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THE

Religion of a Gentleman

BY

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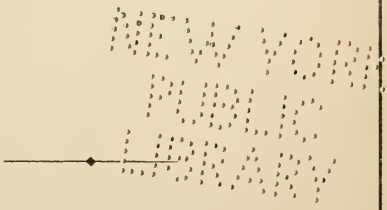

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To all young men, to the students in the colleges of America, and especially in Harvard College, my own Alma Mater, this little book is dedicated, in the earnest hope that the thoughts which have brought intellectual freedom, joy, and moral inspiration to its author may carry similar help and service to others.

PREFACE.

ALMOST since I was a boy it has been the wish of my life that I might be able to make the statement of religion in such a way as to commend the subject and make it attractive to the young. It has been my faith that religion must be capable of the most interesting, persuasive, and reasonable treatment. Religion did not, however, appeal to me in this way at first. On the contrary, in my case, as is no doubt true with many to-day, the subject seemed somewhat distant and even repellent. Religious teaching has too often been made to take on the hue of melancholy and even the shadow of death. It has seemed to threaten not merely to deprive us of pleasure (this might be borne) but also to deprive us of life and activity, and to shut us up in a narrow and spectral region.

I early found in myself an instinctive hunger for life here in this world; for all which this life offers; for a large, normal, wholesome, active, satisfying life. The Greek spirit, and not the Puritan only, was in me. I loved reason, order, harmony, and unity. I could not bear to have to make a special plea for my religion, to defend it, to apologize for it, to entertain apprehensions that it might some day be overwhelmed by shrewd questions or by some new scientific or historical discovery. I could not bear to think of a divided universe in which science and religion were doomed to live apart.

I had been taught to tell the truth and obey the call of duty. I could never respect a religion which offered men an easy entrance to paradise, while at the same time it allowed them to live in falsehood, self-indulgence, and selfishness. The words of an ancient teaching had settled deep into my mind: Ye shall judge them by their fruits. It did not seem to me that the fruits of

the customary religion, as set forth in the churches of Christendom, were as yet respectable.

I looked out on a world of sectarian divisions. I had been used in early childhood to hear judgments passed which condemned multitudes to endless suffering, which condemned noble and high-minded men for an error of opinion, which ruled out of the communion of the church some of the best and sweetest friends whom I knew, because they could not honestly take on their lips certain conventional words or phrases. The true church, I was bound to believe, must open its doors wide enough to take in all sincere and genuine souls. It must be a church for all humanity. Where was the church which set a premium upon honesty, which practised thorough-going hospitality?

On the one hand I was overwhelmed with an ineradicable conviction that religion is the most profound of all human interests, which no intelligent being can afford to rule out of his thoughts. I was drawn to it

accordingly, as if by a sort of universal gravitation. On the other hand, like one who sees objects in a fog, I dreaded religion as a disturbing spectre, threatening to make me something other than my real self, and menacing my identity.

It became necessary both for my mental sanity and my peace of mind to reconstruct my religion. The love of reality, the sense of an ethical imperative, and a faith in righteousness immanent in human life, regnant throughout the universe, guided my pathway. The impressive volume and variety of the records of human experience contributed aid and comfort. In some aspects the religion to which I have worked my way seems new and fresh, as well as extremely interesting and inspiring. In other aspects it is as old as the soul of man. There is no great doctrine which the great teachers have enunciated which does not prove to enter into it, and even to be essential to it. I seem to hold the key to interpret their noblest thought. But their

teachings come to us illuminated by the wonderful facts of modern science and reënforced by the modern study of history. If I once dreaded lest religion should compel me to act against my nature, lest it should destroy vital instincts, cut down the joy of life, and restrict my sympathies and interests, I now love my religion because it offers fullness of life.

It must be that young minds are constantly obliged to pass through something like the same transition which I have described, from the traditional religion of their childhood, accepted simply upon authority, to the freely chosen religion of maturity. I should be very glad if my experience might serve to make their path more plain.

It is possible that some readers will not care for Chapter III. I have attempted to make the course of my reasoning as simple as possible. But if any so prefer I am quite willing that they should pass on to the next chapter. Perhaps later they will choose to turn back and will not then find

this chapter too difficult. It is a pity not to know something of the foundation of thought upon which a valid religion must rest.

It may be said by some that I am too confident in the tone of my optimism. I answer that it is my religion which compels me to optimism. Moreover, I am not writing for jaded and somewhat sophisticated readers, through the veil of whose habitual cynicism I must warily pass before I can hope to hold sincere speech with them. I am writing with the desire of interesting the young, and especially that class of youth, generous, intelligent, and energetic, who are destined to be the leaders of their generation, and whose characteristic qualities, therefore, make them naturally hopeful and buoyant. I am writing for those who possess health and life and the capacity for enthusiasm. I conceive it to be my business to tell honestly what the checkered experiences of the world have taught me. My lesson is not doubt, but

confidence; it is not suspicion, but friendliness and hope.

I have not, however, ruled out the facts which sometimes drive men to doubt and despair. I have had to face them early and often. I have endeavored to suggest many times in these pages, and particularly in the later chapters, the great and weighty considerations which more and more satisfy my mind as a clew and guide in meeting the perplexing problems of human existence. If any readers care to pursue these questions further, I have tried in *The Theology of Civilization* to outline more fully the profound philosophy which underlies this little book. It is a philosophy in which I am happy to find myself in substantial accord with many of the most progressive, earnest, and cultivated minds of this generation, as well as with some of the greatest leaders of thought in the past. In fact we are ready to-day to combine the best results of ancient and oriental thinking with the more active and practi-

cal workings of the western and modern mind.

I have made free and frequent use of the familiar Christian ideas and traditions. A few readers may question whether I have not over-emphasized the importance of Jesus' story and teachings; others may possibly complain that I have used this material too unconventionally. I have simply used it because on the whole it has suited my purpose. Whatever one's theory about the life of Jesus may be, the fact remains that no life better illustrates the mystery and the divineness of human personality; the story of no other life is so familiar to multitudes of men; no life therefore serves more effectually to set forth the grand ethical and spiritual ends for which we all live.

Moreover Jesus went to his brave death while he was still a young man. His appeal to the chivalrous spirit of youth has always, therefore, been peculiarly strong and effective. We ought to be able by

this time to perceive that this appeal is not to mere idle, meaningless, unpractical sacrifice, but rather to the largest and most effectual use of life.

There is danger in the story of Jesus if men only worship him as a God. There is no danger to those who find in his story the everlasting law of truth, duty, and love, who thenceforth march on to obey this threefold law, which binds all spiritual intelligences in the universe. I have taken the utmost pains everywhere to show that whatever element of character contributed to make Jesus' life beautiful or worthy of reverence must be equally beautiful and worshipful, wherever it is seen, in modern as well as in ancient times. Jesus is the great democrat and liberator. God forbid that his name be made the means of any intellectual or spiritual tyranny. No one understands his life or his place in history who has not learned to recognize and to love the good men and women of our own time — the loving and lovable, the honest and

truthful souls who dwell in our own streets. I have used the name of Jesus on purpose to link together the noble lives of the new age with all the old masters. There can be no inspiring religion which does not teach the profound doctrine of the incarnation of the present and living God in human form. The universal religion which man seeks to-day demands a universal incarnation. It aims to lift all humanity to the level of the sons of God.

There was never such a call as now for the right kind of leadership. The old leadership was in the art of war, in Machiavellian state craft, and in rival empires. The age of such leadership is passing away. In science and inventions, in the exploitation of material resources, in trades and industries, in the application of the forces of nature, the Nineteenth Century has raised up its able and chosen leaders — the peers of the old-time warriors and princes. It was the great century for engineers and chemists, for the builders of railways and facto-

ries. But there is a higher kind of leadership than that which organizes physical force and distributes material. Through all times the highest of all leadership has remained the same; it has been in the realm of art, and thought, in disinterestedness and humanity. The names of emperors have faded; the names of the lovers and helpers of men have remained bright.

The new need is for this eternal form of leadership. It is in the development and application of moral and spiritual forces. The dull world still waits to be rightly educated. Not Spain and Cuba only, but England and the United States wait for high-minded and clear-sighted teachers. The world waits for those who shall win for it industrial and social freedom. Men have fought and competed long enough. Who will wisely show them how to coöperate? The world cries earnestly for those who shall show it how to use and enjoy its wealth. It waits for the great leaders who shall cleanse away its vile slums and re-

create its cities in beauty. It waits for mighty statesmen who shall bind the jealous nations into a commonwealth of mankind. It longs for those who shall teach it the secret of happiness. It is growing tired of coarse, gross, selfish, partial material forms of civilization. It waits for real and complete civilization; it waits for leaders who shall embody in art, in literature, in institutions, in industry, in business, throughout all human society the beautiful and commanding law of love.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
I.	Who is the Gentleman?	1
II.	A Civilized Religion	17
III.	A Bit of Argument	30
IV.	Spirit — What it is	46
V.	What it is to Love God	61
VI.	Prayer and Reason	80
VII.	What Freedom is	98
VIII.	What it is to be Good	116
IX.	The Great Renunciation	134
X.	The Soldierly Life	148
XI.	A Practical Question	166
XII.	What is the Use?	183
XIII.	Memento Mori	197
XIV.	Our Rule of Life	215

THE RELIGION OF A GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER I.

WHO IS THE GENTLEMAN?

WHO has not pictures in his mind of the old-world gentleman? He wears the dress of a distinct class; he is probably mounted upon a horse, carries a sword, and is attended by a servant; common people do reverence to him as he passes. He believes — and others also believe — that his family is of finer clay than the ordinary sort. The women of his order are ladies, entitled, therefore, to a regard quite above women in general.

Are we right in using the words "*gentleman*" and "*lady*" in America? Are they not indeed survivals of an aristocratic social

and political system which we in the United States have renounced? The very words have too often become degraded in snobbish use to imply less humanity than their simple and humbler cousins *man* and *woman*. If in a democracy one man is as good as another, and every one is to be treated as a gentleman by virtue of his human birth, why should we not discard meaningless terms, which seem, so far as they are seriously used, to deny the principles of the Declaration of Independence?

Nevertheless, there are real differences and distinctions even in a democracy. No one believes that all men are equal in worth. What good Democrat of our forefathers' time would have been bold enough to assert that he was himself half as important to the nation as Washington, or Madison, or Jefferson? You would easily have found a thousand men willing to die together, if their death could have saved the one life of Lincoln. There are men serving to-day — jurists, statesmen, teachers, ministers, cap-

tains of industry, poets — with whom very few of their contemporaries would be conceited enough to claim equality. When young Sherman Hoar died it was as if a tall tree had fallen in the forest. Whatever truth we wish to convey in our Declaration of Independence (and there is a great truth concealed in its ringing words) we certainly do not mean to say that one man is as good or important or valuable as another. No one believes this. The real differences between men in fact are probably far more and not less than the common estimation of values.

I purpose to make a plea for the continued use of the word "gentleman." I wish to show that it describes a type of manhood that is still rare in the world. It is a type without the existence and clear recognition of which our splendid experiment of democracy would fail. It is, indeed, a type of character, for the production of which I hold that our democratic institutions have their chief use and significance. I am not satis-

fied with saying that our government is a means for securing "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The ideal end which we pursue is a certain superior form of happiness. It is not the happiness which might content savage men; it is the peculiar kind of happiness which belongs to those who have become ladies and gentlemen.

We are bound, however, if we go on using these old words, with their aristocratic flavor about them, at once to make it plain that we use them as good democrats. We must commend them even to those who can hardly yet rightly claim to be ladies or gentlemen themselves. I am confident that we can not only justify this frank use of a true class distinction in the republic, but that we are making this distinction for the welfare of all.

We must first be sure to discard certain tenacious prejudices that even in the old times obscured the ideal of a gentleman. There were childish people, for example, who always judged a man by the clothes that

he wore. They associated a certain style of dress with the gentleman, as distinguished from the peasant or workman. We are used in America to finding gentlemen in overalls, working in shops, driving wagons or ploughs, running locomotives, or standing at the helm on shipboard. We may know real ladies who take in washing. Our aristocrats show their good sense in wearing whatever befits their work. Bring the prince out of his disguise, and all men will recognize him.

It can hardly need to be said that the possession of money has nothing to do with the real character of the gentleman. Who really thinks this in our modern world? What if a man has made his millions, and lives in a palace and runs a steam yacht? Let him be coarse in his tastes, overbearing in his manners, tyrannical to his workmen, and we hear the world presently say: "Yes! he is rich, but he is no gentleman." As for women, no amount of furniture, ostentation, or glitter of jewels will cover the

subtle distinction between the sham and the real lady.

It must be confessed, however, that money has something to do with the making of the gentleman. What if the child, born in the slums of a city, must go to work in a shop, while the more favored lad just around the corner is sent to the best schools on his way to the university? What if a boy has never even been introduced to the stories of the heroes, or has never seen a better man than the nearest saloon keeper? There is a poverty, let us own, sometimes in the heart of great cities, sometimes on the prairies, or again in the New England hill towns, so meagre that its victims do not know what the life of a true gentleman is. The republic has failed of its task if boys grow up in it practically cut off from the chances to become gentlemen.

Can we admit that a man's birth or family has anything whatever to do in conferring our new and democratic title of gentleman? Let us not be too hasty here in answering

"No." Is it not of real value to a child to bear a family name, distinguished for a number of generations, — we will not say for mere wealth, but for refinement, education, sturdy character, and public spirit? Who would not be at least slightly pleased if he knew that his forefathers had fought or suffered on the side of early English liberty, or with William of Orange in Holland; that some of them had been friends of Washington; that their fellow-citizens had always trusted them, as the people of Delaware trusted the Bayards? If a man happens to be mean, small, and egotistic this kind of family inheritance may make him rather ridiculous, but it is a constant call and demand upon a man not to be small and mean. So far, then, from wishing to cut boys off from noble and truly gentlemanly family traditions, we would like to see all children reared in such traditions. We would like if possible to have every child able to say: "My father was a gentleman."

We ought now to see at once what the

essential qualities are which in every age have conferred the rank of gentleman. It was not for nothing that the old-world gentleman was represented as a horseman or chevalier. Why did the one man ride, while the thousand went afoot? At the worst, because he was idle, and selfish, perhaps a robber of other men's industry. But so far as this was so, he was a false knight. At his best he was a helper and defender. His proper business was to protect the poor. He was supposed to be a sort of public servant. This was the only excuse for his existence as a rider, while others went on foot. We are coming out of the anomalous mediæval barbarism into a period of industrial development. We do not need hard riders and fighters. But we need more than ever (and not merely one in a thousand) men who love the people, committed to the public good, helpers and defenders of the interests of mankind. Shall we not agree in saying that in the modern and democratic sense of the word the gentleman is a man of generosity, of a social con-

science, of disinterestedness and of public spirit.

Burke is quoted as saying that "our civilization for ages has depended upon two principles — the spirit of religion and the spirit of a gentleman." He means precisely what we have been saying; namely, that all human advancement depends upon at least a certain healthy proportion in each generation of those who are devoted to the public good. There is no doubt that our great republic in this second century of its life, and under the enormous responsibilities for the world that it carries, demands a vastly increased supply of men and women of this type.

A second great and characteristic mark of the gentleman always has been that he is a man of the world. The phrase has a bad sense describing one who "at Rome does as the Romans do." In other words, when he goes among barbarians he puts on their war-paint and drops to the barbarous life. We use the phrase now in its better sense. The

true "man of the world" is a citizen of the universe; he is a man of cosmopolitan sympathies; wherever he goes he is master, not servant, of the situation, being able to adjust himself to circumstances and to make himself at home. If he lives with savages he is still the gentleman, their friend to help them, their defender to lead them, never a partaker of their vices. Thus Livingstone and Stanley traversed the dark continent in the spirit of gentlemen. Thus Francis Parkman studied the problems of our native Indian life, none the less a gentleman, though sick almost to death in the squalid savage tepees.

We in America aim at this world-citizenship. Whatever happens anywhere interests us. Whatever is human is ours. Men of many races come to our shores, and we assimilate them as countrymen. We are preëminently a nation of travellers; we spend more than a hundred millions a year in visiting other peoples. Every journey abroad weaves another thread into the net-

work of international and cosmopolitan fellow-feeling. Nowhere are the desire and demand so strong as in the United States for a grand system of arbitration to ensure peace and good will in the world. It is the working of Burke's "spirit of the gentleman," the civilized man, the citizen of the universe.

It is a fine art to attain our modern ideal of a true man of the world. It is an education not merely of books, but of all kinds of life experiences. The typical American is learning every day to get on with "all kinds and conditions of men." To be civilized means essentially to be able to live in humane relations with other men, to be patient with their faults and limitations, to sympathize with their disadvantages or misfortunes, to understand their diverse forms of thought or opinion, to discover whatever manly worth is in them, to be ready to coöperate with them, to get their best work out of them, to promote their highest industrial, social, and political efficiency. It is not

necessary that a man should be an official, an army officer, a head of a department in the civil service, the mayor of a city, in order to do this work of a civilized and civilizing man. It is the work of the gentleman, in whatever estate he lives. The best type of farmer is doing it; the thorough and skilful foreman or factory superintendent does it. Yes! The common laborer who has once entered into the conception of what human labor means does the same thing. He is no longer a mere mechanical cog in a wheel; he is a willing, friendly, vital member of the great body of human and constructive activity.

There is nothing so interesting and refining as this continuous process of nice adjustment, by which we all learn to live the life of civilized men. Does a man's manhood seem to be menaced by the narrow routine of his task — setting type, reading proof, polishing the head of a pin? But here is the moral, social, spiritual side of his life, upon which he has to touch other lives, for better, for

worse. There is no limit to the development of the gentlemanly instincts and ladylike instincts on this higher side. Did not the famous Spinoza earn his scanty living by polishing lenses? Did not the excellent Lucy Larcom tend a loom in a Lowell mill?

Some one may think that we ought before this to have spoken of the characteristic manners of the gentleman. But fine manners are not like a mask or garb that can be put on and off; they are the expression of a spirit or character. They are the delicate response of a kindly nature to the presence of other men. They are partly conventional, inasmuch as they represent a sort of universal human experience, wherein kindly men have learned to show friendliness and due respect to one another. The manners of Pekin may differ from the conventions at Chicago or London, but the true man of the world, that is, the man of wide human sympathy, is easily at home in Pekin or Yokohama or London.

Young girls come up from the country to

visit friends in the metropolis. Do they bring intelligence and kind hearts? They are never long at a loss how to behave in any society. We have seen men born with the degrading heritage of slavery, who have taken place with the first gentlemen of the land; whereas at the advent of selfishness the spirit of the gentleman doubtless goes out of the most carefully selected family stock. With every outburst of selfishness, arrogance, or conceit, with every subtle thought of self-conscious pride, the gentleman disappears. With every high-minded impulse, with every noble or patriotic resolve, with every act or word for the public weal, with all quickening sympathies, the gentleman comes back to life. His manners express himself. Jesus was born among the people. Does any one doubt that he knew how to behave with manly dignity in the chief Pharisees' houses?

There is a difference between the old and our new use of the word "gentleman." In the old days it was a title that a man as-

sumed for himself; he claimed the rank as of right; it was a title by which he liked to compare himself with others as a superior being. This practice unfortunately still survives. We use the same title on the contrary as an ideal; we do not claim it, as we would not claim to be called "good." It is what we wish to be; namely, noble, dignified, generous, in the list of the benefactors. We like to find those to whom we can heartily apply the word to describe them. We rejoice in the youth whom we see pressing into this rank. If others could ever honestly say of us "He is a gentleman," we should be grateful. In fact, the higher our ideal of the true use of the name, the less do we venture to press our right to it.

We may, perhaps, see now what the secret is of the truth that our fathers stated in the words of the Declaration of Independence. We have seen that they could not mean that every man is equally gifted with strength, intellect, genius, or life. But

they discerned the deeper fact, that it is in every man, if he wishes, to be a gentleman. They affirmed that there is no difference of clay that raises one family, color, or race as masters, while the rest must serve; that makes a few noble and the others only peasants.

