of persons, like the grains of a sand heap, but concentrates on a unit line, which line is embodied, or culminates in Christ.

III. We find the particularistic method applied still further in the selection of Isaac, and the rejection of Ishmael, and in the selection of Jacob and the rejection of Esau, each selection involving a relative diminution of numbers by comparison with the outside world.

IV. The numerical contrasts become still more definite in connection with the Exodus. (1.) It is evident that the Israelites, although they had greatly multiplied in Egypt, were after all but a handful when compared with the vast population of Egypt, or when compared with the immense army which under Pharaoh pursued them to the Red Sea. See Exodus 14, *passim*. (2.) The relative if not absolute reduction of the number of the Israelites by the judgments, wars and hardships of the wilderness, would justify us in calling the body of men who entered Canaan a remnant. Jer. 31: 2. "The people which were left of the sword found grace in the wilderness; even Israel, when I went to cause him to rest." Numbers 14: 31. "Your little ones which ye said should be a prey, them will I bring in, and they shall know the land which you have despised. But as for you, your carcasses shall fall in the wilderness." Deut. 32: 10. "The Lord found Jacob in a desolate land, and in the waste howling wilderness; He led him about." (3.) When they entered Canaan to possess it, the Israelites were a minority in comparison with the Canaanites. Deut. 7: 7. "The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you because ye were more in num-

ber than any people, for ye were the fewest of all people. Ib. v. 17. "If thou shalt say in thine heart, these nations are more than I, how can I dispossess them? Thou shalt not be afraid of them, but thou shalt remember what the Lord thy God did unto Pharaoh and unto all Egypt." Ib. 31: 3. "The Lord thy God, he will go over before thee, and he will destroy these nations from before thee." This became a fixed thought with all devout Israelites, that success does not depend upon numbers. Lev. 26: 8. "Five of you shall chase an hundred, and an hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight." Deut. 32: 30. "How should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, except the Lord had sold them, and the Lord had shut (delivered) them up." Josh. 23: 10. "One man of you shall chase a thousand; for the Lord your God, He it is that fighteth for you." 1 Sam. 14: 6. "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." 2 Chron. 14: 11. "And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord, it is nothing with thee to help whether with many or with him that hath no power; help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude." Is. 41: 14. "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye few men of Israel." Think again of the grand inspiration, as a lesson in theocratic numeration, of such a thrilling fact as the reduction of Gideon's army from 32,000 to 300 men, and the rout of the Midianites by that picked band.

V. From the time of Samuel to Uzziah, King of Judah, the golden age of Jewish history, the people, as would be expected, flourished and multiplied. It was now especially that the promise of increase made to Abraham, "Multiplying I will multiply thee," and also through Moses (see Deut. 7) were realized on their largest scale. The division of the two Kingdoms of Israel and Judah was of no special significance as touching the question of numbers.

VI. But when the Assyrian invasions began under Pul. (Sardanapalus) accompanied by departures of large multitudes to Assyria, and afterwards to Babylonia, a special significance begins to attach to the term "remnant," and the kindred terms "remainder," "residue"

and "left," and to the promises which specially concerned the "remnant," whether applied to the remnant in the land, or the remnant in captivity. Take the following passages from Isaiah 11: 11 seq. "And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall set His hand again the second time to recover the remnant of His people which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the isles of the sea." "And He shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth." "And there shall be an highway for the remnant of His people, which shall be left, from Assyria; like as it was to Israel in the day that he came up out of the land of Egypt."

VII. Still more significant and definite is the use of the term in connection with the great Babylonian Exile, whether as applied to those who were left in the land, or to the captives in the land of their captivity, (as remaining over from the war and the siege) or to the returned captives as a remnant in the land, compared with its former occupants. It is more particularly in the last application that the term acquires its most important significance. The prophecies, especially the promises, relating to the restored remnant, are most interesting and suggestive. Note the following particulars as characteristic of the doctrine of the remnant in this its late and more advanced development.

1. The existence of the remnant is due to the particularizing grace and mercy of God. Isaiah 1: 9. "Except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and we should have been like unto Gomorrah."

2. The preservation of the Remnant is with a view to carrying out the purposes of God's Covenant with His people. Note here to begin with, that God has chosen Israel to be His own special possession, and has established His Covenant with them. Ex. 6: 7. "I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God." Ib. 19: 5-6. "If ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my Covenant, ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto

me above all people; for all the earth is mine. And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." When in course of time the nation suffered disruption, deportation, disintegration, the remnant represented the nucleus, the kernel, with which God still maintained His covenant relations. Thus in the symbolical prophecy of Hosea (Ch. 1.) the second daughter of fornication was called Lo-Ruhamah (unpityed) "for I will no more have mercy upon the house of Israel; but I will utterly take them away."

The third daughter was called Lo-Ammi (not my people) "for ye are not my people, and I will not be your God." "Yet the number of the children of Israel shall be as the sand of the sea, which cannot be measured nor numbered; and it shall come to pass that in the place where it was said unto them: Ye are not my people, there shall it be said unto them: Ye are the sons of the living God. Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel, be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head," and compare Hosea 2: 1-23. Zech. 13: 8, 9. "And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die; but the third shall be left therein. And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name and I will hear them. I will say, it is my people, and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

We find the idea still more vividly described by Isaiah (6: 13,) (Translation of Delitzsch): "And is there still a tenth therein, this also is given up to destruction, which like the terebinth and the oak, of which when they are felled, only a root-stump remains; such a root-stump is a holy seed." The remnant is thus the root-stump, the stock, the nucleus of the people with which God's covenant abides, and which through every disaster is the seed of the future. It represents accordingly the vital core of the nation. The rest of the nation are *disjecta membra*, which like decayed limbs, or dead leaves, fall away from the living stock and perish.

It is the remnant that lives on, it is the remnant that carries on God's Covenant Plan. It is in the remnant

that God's Plan finds its ultimate and complete realization. Isaiah 10: 22. "Though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, yet a remnant of them shall return or come back to God."

3. And so we reach another step in the development and use of the term, in which the idea of relativity, fewness, fragmentariness, all but disappears, and the word acquires a more absolute meaning, conveying at times the idea even of a multitude rather than of a few.

This is particularly noticeable in the following passages: Micah 2: 12. "I will surely assemble, O Jacob, all of thee; I will surely gather the remnant of Israel; I will put them together as the sheep of Bozrah, as the flock in the midst of their fold; for they shall make great noise by reason of the *multitude of men.*"

Ib. 4: 6, 7. "In that day will I assemble her that halteth, and I will gather her that is driven out, and her that I have afflicted, and I will make her that halted a remnant [What does that mean? Note the parallelism] and her that was cast off *a strong nation.*"

The remnant therefore may be a multitude, a strong nation. At all events it is the root, the seed, the potentiality of a great multitude.

4. Another characteristic of the remnant is, it represents the *principle of unity* in Micah 5: 3. "Therefore will he give them up, until the time that she which travaileth hath brought forth--then the remnant of his brethren shall return unto the children of Israel. . . . And this man (the Messiah just mentioned in verse 2) shall be (the) Peace." Isaiah 11: 12, f. "And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth. The envy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off, Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim." The remnant is thus the nucleus by means of which the reunification of God's people will take place, and the original, vital unity of the People will be realized.

5. In like manner the remnant perpetuates the holiness or consecrated destiny of the people. Isaiah 4: 3. "It shall come to pass that he that is left in Zion, and

he that remaineth in Jerusalem shall be called holy, every one that is written among the living (enrolled unto life) in Jerusalem." Zeph. 3: 12, 13. "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord. The remnant of Israel shall not do iniquity, nor speak lies; neither shall a deceitful tongue be found in their mouth." Amos 5: 15. "Hate the evil and love the good, and establish judgment in the gate; it may be that the Lord God of Hosts will be gracious unto the remnant of Joseph."

6. And now we reach a still more advanced point in the development of the idea. The "remnant," representing as it does, the holiness, unity, vitality, of God's people, representing in a word the spirit, the purposes, the powers, the prerogatives, the possibilities of God's Covenant plan—ceases to be an outcast, a fragment, ceases to occupy a negative, defensive position; it becomes a positive, aggressive, mighty force in the world.

Micah 5: 7, 8. "And the remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord, as the showers upon the grass, that turneth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men. And the remnant of Jacob shall be among the Gentiles in the midst of many people as a lion among the beasts of the forest, as a young lion among the flocks of sheep; who if he go through, both treadeth down, and teareth in pieces, and none can deliver."

In the first figure the remnant exerts the still but irresistible power of the dew, refreshing, vitalizing, transforming, beautifying the world.

In the second it exerts the more palpable, invincible power of the lion, conquering the evil by destroying it.

Zeph. 2: 9. "Therefore, as I live, saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, surely Moab shall be as Sodom, and the children of Ammon as Gomorrah, even the breeding of nettles, and saltpits, and a perpetual desolation; the residue of my people shall spoil them, and the remnant of my people shall possess them." Thus the remnant subjugates, absorbs, assimilates the mass.

7. And thus we reach the final stage of representation. "The Remnant," the "Few," the "Small," the "Scattered," etc., becomes the "Multitude," the

“Many,” the “Nations,” “Many Nations,” “All the Nations.”

The Protevangelium reaches its accomplishment in the Apokatastasis. The Seed of the Woman destroys the Serpent and realizes for Humanity its original Divine Ideal. The Seed of Abraham becomes the world's beatification. All the people become the People of God, the Israel of Jehovah. The Particularism of the Divine Plan merges in its Universalism.

Isaiah 60: 16 f. “Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.” “A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.” Jer. 30; 19. “I will multiply them, and they shall not be few. I will glorify them, and they shall not be small.” “Jer. 33: 22. “As the host of heaven cannot be numbered, neither the sand of the sea measured; so will I multiply the seed of David, my servant.” Isaiah 49: 18 f. “Lift up thine eyes round about and behold; all these [nations] gather themselves together and come to thee.” Isaiah 52: 15. “So shall he (the Messiah) sprinkle [startle] many nations.” Ib. 53: 11. “By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many.”

Isaiah 2: 2. “It shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it. And many people shall go and say, come ye and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord. (And He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people.)” Isaiah 54: 3. “Thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles.”

The doctrine of the Remnant is a peculiarity of the Old Testament. It grows out of the history of God's People as I have very briefly sketched it, as a series of vicissitudes, depressions and exaltations, reductions and enlargements, the series losing itself at last in the glorious perspective of the Messianic Future, when the Remnant shall multiply itself and become the whole. In the New Testament it emerges in its Old Testament form once or twice in the writings of Paul, (Romans)

more especially in citations from the Old Testament, and in discussions respecting the relations of Israel. On the one hand, the negative side of the term is used to justify the punishment and rejection of the Jews for the rejection of Christ. On the other hand the positive side of the idea is used to justify the hope that the Jewish nation will yet be restored through faith in Christ and incorporation in the Church.

The idea of the People $\epsilon\lambda\theta\eta\ \delta\ \lambda\alpha\acute{o}\varsigma$, or (occasionally) the nation $\delta\ \xi\theta\nu\omicron\varsigma$ is still more prominent in the New Testament. It comes out particularly in the writings of Peter, and of John in the Apocalypse—who represent what is called “Judeo-Christianity,” Christianity, that is, as seen through the eyes, as realizing the hopes, and as described by the tongue of a believing Jew; and in the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which the writer, although an adherent and exponent of Pauline rather than of Petrine Christianity, is seeking to confirm the believing Hebrews in the Christian faith.

The New Testament Doctrine of “The People” exhibits the following characteristics.

1. The Christian Church is the true Israel or Covenant-People of God. It stands in the line of the Covenant of Grace, and inherits all the promises of God to His people.

2. This spiritual people, this holy nation has its own organic life, and unity and law. It is a unit. It is living—nay more, it is a life. It is a commonwealth, a kingdom—yea verily, the kingdom of heaven.

3. Not only so—but it is *the* people, the *one* people according to God’s definition of the term. We find Paul and Peter alike quoting—as expressing a thought of peculiar significance and emphasis—the Old Testament expression of Hosea: *Lo-Ammi*, $\omicron\upsilon\ \lambda\alpha\acute{o}\varsigma$ no-people.

“Ye are an elect race (1 Pet. 2: 9,) a royal priesthood, a holy nation—a people for God’s own possession—that ye may show forth the excellencies of Him who called you out of darkness in His marvelous light, which in time past were no people, ($\omicron\upsilon\ \lambda\alpha\acute{o}\varsigma$) but now are the people of God.” (And so Paul in Rom. 9: 25.)

Outside this spiritual unit, this Divine organism, the true Israel, there is nothing which can properly be called a

People. Everything else is a *No-People*, a new aggregate of units, a heap of disconnected, indefinite, meaningless individuals. Hence we find Paul speaking even of the mass of the Jewish nation as *τίτες*. Rom. 3: 3. "What if *some* disbelieve?"

1 Cor. 10: 7, 9. "Neither be ye idolaters, as some of them; as it is written: The people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play. Neither let us commit fornication, as *some* of them committed, and fell in one day three and twenty thousand. Neither let us tempt the Lord as *some* of them also tempted and perished by the serpents. Neither murmur ye, as *some* of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer." So again (Rom. 11: 17,) "if *some* of the branches were broken off;" and again (v. 19,) "*Branches* were broken off." The Branches may drop, or be lopped off. The Tree lives. Indeed only the root-stump of Isaiah may remain, and still Paul would say the tree lives.

The numerical majority, the mass, is the spiritual, dynamic minority.

4. The People will absorb and assimilate all the peoples and no-peoples of earth. This the final issue of God's plan. Rev. 21: 24 f. "The nations shall walk amidst the light thereof, and the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it." "And they shall bring the honor and the glory of the nations into it." The New Testament Doctrine of Numbers is briefly this:

1. Written as it was, while the Church was yet in its infancy, and a small minority, it has much to say on the one side of the 'Many' who represent the unregenerate Adamic condition of humanity, and on the other side of the 'Few' in whom the purposes of Grace have found as yet their realization. Matt. 7: 13, 14. "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and *many* be they that enter in thereby."

"Narrow is the gate and straitened the way that leadeth unto life, and *few* be they that find it."

Matt. 22: 14. "Many are called, but few chosen."
Matt. 19: 30. "Many that are first shall be last."
["Many shall be last that are first." Rev. Ver.]

The same relative condition of things is implied in such declarations as: 1 John 5: 19. "The whole world

lieth in the Evil One." John 1: 10. "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not." John 15: 19. "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own, but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

2. But on the other hand—and this is by far the prevalent tone of the New Testament expression, this condition of things is only temporary. Hence it is described as often by *αἰών* as by *κόσμος*.

The proportions are to be reversed. The Minority is to become the Majority, numerically as well as dynamically. The Few are to grow into the Many, the All. Matt. 8: 11. "Many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob." Rom. 8: 29. "That he might be the first-born among *many* brethren." Heb. 2: 10. "It became Him, in bringing *many* sons into glory."

Rev. 7: 9. "I saw and beheld a great multitude which no man could number out of every nation," etc. John 3: 16-17. "God so loved the *world*," etc. "For God sent not the Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the *world* should be saved through Him." Rev. 11: 15. "The *kingdom of the world* is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ." Matt. 28: 19. "Go ye therefore and make disciples of *all the nations*." Mat. 13: 33. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till it was *all leavened*." Acts 3: 21. "Whom the heaven must receive until the times of restoration of *all things*."