Our national experience goes far already to make just this splendid declaration. The peer of Washington comes out of the poverty of a backwoodsman's cabin. Out of a ceaseless line of new emigrants the nation is always recruiting its merchants, its statesmen, its masters of industry, its inventors, and its educators. Where can you draw the line and deny the democratic right of the humblest to press into the list of this peerage? Who loves man, who serves man, whose sympathies over-arch the world, — he is our gentleman. For what else do all our institutions exist, unless to rear and foster men and women of this sort?

CHAPTER II.

A CIVILIZED RELIGION.

LET us imagine the best type of man, thoroughly equipped for modern life. He has a rich and harmonious nature; he is frank, truthful, friendly, high-minded, courteous, of manly dignity, modest withal, with noble aims. He has enjoyed a broad and thorough education, he has travelled enough, or seen enough of life to have learned to make himself at home among poor men and rich alike, to use "things," but not to become their slave; to appreciate the value and importance of the various kinds of work, from the humblest to the most exalted, by which human society goes on. He is the kind of man any one of us would like to be, the ideal that a girl might choose for her lover, that a mother would propose for her sons. Here he stands at the threshold of life. Will such a com-

plete man of the world, so broadly educated, have any religion in these modern times?

It is interesting to observe, as we trace the historical development of the idea of the gentleman, that the best specimens of the "old school" were decidedly religious men. Spenser and Milton and Sidney are examples. They were men of conscience, honor, and loyalty. They held themselves to belong to a constituted order of righteousness, which they could not escape, which they had no wish to evade. They lived not merely in a world of fleeting phenomena, but also in the more solid and enduring realm of laws, principles, and ideals. To their thought right, truth, duty were not in this earth alone; they were in the heavens and eternal. Show the true gentleman then what duty bade and he must do it, cost what it might. All that he had, all that he possessed he held in trust for his king, for his country, for his religion, for his God. When did ever the gentleman draw the prudent line, and count the cost, and prescribe, "Thus far and no farther," to

his fidelity? What gentleman ever had his price at which his soul could be bought for honors, titles, lands, or gold?

We are not claiming that this old-fashioned religion was carefully thought out. We are not stating in what form it expressed itself. It existed in different creeds. Sir Thomas More, the Catholic, was as ready to die for it as Admiral Coligny, the Huguenot. Saladin is as true a type of it, in Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," as the Jew or the Christian. Each in his own way held a faith that at the worst, as Lowell says:

> "Within the dim unknown,
> Sitteth God behind the shadow,
> Keeping watch above his own."

We start at once with a strong presumption that religion somehow goes to the making of a gentleman. If the spirit of religion, as Burke says, has been a part of civilization, this was because religion made a part of the life of the leaders of civilization, that is, the most civilized men. No one surely would wish to be obliged to try

the experiment of a type of civilization in which this profound element, which has always run through the past like a golden thread, should be quite cast out from the lives of the leaders of the world. Is there then any kind of religion which we may agree would befit our highest type of man? What kind of religion would he like, if religions could be made to order? Let us see if he would ask anything inherently unreasonable or self-contradictory.

In the first place, our best type of man would wish his religion to grow out of, and not to be alien to, the nobler forms of the religion of the past. He would not wish to be compelled to break with all the traditions of earlier men; he would not like to be obliged to brand the faith of his fathers as altogether false; he would not wish to make light of his mother's prayers. Brought up a Christian, he would not wish to become unchristian. Brought up a Jew, he would never be quite happy to renounce his Judaism. Born a Buddhist or a Confucian, he

would wish never to turn his back upon the teachings of the saints of his national religion.

Again, as a true man of the world, the gentleman would wish a religion that offered him a large fellowship with men in other churches and even with men of other generations. He could hardly be content with a religion that cut him off from sympathy with any of the best men of his time. Much less could he be content with a religion that declared all other religions to be wrong and false and their followers to be without hope. How can a man of humanity, who has read history, who, in actual journeys or by the flight of his imagination, has visited different lands, seen the world's great historic temples and churches, and known many men of many minds, — how can such a man help wishing to understand the common elements and aspirations that show themselves in all the great religions under which men have attained any degree of real civilization?

Such a man must desire a religion that shall interpret all the faiths of the world, and give him initiation into their sacred mysteries.

Thirdly, the best demand of our time is for a very simple religion. Tell us, earnest men ask, what are those deeper elemental facts of religion which creeds have so often struggled crudely to embody. This appeal was in Mr. Huxley's thought when he turned back in admiration to the words of an unknown Hebrew teacher, and repeated after him, almost in the manner of a disciple, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" It is the same appeal for a simple religion that drives men back to the great teacher of Nazareth. "Give us the religion of Jesus," men say. "What do we need more than the religion of the Beatitudes and the Golden Rule?" You will hear the same appeal for simplicity from the foremost men in Japan and India.

This is not saying that a simple religion denies all use of forms, ceremonies, or cult. This is not to deny that the man of the simplest religion may worship in a beautiful church, or take the words of an elaborate service. This is not to deny that he can write his faith in thirty-nine or even more numerous articles, provided only that the articles are sincere. Religion is in this respect like a work of art, a picture, a symphony, a cathedral. Its genius does not forbid ornament and variety. But its greatness is in its grand, simple, and total effect, toward which all ornamentation contributes. Our highest demand of religion is for a faith so simple that any one can understand what it means. Has religion ever possessed men's hearts except at those times when it could be told in the simple terms of a gospel?

A fourth demand that the best men will surely make is that their religion shall preserve and cultivate the sentiment of reverence. As Goethe has beautifully shown,

reverence in its three forms — modesty in view of what is above us and greater than we are, due respect for those who are our peers or our own kind, and tender regard for all lower modes of life — is the great harmonizing and civilizing influence.

It has been a special function of the nobler religions to develop reverence. The Hebrew Psalms, the poetry of Sophocles, the massive dignity of the Pyramids, the grand arches of the Gothic cathedrals, the sublime "Passion Music" — all express the elevating movement of reverence. In the eyes of Reverence nothing in Nature is to be called common or unclean. In the eyes of reverent souls every humblest human struggle upwards, every childish prayer, every simplest act of love takes on dignity and beauty. In every checkered page of human history there is significance and worth. To the reverent the great lives of the heroes and masters shine forth like the perennial stars. To the reverent the world is encompassed in light. Let religion give us something to worship,

the best men cry. Let it continue to lift our eyes to the hills. Let it discover not less, but more that is worshipful in the world, in history, and in our present-day life.

It follows that our highest modern religion, in order to be acceptable to large-hearted men, must be preëminently a religion of ideals. The poets and the prophets must have their place in it. It must commend itself to the artists. It must be put to music and sung. The word of the ancient prophecy should prove true, that "your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." What is religion, unless it shows men the visions of the things that ought to be, aye! that are already in the infinite thought of God?

Must we now, in the acts and thoughts of our religion, go out of the wholesome realm of nature into a ghostly region, where flesh and blood may not enter, where unreal things are wont to happen outside the

reign of law? Is religion, then, another species of life into which the soul must pass, as if by a spell of magic, leaving the natural order of the world behind? It is certainly an instinct of health in us that resents every non-natural conception of religion. It is by this instinct of health that young men shrink from the life of the priest, as long as the priest is supposed to undertake supernatural functions. We want religion, but we do not want magic or superstition. We want a religion for men, not for "spirits." The religious man ought to be the real man at his best. The saints and the heroes are not different classes of men, the one of natural and the other of somewhat supernatural origin. The true saints are the heroes. They are all of God, and their warm red blood is of His ordering. In plain words, we want a religion that shall relate us closely and firmly to this world with its actual duties, cares, affections, sorrows, and delights. Here is where life lies, for better, for worse. Is it possible here to live a divine kind of life?

Is it possible here to find God? May the spirit of heaven be here? We are learning that through all space the elements are the same, the same laws work and the forces are one. Is not the life of God, then, here and now? We reach out after a religion that shall say Yes to these questions.

This is to say also that the kind of religion that we are looking for must be practical and distinctly ethical. There is one pertinent question about all religion: Does it make men better? Does it work out into righteous, truthful, honorable, and generous character? If it does not mean a higher form of human life the all-round and civilized man will vote it a fraud. If he is predisposed to be religious it is because, in his thinking, religion and righteousness are involved together. Moreover, when we say righteousness to-day, we mean not only personal but social righteousness. There must be a quality in our modern religion that shall stir men to perform very definite duties to society and to the world.

In addition to all this we want a religion that shall quiet and steady us in perplexity, rest and refresh us in weariness, comfort us in trouble, hearten us in our work, deepen the flow of our natural affections, give hope and enthusiasm to the business of life, and render us fearless of death.

Shall we add one more to this majestic list of our demands for the kind of religion that we want? We must add another demand. We are bound to claim that our religion shall be reasonable. It must rest in a good and profound philosophy. We cannot put up with a religion that runs away from investigation, that forbids us to ask questions, or discourages thoughtfulness. Our religion must be consistent and harmonious with the rest of our thinking. It must tally with our science. It must go with history and not against it.

We have described such a religion as we should like to possess. We have shown what sort of religion would befit the highest type of man whom we can imagine. Is there

any religion that answers to this description in all its beautiful outlines? We purpose to show that there is such a religion, exactly fitting the most civilized man.

CHAPTER III.

A BIT OF ARGUMENT.

WHAT splendid and wonderful law is it in man's mind that commands him to ask of every proposition, however beautiful, comfortable, and desirable it may seem, Is it true? Yes! that requires him to face blank hopelessness, death, and annihilation rather than to embrace an easy and pleasant lie! As much, then, as we desire the solace, satisfaction, peace, and uplift of genuine religion, under so much the more inexorable bonds are we held to be sure that our religion agrees with reality.

Serious and perplexing questions meet us as soon as we begin to think. We want to know why we are here in this world and what our destiny is; what sort of a world it is, good, bad, or indifferent: what mighty Power makes and maintains it; what kind

of Power it is; whether it cares for men and loves them; and if this is so, what must we do to come into accord, and especially to act in accord with the great Power, or Life, out of which we spring. Religion is the attempt or venture of man to answer these profound and urgent questions.

We frankly approach the subject of religion in a somewhat new way. Men once thought of religion as a distant and quite mysterious realm about which only a few gifted souls ever had authentic tidings. Religion, in this view, was confessedly unverifiable, except so far as men could trust the testimony that a few seers and prophets had received in visions and dreams, or perhaps by the direct word of the deity. But we do not now think of religion as confined to a mysterious realm, or to the world of the unknown. Our question is, what shall we think of this world where we are, with its shifting phenomena, its alternating sunshine and starlight, its imperishable atoms and their rigorous laws of combination, its actual human

toil and tragedy, its sorrows and joys, its failures and its heroisms, — yes, with its all-encompassing mysteries, — how shall we interpret its entirety? What does the quality, texture, and structure of that which we see teach us with respect to the nature of the whole which no man can yet see? In some form or other the voice of religion asserts that the magnificent whole is good, and not bad or indifferent.

The great word in our modern and more mature thought of religion is unity or harmony. Each science fits together its group of facts. Science is the study of the relations by which things are bound together. A new scientific fact is simply the perception of a new relation. Thus each new element, as it is discovered, fits into a kinship of elements, where before there had been a gap. As each several science relates its facts into a group, constructing a sort of poem or symphony from which nothing can well be omitted, so all the groups or sciences are presently seen to be related together.

No one can be understood by itself. Botany is the cousin to zoölogy; both rest on mineralogy and geology. All the elements out of which, in this earth, growing grass or flesh and bone and blood are produced, are the same elements that shine at a white heat in the sun, while every shifting sun-spot plays its part in our terrestrial climate.

In all this realm that we call Nature, what is it to find a truth? It is to discover what fits or matches, and makes harmony. The unrelated thing is not yet a truth till its relationship is found out. As soon as the scientific eye sees, with regard to the new flower or tree, the new chemical element, the new planet, that this matches with all other things known; as soon as the astronomer finds that the hitherto supposed disturbance in his calculations is in fact demanded by the law of gravitation, that it heralds the presence of an unknown asteroid, the area of truth, that is, harmonized knowledge, is widened.

We begin with the idea of nature as one.

We find that throughout nature the characteristic of everything natural is that it fits together with all the rest. Each thing has its place. Order is the law. But who can stop with this majestic fact? Can the outward nature be a unity, while the moral life of man, with all the profound and significant facts that constitute him as man, is only a confused and hopeless riddle? Must we stand in wonder at one moment at the marvelous correlation of the machinery and the forces of the world, and then at the next moment be struck aghast at the disorderly results of the working of this Titanic system in the one realm where its working concerns us, namely, in human life and history? Must we see order in one place and chaos in the other? What is this supposed unity of nature worth if it stops at the very line where life and thought become actual to us?

Here is the trouble with agnosticism. The agnostic makes things fit and harmonize in the world of fleeting phenomena. He fits

together successfully the pieces of the puzzle. But he fails yet to see that the completed whole makes a picture or map, and indeed has its chief use in teaching the learner, not the mechanical relations of the pieces of pasteboard, but rather the ideal relations of the parts to the whole of the picture.

What is it indeed that imposes upon the scientific student the confidence that his world will fit together, that is, will be found true? It is not nature alone that compels this magnificent faith upon him. On the contrary, the outer world at first appears to be full of discords and contending powers. It is the nature of his own mind that demands structure, order, and unity everywhere. The inner nature by its own constructive necessity presses forward to expect and to find an orderly nature without.

The inner nature of the mind does not alone demand order and structure. Intellectual necessities no less real and deep impose an expectation of worth, significance, use, design. Yes! of moral order and unity,

corresponding to the colossal organization of forces. That is not true which does not match, and fit, and harmonize. A bad world, a vain world, an insignificant world, a non-moral world is an unnatural, that is, an untrue world. Who does not feel the force of this consideration? Shall we find an orderly and significant place in our world for every grain of sand and atom of oxygen, and then at last conclude with an insignificant universe? Must all the lives of all the heroes, the Beatitudes and those who have exemplified them, the Christ-life reincarnated however often, sweet friendship and exalted patriotism shine forth into void space, have no answer, and perish like a breath?

The demand in us for truth is the demand not for mere facts — our data only — but for the fitting together of the facts into a worthy and significant whole. A bad, futile, unethical, or godless world is not thinkable, we say. It does not make sense. Assume such a world and you have assumed chaos

and anarchy, that is, untruth. Truth implies moral relation and fits only with a good universe. Think then the thought of the good God — the divine universe — and truth now has found its meaning, its harmony, its unity, as when you have fitted the right piece into your map.

We do not cease to ask, What did the seers and prophets of the old time see and say? We listen to all that they say. What did they think of man's destiny? How did they feel toward the Power that brought men here, and whose servants men are? Did the great religious leaders of the race believe this a good world? Was it a good God who ordered their fate? What did men write in their psalms? What have the noblest poets said? What did the lonely Isaiah and Jeremiah believe of the triumph of righteousness in the world of war and oppression on which they looked out? How did Jesus sum up human duty and the radiant faith of his life? What witnesses through hundreds of years have added their

testimony, bought with effort, blood, and tears, often sealed with death, to the magnificent conception of a righteous and beneficent God?

We listen to the voices of a grand procession of men and women who in our vision seem to pass by. The noblest minds of mankind are there. Plato and Socrates are in their midst; Epictetus, the slave, and Marcus Aurelius, the emperor; Hypatia and Augustine are there, with unknown names from the far East, Buddhist and Confucian saints. The reformers are there, brave heretics, men in advance of their times, Servetus and Swedenborg and Parker. Does the line grow thin, as the men and women of the very latest generation, our own fathers and mothers and friends, our own contemporaries, at last pass in review? What shall we say of the century in which Martineau and Emerson have discoursed and written; in which Tennyson, Whittier, and the Brownings have sung; in which Wilberforce, Garrison, and Shaftsbury have struck the fetters

from the oppressed; in which Lincoln and Gladstone have held empire; in which Arnold and Mark Hopkins and Jowett have been among the educators; in which Livingstone's name is only the glorious first among the explorers and pioneers of civilization!

Shall we study the habits of insects and microbes, and not study the thoughts, the ideals, the faiths, and the hopes of this mighty procession of thinkers, seers, and doers? We hear what they say; we gather up the net result of their teaching. All dissonances among them vanish in the volume of their grand affirmation and agreement. Their teaching is one in respect to certain central facts, such as these: that the religious life is real and valid; that the Power over us is righteous and altogether lovable; that no one ever trusted Him and found Him to fail; that "He is closer to us than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet;" that in some real sense, as the ancient Greek poet wrote, "we are His offspring," and, as Jesus taught, He is our Father; that

His service and the doing of His beneficent will is life eternal, in which there is no fear of death.

We do not accept these wonderful statements because they have been revealed to us at the mouths of holy men. We who are the children of Christian traditions do not accept them because Jesus has bequeathed them to us. We do something better and worthier: we do what Jesus and all these others bade us do; we do what we are accustomed to do in respect to every theory or proposition of science. "See for yourselves," all the great leaders and teachers seem to command us. "Open your eyes to life and reality. Ask yourselves whether the things which we see and say are not true."

"True!" We mean here the same that we meant before. That is true which fits, which harmonizes, which, as we say, "makes sense." That is not true which is unrelated, discordant, outside of the unity. Religion is that which makes unity and binds all things together. It is that which brings the outward

world and the inner life of man, nature and history, and human society, into the terms of a harmony. It is this, or it fails. It is not enough that it should preside over a separate realm apart from our natural life, only at times breaking through to announce itself. It must assume the presidency of the whole realm of being. Nature itself must be the orderly mode of its manifestation. In plain words, religion is the divine order of the universe. Either God is not, or else, as we hold, and as all the teachers assure us, He is God of all.

The figure of the map and its pieces, like most parables, was imperfect. The master thought of God is not another piece, added to the rest in order to make the whole complete. It is rather the completed whole which all the pieces combine to make. They all combine to affirm God, as our own natures cry out together for God. In hints and broken pictures the great thought had always been with us. Now at last we have the vision in its beauty and oneness. Try

anything else or anything less, and straightway the whole fabric of a universe falls asunder. It must be a divine universe or it is not thinkable or true to the mind of man. The beneficent and living God must be wholly in it, or else we are but shadow men and the children of shadows, and all our science and thinking are brought to confusion. Unless this is God's world, nothing in it can be trusted.

The old test for a truth among Jews, Mohammedans, Christians, was: Who uttered it? What inspired teacher vouched for it? How did he name it? By what signs or evidence did he make it sure? The new and larger test is, What genuine fact or experience did the prophet or teacher try to set forth? What star did he see? If star it was it is still in God's heavens; it is no matter by what name its first discoverer called it. Do we see it to-day? Where then shall we map it down among our constellations?

The method of religion to which we are

now brought opens up complete explanation for the strange diversities and contradictions in the history of the religious development of the world. How could there be so many rival religions? How could any one be true while so many were false? What one out of all the changing churches, denominations, and sects should we trust? We have the clue to answer these perplexing questions.

A civilized religion demands civilized men as its teachers. A civilized religion waits for a civilized age. Only the high mountain-tops will catch the sunshine while it is yet early dawn. The world of Constantine was not ripe for the religion of thinking and loving men, for the religion of a righteous commonwealth; men were still experimenting with idolatries and superstitions. The ages waited long for a unifying science, for the framers of a true democracy; meanwhile men were split into warring and dogmatic sects.

The century of Napoleon, of Disraeli, and

of Bismarck, a century into the middle of which human slavery lasted in America, the century that saw at its close two Anglo-Saxon nations each at war beyond seas, could not be asked to think out the grounds of its religion or to apply to religion its own recently discovered doctrine of evolution. The nineteenth century was bound to be a period of confused and conflicting thought, of sectarianism and skepticism. The very rapidity of material progress withdrew the interest of multitudes from the subjects of moral and spiritual advancement. It will not always be so. A civilized religion fit to make civilized men, free of superstition, exclusiveness, and bigotry, grounded in reason, illustrated by science, is now slowly and surely coming to the front; it has been made manifest here and there in many a noble life; it has hardly yet taken on organized form. The new call is for those who shall proclaim it in its beauty and power? Again and again the true gentleman has appeared; we know his likeness. But the age of the gentleman is still to come.

One thing more and this chapter will be concluded. There is one test of truth at which we have only hinted. We have seen that truth means fitness or harmony in thought. The true finds its place and matches with other truths in the realm of thought. The true also fits in the realm of conduct. How does our religion work? How does the man get on who bears into the actual turmoil of life the thought of a good God and a divine universe? Here is the practical test of a civilized religion. Will it apply and match with reality? Can one take it out of the shrine and not fear to use it upon the streets? Will it prove to be a new, intense, practical, and civilizing force? This is what we hold. It must be so, if religion is valid at all. If this is God's world it must be well and only well and well at all times to believe so, and to behave so, and not to fear the consequences of this mighty faith. We hope that every chapter of this book will now converge and grow together to make this fact clear beyond cavil or question.

CHAPTER IV.

SPIRIT — WHAT IT IS.

It is the purpose of this chapter to show what we mean by saying that God is spirit. It will be seen that there is nothing in which we believe so profoundly as we believe in spirit.

Fortunately, our first approach to this subject is easy. Any child may understand that the most real things are invisible. We look out, for instance, upon the ocean heaving with the rising tide, lifting ships like toys, pouring through a hundred creeks, and forcing back the torrent of great rivers. We see the forms of motion, the vast volume of moving waters, the sliglit works of man. What is it that we do not see and for which we have only a name? It is the force that plays over the seas and lifts their tidal waves. It is the infinite force that binds earth and

moon and planets and central sun together and keeps them all spinning in their place among the starry systems. We all believe in this force; we call it gravitation. It stretches out its hand to us from the invisible realm. When we say spirit, we mean the infinite and invisible force that shows itself in gravitation.

We stand upon the street and see the crowded electric car pass by. We see the form of human machinery, we see the faces of passengers. But no one sees what plays through the machine and moves the weight of hundreds of such cars. The closer we get to the reality the more it hides itself. And yet it is around us like the air; it plays about the planets as it plays about our little machines. The one fact that we believe in as fully as we believe in cars and wires and men is this unseen mystery that we call electricity. When we speak of it, what else are we thinking of but of spirit, the unseen reality, of which this mode of force is another manifestation? That is spirit, we say, which

discloses itself in infinite force. In other words, the realm of spirit is the realm of power or energy.

Here is the mystery of light as it blazes at noon-day, as it flashes at night from point to point along our coasts, as it sparkles from a myriad stars. The mystery runs unseen along a stretch of throbbing wire and leaps into our sight from a tiny point of carbon. It flies through the cold spaces from the sun till it irradiates each little particle of our atmosphere. We see only what it does. It we never see. But we believe in nothing so completely as we believe in this mystery of the light. When we think of this wonder of the light we are close to the realm of the unseen and eternal. That which makes the light is spirit.

Perhaps we fancy that we know something of the world of matter. What then is matter? We try to catch and analyze its unseen atoms, but they always elude us. They resolve themselves into numbers and proportions. All that we can do with them is to

express them in terms of thought. We know that they have certain relations with one another. Together they construct a thinkable universe. The most characteristic fact about it is that it is thinkable. Its very reality is that it meets the demands and takes on the terms of our thought. It corresponds to our mathematics. Which is it indeed, a real world or an ideal world? Let us say that it is real, because it is ideal, that is, thinkable. Conceive its atoms, if you like, as so many whirling centres of force; let the atoms themselves be therefore invisible; let them only obey fixed laws and move in orderly and constant relations, and the world of matter is thus at least as explicable and thinkable as if you thought of it as made up of so many little inert bits of hard and visible substance. There is nothing more real and substantial than force is.

It looks, then, as if, when we try to get at matter itself, we only succeed in making another approach to spirit, the unseen and

eternal. It looks as if we might well say: That which plays through all forms of matter, and constitutes matter, is spirit. Let us say that spirit is the reality, and matter is its form, or dress. Let us say that the world of matter is only the manifestation of spirit. It is the vast parable or picture book, through which spirit reveals itself and writes its messages. If we believe in matter at all, how can we help believing in that which expresses itself in and through matter? And this is spirit.

We are upon a line of thought where we are straightway carried further. What is it that matter is forever doing throughout the whole realm of visible things? It is always running in lines and curves and arranging itself in patterns. It is a marvelous geometer; it is an infinite artist; it cannot appear in the clouds without making pictures; it cannot leap into frost work without drawing beautiful designs; it is crystalline in the heart of the rocks; it moves in proportion and rhythm in the leaves of trees; it delights

in colors; it is ready everywhere to spring into harmony at the call of the musician. The musical intervals are in nature; the material is at hand suited to work into all manner of musical instruments. A principle of rhythm is in the deep law of wave movement through which all forces proceed.

What is this mystery, unseen indeed, yet in and through all things, that transforms and over-rules chaos, that shows itself in numbers and beautiful forms, in flowers and gems, in subtle harmonies, in far-reaching and majestic order? This too is spirit, the One, the builder, the architect of the universe. There is no fact that we believe in more solidly than we believe in this unseen and eternal author and designer of beauty? It is everywhere one and the same. The laws, the lines and curves, the patterns, the rhythm and the harmony, here and in the Pleiades, all go to make one universe and symphony. Some sort of design is in the warp and woof of all the structure.

May we go a step further and call spirit

righteous or good? Surely it is hard not to take this step. How can we say anything except "good" of that which is orderly, which constructs beauty, which makes harmonies and unity, and the wonder of life? Goodness is only another and higher species of power.

There is another side of life where we have now to look for the working of spirit. We must take up the human aspect of the world. What is it that characterizes man and gives him worth? Here for instance is a friend: what constitutes him a friend? Is it his dress, form, figure, or features? Evidently we respect and love not what we see, but that which is behind his dress, and form, and face. Not the eyes, but that which looks through the eyes urges the lover or husband to say, "In thy face I see the Eternal." What shall we call this unseen reality which is the "I," or self? There is no word that better expresses it than when we say, It is spirit. Surely there is nothing that we believe in more solidly.

What am I? My body is only form. I say of it, it is "mine," as I speak of my clothing. I am that which thinks, and lives, and is conscious. I am spirit. By the same token I find that other men also are spirit. This fact holds good not of the dead, but of the living. Or, if the noble dead are still spirit, it is because they are not really dead.

There are many who are greatly impressed with the sensitive machinery of nerves and brain cells through which the marvelous telephone connection of the universe is brought home to us. There is no life or consciousness, they say, without this material machinery. We need care little by what name this delicate machinery is called, whether material or physiological. The significant fact about it is, that it serves spirit, and is indeed all translatable into the terms of spirit. The pulsations that come ticking over the wires under the sea are pulsations of thought; they tick in ideas; they carry human feeling to stir feeling, either of joy or sympathy. So with the nerves of consciousness; so of the

rhythm and pulsation through which we feel not heat and cold only, but color and beauty, praise or blame, the subtle knowledge of good and evil. The nerves themselves are only the telegraph lines of the realm of intelligence, feeling, spirit.

It is rather the fashion of modern men to express their modesty in view of the vastness of the universe, its colossal distances, its millions of years. What is this little planet, and the pigmies upon its surface? The modesty is well, but the more startling side of the problem is not stated in this plea of human littleness. The familiar nursery verses are nearer to the fact:

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all.
And yet when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the world cannot."

How is it that we know anything about the distances of the stellar spaces or the

years of geologic time? How is it that we can send our imagination journeying back to the primitive world of the tree ferns and the Saurian reptiles? How is it that these few pounds of matter can receive an impression of a universe dominated by laws of order? It is that man is not merely nitrogen and other elements. He is spirit, of one substance with that which builds the world.

Let us be as modest as we please for ourselves. But let us recall some of the names of the great thinkers who have taught us our modesty — Galileo, Copernicus, Newton, La Place. Where shall we begin or stop the enumeration of the men who have actually "thought the thoughts of God after him"? Here is mind, that is, spirit in man, answering to the universal mind or spirit. There is no limit, in the case of the great geometers and astronomers, to the scope of this answering thought. As the element of the infinite lies in the mind of God, so the same infinite element seems to answer back from the mind of man, as often as he

thinks at his best. This is only to say that spirit is one in God and in man.

We feel the force of the same or kindred facts when we come into touch with the poets, the artists, the builders of the great cathedrals, the architects of the Parthenon, the makers of music. Who can be a materialist when he reads his Homer or Shakespeare or Burns? Who is a materialist in Westminster Abbey? Who can hear Beethoven's Fifth Symphony or Bach's "Passion Music," and not be assured that the glorious melody flows out of the realm of spirit? God, the elemental life, utters himself through every glorious work of human genius. Fitly have men called such work inspiration, that is, the breathing of spirit.

What else or less can we say, when we now begin to interpret the world and all human life into moral terms? We believe in justice, in truth, in mercy, in generosity. We stand in the company of the heroes; we hear the messages of the genuine saints; we read the twenty-third Psalm, or "Crossing

the Bar." We hear the voices of those who in all times and nations have done righteousness; we say Amen to Jesus in any one of the Beatitudes. Let us continue to be modest, but we must henceforth confess that we have seen spirit, at least in the men and women who have said these stirring words and done beautiful deeds, and thus set forth Goodness triumphant. There is nothing that we more stoutly believe in than spirit in those moments when our souls believe in goodness.

As Matthew Arnold, cool critic that he was, says, at the thought of his father:

> "And through thee I believe
> In the noble and great who are gone.
>
> Souls tempered with fire,
> Fervent, heroic, and good,
> Helpers and friends of mankind.
> Servants of God! or sons
> Shall I not call you? because
> Not as servants ye know
> Your Father's innermost mind."

The fact is that in the noblest human life

we see spirit in its highest manifestation. We witness power, beauty, order, justice, goodness in their divine unity. This is our modern form of the old doctrine of the incarnation. They used to say that God had been seen in a single life. We say that God has been and is in many lives. Who of us has not known some one so loyal, brave, devoted, and just as to have impressed us with this fact of the divine life or spirit in man, answering back to the infinite life of God? We have known young lives fearless and true-hearted, knights of the modern times, who demonstrated what spirit is. They came from God. How else came they? Some of them may have left us, but they surely went to God.

> "E'en as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth
> In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth."

See now what we must say of spirit. We approached it first on the side of outward nature, and we found spirit to be the under-

lying unseen reality everywhere. It is force, intelligence order, law, beauty; it is that which constructs and makes all things one. We approach the same reality as it expresses itself more completely in the forms of life, and specially in the life of man. It is that which loves and is lovable; it is that which is beneficent and does good; it is kind to man, and "entering into holy souls makes them friends of God and prophets" — nay, rather, sons of God. Spirit in its highest manifestations is love or goodness.

Does the objector stand waiting to ask, Where is spirit, when we see ugliness and evil and hate? The answer is not so difficult as many try to make it appear. We believe in infinite power none the less because on occasion our puny arms cannot carry their load, and our little engines are unable to generate sufficient force to breast the stormy sea. And we likewise believe in the infinite Light, shining through space, none the less, because through the hours of night, darkness shrouds our homes. So we

who have looked on the forms of ugliness in which beauty did not yet disclose itself learn to love eternal beauty all the more. So we who have been unjust and selfish long for the fullness of love in which no evil or selfish thought can live.

We do not say that the picture is good to the near-sighted man who fixes his eye on one spot — on the blackness of a cloud; we say that the picture is good to him who sees it as a whole. We do not say that the great drama is good to him who sees only a single act. We do not say that a single aspect of nature is good. We say that the infinite spirit behind nature is good, lovable, adorable. Nothing else is credible or thinkable. Life is not livable except in this thought.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT IT IS TO LOVE GOD.

THE most religious people of antiquity summed up all religion in a single law in two parts. The first part was, Thou shalt love God. The second part was, Thou shalt love man, thy neighbor, as thyself. Jesus made this very ancient law the centre of his teaching. Is anything higher or more universal?

It is common for men to think that this law, especially in its first clause, is vague and difficult. "We can love our fellow-men, since we can see them," it is said, "but we cannot easily love God whom we have never seen. Much less can we love God to order, as if love could be compelled!" This difficulty is more imaginary than real. In fact, with most men the hardest thing is to love their neighbors. We

will not say that it is hard to love our neighbors as ourselves; it is not always easy to love them at all. Go upon the crowded street on any average day, and tell us how many men you meet whom you really love? You look into their faces and you see coarseness, greed, animalism, selfishness. Do they love you? They often elbow you and push you aside. True! Some hard-featured men may be lovable in their own homes. But they do not certainly show you their lovable side. No! It is really easier to love God, though we do not see him, than it is to love men as we frequently see them.

As matter of fact, the love of God is one of the earliest experiences both with primitive people and with children. The child easily gets an idea which savages, like the American Indian, seem to have entertained in all parts of the world, of a good Power or Spirit, somewhat to be feared indeed, but also to be loved. The good Powers will watch over the obedient and shield them

from evil. The idea of the child may be very vague and crude, but it is real. It begets trust and love and hope — the elements of all religion. The feeling of many a child toward the unseen deity may be as warm as his feeling toward his own parents. Shadowy as his knowledge of God is, changeable as is his sentiment toward God, who shall say that his knowledge of his nurse or his mother is any less shadowy, or his sentiment toward them any less changeable? If any love rests upon reality, if any love is more substantial than nerve motion, the child's beginnings of love to God must be real. The child's emotion goes out, as all love must go, toward kindness or goodness.

As children come to the age of thoughtfulness, and begin to ask questions, they are compelled to adjust themselves to a larger thought of God. They have probably begun with thinking of God as located in a place in the sky. They have thought of a great person in a body, like their father,

only grander. They must think now of an omnipresent Life, of invisible spirit, like their own spirit, behind body and form. This is not a hard thought. Man has not lost God or lost religion because he thinks and questions. Who ever had more buoyant trust in God than the ancient and anonymous poet-philosopher who wrote, "Whither shall I go from thy presence?"

The young thinker begins to doubt because he cannot see God. Let us pursue his doubt, and search out what it means. Take any moment when love acts, and see what starts your love. It is instinctively set in motion, is it not, by some spark or expression of goodness, by a look, a smile, an act, a word, a message, telegraphed, as it were, from the person whom we love to ourselves? Love flashes out of the unseen, through the wires and machinery of our senses, to the invisible self or spirit within us. We may see the face and form of our friend, or he may be on the other side of the planet. As we have shown in the former

chapter, that which thinks and loves is spirit. We never really see it, but only its expressions and manifestations. That which we love also is spirit. We have never seen Lincoln or William the Silent. As we read their words, as we catch the idea of their lives, as touching or kindling stories come of their humanity or their heroism, we love them as if no barrier of time or space separated us from them. Is it unreal sentiment when thousands of men and women to-day would spring to welcome the peasant prophet of Galilee? No! This is true love for the beauty of goodness. Not having seen, men love. For love belongs to the realm, not of matter and visible things, but of spirit, the immanent reality.

It is noteworthy that in the case of most persons love proceeds by flashes of consciousness and at intervals. There are few in whom it flows all the time and constantly. As one walks at night through the streets of a city, the bright points where the lamps blaze alternate with comparative darkness.

So with men's love — there are dark spaces, and then suddenly at the sight of a true friend's face, the grasp of a hand, the opening of a letter, the stirring of a memory, love comes uppermost and seems to fill the life.

Our daily intercourse with our friends thus goes on with only occasional glimpses through the veil of outward form into the realm of spirit. What we mostly see is the commonplace and routine aspect of men's lives. The generous, the heroic, the lovable may be close to us, and yet may not shine through to our slow perception for days at a time. It is different, however, when any good friend passes quite away from our presence. There is a process of idealization — call it rather realization — in which the commonplace vanishes, and the true worth of the life, translated into terms of spirit, lifts itself into view. As when we stand off from the city at night, seeing it across the water, the dark spaces lose themselves and only light appears,— light from many a window,

and light reflected back from the sky,— so as we stand off from any great and good life the net effect at last is only of brightness, love, the action of goodness. The net effect arises out of points and gleams, but these points and gleams coalesce and make the whole.

We are appealing now to subtle but very real facts of experience. The wonderful thing in this kind of experience is, that there is an element of the infinite in that which moves our love. What else is the meaning of the look in the eye that stirs the depths of our souls, of the thrill in the touch of a hand at which all that is best in us answers in loyalty? It is as if we looked through the eyes of a good man or woman into the infinite depths of personality. It is as if we felt in the warmth of the true man's hand the touch of an infinite faithfulness. In all true love, the idea of the infinite, so far from being an objection and difficulty, is the substantial groundwork upon which love proceeds. We never yet have wholly loved

any one, parent or friend, husband or wife or child, hero or saint, unless we believe that this love which meets ours is without boundaries, would go to all lengths for our sakes, is indeed refreshed from the infinite sources. We cannot love the mere finite body or the outward show of things. Our own love too is beyond measure or price. Our love goes behind the show and surface to the invisible reality, seeking the real and the infinite. This is the nature of love — the most mysterious and indefinable of all realities.

Our subject was the love of God. We are not wandering from it. We are at the heart of our subject. The nature of love is that it stirs at every expression of goodness. We love our friends at every glimpse which we catch of their lovable nature. Words, tears, smiles, beautiful deeds reveal the unseen depths of their friendliness. Through what we see, we love and believe in what we cannot see. So we love God, for all love is one. We love him

through every expression of goodness in the universe. To adore, admire, and love the beauty of goodness is natural to us. We, being of the nature of spirit ourselves, love spirit wherever it shines and gleams.

There are hours when we come very close to this instinctive love in the presence of nature. There are summer days when the smile of God seems to be over the sea. There are winter nights when every crystal of the snowfields reflects the moonlight, and the aurora dances in the clear sky. Thoughts of solemn, restful joy rise in us at this beauty of the world. We love that for which it stands.

Little children and coarse men in the narrow alleys of the city love the flowers in the tiny window gardens. What is it that they love? It is an expression of the infinite beauty. The story is told of soldiers in the civil war who found a motherless baby, and tended him, and adopted him into their company, and would have laid down their lives for him. What did they see in the baby's

face? Was it only the flesh and the helplessness? No; the child was the symbol of innocence, beauty, tenderness, humanity. He reminded the rough men of their own childhood, of their homes, of their mothers, of unseen goodness. Loving the baby, were they not truly loving a manifestation of God?

A good woman goes to live in the wildest mining-camp. What is it in her that the men respect, so that the camp is less brutal for her presence? Is it not that in a good and pure woman's presence there is the expression of the eternal goodness? Men love genuine goodness whenever it fairly shines into their faces.

The story is told of the famous Elizabeth Frye that when she first asked permission to speak to the brutalized prisoners at Highgate the authorities did not dare to permit her to go without an escort. But when she insisted that she must go alone her friendly manner and the tone of her voice quieted every wicked soul. These degraded people

did not love men, for men seemed to them selfish and cruel, but they loved God as soon as they caught sight of a sign of his reality.

There is a story of a Sikh soldier, who alone out of a British garrison escaped massacre, and, wounded almost to death, floated all day in a boat under the broiling sun, bearing the news of the disaster so as to warn his comrades in the next fort down the river. His stout will to save his friends kept him alive till he had done his errand. We who have only heard the story love such a man as this. We do not see the heroic man, but we love the unseen Life which tells us another story of itself.

We read of brave men venturing their lives to rescue shipwrecked crews and we instinctively love and admire them. We do not love them because we are commanded to love. We love because love is the law of our natures. Thus crystals and gems, flowers and stars, are a sign and expression of the reality and nature of God. But the heroes and saints especially stand for his

goodness. They all show together what spirit is. There is a sort of irresistible affinity among them, which everywhere draws spirit to spirit and constitutes the divine unity.