Eph. 1: 10. "To sum up all things in Christ."

Rom. 5: 15 f. "Much more did the grace of God, and the gift, etc., abound unto *the many*." "Through one act of righteousness the free gift came unto *all men* to Justification of life." "Through the obedience of the one shall the *many* be made righteous." The Many: that is the Race, Humanity as a Multitude. The All: that is the Race, Humanity as the Totality.

Brief summary in the way of conclusions.

1. The numerical phraseology of the Scriptures as applied to the Church in the present, and as implying

that God's people equal a remnant, few in numbers, is to be taken as relative and temporary.

(1.) They are a few or a remnant *now*.

(2.) They are few as compared with what they might have been if sin had never come into the world.

(3.) They are few as compared with the many, who are as yet under the power of sin.

(4.) They are few as compared with the many, who will one day be on the Lord's side. They are *not* so designated as implying—

(1.) That they are absolutely few—

(2.) That the present proportions will always continue.

(3.) Or that at the end of all only a few will be saved. But you may say: If so, why when Christ was asked, Are there few that be saved? did He not answer the question in the negative? I answer—I do not know. That he did not say “No,” does not prove that the right answer is Yes.

Had He answered yes,—it might have done no good; might have done harm. There are states of mind in which some truths—from the partial way in which they are presented, or from the partial way in which they are seized by the mind, hurt rather than help. The practical answer which Christ then gave was the one then needed: “Strive to enter in by the narrow door; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in and shall not be able.”

2. The Particularism of Redemption also has its special significance in connection with this preparatory temporary order of things.

3. Even as applied to the present order of things the Particularism of God's Plan should be interpreted on a large and generous scale. Paul teaches this when he says: Rom. 11: 5, “Even so then at this present also, there is a remnant according to the election of Grace.” He does not say—There is only a remnant, but there is a remnant. Not one, as the Prophet Elijah said of himself, but seven thousand knees. Particularism devotes itself to saving all that is possible out of the wreck. It is a Particularism, an Election of Grace, Generosity, unmerited.

4. Particularism merges into Universalism.

Some are spared in order that the world may be spared. The few are saved in the beginning, to the end that the many, the all may be saved in the end.

5. Both in the particularistic and the universalistic stages numbers are to be interpreted as representing the real Divine living forces on either side. It is a question of dynamics, rather than of bare mechanical Arithmetic. The numerical minority may be, nay is, the dynamical majority. As when you put one before a cipher, you raise zero to ten, so when you put God with a few you have a majority. The Remnant equals the kingdom. God's redemptive Providence aims at qualitative rather than quantitative results. His Census takes no account of the No-People.

6. The Qualitative, however, carries with it the Quantitative. The dynamics of God's plan work out proportionate results. The statistics of His purposes correspond to their vastness and their glory. The census of his kingdom demands the Arithmetic of Infinite Love and the Tables of Eternity.

Lessons.—Our Gospel is a Gospel of Hope and of Joy. It is, verily, "Glad Tidings," to the world. Be of good cheer. You are on the winning side. Look more to principles, realities, forces, than to numbers or external results. Be not deceived on the one side; be not discouraged on the other. Remember that truth, life, progress, religion, the Kingdom of God in a word—is far more than a question of numbers.

Do not be ashamed of standing with the few.

Do not be afraid of being in a minority.

Do not be disheartened at working with the remnant.

Remember that the remnant represents God and His work, and so always represents the future, represents the Total that counts in the end. *One* then is a majority. At the same time rejoice in the privilege of laboring to multiply the few, to build up the remnant into the Many, the All; to the end that God may be All in All.

XIV.

PERSONAL CHRISTIANITY.*

MOST concisely, though not perhaps in all respects most satisfactorily, I may state the theme of our present discussion to be *Personal Christianity*. The phrase may call for a word or two of justification. Can Christianity be anything but personal? An impersonal Christianity, would that not be a logical self-contradiction? True—but unfortunately our practical thinking is already full of self-contradiction, and the only way oftentimes to meet these successfully, is to insist on the tautologies which they obscure or deny. When Christianity becomes a dead shell, we need to remind ourselves that there is such a thing as *vital* Christianity. When it is sublimated into dreamlike idealities, we are required to emphasize *historic* Christianity. When it degenerates into a mechanical formalism, it is time to reproclaim a *spiritual* Christianity. When undue prominence is given to its abstract, impersonal factor, we shall do well to reaffirm with all earnestness the predication of a *personal* Christianity.

Personality—the highest and the greatest of all the general predications of existence; Christianity—the highest and the greatest of all the special predications of existence; the synthesis of these two is an inherent necessity. The vital affinity between them predestinates their fusion. Personality—the highest type of

*Opening address of his last Seminary Year, September 10, 1891,

reality; Christianity—the highest type of quality; personality—the consummate flower of being as to its essence; Christianity—the perfect realization of being as to its relations; personality—the divinest entity; Christianity—the divinest expression; the two of necessity coalesce. Each pre-supposes the other, each resolves itself into the other, each intensifies, exalts, and glorifies the other. Personality is alike the primary and the ultimate fact of Christianity; Christianity assures to personality its purest and largest significance. The synthesis of the two, whether as Christian personality or as personal Christianity, is the transcendent reality of being and of life.

Let me ask you to reflect a moment, how much it means that the profoundest and most fruitful movements of religious thought and life have their root in the more vital apprehension of the fact and implications of personality. The Protestant Reformation was nothing less than the uprising of personality as a spiritual force, in the effort to throw off the dead weight of mediæval mechanicalism. Mark the power and vitality of individualism both in the formal and in the material principles of the Reformation. Take the formal principle of the Reformation—the right of private judgment in the interpretation of Scripture. Wherein does its significance lie? Just in this: It would brush aside every intermediate mechanism for the transmission of the divine thought from the Written Word to the hungering heart of man. Rejecting the artificial jets of ecclesiastical gasworks, it would drink its light straight from the eternal stars. Or take the material principle of Protestantism: justification by faith. Wherein does its significance lie? Just in this: It would sweep away every contrivance which, in the great crisis of the spiritual life, would intervene between the Di-

vine Personality and the human personality—and bring the soul by faith (which is a personal trust in a living Savior) into direct contact with the Infinite Personality that saves.

Puritanism, in like manner, is the protest of pure personality quickened and spiritualized, against the more impure and impersonal accretions of a materialized and sensuous religion. Its affirmation of simplicity has for its motive the desire to rid the renewed spirit of all that would encumber and hamper its free outgoing toward God.

In Methodism again—alike Wesley's and Whitfield's, we see the insurgence of a Christian personality against enervating conventionalism, deadening rubrics of an exhausted formalism, the benumbing blight of a mechanical ritualism. Methodism is thus the voice of the Christian consciousness, repudiating its dependence on external decaying appliances, asserting itself against the repressions of empty routine and hearsay, and seeking to put itself once more in communication with the primary *personal* sources of the deepest, purest, most sacred and abiding experiences of the soul.

Or look again at the spiritualism of Schleiermacher, Neander, Coleridge—what does it mean? In its inmost essence it means the rejection of unrealities—the artificial fictions, abstractions, assumptions of a religious empiricism; or of a traditional mechanicalism; or of an *a priori* dogmatism, which had lost its grasp on the immediacy and certitude of the personal communion between the living God and his children.

In a word, every spiritual awakening or advance in religious or Christian development approves itself as a movement *from* a religion of things—*i. e.*, of forms, of institutions, of external more or less material mediations: *from* a religion of abstractions, theories, dogmas,

words, traditions, secondhand appurtenances—to a Religion of Personality, a religion which accords their full value to the factors of the largest personal life; a religion which lays its heaviest stress on *those* facts and forces of man's spiritual being and environment that are correlated to the deepest needs and mightiest potentiality of man's real self; a religion which quickens into the most vivid activity the most central dominant quality of consciousness; to that religion in short, the verities of which are susceptible of being most adequately rendered into the states, experiences, movements and expressions of living mind, heart and soul.

From a Religion of Things to a Religion of Personality—there you have the essential note of all spiritual progress. Indeed when you come to think of it, all progress defines itself as the advance of personality, the triumph of free spirit over the impersonal environment. Material progress is just that—personality handling, moulding the *things* which surround it; asserting its mastery over them, impressing itself on nature, trans-fusing and assimilating all material conditions, elements and forces to its own uses and life. Scientific progress is just that: finding the key of Personal Thought and Purpose which unlocks the mysteries of the universe. Science is on the hunt for Law; and what is Law but the expression of the uniformity of Personal Thinking and Willing underlying all phenomena of change and movement? Nature is thus the transcript of personal processes, the movements of the Eternal Mind. Leave out the Thinker, of what worth the Thought? Nay, is not its reality as thought, as well as its value, due to the Mind back of it? The discovery of truth is, in a word, finding out the ways and workings of the Supreme Reason. Herein lies the fascination of every such discovery; it introduces a thinking mind to the Infinite

Thinker. Its joy is the joy of thinking, with Kepler, God's thoughts after him. Truth has thus both its source and destination in personality.

Beauty, too, which eludes every definition, but the attraction of which attests none the less its supremacy, depends for its power and charm on its spiritual source and quality. Its correspondences, harmonies, graces, its subtle, melting winsomeness, its entrancing, purifying virtue have their norm in the Divine Soul, with whom the fairest dreams, the purest loves, the sweetest raptures have their eternal home.

Leave out the personal factor, and you have but a crude congeries of things, *rudis indigestaque moles*, of no significance or worth. But bring all into its proper correspondence to personality; put matter in its place, mind in its place, God in His place, man in his place, and chaos becomes cosmos, and the discord of atoms resolves itself into the music of the spheres.

"The sequences of law
 We learn through mind alone,
 'Tis only through the soul
 That aught we know is known:
 With equal voice she tells
 Of what we touch and see
 Within these bounds of life,
 And of a life to be:
 Proclaiming One who brought us hither,
 And holds the keys of *Whence* and *Whither*."

Until Mind appears, Matter has no story to tell. But

"Man once descried imprints forever
 His presence on all lifeless things; the winds
 Are henceforth voices, . . .
 Never a senseless gust now man is born!
 The herded pines commune and have deep thoughts.

* * * *

The morn has enterprise, deep quiet droops
 With evening, triumph takes the sunset hour,
 And this to fill us with regard for man,
 Desire to work his proper nature out.

. . . All tended to mankind,
 And man produced, all has its end thus far :
 But in completed man begins anew
 The tendency to God."

Thus "progress is the law of life," through matter to mind, through mind to God—all from, through, to, God:

"Himself the way that leads us thither,
 The All-in-All, the Whence and Whither."

If, then, all progress defines itself as the advance and triumph of personality, much more will this be true of Christianity, by which alone progress along the most spiritual and divine lines is possible for man.

I would have you now trace with me the line of this divine movement—so far, at least, as to glance at a few of the outstanding headlands which mark its majestic course. And let me ask you at the outset not to pre-judge the discussion as either unpractical or superfluous. I am greatly mistaken if it shall not appear that a more distinct and vital apprehension of Christianity as a Religion of Personality, in contrast with a Religion of Things is the one thing needed just now to correct and enlarge our conceptions of its contents, and to recover for our Christian thinking, living, and experience much of the power which has been lost.

If we are asked: "What is the pre-eminent claim which Christianity makes in its own behalf?" our answer would be: "It claims, first of all, and chiefest of all, to possess and to disclose the secret of salvation." "If asked: "Wherein lies the need of salvation?" our answer to this again would be: "In sin." And what

is sin? The secret of salvation involves the secret of sin; and the secret of sin lies in personality. Personality is the power of being other than a thing, the power of free choice, free activity, free development. What we call a *Thing* has no such power. Its history is a part of the series of causalities, of necessary changes and effects, that we call Nature. Its course is absolutely and irresistibly determined by conditions outside of itself. It cannot be other than it is; it cannot do other than it does. In such a history there can be no sin. But neither in such a history can there be freedom; and in the absence of freedom the higher developments of life, of growth, of blessedness are forever impossible.

Professor Huxley has said: "I protest that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true, and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer. The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to any one who will take it of me" (Lay Sermons: On Descartes' Discourse). This striking declaration, much as we may admire its moral earnestness, furnishes the elements of its own refutation. If Mr. Huxley could be turned into a clock, the question of thinking what is true and doing what is right would cease to be a question for him at all. For a machine there is, there can be, no such term as right or truth. To the clock it is a matter of absolute indifference whether it goes right or wrong. Mr. Huxley, if made up of clock wheels and clock springs, and wound up every morning, would have had no such desire to do right as he so vividly expresses. He would not even have wanted to be a clock, or to be anything else, for

the sake of going right. A machine never does right; it never wants to. A thing never goes wrong; it does not care about it. In a world of things, of machines, of necessary causations, right or wrong doing would be a matter of no concern; there would be no recognition of sin, there could be no recognition of holiness. Freedom to do right means freedom to do wrong. The power to be godlike implies the power to defy God, to usurp the throne of God, to put self in the place of God. That is sin; and the power to commit sin is one of the inalienable, awful attributes of personality. And the further terrible penalty of that sin is the loss of the conscious dignity of personality, *the willingness to become a thing*, to abdicate the freedom of a child of God, to submit to the iron causality of influences urging to evil, and thus to be immured in the bondage of corruption. "He that commits sin is the bondman of sin."

This, too, is the curse of scientific materialism, that, having begun with the evacuation of personality, it ends with the elimination of sin. What theologians call sin it declares to be but one of the myriad mischances of existence, brought about by the evolutionary sequences of nature. The Fall of Man is simply a necessary incident of progress, a stumbling upward. Having thus no place for sin, materialism has no place for Christianity; and this belittling of sin and of Christianity, mark you, goes hand in hand with the belittling of personality. For let us not lose sight of the great retributive fact—to which reference has already been made—that sin, being in its root and essence the abdication of the regal rights and functions of personality, means the permanent degradation of manhood, the launching of a personal agent on the career of a thing, imposing the law of necessity in place of the law of liberty; bringing the higher nature into bondage to the lower; clipping the wings of

the angel and bidding him to crawl in the trail of the worm.

This, alas! is the moral condition that confronts us in a fallen world; a condition how hopeless in and of itself! How can a thing—a thing, too, by choice—become a person? how can a self-enthralled slave be made free? how can the earthly put on the Heavenly One? Here is the problem to which Christianity addresses itself. What is the first condition of the solution of this problem? Manifestly it is the restoration of personality to its rights and functions, the resumption by the angel of the wings wherewith it may soar above the attractions and gravitations of the natural life, and rise to the loftiness, largeness, liberty, energy, beauty, and fulness of a life in the immediate presence of God, and in living touch with Him.