What now is the time-honored story of Jesus? Men may say that they care nothing for religion; they think that they deny God and are infidels. They do not love their fellows as themselves; they even harbor hate and bitterness in their hearts. But tell them the simple story of a carpenter's son, who cared nothing for wealth or fame or anything that he could get, and only cared to be true, and walked the earth in friendliness to every one, and died as he had lived without a curse or a murmur; make this life real to men, and who does not give him his love? We all say, God send us men like that!

Does any one still say: "This love is only the love of men like ourselves"? No! It is the pure love of God. The little child, the pure woman in the mining-camp, Mrs. Frye

in the prison, the brave life-savers, sailors, and soldiers, the great fathers of our country, Jesus teaching the people or dying on the cross,— these lovable men and women did not make themselves. They are points of light, gleams in our world of the ineffable glory,— in one word, children of God. Why do we love them except because they show us what God is? They and he are of one nature. The divine Life surely is in and behind all beautiful things. All goodness reveals him. Loving the good wherever we see it, we love God.

The ancient word is, "The pure in heart shall see God." Does it mean that in some other sphere they shall look on a great white throne and on the face of one sitting there? No! It means that God is here and now, that his light is about us, that revelations and manifestations and incarnations of his goodness are abroad in his universe, that whoever keeps his heart clean, travel where he may through the universe, shall discover his goodness shining by day and blazing by

night. To the pure in heart the message of the goodness of God is continual.

Every true parent knows that these things are so. Whoever loves the child in fact loves the parent. The child goes across the world to live in China or India. Men love him who never saw the father's face. Nevertheless, as sure as the son is like the father in nature, the love for the one is the same as the love for the other. The people who love the son would love the father as soon as they saw him. Yes! They have seen him already in the person of his child.

The everlasting question of evil arises. Here is a child's life; it is full of untamed passion; it blazes up in disheartening outbursts of self will. It is, indeed, the raw material of personality. Does the mother love the child any the less because he is only a child? So the ugliness, the immaturity, the unhappiness, the sins of the world, as of the child, prove what? They simply testify that spirit, not in its limitations, but in its completeness and fullness of life, is the one

reality without which the growing world, like the growing child, can never be satisfied. We who cannot be content with a mere part or a fragment of the life of God, are made to long for gleams and revelations of the love that constitutes the whole.

Thus the fact of suffering, rightly understood, proclaims an essential hunger for perfectness, that is, for spirit, for God. Wherever our spirits, akin to God, catch sight of his goodness, we love him, being satisfied. Wherever we fail to see him we suffer need. It is surely a spiritual universe in which this happens.

I have said that the most precious thing in the world is the manifestation of spirit, as goodness. But who ever loved goodness less for the fact that it shines out of scenes of toil, hardship, or even suffering? The Christ story is eternal. It is always being reënacted. It is in every home where love is. Grant that this is a world where toil and pain are. The truth is that every soul who loves goodness at all, loves goodness the

more, and not the less, that it can conquer pain and defy death. What devil's advocate has any fault to find with a world in which every kind of material is put together so as to show forth goodness, and actually to compel us to love goodness as we love nothing else?

> "Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough;
> Each sting that bids not sit nor stand, but go!"

There is a final question which presses. If we are spirit ourselves, if we love God by nature, why should any one ever need to compel love into the harsh form of a law or make a commandment of it? It is such a law as breathing is for the body. We cannot live without breathing. But when any one merely says, "You must breathe," he does not understand the vital emphasis of the law of breath. Even the dying man still breathes, not being able to keep the air away. The real emphasis is that we must breathe fully, till every lung cell in our body

is satisfied, and every drop of our blood tingles with oxygen. So likewise, we must love God, not merely when goodness is forced upon us, and we cannot help loving it, but as the old verse says, "With all our heart and soul and mind and strength."

The child loves his mother; this is his nature. The fault that we find with him is that his love is inconstant. It is merely an emotion; it is not yet related to thought, will, design. It lets him disobey; it even lets him break his mother's heart. We demand that the child's love shall grow and possess his nature, and become as constant as the stars. Else, without earnestness and purpose, no woman can ever rest her heart upon him, no child of his can ever trust him.

So we say of the universal love that binds us to God. Every one has the beginning of it. But it wants constancy and fixedness. With multitudes of people who call themselves "Christians" it is a vague emotion. Where is the constant will, set on righteous-

ness? Where is the quick mind, keen to find God everywhere? Where is the warm, loyal sympathy rushing to helpful deeds? Where is the mighty moral standard, trying all conduct by the holy ideals? Where are the fruits of the spirit — love, joy, peace, and the rest?

The material that goes into the making of glass is dull opaque sand. When the light happens to fall upon the tiny surfaces of the sand it is reflected back as if light and the sand already had a sort of natural affinity for each other. Mix the sand now with other elements and then fuse it at a white heat, and the opaqueness passes out of it; it henceforth becomes possessed with the light, transparent to its rays, a thing of beauty forever. So the life of man, seen in the mass, is only so much material. And yet, dull as it looks, it has always and by nature affinity with goodness. Stir it now in the crucible of experience, bring the elemental forces to bear upon it, raise it to a certain heat and glow, and lo! heart and soul and mind and

strength and will pass over together into the eternal service of goodness. The life becomes possessed with goodness, transparent to let love flow through it, fixed, devoted, and luminous. Thus spirit in man answers to God. Its law and life is to love.

CHAPTER VI.

PRAYER AND REASON.

Visitors from the east to England and America sometimes tell us that they see extremely little to remind them that they are among a religious people. They do not see men at their prayers. The old custom of family worship is rarely found. The ordinary Sunday service at church, however well attended, hardly indicates a very prayerful nation. What are the English and American church members mostly interested in? Not in religion, but in the eager, restless pursuit of wealth. No doubt there is very much more genuine religion than any superficial observer discovers. The fact remains, however, that the Protestant people are passing through a remarkable transition in their religious thought and habits. Mean-

time the usages and institutions of religion appear to suffer.

The old-world idea of prayer is familiar. There seemed to men to be two realms, mysteriously bordering on one another, — the realm of nature and the realm of the supernatural. In one lay man's practical life with its labor; in the other was religion. Natural causes worked in the one; occult forces of spirit worked in the other. In meditation and prayer, man, lifted out of his ordinary life, might see visions and dream dreams of another world. By prayer man in his sore need might reach through the veil of mystery and take hold upon new forces. The good God, moved by prayer, would set aside the visible, tangible machinery of "Second Causes" in order to meet the need of his worshippers. Such is the childish conception of prayer, held still by multitudes, whose nurses and mothers have taught them so. Cannot God do everything? they ask. Why may he not be persuaded to give us what we ask? How can

he love us unless he is willing sometimes to indulge us?

Nevertheless, as soon as men begin to think straight, that is, to think the thoughts of civilized men, the childish conception of prayer fades away. We come to adopt a larger and more wonderful thought of our world, and of the magnitude and orderly interplay of its forces. Here, for example, is the great ship crippled by storm, rocked in the trough of the sea, rushing with its freight of human life to its doom. The well-known conditions that keep a ship safe in the face of the storm are wanting. The steering gear does not act, the main shaft is broken, the fires under the boilers have gone out, the iron plates are strained and let in the water. What modern man really believes, in the absence of all the conditions which constitute the safety of a ship, that the prayers of the whole nation, turned upon the wreck, would now bring her into port, or arrest the force of the blizzard midway in its course?

Down in Havana yellow fever was epidemic. It lay about in the foul streets, in filthy houses, and in the stagnant harbor. There were certain well-known, let us say divinely constituted hygienic conditions, which, if observed, would give the diseased city immunity from its perennial plague, and save every northern port from menace. What modern man believes, as long as the Cuban people neglected these known hygienic conditions, that prayers in all the churches could drive out the yellow fever from Havana?

We modern men would not choose, if we could, to live in a world where prayer might be expected to work miracles for us. It would be a magician's world, and not God's world. We had rather face the conditions of our world like men, buy wisdom and pay its splendid cost, be taught to construct stancher ships, and to build more beautiful and healthful cities, than live in an Alice's wonderland of haphazard and confusion. We cannot believe in any species of magical

value in prayer. This is not a universe in which men can play fast and loose with its intricate and far-reaching conditions of order.

Does it follow that man must cease to pray? Must he become agnostic, and doubt whether any God exists who cares for man, or with whom man may come into communion? It would indeed be startling if the grown man's thinking, instead of being grander than the child's, had actually to be less significant.

We come face to face with the supreme and fundamental postulate of a thoughtful religion. God is Spirit; he is the beneficent life at the heart of all things; he is not merely will, as even Schopenhauer hints, but he is good will. All nature is his parable or picture-book to carry his message. All forces are the expression of the one force, wielded for love's sake. All laws are the lines in which life sent from him, manifesting him, moves on its way of expanding growth.

At the other pole of our thought is man,

also spirit, like God, with marvelous possibilities wrapped up in him, as all must admit: with the spark of infinite aspiration, with a quenchless desire to serve and to love, born to hunger and thirst after righteousness, content only with goodness, restless till he finds rest in God. Such is man, played upon and swayed by the universe forces, confronted with its manifold picture language, in actual touch with its life, without which he would perish.

Why should we not expect to find actual relation and communion between man and God, the universe life? See how reasonable, beautiful, and satisfying this thought is. As the man sends the flow of his life to every little nerve and cell of his body, and gives his blood to keep each tiny part sound and well, so, only on the vastly higher scale of intelligent consciousness, God gives of his own life to his children.

So much for God's part. What shall we say of man? What is the attitude or the mood in which man shall be at his best

to receive, to understand the message, to draw on the divine forces, to accomplish, to answer back, life to life? Will it make no difference in what attitude man stands?

There is a mirror which, burnished and turned toward the sun, receives and reflects every ray of light that its surface can hold. Will it make no difference whether or not you cover the mirror with dust, or turn it away from the sun, or even lock it up in a dark drawer?

There is a great dynamo down in the power house. The inexhaustible forces are behind it, filling it with electrical energy. Great wires carry the power through your street. Will it make no difference whether or not the electric lamp that stands on your table is adjusted to the forces playing so near it? It is necessary to make the connection with the great wire in the street, and to turn on the power. So we say with the life of man. There is a certain moral and spiritual adjustment, the conditions of which are easily understood, which if observed,

put the man at his best, that is, in touch with the forces of God.

One of the conditions of the adjustment of which we speak is intelligence. The mirror must be burnished. The man's eyes, cleared of prejudice, must be open to the facts. Another condition is modesty. The man at his best must be free of conceit and egotism. Is it not in the proverbs of every people that pride goes before a fall? Again, a man must be obedient; a man at his best always purposes to do whatever duty commands. The greatest condition of all is good-will, unselfishness, love. Stir us with a glow of sympathy, bring us for even an hour into line with the noble and the disinterested, and we stand here at our best, face to face with God.

Combine now the fine but simple conditions of spiritual adjustment — a reasonable intelligence, modesty or a reverent uplook, the obedient will, and the will to do good — and see what you have done with a man thus adjusted in spirit. The mirror now

takes up and gives back all the sun's rays. The electric forces of the universe blaze through the little lamp upon your table. The man in this wholly healthful and natural state thinks at his best, counsels most wisely, acts with his highest efficiency, is most at rest within himself and yet most alive. Spirit, the life of God, is in him and through him. "As the hand is to the man," to use a quaint expression of an old writer, so now the man is to God. This is prayer; this is communion. The man is where the forces of the universe meet. They flow in upon him; they flow through him and beyond him, giving life as they flow. Here is perfect circulation of the divine life. Man has only to keep open the flow, to receive freely of God's inspiration, to pass on whatever is good in thought or impulse, and to translate all into good words and deeds. The artless, prattling child thinks of God after a child's fashion and prays like a child. It must be different with the grown man. To coöperate with the divine forces, with

the divine thought, with the divine love, is the man's conception of prayer. Prattling has now grown to become fellowship. John Fiske or Maeterlinck will teach you this as well or better than Fénelon or St. Augustine.

We are dealing here with well observed facts. We are not trying in prayer to get away from our present life into a supernatural realm. We are in the realm of law and nature, albeit of divine nature throughout. We appeal to familiar experience. Who are the men who have lived the largest and most effective lives, have wrought righteousness, brought in civilization, and set the ideals of religion? Who have been the great inventors, artists, poets, and patriots? What was the secret of their inspiration and power? Have they ever originated an idea or created a principle? Have they not rather simply stood where the divine power and wisdom flowed, and listened and heeded and then spoken, acted, accomplished, reflected the God-given light?

When certain ministers came to Lincoln and wanted prayers offered that God would favor "our side" in the war, he was not concerned, he replied, that God should take our side. What he wanted was to find and take God's side. The children think to bend God's will to their own. The grown man, like Lincoln, seeks only to adjust his will to God's will. He is thus where the forces of the universe move to his service.

Jesus' life is typical here. Did he teach with authority? Did his life glow with sympathy? Did his love go out to conquer the world? Then this was because of his attitude, sane, normal, and vital. He did not need to go out of the world into another region in order to pray. He lived the prayerful life wherever he was, as if in the presence of God. He might truly have said with one of our modern singers:

"My heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing."

The law of prayer underlies consciousness. The adjustment of which we speak may exist, and often does exist, without the consciousness of effort, and without naming the fact prayer. As health may run in the well body, so the power and the life of God may move in the loving will without the need that the man shall say to himself "I am well," or "I have God's peace in my soul."

But it is the glory of man that his life rises to moments of joyous consciousness, when he not only lives but also knows that he lives. These are the times when here and now we have a sense of being immortal. In the visions of intelligence, in the performance of duties, when we love with all our hearts, we share the life of God.

Whose experience does not answer to these facts? Here is the busy man of affairs, tired of the cares, the toil, the strain of the day's work. It is night, and he is about to give himself to rest. What if he pauses a few moments before he lies down? What

if he brings his mind into fresh adjustment with his love and his aspirations? He puts aside his egotism and his selfishness, as a little child in its mother's arms puts away its tears. His sympathies move in tenderness for absent friends. His thoughts in the silence go out through the starlit spaces. His mind catches the sense of the vaster life in which all things dear to him are held together. In this quest of spirit his vision is quickened; he sees how to set right the errors or mistakes of the day. He catches bright thoughts of what he may do for the sake of his home, his children, his friends, his city. He is now at the source of power. He is close, also, not merely to sounder rest of body, but to profounder rest of mind, when at last he is able to say:

"In peace I will both lay me down and sleep,
For Thou, Lord, alone makest me dwell in safety."

The man rises in the morning to the work of a human being, yet in reality to the work of a son of God. Shall he rush, like a

whipped slave, to his tasks? Let him give himself a moment of pause, worthy of a man, before he takes up his tasks. Let him lift his eyes to the hills and see the end and aim of his march; let him at least say: "Thy will be done," before he goes forth. Let the mother and housekeeper take on her lips the lines of a hymn, or the refrain of a psalm, to recur at times through the day to keep her in mind of the faith, the hope, and the love with which her fingers move in accord. Such a beginning of the day is to start from the heights; it binds us to God and attunes body and mind to the pitch of efficient and harmonious use. But this adjustment of the life to its work, as if in the presence of the Almighty, this consecration of ourselves to our duty and our love, whether in simple rude words of our own or in the beautiful and hallowed passages of great souls of other times, is prayer. It is the prayer of the grown and civilized man whispering, "Thy Kingdom come," as he engages in each new enterprise of that

higher civilization to which he has devoted his life.

Man carries within himself the finest of all tools or instruments. It is the temper or spirit with which he essays his various tasks. Send him forth to his work in any mood of ill temper; send him among his fellows sour, embittered, anxious, or angry, and he will as certainly damage his work as if the cabinet maker were to use dull and broken tools or as if the violinist were to play out of tune.

The time draws near when these things must be recognized by every intelligent observer. Prayer is a profound function of life. Men cannot get on without it and do their full stent of work. The time is coming when the employer or the superintendent of labor cannot afford to try to handle hundreds of men except as the spirit of prayer, quiet and friendly, teaches him. The time is coming when no teacher will venture to go into a school-room without having first caught sight of the divine stand-

ards which govern education. No physician will enter a sick-room without being sure that he carries the restful and hopeful presence which true prayer creates. No parent will dare to touch the mystery of child-life, without the recognition, sweet and solemn, that his child and he are both children of God. Statesmen and public men must see by and by that prayer clarifies the judgment and shows the way of human progress and true political expediency. It will not be ministers alone who must pray. Who desires to think, act, live, and love, at his best? He must pray. For only thus can he keep in accord with the mainspring of life.

It is obvious that we are close to the open secret of much that has gone under various strange and occult names, touching the reinvigoration of the bodily health. No one can reasonably question the fact that the body is subtly but surely bound up, for better for worse, in sickness and in health, with a man's varying conditions and moods of con-

sciousness. Is the man disappointed, worried, vexed, angered, brought to shame and confusion? All this reacts upon the body. Countless morbid tendencies flow from a man's baffled egotism and selfishness, wearing on the nerves, impairing the assimilation of food. Passion, greed, appetite, and lust prey on the health. Reverse now all these morbid tendencies, change the ill temper to good temper, fear to hope, disappointment and shame to satisfaction, self-will to love, egotism to the sight of the visions of goodness, and the beauty of the inward change must often shine through, and, as Mr. Fiske has said, change and accelerate "the rhythm of nutrition." A well body naturally tends to clothe a sane and happy spirit. This principle needs no occult names or practises. There is no need to deny facts, or set aside conditions, or turn the orderly universe into unreality.

Does any one now care to ask the question whether prayer is answered? If the world is once interpreted into terms of thought,

love, will, spirit, the whole vast system is a mode of motion from God to man and from man to God. What does man, God's child, really need? He needs experience, intelligence, wisdom, spur and incitement to urge him to grow, power to draw on and use the proof of God's love. Whatever man really needs, the universe is at hand to impart. In the mood of prayer this proves true. In this mood man at his best opens his heart to receive. In this mood God takes man to himself and unfolds more and more the treasures of his beauty and goodness. To the man who looks out on the world in this mood, the universe answers back in words of divineness. What soul ever tried the experiment and found it to fail? At our best, obedient, modest, willing, loving, all things speak to us of God, sorrows and joys, laws and mysteries, life and death also.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT FREEDOM IS.

Is it true that men are born free? The fact is that freedom is the highest attainment which a man can reach. I wish in this chapter to show how high, rare, precious, and beautiful true human freedom is. I wish to stir my readers to a new desire for it, to bring about a healthy discontent with life that falls short of freedom.

Look at men as they pass in the streets of your city. The majority of grown men and women are not free. They live under constraint; they carry burdens of anxiety; they are not doing what they wish; they unwillingly serve the will of others. They are only legally free. How many in the crowd are free indeed. Here and there, however, is a man who thinks, acts, loves, lives, not as if compelled from without, not as a machine,

an automaton, or a bondman, but with inward ease, contentment, willingness, and joy. Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, the great Stoics, are full of this freedom. Emerson is a master in it. Jesus sings it in the Beatitudes. That fine old English gentleman Sir Henry Wotton chants it to us:

> "How happy is he born or taught,
> Who serveth not another's will;
> Whose armor is his honest thought,
> And simple truth his utmost skill."

Average men rise to this height almost as if by accident, only in their noblest moments.

The fact is that freedom, so far from being common and cheap, is uncommon and costly; it belongs to the period of maturity — not to boys, but to grown men. The world is full of parables and object lessons to show this. Here, for example, is a new invention; we will suppose that it is the first typewriter. It has in it already every essential principle. Its parts are fairly well made and put together. What prevents our full trust and satisfaction in it? Why will it not immedi-

ately be profitable to use? It still wants freedom of motion; the parts are stiff; there are points of friction; it is clumsy, complicated, and noisy; there is not yet any ease and joy in working it. It is a great step upward between this first awkward machine and the latest noiseless instrument that the operator can work all day without a moment of annoyance!