And how is this result to be effected? Manifestly by the intervention of a Power from beyond the World of Things, by the influx of the Supernatural into the realm of the natural. For Nature can not emancipate from nature. The life of a thing, or a life which has degenerated into the life of a Thing, can not lift itself up to the full height and measure of a free, Godlike personality. The Divine personality must stoop down, touch the lower, degenerated life, communicate itself to that life, impart to it its own life. Christianity is thus—objectively, the communication to man of the Divine Personal Life; subjectively, the reception by man of that Divine Personal Life; concretely, the re-establishment in man of his lost personal life and divineness. As Christ says, it is the prodigal “coming to himself,” the outcast coming to the realization of the Divine sonship, and of “the freedom wherewith the Son makes free.” In the religious dialect of Peter, it is becoming “partakers of the Divine Nature.” In the vivid sen-

tentiousness of James, it is the "perfect law, the law of liberty," "the royal law" of love; "royal" as being not only the king among laws, but the law of kings, enfranchising those who obey it into the rank and rights of kingship. In the lofty mysticism of John, it is the indwelling of the Divine Life in such fullness and power that absolute freedom becomes inability to sin. "Whosoever is begotten of God doeth no sin, because his seed abideth in him; and he can not sin because he is begotten of God;" and there you have Christianity's answer to Mr. Huxley's yearning after a freedom to do right which will never go wrong. In the dramatic, psychological realism of Paul, it is the Saul-ego dying into the Paul-ego, and the Paul-ego transformed into the Christ-ego. "I no longer live, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, that faith which is in the Son of God." "For me to live is Christ."

Christianity thus presupposes as its fundamental postulate, that man's true life consists in communion with God. God is the spiritual complement of a perfect manhood, the element, the atmosphere, the home of the soul.

"God only is the creature's home,
Though rough and strait the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God."

Man's redemption is accordingly the re-establishment of this Divine Communion, God making His home in man, man finding his home in God. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." There is an awakening of manhood in the awakening of the God-consciousness within. To see God, to know God, to realize God, this is the first condition of seeing, knowing, realizing my true being.

Now this—let me emphasize the thought—is an intensely personal process. First, you see, it presupposes the personal activity of God in making Himself known, in realizing himself to me.

“’Tis rather God who seeks for us,
Than we who seek for Him.
God was not gone, but He so longed
His sweetness to impart,
He, too, was seeking for a boon,
And found it in my heart.”

The revelation of God to the soul—what is it? A thing, a definition, a dogma, a book, an impersonal medium? Impossible! In any revelation of God, the chief factor, the central, the real factor, the factor without which every circumstantiality were an empty, meaningless form, is God himself. Given God, all else matters but little; given God, and all the rest will follow. Let God be there, and the acacia bush in the wilderness will burn with the splendors of the Shekinah. Let God be in it, and the prattling of the babe will say more than the logic of the archangel. The revelation thus derives its original and special significance from the supreme personality of its Divine Agent.

But this is not all. The process is one of living personal reciprocity. By the divine correlation of energy the personal activity of God passes over into personal activity on the part of men. “If that I may apprehend that for which also I was apprehended.” Before the revelation can be in any sense real and complete, the personal reciprocity must respond to the personal communication. The more of personality there is in the receiving, the larger will be the revelation. This, you see, must be so. There can be no revelation of personality to a thing. There can be no spiritual revelation to an unspiritual intelligence, for spiritualities

are spiritually discerned. The thoughts which wander through eternity, the sensibilities which find relief in tears, nay, which do often lie too deep for tears, the spiritual intuitions of divine realities and necessities,

"Which are the fountain-light of all our day,
The master-light of all our seeing."

the moral convictions, which, like the bird of Jove, grasp the thunderbolts of everlasting law, the deathless yearning after immortality, the delight in truth and right for their own sake, the power of self-sacrifice for love's sweet sake, the enthusiasm of humanity, the inspiration of divinity—all this finds no response below the level of personality. The revelation of the supreme, all-perfect personality that we call God can be conveyed only to the reason, the conscience, the will, to the instinct of beauty, the power of love, the sense of the infinite, the presentiment of eternity. It becomes a revelation through the appeal which it makes to these divine constituents of our being, and the response which it evokes therefrom. God revealing himself to me—what is that? It is God correlating Himself to this part and to that part of my being, moving on this faculty, capturing that sentiment, energizing such a motive, asserting Himself in such a purpose, illuminating a thought here, sweetening an experience there. But mark it! these activities are each and all my own. My personality expresses itself in them. I am in them; God too is in them: through them I learn to interpret, to realize, to know God. Apart from them God were a blank; apart from God they were but shadows, mere possibilities. Their activity is made real by His. It is his coming into my life which makes it life. It is He that puts to flight the nightmare of the evil past; it is His touch that quickens, that starts the vital currents,

that stirs the impulses of devotion and service. So does Paul teach, "That which may be known of God is manifest in them, for God manifested it unto them." That is to say, the external and the internal revelation condition each the other. Or, as Jacobi puts it, the consonant of the one finds its vowel in the other; and thus the Word, the revelation of God, is made complete. The Unknown God, whom before I ignorantly worshipped, if at all, becomes known to me. He is become a reality; I have found Him. "If, haply, they might feel after Him and find Him, though he is not far from each one of us." "Too late!" so does Augustine pour out his soul in one of his wonderful apostrophes: "Too late I loved Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! Too late I loved Thee! And behold, Thou wert within and I abroad, and there I searched for Thee; deformed I, plunging amid those fair forms which Thou hadst made. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee. Things held me far from Thee, which, unless they were in Thee, were not at all. Thou didst call and shout and burst my deafness. Thou didst breathe odors, and I drew in breath and panted for Thee. I tasted—and hunger and thirst. Thou touchedst me, and I burned for Thy peace" (Confessions, Book X.) Even so; God touching me until my being is on fire with Himself; God thinking Himself into my thoughts; God loving Himself into my love; God living Himself into my life—that is revelation, that is religion, that is Christianity, that is life! "With Thee is the fountain of life; in Thy light shall we see light." What I see as a luminous, indubitable reality, I see in God's light. In that outstreaming of God, that Divine halo, I exercise intuition, reflection, faith, worship. God's shining is all around me and through me; in that shining I behold and believe. God's warmth is

all about me and within me; in that warmth I feel. God's love floods my being; in that love I love.

Our personal activities are thus respondent to the personal activities of God. "We love because He first loved us." The consciousness of God heightens, deepens, widens the sense of our personal consciousness; and in this enlargement and exaltation of the latter, God becomes credible, knowable, real. The dignity of personality in man, the reality of personality in God—each conditions the other. In every revelation God must be interpreted through the soul. The objective self-manifestation of God necessarily comes first; but this can become a completed revelation only through the subjective interpretation and appropriation. God becomes a part of me only through my partaking of Him.

Monergism and Synergism are equally true, and each is necessary to the other. Without monergism—*i.e.*, without the primal Divine Energy, there can be no synergism—*i.e.*, there can be no answering co-operant energy of the human coefficient. Without synergism—*i.e.*, without the co-operating human coefficient, monergism would fail of its consummation; for even the Divine Energy is graduated by that in which it works. The Divine Energy in the worm cannot furnish the measure of the Divine Energy in Augustine, or Luther, or Wesley. The more the man, the more the God within him; the more the God within, the more the man. Our Lord's paradox, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham," is an incontrovertible truth, but it is the truth of hyperbole. As a matter of fact, God never does raise a spiritual aristocracy out of dead stones. But, as the Apostle Paul shows, the seed of Abraham embraces those, and only those who are of the faith of Abraham (Gal. iii: 7); and the faith of Abraham, as the same Apostle shows

(Rom. iv: 19-21), is the highest exponent of spiritual energy which the world has ever seen; the noblest activity of which a finite personality is capable. Through that activity, as the Apostle James also shows (ii: 23), Abraham reached the loftiest personal dignity to which man can aspire. "Abraham believed God . . . and he was called the friend of God."