Watch the child now as he learns to walk, to skate, to dance, to ride horseback. The child knows how to produce every motion before he has got freedom in the command of his motions. He may have heard every rule in his arithmetic, or committed the rules to memory, before he has yet learned freedom, that is, ease and joy in working out his problems in fractions or interest. It is a great step from the constrained efforts of the beginner to the art of the master.

In the old-fashioned industrial system they recognized the period of transition from mere apprenticeship to assured mastership. When the youth had finished his discipline he did

not yet become a master. He must first be a journeyman. They knew that to learn the rules and motions of a trade did not give ease, joy, or freedom in it. Not every master in name, indeed, was a real master. The men who still went on doing slovenly, inartistic, clumsy work, or who had no joy in their work, were never masters.

Thus in every province of life the novice lacks freedom; up to the last stages of apprenticeship he is conscious of more or less resistance, friction, and frustration. Freedom means mastery, ease, joy, and satisfaction. With each new motion the apprentice acquires freedom in new provinces of his work. The master holds a free hand everywhere. There is nothing in the range of his trade or art impossible to him.

Moral freedom, or freedom of the soul, follows the same law. It is the mastery of the whole of life; it is ease, contentment, satisfaction, sometimes joy, at all times peace, under whatever circumstances. Nothing can baffle or overwhelm the free soul;

nothing can defeat him; nothing in all the range of duty is impossible. Whatever the Master of life bids him do is precisely that which he at that moment believes is the most desirable thing to be done. Neither does he think anything else practicable. I am aware that this is a great claim, but true and complete freedom is nothing less than this.

We wish now to know what is the secret of freedom. What does any one need in order to emerge from the lower level of constraint and apprenticeship into the freedom of the masters? We must grant in the first place that there is need everywhere of practice. The young pupil thinks that he knows his violin lesson; that is, he can produce tones and scramble through the new piece of music, but he needs days and weeks of practice before he can be trusted to play before an audience. So likewise men think that they know the Golden Rule merely because they can repeat it glibly. What do they lack? They lack practice in

it. Must the violinist go through the same motion hundreds of times before he has complete ease and joy in the motions, and shall the man who can count on his fingers the instances in which he has fairly tried the venture of the Golden Rule imagine that he already knows it?

The secret of freedom, however, is not in practice. Let the young player go on practising all his life, let him perform every motion correctly a thousand times, and he might never enjoy an hour of freedom and mastery. The freedom of the man is more than the freedom of the machine. When the man works his soul must move as well as his muscles; there must be joy and heartiness. This brings me to say something about the mystery of self-consciousness.

What part does self-consciousness play in man's life? Is it good or evil, a help or a hindrance? The little child, like the animal, seems to get on well enough for a while without any self-consciousness. In some respects the quiet, automatic, imita-

tive, and instinctive actions are the most perfect.

How often we wish that we could be rid of self-consciousness! It seems to be the bane of our work; it handicaps our activity; it makes us shy, uneasy, and timid, or again overbold, vain, and arrogant. It provokes us to ask what men are saying about us, or what blame or reward we shall get as the result of our effort. It exaggerates the importance of what we do, as if we cried out to the world, "See me and my fine clothes!" Such are the vagaries, I might even say the diseases, of a self-consciousness which has become strained and over-sensitive.

Nevertheless, self-consciousness is our glory, being a necessary process of intellectual growth. It is acute in man because he is not an automaton, and he is more than an animal. It is a part of the price of apprenticeship that he has to pay for all the higher experiences. Moreover, it has its own delightful compensations.

The fact is, the natural movement of

man's development with respect to everything which he learns is through a period of active and even exaggerated self-consciousness, not back to unconsciousness, but up and onward to a higher stage of conscious life. Thus, while the young violinist is taking up a new movement, he becomes conscious at first of the motions of his arm and his bow, which seem to be out of relation with what he has learned before. But as soon as he has learned the new motion, it now becomes a part of himself and takes its harmonious place in his consciousness. He is never again self-conscious about it.

We become real persons, with unity in our lives, as we assimilate into ourselves all manner of experiences and make a symphony of them. The new experience, or possible lesson, is not at first ours; it is as yet outside of us. It even calls a halt in our activity, while we survey it, and pass judgment upon it, and say whether we like to assimilate it or to reject it. This period of judgment, of caution, hesitation, and experi-

ment, this pause, while the train of life seems to come to a halt, is self-consciousness. In a normal life the stop should be brief.

We are ready to state a vital law. It is as important to human life as gravitation is to the stars, but it is still little understood. The acquisition of freedom depends upon it. The law is in whatever we do, in whatever motion we make, in outward acts, and not less in every moral and spiritual effort, to *let ourselves go* in the effort. The art of swimming illustrates what we mean. Here is some one who practises the motions of swimming for months, but this will not make him a swimmer. Something more than practice is needed; the learner must give his body to the water; he must cease to ask whether the water will bear him up. Who has not seen little boys swim in the first lesson, because they let themselves go, trusted the water, and struck out, however clumsily, to get to the shore! Children learn a new language by the same secret: they let themselves go; they make necessary mistakes;

they are not afraid of being laughed at. Did not Jesus mean this when he said that we must become as little children? Children let themselves go in what they do. What grace in their movements! It is not unconsciousness that Jesus is teaching. There could be no human freedom without consciousness. But Jesus teaches the art of *letting ourselves go*, as children do.

See now how our law works, for example, with respect to the matters of friendship and love. There is no real friendship except with those who at least sometimes let themselves go in their love. What if you are always cool and reserved? What if you are always counting the cost of your friendship? Will you never open your heart and give your friendship utterance? While you are still selfish in your affection, while you are timid, while egotism constrains you, your friendship is yet in the stage of its apprenticeship. Be sure that true love, once having got its growth, gives itself utterly. Who has never risen, at least

for a while, to this new height of ease, joy, freedom!

The secret of the art of conversation is here. We have sometimes been in the company of bright people where, however, the conversation would not flow. Why was this? It was because every one in the circle was afraid of his own acquaintances. And lo! at the appearance in the room of a single free and merry soul, willing to let himself go, never asking "What will they say of me?" we have seen all tongues unloosed and hearts unlocked in fellowship.

There is a profound secret of bodily health in this highly spiritual law. There are many persons, especially in well-to-do and quite sophisticated communities, who are always near to or over the line of invalidism. Without actual disease in any bodily organ, they suffer the symptoms and pains of innumerable diseases. The trouble with them is that they have become self-conscious with respect to their bodies and their health; they have fallen into the habit of a con-

strained life. Watch them; they are noting their own aches and pains; they are fearful and apprehensive so as hardly to draw a full and free breath; they feel their own pulse, count the beating of their hearts, and almost weigh their food. Sometimes they have forgotten how to rest or sleep; they will not actually give their bodies to the bed as children do, when they lie down, but they try to support themselves, as if upon taut nerves. What wonder if the circulation of the life becomes stagnant and real bodily disorders set in! What wonder, when the life does not flow freely, if the nervous tension increases! Disease no doubt always stands ready to set in, as long as men do not live rightly.

There is a simple gospel for this large class of suffering humanity. It is no less curative for physical ills because it is also moral and spiritual. I will put my word in an almost extravagant form: "Let yourself go; give up concern for your health; resolve, as every soldier has to resolve, that

you will be willing to die, if die you must. But, then, resolve also to live as if you were going on to live forever; give yourself up as long as you live, to live worthily, righteously, nobly. Make your body, such as it is, merely a tool to use, a channel to convey and communicate all the power and life possible."

It is better to miss certain excellent hygienic conditions, to eat too little or even too much, to have fewer cubic feet of air in your sleeping-room than the normal body requires, to encounter draughts and be cold on occasion, and yet to breathe freely as a free man should, without fear, constraint, or anxious thought, — yes, it is better to be the master of a weak body than the slave of a good one. Man does not live by bread alone. A new hope of any sort, a new duty, a new obedience, often suffices to release the sluggish current of the circulation, to open unused cells in the lungs, to clear away morbid imaginings.

It has been said that genius is an infinite capacity for hard work and taking pains.

It is rather an infinite capacity to let one's self go and give one's self up to one's task. Will clever artifice and the mathematics of music ever move your heart? The great composer must put his soul into his music and lo! there is melody. It is so with the poet; it is so with the orator. There is no drudgery in this kind of work.

There is likewise a certain abandon of soul in the highest exercise of virtue. It is only with the beginner that goodness seems to be a motion "against the grain." The masters in virtue, therefore, least need encouragement or applause. Shall we praise Jesus for being pure in heart, or single in purpose, or for being willing to give his life for love's sake? Did men need to encourage Channing or Charles Darwin to speak the truth? These were men who loved virtue and truth; they had committed themselves to the beautiful ways of virtue. It had become easier to be true than to be false, easier to be just than unjust. There is indeed no freedom of truth, as long as lying is a temptation.

Would Bach or Beethoven be tempted to make discords? So the lover of goodness, which is the harmony of the soul, cannot bear to do wrong. As Marcus Aurelius writes: "Whatever any one does or says, I must be emerald and keep my color."

We rise at once to a splendid conception of the religious life. Religion is not to practise certain motions, however excellent; it is not to repeat good words; it is not even to admire or worship certain beautiful ideals; its law is to let ourselves utterly go with the motion of the good will of God. There are a multitude of people who think that they have a religion, but you would not know it by their actions or their faces. They are timid and anxious; they suspect that if they really gave themselves up to do justice, they might starve; that if they told the truth, they would be unpopular. How many professing "Christians" have ever tried the experiment of letting themselves go, and simply living the life of the children of God for a single day?

The law of freedom connects itself with the rational doctrine of prayer. In real prayer the human spirit lets itself go. We make in prayer the magnificent venture and trust ourselves to the spirit of the universe. We say in substance: "Show us the truth, and we will follow wherever it leads; tell us the way of our duty, and we will march." We say: "Let the good will be done; we are here to be possessed with it, and then to do its bidding." In the attitude of prayer we seem to be here for nothing else except to do the bidding of Love. We give ourselves up to the care of God, the innermost life and will of the universe. In prayer we enter the realm of free spirit. The man at the work-bench, in the laboratory, in the machine shop, at the helm or on the engine, in the senate chamber or on the public platform, once possessed with the spirit of good will, and yielding his life to do its behests, is at the height of his power, a free man. Is not this the secret, in simple terms, of the wisdom-books of the ages?

In the old days the freedom of a city was a great boon. Country boys, like Richard Whittington, came up to London and earned the rights of free men. The freedom of the city was conferred upon illustrious strangers. It opened doors otherwise closed, and cleared the way to attain the highest honors. In the United States we have established a similar and very wonderful freedom throughout more than forty states, stretching across a continent. Wherever the citizen goes, the laws are his to protect him; the privileges of a common citizenship are open to him. In the case of certain eminent men we have seen the freedom of the world extended to them. Wherever General Grant went, though a private American citizen, he went like a prince; all doors were unlocked for him. The nations took him in as a free man of the world; he had enemies nowhere. Napoleon, the egotist and conqueror, had no such freedom as this. Thus good will, possessing a man, constitutes him a citizen of the universe.

This freedom is imperishable. You may lock such a man up, as they locked Madame Guyon in her dungeon, and the soul still sings :

> "My God, how full of sweet content
> I pass my years of banishment."

Wherever this freeman goes, among whatever people he lives, he goes without fear; he carries the talisman wherewith to open all hearts and break down barriers; he moves in unison with the guiding life of God.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT IT IS TO BE GOOD.

THERE is one sense of the word "good" in which it can only be applied to God. This was the high sense which Jesus had in mind when he declined to be called good, saying, "No one is good but one, that is, God." We have here a thought of absolute or perfect goodness. Here is a justice which can never do a wrong, unswerving truth upon which the universe depends, a love that carries no enmity to any soul, infinitely patient, inexhaustible, pouring out its sunshine upon the evil and the good. Its single purpose is the welfare of all. We can think of nothing less than this when we speak of the Eternal Goodness. This is the ultimate reality. All forms of goodness are only sparks and manifestations of this, without

which the world would be unintelligible and human life would be a vain dream.

There is no blame or "sin" if man falls short of this kind of goodness. He would not be man, that is, a growing creature, if he had attained to this perfectness. Jesus would have ceased to grow better, that is, he would have ceased to be a real man, if he could ever have passed, once for all, beyond the human line where temptation lies in wait for all of us. We cannot conceive of man, even at his highest, except as one who is still on the march upward to a more constant and beautiful goodness. Since the characteristic of man is that he has never attained perfectness, there is surely no blame or sin in this fact of his nature.

There is another sense in which we commonly use the word "good." We use it in a conventional way as opposed to the bad. We use it to describe law-abiding and orderly people. We use it of the boys who make no trouble or mischief in school. We even use it of little babies to mean that they make us

no trouble. "It is a good baby," we say. This means nothing more than that it is well fed and comfortable. So the people in every community who represent law and order speak of those who are "respectable" like themselves as the good citizens.

Why is it that the kind of goodness which consists in being orderly, though it is convenient, useful, and necessary, fails to stir our hearts to any admiration? One reason is that it does not cost much to be "good" for those who are so born and brought up. It is easier to keep within the laws than to transgress them, as it is easier to walk on a good road than to walk through a thicket.

Moreover, curiously enough, it is possible to be "good" and orderly, never to get a "bad mark in school," never to have to fear the police or the sheriff, and yet to be mean, narrow, and selfish. The boy who stands at the head of his class is not therefore a brave or generous fellow. What if his father has offered him the prize of a gold watch for being the first scholar? It is for the in-

terest of most people to obey the laws, and to be respectable. They find business credit, honors, and official position in being respectable. Why, indeed, should any intelligent person venture to do wrong and lose his respectable standing? But suppose that every one could be persuaded to be "good" by this shrewd calculation of the profit of goodness, who would ever be satisfied with a world full of such cold-blooded virtue?

As a matter of fact, we often prefer the company of certain persons who are not very "good," to the company of others who are extremely orderly and proper. Mothers and teachers love their mischievous and troublesome boys as well at least as they love the boys who never need a word of blame. The popular heart responds to the stories of the Jim Bludsoes, of Kipling's heroes of the barracks and mess-room, of the deeds of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, of the brave kindliness of Trilby. I am sorry for the man whose heart does not in this respect beat in sympathy with the popular heart.

Do we like men and women who happen to be "off color" because they are brutal, or cruel, or loose in their morals? Do we love our troublesome school-boy because he makes trouble? In our liking for the Jim Bludsoes or Trilbys do we approve vulgar oaths, unseemly jests, drunkenness, or debauchery? Certainly not. But what we do love and admire is a gleam of life, reality, sincerity, generous and unselfish abandon. The "good" people, shut up within the reservations of their egotism, or their superior caste, give us no touch of real, joyous, bountiful life. They exploit law and order for their own benefit, like the "good" boy who proposes to earn a holiday with his conduct marks. Between selfish "goodness," that is, merely orderly conduct, and a certain lawlessness, with moments of generosity shining out of it, we frankly prefer the sight of the latter, though we may not altogether enjoy living next door to it.

It is interesting and almost startling, as one reads the New Testament, to observe

how Jesus regards the conventional or legal difference between the "good" and the "bad," how he ignores the ordinary distinctions, how he goes to dine at the Pharisees' houses and consorts equally with publicans and sinners. Is it explained that he goes to the latter in order "to do them good"? But he evidently likes them and finds them interesting. He is actually in closer sympathy with them than with the respectable Pharisees!

Shall we go on to rub out all the costly distinctions that the world has marked between its good and its bad, between law and order on the one hand and lawlessness and barbarism on the other? Shall we make saints of the Jim Bludsoes and the Trilbys, and raise monuments to such men as Crispus Attucks? On the contrary, we are urged to discover the sounder and more vital sense of the word "goodness." We must insist upon a real distinction between the good and the bad, instead of a superficial and conventional distinction.

Our problem is really the problem of every school-room and nursery. It is even the problem of the stock-raiser who has colts to train. There are two prime requisites in the perfect horse: one is good form, discipline, obedience. The horse will be useless that throws its rider, that runs away, that will not go in the carriage or balks at its load. But there is even more need of life, force, ease, and speed than of discipline. The problem is to combine training and life. The training must not waste the life; it must develop the life, so that the trained creature can do and be more than he could possibly do and be if left to run wild. This splendid combination is often actually achieved.

We try for the same kind of combination in the education of our children. We want to keep every ounce of their exuberant energy, and to turn it over by discipline into beauty, grace, and efficiency. We do this with the body in the gymnasium; we aim or ought to aim to do the same with the mind

in the university. We have the same task with the character. Show us only wild goodness, slovenly, inconstant, impatient, blundering, and then show us trained goodness — watchful, biding its time, uncomplaining, faithful to death, generous, and who will not choose the latter?

Let us see now what it really is to be good. To express good will or love is to be good. To let good will, flowing from the heart of God, as if from an infinite reservoir, flow through us and use us — this is the soul of goodness. This is perfectly natural, albeit divine. In every act of real love we are good. The mother is good to her little child; the friendless tramp is good at least to his dog, or else he is lonely indeed. You are good to your friends, or else you have no right to call them friends. Every one is good, at least in gleams of goodness, in happy hours, in grand moments when the tide of love comes flowing in upon the soul amid the trumpet calls of duty. We fall in love. Is it not as if God inspired

us at such times? Who has not known times when it was easy to be good, and when for a little while we were good, — to a few or to one, if not to many, — in the sight of God if not in the sight of the world? We were good because in these better moments we carried good will in our hearts; we let our love well up into expression; we spoke it or acted it; its light was in our faces; its frank fearlessness was in our hearts.

When, therefore, the roystering engineer goes to his death with his hand on the throttle of his engine, when the sailor, yesterday drunk and profane, goes over the ship's side to the rescue of perishing strangers on a storm-tossed wreck, when the abandoned woman gives her last morsel of bread to a famishing child, we say, "Behold goodness, even the goodness of God." Continue such good will, reiterate such acts, be good to others as you are good to this one whom you love; in short, keep the flow of the divine current open from the infinite reservoir through your soul, as through a channel,

and in so doing you are living the eternal life; you share in the goodness of God. Who wishes to do any wrong to another so long as good will possesses and breathes through him?

The trouble with our goodness is not that we do not know how to be good, but that we will not be good all the time. Men behave like the electric light, when it was first installed in our cities. It would shine out for a time, and without a moment's warning it would leave the city in darkness. So men are good by fits and starts, but you cannot depend upon them, or know in what dark and stormy night the shining of their goodness will go out.

Real goodness is not merely a continuous force; it is also universal in its nature. I mean that it shines out upon all and not merely upon a select few. With most men there is a dark belt where their goodness does not act; they have enemies, or rivals, or those whom they despise, or to whom they are indifferent. For the various dog-

matic phases of Christianity I have no concern. But the name, at its best, stands for the ideal of a universal or humanitarian form of goodness. The characteristic of the divine good will is that it makes no distinction of persons. It goes out freely wherever need is. The greater the need, the more active and generous is the love of God. Do we not wish to be like God in respect to the all-round generosity of our goodness?

Suppose that you had lived before the government ever built lighthouses. Suppose that your house had stood on a point where the ships sailed by into the harbor. Suppose that partly out of kindliness, and also because you were a ship-owner yourself, you kept a bright light in your window to guide the sailors in dark nights. Suppose now that you knew to a certainty the character of every ship and crew that approached, the kind captains and the cruel ones, your own countrymen and foreigners, the vessels in which you owned a share and your rivals'

vessels, also certain crews of desperate and dangerous men. Suppose now, since the light is your own, and you can do as you please with it, you are able to turn it on or shut it off at will, as each vessel passes; you can use it to help the people whom you like, and you can simply leave the others to get on as well as they can without any light. It will not be your affair if they go to wreck. Why should you keep a light at your own expense for your rivals, for Frenchmen and Dutchmen, for cruel and desperate characters of whom it would be a convenient thing to rid the earth?