A parallel truth we find in the inspired teaching that we attain to the Vision of God through personal self-purification. "Follow after the sanctification, without which no man shall see the Lord." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." And how much is implied in that wonderful declaration of our Lord's, "This is life eternal that they should know Thee, the only true God, and Him who Thou didst send, even Jesus Christ!" Mark the expression! The highest possible knowledge of God, the knowledge of God in the uniqueness and the reality of His being, is life; not a single activity of life — not intellectual life merely, not moral life alone, but life itself in its generic fulness and absoluteness; eternal life, the climax, the maximum of life, life at its highest, longest, largest, best. But mark, farther, the complete statement! "This is life eternal, to know God and Him whom God sent, even Jesus Christ," to know God, that is, in the ultimate expression of Himself, in the definite, historic, personal embodiment of His perfections and purposes in Jesus Christ.

And here we strike upon the very core of Christianity as the Religion of the Incarnation. As was said already, Christianity is characteristically not a Religion of Things, not a religion of abstractions or dogmas, but of Personal Realities. It is so pre-eminently in its revelation of God. In Christianity we have, if I may say so, the ultimatum of the Divine Personality. The Relig-

ion of Nature gives us indeed a personal God ; but this truth is beset with constant peril from the liabilities of our sinful humanity, from a debased anthropomorphism, a vague pantheism, a coarse materialism, a shallow pyrrhonism. Even in Judaism the Divine Personality is lost in a Divine Legality. The Law itself, by which God speaks, comes between the people and God. At the reading of Moses a veil lieth upon the heart. Everywhere, in Gentilism and in Judaism, there is still something lacking to keep the world in touch with God. The Most High must come lower yet, nearer yet to man. There must be a face-to-face beholding of the Divine Glory, heart-to-heart contact with the Divine Life. This is what the Gospel assures us took place in the Incarnation. In Christ the veil is taken away. He is the last and the greatest of the Theophanies. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." "The Word was God . . . and the Word became flesh, and tabernacled among us." In the Incarnate Logos the Divine Personality becomes a historic, visible, audible, tangible reality. "That which was from the beginning, that which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, that which we beheld and our hands handled, concerning the Word of Life (and the life was manifested, and we have seen and bear witness, and declare unto you the life, the eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us), that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you."

Christ is the practical answer to the difficulties and contradictions of our earthly metaphysics in its speculations about the Divine Personality. In Christ we find the actual reconciliation of the infinite with the limitations of a personal consciousness. In Christ as a historic personality, the belief in a personal God ceases to be an insoluble logical paradox, and becomes a rapturous, in-

spiring reality. At His feet our Doubt falls down in lowly, holy adoration, crying out, "My Lord and my God!" Christ—who will not admit it?—Christ is the living personal embodiment of the Highest Being, of the Most Perfect Life. In Him the Fulness of the Godhead dwelleth bodily, and in Him we are made full. Out of Him remains the infinite void, the eternal unrest. "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" So rings out the wail of the ages, the sad refrain of humanity.

Where is God?—for a God man must have. "If there were no God it would be necessary to invent Him." Even so, Voltaire! Thought must have a God—an Infinite in relation to whom there is no Beyond. Worship must have a God—a Highest than whom there can be no higher. Conscience must have a God—a Supreme Will, whose absolute masterhood is law, whose Yea is life, whose Nay is death. Love must have a God—consummate Perfection, forever satisfying the enlarging capacities, the crescent hopes, the ever-mounting aspirations, the ever-widening and deepening activities of the ever-growing life eternal. Oh God! God! God! Where shall we look for Thee? Where shall we find Thee? Our thoughts scale the firmaments; where art Thou? Our prayers climb the heavens; where art Thou? Our dreams soar over the infinities and sweep through the eternities; where art Thou? Our speculations plunge into the blazing, blinding suns of light; where art Thou? Our despair storms the darkness, and treads the pathless depths of mystery; where, oh, where art Thou?

Ah! my soul, not thus shalt thou find God, not thus shalt thou enter into thy rest. "The Righteousness which is of faith saith thus: Say not in thy heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? That is, to bring Christ down;

or, Who shall descend into the abyss? That is, to bring Christ up from the dead. But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is the word of faith which we preach." Philip cries out: "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." Jesus answers, "Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father: how sayest thou, Show us the Father?" "They shall call His name Immanuel." God with us! God in the midst of us! God on earth; among men; Himself a man; stooping to the depths; lifting to the heights; bearing humanity's burdens; sharing the world's woes; weeping human tears; fainting from the weakness of the flesh; pouring forth human blood, yet bringing into the weakness and guilt and misery of earth, bringing into the broken, bleeding life of man the condescension, the sympathy, the strength, the wisdom, the righteousness, the holiness, the love, the All of the Infinite God! Having this, what need we more? If God be not here, where shall we find Him? Christ! for this Infinite of Wisdom, Power, Righteousness, Love, where can thought find a Beyond? Christ! in presence of this Highest, where is the Higher can woo away our worship? Christ! what other Master can ever claim or win the allegiance of the soul that wears His yoke? Christ! what fuller, larger Perfection can ever lure our love from His supreme excellence? Christ! what can God be more unto us than Christ is? wherein can God do more for us than Christ does? The revelation of Christ solves forever the mystery of personality, whether in God or man. He puts man in possession of God. "He that hath the Son hath the Father." Christ puts man in possession of the divinest manhood. "As many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become sons of God."

The Divine Life in all its forms and manifestations thus centres in Christ, radiates from Him. Religion reaches its highest expression in this Divine-Human Life. Christianity means Christ. Theology in Scripture is first and chiefly Christology. "No man hath seen God at any time; God only-begotten, who is in the bosom of the father, He hath declared Him." The doctrine of God is the doctrine—that is, in true Scriptural usage, the *teaching*, the *exegesis* of Christ; not dogma about Christ, but the personal teaching of Christ Himself. And Christianity is not the teaching of Christ alone, but All of Christ. Not, I say again, something about Christ, but the Living Christ attesting Himself by His personal presence and His personal work in the world. Christianity is not a Thing, a dogma, a system, a process, but a person; Christianity, once and again, means Christ. The Church is not a Thing, a machine, an agency; the Church means Christ, for it is "the Fulness of Him that filleth all in all." The Bible is not a Thing, not the letter, the book, but the Spirit; "and the Lord is the Spirit." The Bible means Christ. The life of the Written Word is the living Personal Word. The truth means Christ, the whole of Christ. "Has Christ been divided?" Alas! Paul, yes. In Corinth? Aye, and in Antioch and Alexandria, and Rome and in Geneva, in the first century and in the nineteenth. We have divided the Living Christ into partial representations, half-living dogmas about Christ. We need once more to personalize our truths and our beliefs, to find in Christ the eternal incarnation, the living impersonation of the great verities and realities of our faith.

There is an earnest cry for a Christo-centric, and, if I may add an adjective, a Christo-metric theology. I heartily unite in the cry. Christ at the centre; Christ

also as the radius, measuring with His Infinitude every truth that radiates from that centre. No less a measure than the Christ-measure will suffice for any fact or truth of Christianity. Do we inquire respecting God's eternal purpose? Let us seek the interpretation and the metre in Christ. Sovereignty, election, predestination? Each is a paraphrase of Christ. Whatever Christ means, sovereignty means that. Wherever Christ reaches, grace reaches there. As large as Christ may be, so large is God's redemptive purpose. Atonement is no mere Divine mechanism, the skillful adjustment of expedients or balancing of equivalents. "HE is the propitiation for our sins." CHRIST in the breach, CHRIST filling the dreadful chasm occasioned by sin, CHRIST reaching all the way from the trembling culprit to the Throne with its everlasting thunders. Redemption is no mere formula, no prescription from a Divine pharmacopœia. Throughout, it is Christ's personal efficiency. The measure of Christ, of His personality, of His personal force and life, that is the measure of redemption. He gives the breadth and length and height and depth of it. Redemption is Christ. He is the All of it. "Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who was made unto us wisdom from God, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Mark well the statement: Christ was made Wisdom, and Christ was made Righteousness, and Christ was made Sanctification, and Christ was made Redemption. Our wisdom is not a creed, but a Person; our righteousness is not an abstract quality, but a Personal Reality; our sanctification is not an impersonal process, but a Personal Life; our redemption is not a supernatural life-saving apparatus, but a Personal God, putting Himself into the work of our salvation. Formulas, creeds, arrangements, institutions, things of whatever kind, are

well enough in their place, but that place is secondary. Christ first—all the rest will follow.