Is there any reader so barbarous as to admit but one answer to this question? Would not every one choose to help all the men whom he could possibly save with his light? Would any one let the foreigners or even his worst enemy go to wreck for want of the warning lamp?

This illustration carries the practical essence of the universal religion, without which the world can never be civilized.

Why must I keep my good will continually flowing, not only for my friends, but for all men, never asking the question whether they are good to me or not? Because this is the divine and universal law of all spiritual life, because God, the father of our spirits, does thus for us, and to do as God does is what every man is here for. We cannot even be good to those who are good to us, unless the divine current is turned on once for all, and we make up our minds to keep it on, so far as we can, forever. If we turn off the flow of our good will because others are not good to us, and let them go to wreck for aught we care, in the same hour of our darkness we shall let the light go out for our friends, our brothers, and our children. If we will not turn on the light for strangers we shall not turn it on in those desolate changes of weather when our friends look like strangers. The one law of our life is to turn on the power and to keep it on. The one prayer is that, whatever we do, we may never show

ill will or self will, but only good will to all.

We are surely so made as to admire this ideal. Why else is it that the heart of the world goes out to Jesus? Suppose, as he hung at last on the cross, he had given up his religion, and had played for a moment the part of the animal and barbarous man; suppose instead of blessing those who persecuted him he had cursed Pilate and Herod, the high priest and the Pharisees. How could mankind ever have called him a Master in Goodness if he had not stood true to his splendid faith in a God who loves all men, whose sun shines alike on the evil and on the good?

We admire Jesus not less but more, because such all-round love is not unique and exceptional in him. It is in us all to do the same as he did. In fact, civilization is nothing less than this, and civilization only comes in by this means. The men and women of good will are the only civilized people, the only true civilizers. The names

of Howard, Elizabeth Frye, Dorothy Dix, David Livingstone, George Peabody, Montefiore, Leclaire are enough to suggest a host of those who, having caught the primal law of the life of the children of God, have served to change the face of the world, as when the spring sun shines on the bare hillsides.

The health of our souls rises and falls with the flow of the good will in us. It is like our bodily health, which, when the circulation is sluggish, falls close to the danger line of disease. Hardly does temptation beset us in the hours when our lives go freely with the current of the divine goodness. Does the current of our good will drop? Does any one venture to say, "I have been good for a long time; now I will have my way and be selfish for a little?" Alas! when the noble nature ceases to be noble and begins to be selfish it is a more dangerous selfishness than that of the child. Herein is the tragedy of "The Lost Leader." Does the civilized or "Christian" nation leave its

place as a civilizing power, and begin to play the rôle of a fighting people? When the "good" kill one another killing is more awful than when savages do it. There is one law of safety. It is to keep open the flood-gates of good will, never to dare to close them against any one. Let us never forget it, that when this vital connection is broken, no one is safe; no action is valid. Without good will or love the good become as the bad; with good will the bad at once cease to be bad and are good. As the plant must reach up and spread out its leaves toward the sun, so the life of man must forever spread itself out to receive and transmit beneficence.

A profound question of philosophy finds answer here. It is about the relation of happiness to duty. In the eyes of love happiness and duty become one. What is the way of happiness in the home? It is the way of order and love. What is the way of happiness among friends? It is again the same. Give yourself to your friends and

friendship rises thus to its summit. This is coming to be recognized as the law in all successful human business. What is the way of thorough-going satisfaction in one's trade or profession? It is in the utmost social service. Who can do most for his customers, for his clients, for the enrichment of mankind? He is the happiest man in his work. Human welfare or happiness is in good will. Love is life. To express the largest flow of the divine goodness of which you are capable, whether in art, music, literature, statesmanship, or in the humblest domestic service, is satisfaction and gladness.

Does this translate all human goodness into selfishness? The very reverse. It makes selfishness, that is, the vague childish instinct for well being, the raw material out of which real and generous love is developed. Even self-love is the starting-point of true love. The child grasps after the shadow, but it is the sun that casts the shadow. But this fact of a crude beginning does not make the real and well-grown love to be anything else

than divine. The true man who sees and loves God in his every manifestation, who sees and loves life like his own life, akin also to God, in the face of the dullest of his fellows, who counts this whole earthly life naught, as Paul said, for love's sake, does not surely hate himself, whom God also made. He loves himself, that is, the image of the goodness of God, but he loves himself, not as the centre of the universe, but as simply one among many brothers. Once in the little child's heart years ago this love of God only showed itself by a spark of consciousness and perhaps a cry of pain; now that same life at the stature of manhood manifests itself freely in a continuous flow of delightful and noble emotions, going out to all God's universe.

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

No chivalrous and generous nature is content with an easy religion. As in the old stories of Hercules, the noble soul challenges the immortal powers to set it worthy and daring tasks to accomplish. Is there divinity in any form of religion which does not propose some splendid act of renunciation?

The New Testament is full of the word "whatsoever." It stands for a certain infinite element in the religion that created the New Testament. It calls upon the infinite element in man. The New Testament is forever saying, "Whatsoever God bids you, do it." This idea carries with it the continual promise (I scorn to say menace or peril) of what the world knows as sacrifice or renunciation. He who takes a religion with this idea of "whatsoever" in it must face and wel-

come the possibility of the giving up of all that he possesses.

This is not because religion is apart from ordinary life. We have already seen that ease, joy, and freedom in everything that man accomplishes depend on his obeying the primal law — to give himself up, to let himself go, to merge self altogether in that which he undertakes. He is not a free man till he thus lets himself go as the good will of the universe bids. It is equally true, though it may seem like a paradox, that we never actually possess anything till we are able, if ever the need arises, to relinquish its possession. The miser does not possess his money; his money possesses him. The generous man, who is ready to let his money go, alone possesses it. I do not possess my own body as long as I am afraid to die. In that case my body makes me its slave. I possess my body when I am ready to live or die, as God pleases. I do not fairly possess the love of my friend or my child if my love insists upon keeping him with me for-

ever. I must be willing to let him go free; my love must put no constraint on my friend, or else it binds him and me. I do not own an idea or a thought so long as I hug it close as a secret and private possession: it is only fully mine when I can use it, publish it, set it free to traverse the earth. What I wholly own I share with the universe; I hold my possessions in sacred trust, but they hold me, not I them, till I am ready and willing to deliver them over to the Master of life.

If what I say is true we shall find life full of instances and object lessons of renunciation, as if to give us daily practice. What is the condition of success with the man who really succeeds in any business or profession? There is an element of renunciation. The man, from boyhood up, seems to say, "This one thing I do." He puts side issues where they belong; he says "No" to self-indulgence; he turns the streams of his energy where they will drive the wheels of his purpose. This is sacrifice or renuncia-

tion, so far as it goes. You say it is sacrifice of the less for the sake of the greater; you call it economy or even intelligent selfishness. But all renunciation is of the less for the greater; it is always real economy or it is not called for; it is not genuine sacrifice if it is not intelligent. It only needs to be more intelligent and it will altogether cease to be selfish. The end toward which it marches is larger than the individual. The individual welfare is taken up into the welfare of all men, as the least violin in the orchestra becomes a part of the symphony.

See how true this is, when the man who has so far sacrificed for himself and succeeded for himself now falls in love and begins to know by experience new, wider, and deeper human relations. Where this true love is, the old story of Jacob and Rachel forever comes to pass. The man's toilsome, scheming gains of years are as nothing provided he can win the woman's love. He does not deserve her or love her enough if he would not renounce all that he has for

her sake. The quaint words of the wedding-service, "For better, for worse," and "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," suggest this fact. Nay! he does not love her well enough, nor quite deserve her, if he would not be willing to renounce even his claim to her love, provided another could make her more truly happy. Years pass; perhaps she is ill, or his children fall sick. What does he grudge or hold back, to the extent of all that he owns, if he can save a single life that he loves? Yes! renunciation is in the warp and woof of human life. We would not wish it away, as we would not wish love to be less or other than love.

Stories are told every day of this kind of renunciation, of which the simple actors are hardly even conscious. A poor woman in a crowded Chicago tenement takes into her home the mother and children of another family, mere acquaintances, poorer than herself, and provides for them, like the good Samaritan. It is a mere accident that this characteristic story out of the short and

simple annals of the poor comes to our knowledge. The beauty of this story is that the kindly woman probably never knew that she was doing anything unusual. What are friends good for, unless they stand ready to give up all that they have for one another?

The people of Lucerne show the traveller a monument of a lion, erected to the memory of a force of Swiss guards who were cut to pieces in defence of the Tuileries at the outbreak of the French revolution. These men were nothing but "mercenaries," but having once sold their lives to the French king, they held themselves to belong to him. Yes! even an honest bargain carries with it the idea of renunciation. Cost what it will, you must deliver the goods, of the quality, at the very price, and at the appointed time, exactly as you had agreed.

Mr. Kipling has a short story called *William the Conqueror*. There appears at first to be nothing noteworthy in the three young people whom the story concerns.

But when famine breaks out and the sudden call is for a certain absolutely devoted kind of relief work, then these two men in the civil service and the girl, the sister of one of them, "renounce all" to start off hundreds of miles into the land of death. They forsake their comfortable quarters, the chances of vacation and pleasure, and all immediate possibilities of professional promotion. The engineer leaves his own business of engineering and offers himself to do any menial task that human hands can do for starving women and children. The young girl puts aside her love for society, display, dances, and dress, and all regard for her health, and changes herself into a nurse for native orphan babies whom she never had seen before. What is the marvelous and infinite element of the "whatsoever" in human lives that turns all seeming obstacles into stepping-stones, that smiles at toil or pain? It is surely of the nature of God. No wonder that the truest love story springs out of the splendid renun-

ciation in which a man and a woman see each in the other a likeness of the Eternal. No wonder that our gifted realistic story-teller makes the summer of privation and peril the time of the sweetest joy for the two souls who had found out together what it means, "He that loseth his life shall save it." Have we not seen that no one truly has life unless the divine element of "whatsoever" brings his soul into touch with the everlasting sources of being?

There was once a teaching, quite familiar in New England and Scotland, that "mere morality never would save a soul." This teaching shocked many persons. "What!" they cried, "is it not enough to be just, pure, truthful, affectionate, and benevolent? What more do you ask?" Is it possible that the harsh and extremely awkward saying had truth in it? There is conduct, that is, morality which we recognize as conventional and outward. There is an honesty which is measured, being set to the prevalent fashion of the group or community where

honesty happens to be respectable up to a certain degree. There is a species of "charity" which falls far short of "giving one's goods to feed the poor:" there is a "fidelity" which has to give bonds for its good behavior which never dreams of "giving one's body to be burned." Why can it be too often said, "Every man has his price"? Why do men who seem respectable, temperate, virtuous at home become loose, vulgar, disreputable, and even false when they are transplanted to the frontier, to garrison life, to a foreign city? Surely it ought never to be said of a man who is a man that he can be purchased, or that having known civilized life he can ever be tempted to live as a barbarian.

The truth is, customs, conventions, institutions, morals, codes, such as they are, are hardly more than stagings and scaffoldings for the making of men. We always want to know what the man is, in his inward structure. Is he true, pure, faithful, honorable, benevolent at heart? Is the kingdom of

God, as Jesus said, within him? The characteristic of this inward structural quality is that which expresses itself in the word "whatsoever." As soon as goodness is vital it is devoted.

In one sense the true man still "has a price;" but it is no longer a price in material terms; it cannot be reckoned in dollars. Think of purchasing Emerson, or Beethoven, or Michael Angelo, or Paul! You measure the value of these men in quite immaterial terms of Thought, Beauty, Justice, Beneficence. You value the man by what he can do for humanity, to express the mind and heart of God. Tell what good deeds, heroisms, hours of sympathy, flashes of love, pictures, temples, and symphonies cost and are worth to the world, and you have fixed the price at which true men are bought. These prices are infinite, the men who bear them have an infinite worth. There is no sound morality which does not rise out of this infinite and truly spiritual quality which God shares with his children. Never dare

to be sure of the depth of any virtue to which the soul does not cry out of its depths, "Whatsoever the beautiful law bids, I will strive to fulfil." Is not this what Emerson sings:

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

It is this quite infinite element in vital morality that always presses us home to religion. Why is not conduct enough? men often ask. It is enough if it is thoroughgoing, efficient, unreserved. But such conduct as this is religious conduct. It flows out of good will, regnant in the heart,—such good will as rules the universe.

The old theologians propounded the question, "Would a man be willing to be damned for the glory of God?" In one aspect it was an abominable and well-nigh blasphemous question. On the other hand it illustrates the essentially spiritual nature of man that any one could ask such a question, and

that men could always be found who, catching its real meaning, could answer, "Yes." What is the glory of God? It is the joy and welfare of his creation, is it not? If then, in some inconceivable way your loss, your pain, your death, yes, even your eternal death, might really mean gain and joy and welfare forever to all your brothers, ought you not to be willing, would you not be willing, to say, "Use me, O Master of Life, wherever and however thou wilt"?

See, however, the splendid paradox here. To utter this grand renunciation, to vow all that one has, provided Goodness demands it, — this is to love as God loves. And this is to live, aye! and to have life eternal. This, indeed, is the meaning of the old Christ-story. One who had all glory, men said, left all behind and gave himself up for love's sake to do the uttermost will of Beneficence. How wonderful, men cried, that any saint or angel of God, or even God's son, should show such goodness as this! But lo! the old story has long ago become typical and

illustrative of what resides in our common human nature. What true son of man, seeing man's great need, would not, like the Oriental Buddha, strip himself and go out of his Paradise, if God so bade him, to seek and save his brothers? What is any son of man here for, whether in a palace, a farmhouse, or an attic, except for the service of the brotherhood of man?

Is it said that each man is here for his own welfare? The deep law is, that his own welfare is inseparable from the good of humanity. He can never grow to the measure of his own best self unless he is a lover, a friend, a citizen of the world. He does not know love unless his love is devoted and infinite, like the love of God. Was not this the truth that the young governor of a great State was trying to grasp when he praised "the strenuous life"? This is not the life of the athlete or the fighter. It is infinitely more sacred. It is moral courage, tremendously needed in America to-day, devoted, earnest, faithful to death, strong

enough to say "No" on occasion to the siren voices of wealth, luxury, self-indulgence, or ambition, to popular majorities or partisan czars, — strong also to say an enthusiastic "Yes" to whatever truth or duty or country or humanity requires.

"God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world:
Now each man to his post!
The red-cross banner is unfurled;
Who joins the glorious host?

"He who in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth, —
He joins the noble host!"

CHAPTER X.

THE SOLDIERLY LIFE.

WHO is so great a lover of peace as to wish that there had never been any war? Who would be willing to wipe out of the memory of our race every story of the world's Marathons and Bunker Hills, and all the battle songs? We all agree that the nations ought to learn to live together in peace, but when we try to imagine the consummation of our hopes, when we rule out of the sight of future men the great battleships, the forts and guns, all the pomp and parade of war, the march of battalions through the streets, the stirring martial music, we must confess that something of picturesqueness will have gone forever. We are ready indeed to sacrifice this picturesqueness. Every human reform and advance involves a sacrifice of some sort. The jungle and swamp, the tiger,

wolf and cobra, slavery dwelling on grand patriarchal estates, poverty starving in hovels, the magnificent costumes of rich lords and the quaint dress of peasants, even the moss-grown cottage and the old oaken bucket of our fathers, had an aspect of picturesqueness which the man of to-day must recognize, while he sturdily turns away from it, as he turns away from the face of death.

What we will not give up, however, is our memories of certain tremendous human experiences dearly bought, but precious. We will still tell the stories of Thermopylæ and Lexington, and recite the "Charge of the Light Brigade." We will continue to be glad and not sorry that our forefathers fought on many a bloody field. Why do we dare to say this? It is not because we love slaughter and barbarity, not because it is ever well for men to hate each other, but because we are made to love the drama, and war, in spite of all its horror of carnage and cruelty, is essentially dramatic. I mean that war has afforded innumerable pictures of effort and

struggle, of the greatest and noblest manly qualities, — intelligence, patience, resolution, hardihood, chivalry, — represented in action. As much as we may hate war, we cannot help our admiration for the grand dramatic events which in all times have suggested in and behind war the play of forces so moral, so humane, so holy as to guarantee by and by higher and perhaps no less dramatic forms of human life, when war has become impossible.

> "There is in fate what only poets see,
> There is in fate the noblest poesie."

Children learn to walk by falling; clean hygienic conditions come out of the lessons of the fever ward. So out of the hell and barbarism of war arise certain mighty spiritual teachings. Pray God that we may never need to learn these lessons again, that we may walk without falling, that we may not relapse into the fever again, that we may henceforth practice our lessons in the school of civilization and not in the lower grade of the barbarian!

I wish to set forth the splendid ideal of the soldierly life. This ideal is the ingot of gold that comes to our hands out of the cruel fires of unknown centuries of strife and battle. Every youth must perforce bow before this ideal, shining out in all the military records of the race. Does he believe in the soldierly life? Then it is a single step of necessary logic to believe in the highest ideal of modern religion.

Let us count up the characteristics that mark the life of any good soldier. In the first place, the soldier begins by giving himself altogether away. At least for the term of his service, — one year, three years, or while the war lasts, — he gives himself up; he is not his own master any longer. Did he belong to the country before? He now acknowledges the obligation, and does what he before only professed. The volunteer citizen soldier especially is no bondman, the victim of the press-gang. He chooses to give himself away. He was never more free than when he enrolled his name at the

enlistment office. He may never have been better satisfied in his life than after he was sworn into service. Yes, men generally like to be "sworn in," as if indeed it was an act according to nature to be bound over for life to a grand cause. I have not the slightest doubt that this is true.

See next what happens at once. The moment the man is sworn into the army everything of personal and private interest becomes subordinate and incidental. The main idea of the man's life now is the service of the state. Other things are secondary. Pay and rations, rest and sleep, occasional furloughs, comradeship and merry-making, are incidental to the service. Who would care to enlist for such things as these? These things may fail. The man is bound to go on just the same, with or without pay, hungry, weary, sore, till perhaps he drops dead in the march. The lines of "mine and thine" contract to the narrowest limits. The great word is no longer "mine" but "ours." The social

forces, not the selfish, are the dominant ones. It is not only good for men to go with these social forces. Whenever they try life after this model they like it. The pleasures that come along in the course of duty, and incidental to duty, are the keenest of pleasures. I count myself rich in the number of men and women whom I have known who have conceived of life in this soldierly fashion. I will match them against any set of pleasure seekers in the world for the delight which they have got out of life. And yet pleasure is not what they are after at all. Does my friend, a certain great captain of industry, ever stop to think what course of conduct will pay him in pleasure? No more than General Grant ever dreamed of stopping the army of the Potomac that he might take a holiday. My friend is sworn into the service of God and humanity as really as Grant was sworn into the service of the nation. Pay, rations, comforts, furloughs, vacations, comradeships, are the incidents of his life.

Moreover, in army life every one lives under orders. You have nothing to do but to obey. Even the commander-in-chief must obey. The laws are over him: a tremendous responsibility presses on him. He is not fit for his place unless at every moment he consults the welfare of his cause. He cannot sit down to his dinner to eat if this means the neglect of his command. Now men submit to this and like it. The easiest course of life, the freest of friction, is thus to obey at each moment, and do nothing except under orders. You might guess that this would crush the individual. On the contrary, the greatest heroes and most successful soldiers, Cromwell for example, have developed the most robust individualism. To live under orders is in fact a necessity of all-round individualism. I hold that life at its best consists in utter obedience, like the soldiers'. There is at every moment (if, like Socrates, we would heed the inward voice,) some one thing which has now become the command of God, and therefore the most desirable of all

things. It may be to march, or to work, or to rest, or to play. It steadies me to think that I am always thus under orders. What does duty or truth, love or humanity, wisdom or good will, bid me do? I am bound over to do this. Life is to do this. To fail of this is to suffer privation of life.

The soldierly attitude toward hard work, fatigue, exposure, discomfort, and danger is very interesting. To be dragged out of your quarters at midnight, to be ordered to a sentry post, to stand in the rain or snow and be shot at from an ambuscade, to lie in the hospital and have your wounds dressed, — these things seem dreadful as seen through the colors of the imagination. But human nature bounds up elastic under the actual pressure of hardship. While the lookers-on weep, men in the thick of toil and strife will have their merry jests. This is the law wherever men face duties. You come to expect obstacles, losses, disappointments, hurts, and injustice; you will often be asked to do more than others and to take

less pay or praise. It is all in "the day's work."

There is the same attitude with regard to death. Here are men living every day in the presence of death. Their comrades fall by their side. Each day may be the last. This does not tend to make men sorrowful. They do not act with reference to death. They eat and drink and converse and enjoy themselves as if they were going to live forever. They are able to be glad up to the very last breath. This is as it should be. It is a figure of all life. Let us so live, provided we are obeying orders, as if we were going to live forever. Let us think of death as an incident of life, as also a part of "the day's work." Let it be said, as in Milton's "Samson Agonistes,"

> "Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise, or blame, — nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

Again, it does us good to see that in war every one counts. There is some place or

niche where each fits and is wanted. The need is that every company shall be full; whoever falls out will be missed. Even if a man is detailed for the signal service, or to forage, or to build bridges, this is because there is so much the greater need of each man. If the man is furloughed on sick leave, or lies wounded in the hospital, he is still counted and wanted. He is under orders, as it were, to get well if he can. There is not a man in any branch of the service on whose fidelity victory does not depend, by whose unfaithfulness or cowardice defeat is not menaced. All this is a figure of human society. It is a sort of rough draught of the ideal democracy. Who in America does not count and is not needed to rear the costly structure of civilization? What voter, what citizen, what good woman, what boy or girl has not some place which, if it is honestly filled, helps to secure the welfare of us all? Where is there cowardice, unfaithfulness, self-indulgence, dishonesty, bribery, waste, extravagance, drunk-

enness, that a menace and danger signal is not there set up against our common happiness, prosperity, and humanity?

The men's lives count who have committed themselves to the cause of the nation and have been sworn in to obey. Those do not count for the sake of the nation who are rolling up their gains while others pour out their blood. Those do not count who are in doubt to which side they belong. So always in human society. Those lives do not count who do not know what they are living for —idle, unsympathetic, selfish, seeking what they can get, without coöperation, comradeship, or brotherhood. A million lives like this construct nothing; they constitute so many obstacles to the success of democratic society. The test of a man is: what cause do you serve with heart and soul? It is so in the army; it is so in athletics; it is the law of life.

Another curious fact comes to us: It is the few and not the many who turn the tide at every critical moment and wrest victory out of

seeming defeat. It was a little phalanx that carried Greek civilization over Asia. Only a few thousand men fought out the battles of the American revolution. In most of the colonies the majorities were lukewarm or even hostile; the ardor and patience of the few kept up the courage of the many. It has been said that in every average regiment, while ten per cent. are cowards, only ten per cent. are heroes. A few dauntless, devoted men will hearten a thousand to stand up to their duty. Here is the doctrine of "the remnant," as Matthew Arnold called it, that is, of leadership. As an army without leaders is futile, so in society and the state, so in all the concerns of civilization; in the true democracy there must always be an actual aristocracy. It consists in merit, in intelligence, in trained experience, in generosity, in consecration. The everlasting need is of the spirit of gentlemen, who will pay any cost, and die if need be, but will never quit the good cause. Well for the people who discover this law, who search out behind

all costumes and disguises their true and natural leaders, and having found trustworthy men, elect to trust them, help them, follow them, obey their call, and grow to be such men themselves!

Once more, we are able to answer the standing question of moral skepticism. We want to do right, men say; we should like to keep the Golden Rule; we should like not to be mercenaries, forever asking what pay or office we will get. But how can we help being mercenaries, how can we help doing occasional mean and dishonorable things, so long as other men around us are selfish and dishonest? If all the others would obey the Golden Rule we would join with them. If the world would agree to some grand scheme of socialism and guarantee us a living we would stop wrangling and competing with each other.

Now, army life teaches men who say these things a notable lesson. There was never any army so patriotic, in which pure patriotism prevailed, in which no mercenaries

were, which was not infested by vulgar sutlers and camp followers, which was not preyed upon by base contractors, and which had not plenty of critics and traitors in its rear. How many of the army of the Revolution had Washington's spirit and not Gates'? How many of Grant's men had Lincoln's spirit and needed neither present bounty nor hope of pensions to keep them in the ranks? Yet what patriot ever needed to halt in his patriotism till his mercenary comrades had caught up with him? Washington's and Lincoln's kind of men never asked whether they were a majority as compared with Gates' and Arnold's men. Washington never dreamed of saying to Gates, "I will renounce my ambitions and give myself to the service of the country, provided you will do the same." He and men like him simply devoted themselves, never counting the cost when once a duty commanded them. No true soldier ever did anything less. No victory would ever have

been won if brave men waited for the skulkers.

"No care for cowards, fight!"

Is this, then, the rule of war and is it not the rule of civilization? Was it the law of gentlemen while they were emerging from barbarism, and is it not the eternal law of gentlemen? Must true men be provided with a nice social scheme, and have guarantees voted by unanimous multitudes, before they deem it safe to do the divine deeds of men? We say that we believe in God; we call ourselves his sons; we hold this to be a righteous universe; must we then see to it that our salaries are assured before we dare to practice justice, to tell the fearless truth, to treat men as our brethren?

I have used a parable. I have drawn lessons from the stories of war. But war is not civilization; it is the rough scaffolding, or false bridge, that men used while the lasting archways were being built. Let us proceed to tear down this unsightly scaf-

folding. True civilizers have no further use for it. "Ah!" men reply, "we still have need for war. We cannot trust men as we wish. We suspect the nations over the seas. We need ironclads to defend our commerce; we will disarm when all the world agrees to do the same." This is what the world has said to every advance movement of reform or enlightenment. The world was never ready, or will be ready, to march together one forward step. The world always calls for object lessons in the one or the few who dare to take risks, to set the banners in advance, and to bid the multitude come on. The Czar will never persuade the rival nations to beat their swords into pruning-hooks on a given day. A single nation must take the splendid venture by itself. America has this opportunity. Let America say to the world, "Our strength is in justice; we wish to do no wrong to any people; we are friends of all nations; see! we are ready to adjudicate all questions by the methods of peace

and good will." Grant, if you like, that this course involves risk. It involves risk when we travel without carrying weapons. Which risk is more noble — to maintain toward the world the attitude of barbarians or of civilized men?

The American nation are not going to decide at once and by an easy majority to put aside the militarism of thousands of years. It is not yet popular to vote against appropriations for the army and navy, and for coast defenses. Wait, the cautious say, till the millennium draws near. So the cautious have never yet grown tired of saying. The need is the greater of men and women, and specially of noble youth, committed to principles of justice, believers in civilization, not to say Christianity, fearless of what people say, outspoken by voice, influence, acts, and votes, with the spirit of gentlemen, leaders of a new and saner public opinion against the old giant curse of militarism; and not against militarism alone. A dozen grand adventures in our day call for volunteers

who will stand to the fore. It is of such as these that Wordsworth sings:

"Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be won;
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
This is the happy warrior; this is he,
Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

CHAPTER XI.

A PRACTICAL QUESTION.

I WANT to take now the point of view of the man who calls himself "practical." He hears what poets and preachers and reformers say, and he admires their ideas. He goes to church as he would go to a picture gallery; here seems to be another world from that in which he dwells and works. He is rather glad that there are poets and orators, that there is a realm of ideal things which a tired man can occasionally visit. Who will deny that the thought of a divine universe is beautiful and restful?

The practical man, however, does not take the fine thoughts of the idealists very seriously. He does not purpose to live in the realm of religion. "The real world," he says to himself, "is a practical world. I face conditions and facts," he says, "not

theories. The world in which I live, whatever its destiny may be, is pretty barbarous yet; it is a world which has to put locks on its doors and policemen on its street corners." "Besides," he goes on to say, "I must earn my living; I must support my family; I must take this world as I find it; I must adjust myself to actual men, and not to the life of angels." The practical man at times is tired of the idealists. They ask him to do impracticable things; they challenge him to take daring and unpromising risks. They do not always rest his mind when now and then they appear in the pulpit; they set his conscience against his inclinations, his habits, and even against his cooler judgment. Sometimes he is tempted to despise them as mere dreamers; again he suspects that they are only "professionals," making a business of poetry, philanthropy, and religion, as he himself makes a business of dealing in wheat or stocks.

I am bound to have sympathy with the difficulties of the plain practical men. I

respect their questions, which deserve a careful answer. I do not wish to live in a world of dreams; I share in the characteristic Anglo-Saxon admiration for energy, enterprise, achievement — the wise and successful conduct of affairs. I am a believer in a religion that is either good now in this earth, or else, if it is not usable and workable here, has for me no promise whatever. My thought of a divine universe embraces all human business, the relations of industry, of society, and of politics. . . . I have also as strong a sense of abhorrence of professional philanthropy as I have of all forms of priestcraft. The "unpardonable sin" is to turn art, poetry, ideals, or religion into traffic and lucre. I can, therefore, admit no valid distinction between the men of religion and practical men; I can endure no aristocracy of professed philanthropists. I preach the democratic gospel, that every man should serve, help, and love his fellows. If this is not practical for the wage-earner, the merchant, and the states-

man I doubt if it is practical or obligatory for any one.

Let us clear our minds as to what we mean by ideals. We are all idealists, so far as we have any practical art, skill, or use. An ideal is simply an intelligent plan or pattern. The ideal is that which ought to be. The good gardener has an ideal of his garden; the housekeeper has an ideal of good domestic service; the merchant has his ideals of how his business should be advanced; the inventor is forever working out ideals of machinery or electrical appliances; the painter, the sculptor, the architect, and the engineer work by ideal plans. We speak of the poet's or artist's dream. Lo! what he dreams is presently incarnated in marble or in literature — in "Paradise Lost," or in the "Minute Man" at Concord. Has a man no plan or ideal of his day's work? Then you must give him a master; he is the most unpractical of men. Who has the most far-reaching plans? Who is the man of the architectonic mind? You make him the

captain of industries, the commander of armies, the king among men.

Yes, some one says, but are not the ideals of religion of a different order? The ideals of a reasonable and civilized religion, I answer, are the plans and patterns of what ought to be in human society. Whoever first laid down the Ten Commandments was an idealist statesman. Who finds fault with his plan? Moral and spiritual ideals are not dreams for angels in Heaven: they are actual working plans for the higher life of man here and now. If they are not working plans, good for your homes, good for education, good for neighbors wherewith to live happily together, good for workers and employers, good for cities, good for the family of nations, — then I, for one, have no use for them. The architect's ideal is for a house or a cathedral; the landscape gardener's ideal or plan is for a park. These are ideals for man's tools or pleasures, for parts of his life. Moses', Jesus', Paul's, Channing's ideal is for human life as a whole, for the

fulfillment of his happiness. Will any one deny that it is practical to plan for the welfare of cities, states, nations, and indeed for all humanity?

This is not saying that there are no foolish idealists, in other words, foolish architects, careless engineers, bad artists, short-sighted politicians, reckless promoters of mines, banks, and trusts. The good planner or idealist takes account of all the facts, counts the cost of his enterprise, adjusts himself to each new situation, and studies the strength of material, not least of all, the human material with which he must work. The average man takes short views; the animal takes no views at all. Shall we not say that the good idealist takes long views? He plans not for to-day or to-morrow merely, but for the next year, and the next century. What can you desire more than to plan, design, and construct somewhat as God does? The good idealist is the good and true thinker, who thinks before he executes, plans before he builds.

Many seem to suppose that as soon as an idealist conceives an idea he must at once proceed as if the idea had been realized. As if the painter should dream about his paintings, but never touch his brush to the canvas; as if the sculptor should live in the realm of beauty without ever putting his chisel to the marble! So I suppose innocent souls might dream of the millennium and play that it had arrived! They might take the bolts off their doors; they might lend or give their money to any one who asks; they might never "resist evil," or defend even a child from the assault of a ruffian or a maniac; they might not consent to earn or hold property. Thus Count Tolstoï is often held up as an example of the true and consistent idealist.

Ask what the wise manager does in clearing the wilderness, in building houses, in laying out railroads, and then see if the moral and spiritual idealist does not proceed in exactly the same manner. A colonist, for example, goes into the wilderness to estab-

lish a home. He begins with a dream, if you please. He sees in his dream the home of the future, the commodious house, the smooth lawn, the well-filled barns, broad fields of corn and wheat, and a prosperous commonwealth. Does he therefore sit down as if the dream were true? Not unless he is a fool and only a dreamer. Around him is a howling wilderness, wild creatures and wild men, endless call for labor and patience, — in this day of small things. His dream is the pattern toward which he labors. He runs no lawn-mower over the burnt stumps in front of his little log hut, but one by one he roots the stumps out, and year by year he widens the clearing in the forest. This is the parable of the everlasting practical task of the wise idealist.

Take another parable. A new union terminal station had to be built for several railways in one of our great cities. All the tracks of these roads had to be relocated, while the vast freight and passenger traffic went on uninterrupted. Suppose yourself

for a moment to have been one of the division superintendents of the new work. The lookers-on tell you that you have undertaken an impossible task. They do not see how the new tracks can ever be relaid without for one day stopping the business of the railways. The work is beset with difficulties and disappointments; contractors are unable always to come to time with their brick and mortar and metal; quicksands possibly appear in the excavations. You dream of the finished work; you foresee its comfort and convenience. But you never act for a moment as if the plans had already been carried out; you will not yet let the cars pass over the new tracks; you will not trust freight upon the incomplete bridges; everything so far is provisional. Meanwhile you work day and night; you urge onward the laggard contractors; if pieces of roadway are behindhand you put on extra men; you meet emergencies with tireless patience and invention. This is good idealism.

This present world, as it now is, full of

savage men, only half civilized even in Berlin, Paris, London, Washington, or New York, still ravaged by man's avarice and hate, with primitive volcanic passions liable any day to rise into active eruption, is the standing problem for the idealist. It is the same kind of problem for the lover of law and order, the builder of civilization, as the wilderness presents to the colonist, as the new Nicaragua canal will be to its promoters, engineers, and contractors. It is a work not only to be imagined and planned, but also to be executed. There are those who hold aloof from the task, and call this too vile a world to touch. They complain that they cannot engage in human business without tainting their souls and becoming accomplices in other men's greed and oppression; they tell us that no one can undertake practical politics without compromise and corruption. They say that the world is not yet ripe for the application of their ideals. Sometimes they run away from the world altogether and grieve over its wickedness;

sometimes they make it their business to exploit and reveal its evil ways; sometimes, most pathetic of all, they turn their backs on their visions, and try to be "practical," like those who have never seen any ideals, and they end by becoming cynical and unscrupulous. The true idealist never runs away from the world, never despairs of his task, never consents to play the part of a coward or traitor, never ceases his attempt to realize his vision, that is, to carry out his plan.

The world, as it is, is like the orange tree. There is fruit on the tree at one and the same time in all stages of development. There are blossoms, and green fruit, and here and there a ripe and golden orange. Suppose that you are a drop of the life sap in the tree, charged to carry your vigor wherever you are bidden to go. You are sent to the ripe, luscious fruit to add one more drop of sweetness to it; or you are sent to help ripen fruit which is already beginning to turn yellow; or you are sent to

the hard green fruit to soften and ripen it; or you are sent to the youngest blossom on the tree, where your coming means the setting of the fruit. There is no difference in the nature of your task, wherever you go. You suffer no compromise when you enter into the greenness and crudity of the half-formed oranges; you abate nothing from your ideal when you only succeed in making the sourness a little less; the one law of your being is to give your single drop of life toward making the sweetest possible orange. Your life is not lessened or hurt because you are sent to be a pioneer in the divine work of making green fruit ripe.

Is there no compromise, some one may ask, in taking up grimy work and associating with all kinds of comrades? Does one not sometimes have to work alongside of rogues and miscreants? It is not compromise, I answer, to live in the world as it is — God's growing orange tree. There is no compromise in living a friendly life towards all men, in a school with dull and

bad scholars, in a mill or factory with inefficient workmen, in a bank or counting-room with careless clerks, in politics or in society with the ambitious, the vulgar, and the selfish. While you remain true, faithful, honorable, good tempered, high minded, and friendly, while you seek the ends for which you are bidden to live, your soul can never be tainted because others do not yet see or seek the same ends. But compromise begins when you cease to tell the truth, or to do justice, or to do faithful service, when you stoop from the stature of your manhood to cowardice or selfishness.

I can imagine a multitude of men pulling a great load together. There is a goal to which the load must be brought; there is a straight road in which it must be kept. I can imagine some of the men, careless of their work, swaying from side to side; others dropping their hold on the rope and forsaking their work; others attempting to delay the work, or even to turn the load in another direction. The actual progress of the load

is the resultant of the forces of all the men, the negligent, the idle, the half-hearted, the recalcitrant, as well as the earnest and the faithful. It is compromise if I too drop my hold on the rope, or if I yield to the swaying forces which hinder the forward motion. It is no compromise, provided I pull with all my might to keep the load in the straight road. It is not my fault even if for a time the rope is swayed out of the true line, provided I still keep my direction. So with the great car of human progress, my one effort is to pull with all my might, and to keep the rope as straight as I can. The time never can be when I need to give up my task, or again, to consent to turn with the swaying multitude to the right or the left to do evil.

The nineteenth century has been the richest in the annals of mankind in the story of its great idealists. No lesson of the century has been more impressive than the fact that the idealist is the most practical man in the world. In other words, the most

practical men of the century have proved to be men who worked toward ideal ends. Read the biographies of the illustrious men who have made the character of the century — merchants, manufacturers, inventors, voyagers, discoverers, the men of science, the poets, the thinkers, statesmen, administrators, and educators. There were never so many biographies written in a hundred years before. The characteristic of a remarkable number of them is that the men and women whose lives are described thought and acted on the long lines of truth, justice, fidelity, good will, and humanity. Their practical efficiency can be seen to spring out of their idealism. To a large degree they have appreciated that their work was a part of a universal order; they have not sought mere personal or selfish success, but the promotion of learning, the increase of human happiness, the enlargement of human welfare, the achievement of liberty, the attainment of a lasting civilization. Gladstone, John Bright, Lord Lawrence, Livingstone, Montefiore,

Darwin, Huxley, General Gordon, Tennyson and the Brownings, Martineau and the Arnolds, Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi; Lafayette, Victor Hugo, Renan; Schleiermacher, Mendelssohn, Lotze, and a procession of German scholars, scientists, and lovers of truth; Swiss political thinkers, and men of affairs, who have made the institutions of their little country the model for the world; Channing and Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier, Garrison and the victorious heroes of the conflict with human slavery, Charles Brace and Armstrong, — how can we begin to recount the names of the men and women who would surely, like Abou Ben Adhem, bid the recording angel to write:

> ". . . I pray thee, then,
> Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The wonder and beauty of their lives is that to a marvelous extent they achieved what even the world's short sight accounts success. Not seeking anything for them-

selves, only obeying the law which bids men give, utter themselves, live, and serve — lo! these men had what they did not seek: friends, honors, fame, the love and confidence of their fellows. Surely this must be a divine world wherein they succeed best, and alone have permanent success, who with most utter loyalty follow ideal and divine ends; who speak truth without fear, perform duty by an inward compulsion, and make their business the service of humanity. Who, then, shall we say is the practical man of affairs, whom the new century demands as its chosen leader and helper? It is the upright, outspoken, noble, and generous gentleman, the friend and lover of men, coworker with God.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT IS THE USE?

THIS is the question of doubt and pessimism. It arises out of moods of weariness and physical depression. It comes at times in the reaction after success and victory. Children often ask it as well as grown men. Sensualists ask it, like the Solomon of Ecclesiastes, of the vanity of pleasures and luxuries which they ought never to have had. Saints and heroes have often asked it in bitterness of spirit in their lonely Gethsemanes: What is the use?