“I am the Way, The Truth, and The Life.” Brethren, as we start on the work of our new seminary year, let us take those words as our motto. Let us make Christ our way, our path in every line of research, the chart by which we determine every step, the method by which we strive for every goal, the philosophy of our life, of duty, and of destiny. Let us make Christ our Truth; Truth not as a logical abstraction, but as a Divine Impersonation; the Truth which is the core of all that is true, the pith of all integrity, the substance of all reality—that which we see with the eye of Christ, which we test by the mind of Christ, which we assimilate by the spirit of Christ—Christ in every truth, until it becomes an apocalypse of the ineffable Glory! Let it be our aim not to learn about Christ, but, in Pauline phrase, “to learn Christ.” Let us make Christ our Life; the principle and law of our living, the sum of all our being, our having, our doing. Let all be from, through, in, unto Christ. Our surrender to others, our devotion to humanity, let it be for His sake. What we do for ourselves, let it be for Christ. Seek the most full and accurate knowledge—for Christ! the broadest culture—for Christ! the largest and most vigorous unfolding of all your powers and capacities—for Christ! Personal Christianity transformed into the grandest Christian personality—all for Christ’s sake! “Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee.” Oh, for that waking! to come forth into that sunrise! Out of all our darkness and weakness, our numbness and deadness, into the light, the glow, the power, and the glory of that beatific CHRIST-SHINE! Thus to shine with the Christ be it your pre-eminent privilege and Service.

- “What is this psalm from pitiable places
Glad where the messengers of peace have trod ?
Whose are those beautiful and holy faces
Lit with their loving, and aflame with God ?
- “Aye unto these distributeth the Giver
Sorrow and sanctity, and loves them well,
Grants them a power and passion to deliver
Hearts from the prison-house and souls from hell ?
- “This hath He done, and shall we not adore Him ?
This shall He do, and can we still despair ?
Come, let us quickly fling ourselves before Him,
Cast at His feet the burden of our care.
- “Flash from our eyes the glow of our thanksgiving,
Glad and regretful, confident and calm,
Then through all life, and what is after living
Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.
- “Yea, through life, death, through sorrow and through sinning
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed ;
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.”

XV.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.*

Dear Brethren:—Following, as I believe, the direction of Providence, I have found it necessary to take my departure before the close of the Seminary year, and am thereby prevented from discharging the duty, which would have fallen to me in course as Chairman for the year, of addressing to the class such words of counsel and encouragement as by custom accompany the delivery of diplomas. The Faculty having kindly united in the request that I should leave a few parting words to be read in my absence, I take pleasure in complying therewith. The request has appealed to me with peculiar force, because the life of the class has coincided with a particular section of my own seminary life, which has been marked by special manifestations of the divine favor, beginning, as it did, three years ago, with the resumption of service after a temporary suspension, which had been made necessary by bodily infirmity, and

*Dr. Evans was Chairman of the Faculty the last year of his connection with the Seminary, and it devolved upon him to deliver the parting address to the class of 1892. When it was found necessary for him to leave before the end of the year he consented, at the urgent request of the Faculty, to write some parting words. This he did in the following address, which was read to the class by Professor Smith.

ending as it does, with the terminating of my connection with the Seminary which you and I together honor and love as our theological mother. These three years have been to me, as I doubt not they have been to you, years of multiplied tokens of the divine interest in our personal history, of increasing clearness in our perception of the divine leadership, of constant enlargement in the prosecution of our work, and of an ever-deepening sense of blessedness in surrendering ourselves to the providential demands of the calling wherewith we have been called. To you, as well as to me, they will ever stand forth apart from all the years which went before, or which may come after, as a special, determinate, and precious epoch of our life.

It is often the case, when we come to these momentous turning points, such as you in your life course, and I in mine, have now reached, that we seem to ourselves to be even as those who dream. The past seems to be drifting away from us, like a thickening mist. The future seems to be moving upon us, like a dissolving mirage. The present seems to quaver under our feet, like shifting quicksand. We scarcely know whether we ourselves are flesh and blood, or ghosts. The experience is, happily, a transient mood, the psychological conditions of which are not far to seek. But it readily suggests, when our mood changes to that of earnest reflection on the past and sober forecast of the future, accompanied by faithful probing of the present, the consideration of the question, What of the reality? If we are not such stuff as dreams are made of, how shall we realize what we are? If the world of truth be not a world of phantoms, how shall we make sure of that, and how shall we properly and vitally correlate the reality *without* to the reality *within*, and bring the two into loving and working accord? This is, I take it, at all

times the problem of living. This is for you, this is for me, the particular problem of this hour. Let us for a few minutes think it out together.

Speaking concretely, reality in life will mean for each one of us reality in thought, reality in feeling, reality in word, reality in action. Let us look for a moment at our definitions under each of these heads.

Reality in thought, what is that? Fundamentally it is the agreement of our thinking with being, the correspondence of the concept or of the mental process, of whatever kind it be, to the entity, the phenomenon, the fact, the force, which originates or conditions its existence. Reality in thought is secured when the entity, the fact, the force, is clearly, fully, vitally apprehended by the mind, so that its qualities and energies become warp and woof of the mental and spiritual life. *Law*, for example, becomes a reality in thought when my mind so fully identifies itself with it that the processes, the cogencies, the restrictions, and the requirements of law are reproduced in my intellectual history, so that thinking becomes to me, for the time, a process of legislation, and my soul becomes a Sinai.

Reality in feeling, what is that? It is the full and adequate response of the emotional life to the reality in thought, as we have just considered it. It implies that the external stimulus, the entity, the fact, the force, is an expression not only of intelligence, but of loving purpose. As in thought, reality means mind making the right answer to mind, so in feeling reality means heart making the right answer to heart, right in measure, right in quality. Beauty for instance, is a reality when its radiance is a glow within, when its glory is a rapture, when its mystery is a hush of awe, when its pathos is a tear, when its divinity is an inspiration, and

when the heart filled with its Shekinah-light, is a temple of ecstasy, prayer, and praise.

Reality in speech, what is that? It is the equivalence of the utterance with the thought or the feeling, as the embodiment of the thing, or fact, or force of which it is the product. Speech is real when it gives the measure, the quality, the power, the life of that which it expresses, when it rings with the intelligence or thrills with the sensibility of the thinking, sensitive spirit, when the Yea of the tongue expresses the full and mighty affirmative of the entire man; nothing more, nothing less; when the spoken Nay utters the absolute, emphatic protest of mind, heart, and conscience, nothing more, nothing less; when the voice of man sounds forth as the very trumpet of God.

Reality in action, what is that? It is the right, living, adequate, expression in deed of all forces and voices of the inner life which demand expression, so that the outer life shall be the living echo of the inner, the visible index of the central personality. Life is real when the deepest inmost soul flushes all over the face of it and thrills along every fibre of it, and flashes with electric fire from every point of it, so that all who witness it see soul, and all who touch it, feel the very fire of God.

This reality, beloved, reality in thought, in feeling, in word, in action, is what I would hold up before you to-day, over against all "the fair, fond fancies dear to youth," which burst like bubbles under the rude shocks of experience, over against all the dreamy hesitations, or the more painful questionings which confront us at the dividing of the ways, and especially over against all the illusions of a false philosophy, of a shallow culture, or of an unhealthy social life; this reality would I hold up before you as the most priceless possession,

as the noblest inspiration, as the mightiest force with which you can equip yourselves for your life task.

In his bright and beautiful old age musings before his driftwood fire, our large-hearted, far-visioned sage and poet, whose heart is still young under its burden of fourscore years, sings of himself,

“ I turn from all that only seems,
And seek the sober grounds of truth.”

This is the lesson which the “ years that bring the philosophic mind ” have taught Whittier. I would fain urge it, my young brethren, on you now in your early manhood. “ Turn from all that only seems.” Shun all shams. Renounce all make-believes. Fling away all mere forms. Bury all corpse-like conventionalisms. Burn all empty shells. Cast to the moles and the bats all “ idols,” as Bacon calls them, as the Apostle John calls them.

“ Seek the sober grounds of truth.” Dig down to the bed-rock. Seek reality as the ground of thought, conviction, experience, life. Build on “ the foundations ” which cannot be moved, not on the drifting sand, but on the cornerstone which upholds the very heavens, the eternal thought of God, the Word which endureth forever.

But first of all, let me urge on each one of you, as the indispensable condition of all the rest, **BE REAL**. Identify yourself with the abiding essence, the enduring law, the solid substance that underlies all appearances and forms. Make a verity of your own being, a reality of your own life. Let me remind you once more of what I have had occasion so often to impress on you in the class-room, that perhaps the nearest English equivalent of the Bible word **TRUTH**, is **REALITY**. The Old Testament *'Emeth*, is the stability

which nothing can move. The New Testament *Ἀλήθεια*, is the actuality which cannot be hidden, the lucid transparency which needs no disguise. Our word, *truth*, at least as we commonly use and define it, suggests a notion which is too purely intellectual, too narrowly scholastic and speculative. But what the Bible calls TRUTH is more a matter of the heart than of the head, more a life than a definition or a system. It is as much ethical as intellectual, as truly practical as theoretical. It means character no less than a creed. It is, as we have seen, the thinking, the feeling, the speaking, the doing which synthesizes with being. *Being*, therefore, what one *ought* to be, under the rule of law without; *being* what one *must* be, under the stress of conscience within; *being* what one *would* be, under the impulse of the loftiest aspiration; *being* what one *is to be*, after the divine ideal and purpose; *being* all this is the condition of all reality in life.

First of all, then, *be real*; be your true, your very, your divinest self. Alas! how many there are, even among God's servants, who mock themselves, who not only to others, but to themselves, wear a mask! The self which they enthrone and serve is an unreality, a debasement of the divine ideal, the product of agencies in the world, and within themselves, in which they have never sought or found the loving, moulding hand of God. They allow themselves, with passive weakness, to become other than their better self longs and prays to be. They go floundering through the wearisome cycles of struggle so vividly portrayed in the seventh chapter of Romans, until the *αὐτὸς ἐγώ*, the real self, is overpowered and lost. This disloyalty, alas, is the fatal mistake, the error of errors, nay more, the sin of sins. *Be real*. Be loyal to the best, the purest, the most godlike; true to God, and thus true to

yourself; true to the divine Spirit, which is the vital breath of the human spirit; true to the divine Light, which coming into the world lighteth every man; true to the divine law, which marshalls the elements, which links the stars, which sways the conscience, and binds the will; in a word, so truly *one with God*, that His thinking shall be your thought, His will shall be your volition, His life of love shall be your love and life. "My eye," said Eckhart, "and God's eye are one eye, one vision, one recognition, one love." Discount, so far as may be necessary, the mystical exaggeration of the saying, but hold fast its core of truth. "In Thy light shall we see light." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Yourself being real, let every *thought* be a reality. Be loyal to every fact, to every teaching of the Word, to every lesson of providence, to every precept of the Spirit. Break through the shell to the kernel, through the form to the substance. Pierce through the human to the divine. Fill the abstraction with the breath of life. Plunge the definition into the crucible of the most earnest, vital fires of your thinking soul, until it comes forth again a red-hot conviction. Probe every term of your proposition until it yields you its deepest secret. Question every word of your text, until it speaks to you its message in a voice vibrating with divinity in its every tone. Do your own questioning, put your own ear to the telephone, and be not satisfied until your text, your chapter, your Psalm, your Epistle, your Gospel shall deliver its personal message to you. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." Let nothing be a matter of mere rote or routine. Get into living contact with every phase of life and experience. Get at the men among whom you live and labor; the men themselves, not their names, their clothes, their homes, their

exterior accompaniments, but the real men, women, children, their living, real selves; their throbbing, perchance their sleeping brains; their numbed, hardened, or yet perhaps their bleeding, burdened, struggling hearts. *Realize* the facts with which you have to deal: sin, sorrow, falsehood, conscience, passion, prejudice, duty, love, law, penalty, the image of the devil, the image of God. *Realize* the Gospel you preach. Let it be not a matter of hearsay, of tradition, of book-lore, but the voice of the living Christ, so that you can say to all your teachers: "Now we believe not because of your saying, for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

Let every *feeling* be a reality, not an idle, lackadaisical sentiment; not a puff or a gush of dilettanteism: not an emotional luxury, a bit of spiritual epicureanism, but an embodiment of the correlation of the divine energy; a truth from Sinai or from Calvary; a message from Hermon or from Gethsemane; a miracle of wisdom from parable or sermon, or of grace from the manger or the Cross; a tear from Olivet, or a flash of wrath from the Scourger of money-changers, and Pharisees; the power of an endless life, striking into your inmost being, and there becoming holy fear, burning zeal, melting pity, exalted joy, all-conquering faith, all-consuming love, Christlike consecration to the service of humanity and of God.

Let every *word* be a reality. Let your preaching be not an empty sound, not a meaningless echo of what has been said before, not a strain of conventionalism, not a string of lifeless formulas, not the rattling of dry bones, but a living voice from a living soul, a loving message from a loving heart. Let thoughts that breathe

become words that burn. Let feelings that weep become appeals that melt. Let truths that have captured you go forth as convictions to take others by storm. Give your own living interpretation of the Word as it has touched, stirred, upheaved, re-created you. The German proverb says: "Where the life is lightning, the words will be thunder." Luther's words have been called thunderbolts and battles. Well they might be, for Luther himself was a son of thunder, a divine storm. Eternity thundered in his soul, and his life was charged with heaven's own lightnings. "I have believed, therefore have I spoken." "We declare what we have known." Let these be your mottos.

And so, finally, let your *life* be a reality; a reality, because in every action your very self shall express itself, your deepest convictions shall shape themselves in visible forms of beneficence, your heart-life shall live itself out, your heart-love shall pour itself forth, your tenderest compassions shall embody themselves in helpful activities, your wrath against sin shall burn with the fire of God's righteousness, your zeal for truth shall glow with the ardor of an enthusiasm caught at the feet of the Master, your every energy and movement shall transmit Pentecostal power, your character shall be seen and known as the outshining of the indwelling Christ, your influence shall ever be the uplifting and transforming power of the Cross working in your heart and life, so that all who see you, shall everywhere and always take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus, have learned of Him, nay, "have learned Christ" himself, "if so be that ye have heard Him and have been taught by Him, even as reality is in Christ."

"Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord . . . and again I say, Rejoice." *Valete!* "Be strong in the

Lord and in the power of His might." And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ abound toward you all evermore; may the love of God be plentifully shed abroad in your hearts, and may the peace and joy of the Comforter abide with you to the end of the days. Amen.

THE END.