You may be sure that Columbus' men often asked this question as they pushed their venturesome way toward the unknown edge of the earth. Did not the master's stout heart ever doubt whether he should see Spain again? The little company on the "Mayflower" must have asked the sor-

rowful question, as "days, weeks, and months passed by, and winter overtook them on the deep," and many a time thereafter, while death hewed down their ranks in the land of their exile. What use was it to suffer hunger and cold and the ravages of disease? The little army at Valley Forge must have asked the same question while they marked the snow with their bleeding feet. Did not their great commander himself sometimes wonder: What is the use? In the long Civil War in the North and the South, homesick men at the front and anxious women in lonely farmhouses asked this question: "What is the use?" When the lesson is not yet learned, when the play has not been acted, when work turns into fatigue, and hope is chilled, the human nature in us easily droops toward doubt and despondency. Was harvest ever rightfully earned, was success or victory ever won, except by men who had asked: What is the use?

The question, what is the use? implies intelligence. Because we are men and not

brutes, an infinite discontent presses upon us, and never will leave us till we are assured that what we do is of use. For there are things that are of no use, except only as waste and pain and fever are of use to warn men and urge them to obey the laws of life.

There are schools in New York City which require as the price of a boy's tuition as much as would provide eight or ten scholarships in certain colleges. Suppose one of the boys on whom this costly culture is lavished is lazy and idle, dawdles through his tasks and never learns how to study or to think, — what is the use in wasting money on such boys as this? Suppose the boy goes to the university, and spends every year more than two, three, five, or more skilled workmen can earn — being carried, as it were, on the backs of a troop of men; suppose he never wakes up to the duties and obligations which match his princely living, and leaves his college as he entered it, an idler and lounger, a university man without

ever having caught sight of what a divine universe he is a citizen, — what is the use of such men as this in America?

A certain university club holds banquets which cost eight dollars for each plate. This is in celebration of the college whose famous motto is *Christo et Ecclesiæ!* What is the use of this gilded extravagance in mere eating and drinking? What is the use in thus disfellowshipping all college men of modest income? Is this the fruit of modern education?

A hundred thousand Americans are said to spend abroad every year a hundred millions of dollars. There are fine possibilities in foreign travel; our people may learn modesty and promote international good will; they may return filled with a new sense of the responsibility which they owe in return for their splendid enjoyments. But what shall we say of those who come home arrogant, conceited, no more generous, no better citizens for all that they have spent upon their own pleasures? What is the use

of sending such spendthrift Americans abroad?

What is the use of the eight hundred millions that we in the United States pour out every year for alcoholic drinks? And the vast sum besides that goes up in smoke? What moiety of this colossal tribute to men's self-indulgence can be justified at all? What lover of his country, seeing the immense need of money wherewith to do the work of humanity, of education, of civilization, can bear to add anything to these gigantic forms of extravagance?

What shall we say of the billions that go to maintain the military establishments of "Christendom"? What is the use of burning all this treasure, not to speak of sacrificing human lives, on the altars of the Moloch of barbarism? A people who purpose to do justice, who covet nothing that does not belong to them, surely need not live in constant and ruinous fear and suspicion of other peoples.

I have intimated that there are transcen-

dent values. It is because we possess an ideal standard of value that we question the use of certain base or doubtful things. It was of use that early men, Moses and Solon, and unknown Egyptians before them, laid down the foundations of law on which all human institutions and governments must be built. It was of use that brave men waged war, fierce though it was, against time-honored systems of cruel and lustful idolatry, and proclaimed the one God against the worshippers of Baal and Ashtaroth. It was doubtless of use that lonely Hebrew prophets stood up against the oppression and avarice of their nobles and defended the rights of the poor. We feel to-day the impulse of their inspiration; we still quote their ringing words of faith in the coming kingdom of righteousness.

The whole world agrees that it was of use that a Galilean carpenter lived his brief life and died an ignominious death. His name has become symbolic of a new order or type of humanity — the men of good will.

Modern civilization follows slowly in the track of the man, who came, not to get but to give, not to be paid or praised or rewarded, but to achieve and accomplish, not even to be loved, least of all to be worshipped, but to love and to do the deeds that love bids. This is the ideal man to whom the race now looks. We are just now at last learning not merely to look backward to a figure of history, but forward to the development of actual men and women of the same beautiful order. Why do we look back to ideals in the past, unless we move on toward the highest ideals of the future?

It was of use that a young Italian in Assissi, who had never done a stroke of honest work, waked up one day to see the needs of the poor, and began to preach the old forgotten gospel of service and brotherhood. All Europe and distant England heard of this good Francis. His humble lay preachers stirred the fire of humanity in men's hearts. English Lollards, who helped

make American Puritans, drew moral life from this single man's zeal and love.

The sorrows and pains of the mothers who bore Shakespeare and Milton and Goethe, Channing and Martineau, Lucretia Mott and Abraham Lincoln, were doubtless of use. Shall we stop with the mothers of illustrious men and women? Ask the millions of good mothers who have borne children, and lost some of them in childhood, and lost others again in the promise of youth, or have seen them go from their faces to make homes in the ends of the earth — ask them if all this pain and sorrow were worth while! We seem to hear a chorus of answers: "Yes! It was infinitely worth while to have had our children's love and smiles — the eternal love-message of God." Who was ever poorer for having borne the sacred cost of love? The fact is, no sane mind ever doubts that certain divine and priceless qualities, truth, justice, faithfulness, loyalty, love, are of use; that a certain type of life which bears the fruitage of these qual-

ities is of use; that there have been lives in this world of infinite worth.

It has often been said that this human life is worthless and empty, unless the hope of immortality is added. The fact is, there come in this present life scenes of such wonder and beauty, ideals and visions so lovely, interests so immense and dramatic, hours of rest and peace so unfathomable, activities so divine as if the eternal power throbbed in us, moments of ecstasy so unspeakable, such a sense of rhythm, harmony, and music, as if we were let into the presence chamber of the Almighty, that if annihilation yawned at our feet we should perforce say: "It has been well." Would we exchange one of these radiant moments for an endless paradise of mere sensuous existence? Have we not known men and women who have taken what they thought the risks of hell for the sake of truth or love? The myth was that Prometheus stole the sacred fire and suffered æons of torture. Did he regret that he had held the divine forces

and lived as a god, though only for a brief day? But the scenes, the interests, the visions, the days and hours of which I speak, do not forebode hell, or point the way of annihilation; they are incredible in a godless world, they tell us of an infinite nature in us, they bring us into the presence of God and give us the foregleam of his own eternity. I speak of facts of human experience, marvelously lighting up the mystery of existence. The infinite element in human life ever and anon flames up. The stress of great burdens, duties, responsibilities, to which the soul yields itself, stirs it into flame.

The master question of philosophy and religion — What shall we make of our universe? What use is it? — is just like the little question of each individual life. It comes from the same root. It is answered in the same way. I ask, in despair, "What am I good for?" when I fix my eyes on the cost and toil of life, without seeing what the cost goes to purchase. The cure of my pessimism is to count up my assets. I do not

mean by "assets," houses and money and titles. No man ever rested his soul by looking at money values. I mean those spiritual assets that constitute my manhood. So my doubt about the world, which comes from seeing the mass of all the toil and misery, the expense and outgo, the struggle and the war, has its cure as soon as we begin to count up the world's spiritual assets. The census returns give us no answer to our pessimism. But we mass the deeds of heroism, the courage, the faith, the hope, the growing sympathy and love; we pass in review the procession of the true-hearted men and the good women of all times. Have we not known some of them — the men of infinite trustworthiness, "the true children of God"? Our libraries are full of psalms and hymns, poems and prayers, history and prophecy. Lo! as we read, the mystery of chaos and evil rolls back, as if God had spoken: "Let there be light." Before the first apple tree that bursts into blossom in May the wintry pessimism of the whole country-side passes

away. So before the smile of true love chaos itself begins to be penetrated by the signs of the coming order.

Please observe that our times of depression are not, as a rule, while we are actually at our work. We ask, "What is the use?" when we survey life from a distance, when we have not taken up our task, or when we have dropped it, — when the trolley is off the wire. The idlers are the pessimists. If I am ignorant I can see no use in spending time and money for schools. If I have never given attention to music I cannot understand my friend's enthusiasm over symphony concerts and the opera. If my honor has never cost me anything I set little value upon conscience. If I do not take the trouble to vote I cannot easily see what the use is in advocating the Australian ballot or civil-service reform. If I have never given a dollar to help my fellows I cannot understand what use it is to send money out of the country to starving India.

If I rarely or never go to church I join those who scoff at religion.

But change all this. Suppose you are earning your way through college: you can hardly now get education enough. Suppose you have saved money to buy a season ticket to the symphony concert: the more you go, the more you want to continue to go every winter. Suppose you have become poor for the sake of keeping your honor: you understand now what it means to "hunger and thirst after righteousness;" you grudge no sacrifice that honor demands. Suppose you have taken the hands of the reformers and the lovers of men; suppose you have helped them with your money and your time: you cease to have any doubt about the use of the work that Jacob Riis and Carl Schurz and Jane Addams and Booker Washington are doing. Those never despair who are doing the hardest work, whose trolley is always on the wire. Those whose life is to give their utmost measure of human service are not pessimists. Is

not this proof enough that the secret of life is not to get but to give?

This is no longer the doctrine of preachers only, speaking conventional words in a church. It is coming to be the settled word of experience and life. It is the message of the men of action. Great educators, like President Eliot and President Jordan, take it up. Do you want the happy life? they ask. See to it, then, they urge, that you give your life to the largest and noblest uses of human society. Exorcise the mercenary spirit from your acts. Live your life in the spirit of the gentleman, high-minded, untiring, generous, public-spirited, dutiful, fearless of danger, hopeful of good. No one shall ever doubt your use in the world. You shall never doubt your own use. While the electric power is on, and the arc light shines, there is no doubt what the light is good for.

CHAPTER XIII.

MEMENTO MORI.

It is my wish in this chapter not merely to speak of the mystery of death, but to trace the profound law that underlies, and illumines also, the whole sorrowful side of human life. Can religion assuage and ennoble suffering and turn pain into the terms of life and hope? Can it do this without superstition or delusion? Can it do this and remain quite reasonable and intelligent? Can it have a gospel for sufferers, which shall also be a gospel to the well and strong? These questions afford the test of a true and sane religion.

The stoics held it to be childish to rule death out of their thoughts. There is a tremendous range of stern facts which, like the reefs and shoals in the course of the navigator, ought to be accounted for and

laid down on the chart of life. No man should ever be overtaken unawares by evil. Christianity erected a worship of one who died on a cross. Millions every year set apart a stated Lenten season for the celebration of austerities and the commemoration of "the man of sorrows." By a strange paradox the day on which he died is called "Good Friday," as if to emphasize by a perpetual object lesson the word of the poet Sophocles that "pain is gain." The men and women of Puritan ancestry seem often to have received by a sort of blood inheritance an oppressive sense of the inseparableness of human life from sacrifice. In a recent story, "Henry Worthington, Idealist," the interest partly turns upon the exaggerated foreboding of the heroine that her life is destined to sorrow; and though the story ends well enough, the author certainly justifies the old motto that "the course of true love never runs smooth." Many young people have this almost superstitious dread of the mystery of sorrow. When it comes

to them they are overwhelmed, having no clue to understand it.

The element of sorrow or pain seems to be in the warp and woof of things. It must be more or less in the lot of all of us. It is in the material out of which the fabric of life is wrought. They used to teach that it came from sin, death being the supreme punishment of disobedience. But pain is in that out of which sin itself arises. For disobedience is only the child's unintelligent attempt to snatch forbidden pleasure, or to run away from pain. And death was here before man came. We may even reverently say that God himself could not prevent sorrow, as we say that God cannot make a triangle without three sides. I go further than this. I pity the angels in heaven if they have no sorrow. This would be to have no sympathy. To be conscious that others grieve and not to grieve with them would be not to love. I believe that the life of God is not less, but more, for having as one of its constituent elements what our

lives have, namely, this universal element of sorrow. To take this away from the divine life is to put a limit upon it, and to make it less than humanity. Who could love an impassive God?

I go further than this. If I had my life to live over again, and if I were given the choice to accept it from infancy to old age, without a disappointment, the shadow of a loss, a hurt, or a pain, I should not dare to take life on such terms; I should say rather, "Give me such life as this universe offers, with its strange vicissitudes, with its summer and winter, its shadows and sunshine, its bitter sweet of sorrow mingled in its cup." If the raising of my hand would save those whom I love most from all pain throughout eternity I should not dare to raise my hand. What is universal, what comes thus to all, I believe is not evil, but good.

This is very different from saying that pain or disease or death does not exist. If pain did not exist there would be no call for sympathy, human or divine. It does

exist, and therefore sorrow is in the world, and therefore love goes on its tireless quests.

I do not deny the instinct in us which prays, Deliver us from evil. We can imagine the wood in the hands of the carver, or the ore in the smelter's furnace. If the ore could be conscious, and yet not quite prescient of the finished work, it would shrink from the smelter's fire. So we, being conscious, but not quite prescient, shrink from the blows and the fires of life. It is as if we were climbing from below: pain and sorrow urge us from behind that we may escape them; joy, peace, and love are the prizes above us toward which we are urged.

We say that toil and work are good, but we are always striving to economize labor and minimize toil. The labor of the future is in finding out and turning on the forces of the universe to do our work. Pain and sorrow likewise are moral or spiritual labor. The divine pressure upon and within us is to economize and minimize this kind of labor, to reduce the friction that selfishness makes

against the free movement of love. The work of civilization comes to be in finding out and turning on the inexhaustible resources of love.

My meaning will be plainer when we ask what constitutes real and full life. As Longfellow says,

> "Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
> Is our destined end and way."

One must still be very young not to have perceived that things, prizes, money, praise, pleasures, rank, and office do not satisfy any one. We have already nearly got over the wonder why it was that the good were allowed to fail, to suffer, and to die. Life is not measured by what men call success or misfortune. Life is not primarily in getting; it is in expressing or uttering itself; it is in the exercise of every kind of power that characterizes manhood. To express and show forth physical power and perform the natural functions of the bodily life is the delight of the body. The best workman many a time would rather work than eat. To express

thought, intellect, the sense of beauty, and order — this too is the normal delight of the mind. To express the divinest of all power — love or good will — to set it forth and do its work, is the delight of the complete man. To use body and mind, with all the powers working together for love's sake, for friendship, for patriotism, for humanity, — this is the essence of what we call by the highest term, Life Eternal. For this is the quality of the life of God.

What is the delight of the great engineers, the men, for example, who carried the Canadian Pacific railroad across the Rocky mountains? Is it in being paid or applauded? I hope not. They would choose to have done their work if they barely got their living out of it, or even if the praise went to the wrong persons. Was their delight in merely cutting through loose gravel or pushing their way over easy levels? No! The great engineers' joy is in overcoming obstacles, in solving hard problems, in expressing all the power, courage, intelligence,

genius, that they possess, in a splendid piece of human service. Show them steep cliffs, deep cañons, roaring mountain torrents, quicksands, and bogs. Their delight is in turning every kind of material to their master purpose. So the divine life power in man takes every material of experience — difficulties, losses, opposition, pain, as well as successes, praise, favor, and joy — and weaves all into the beautiful harmony. Through all things love expresses itself; through nothing does it express itself with such overwhelming persuasion as when it reveals itself triumphing over pain or undaunted in the face of death.

See if this is not so. Take the simple cases of hunger and thirst, weariness and exposure, hurts and pains. I am not sorry that I have had to bear bodily discomfort. I know better what health is than if I had never been uncomfortable. There is a law in the body by which pressure calls out elasticity. After pain ceases the thrill of ecstasy often follows. Life thus rousing

itself to drive out disease, leaves a surplus behind.

Take the case of sorrow, either for one's own transgression or, more ennobling, for the wrong-doing of others. I pity the life that has not had this element of penitence in it. Have you never had sorrow for sin? Then you do not know what it is to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Has your heart never ached at the cruelty, greed, oppression, and selfishness of the world, at the tragedy of "man's inhumanity to man"? Then you do not know yet what it is to keep company with the heroes. Pray God to smite you, before the sun goes down, with divine sorrow, pity, and shame.

You think it hard to suffer injustice, not to be paid for your work, not to have a fair measure of praise, not to win success, while others less deserving take the prizes. I will tell you what the real hardship is. It is to be rewarded overmuch, to get success that rightly belongs to others, to receive praise and thanks which one does not deserve. I

say deliberately that I am glad that I have been often disappointed, and have even suffered misunderstanding and apparent injustice. Such suffering has never done me the slightest harm. I am glad to cherish visions and dreams of possible attainment, for which this life will hardly be long enough. I see noble tasks which I am unlikely ever to be allowed even to undertake. Disappointments will mark my way till the day of my death. God forbid that I brood over them for one wasteful moment! They are the price that I pay for ideals which are better than life. Bearing disappointments, I am bearing the common lot of all God's children. Not the meanest, but the noblest have taken their share in this species of spiritual labor. Was it not said of the great William of Orange that he was beaten in every battle, and his life to the last fatal bullet was a series of disappointments? But he won liberty in Holland, nevertheless. And, as the familiar hymn says,

"Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road."

Take, again, the perennial miracle whereby bereavement and death become transformed into higher forms of life. I mean life here and now, with immortality still undrawn upon. A little book called "A Boy's Life" illustrates this. In this book a father tells the short simple story of a young life. It is a completely healthy life, despite growing invalidism; it is bright, cheerful, happy, brave, manly, with all a natural boy's instincts and interests. It is cut off at the very flowering time of promise and hope. It goes forth as it had gone on, without fear, dutiful and courageous to the end. Must this early death be called failure or defeat? The father says "No." He assures us that every one in the little circle of his boy's friends is better forever for this brief life. The sorrow is thus already transmuted into faith, hope, and love. This is no uncommon story. It is illustrative of a great class of facts.

Some one may say, How about the griefs, disappointments, pain, and losses that end in bitterness, suspicion, and selfishness? I hold that water is good, though on occasion it may drown men. I hold that fire is good, though it may burn our flesh. I cannot call sorrow a disaster, because men have not yet learned to handle or understand it. I see a hundred children at their drawing-lesson. If five or ten have caught the idea and made the picture it does not trouble me that the work of all the rest must be rubbed out. If only one pupil has perceived the law of the work this is the earnest that in due time all will learn the lesson, and the good and not the bad drawing will prevail. So men's failures to understand and obey the law of sorrow only prove that they are as yet children, and not grown men.

Turn now to one of the masters and see what he made of sorrow. Pick out the week of Jesus' life which men have called "Passion Week," marking it as typical of the direst human trouble. I suspect that they

have altogether mistaken the meaning of the story. The week brought sorrow, but it also brought the keenest joy. Here was a man who was living for a few days on the heights of life. Heart and soul and mind and strength were occupied. All that was in him of power, intellect, goodness, rushed on to express itself and pour itself out. This was the week in which the story was, that the joyous city came out of its gates to welcome the prophet of the new age. This was the week in which he taught with authority in the open temple. After busy days, full of the conscious kingship of truth, he returned each evening, surrounded by friends, to the loving, restful home in Bethany. True, he wept over Jerusalem, but he wept as one who saw the vision of the truths that always build new cities. True, he went down into the depths in the garden of Gethsemane, as weary men, both before and after victory, are fated often to suffer unspeakable loneliness, but the legend tells an eternal truth, that after the sorrow "angels

came and ministered to him." True, he hung upon the cross bitter hours, but when all was finished, his soul, and not pain, was the victor. Presently a new tide of humanity, more hopeful, enthusiastic, and brotherly than men had known, was sweeping over the world. By and by great singers would turn the events of this week into the most noble music.

Do you pity Jesus for this glorious week? I do not conceive that he would have accepted your pity. What man in whose veins the flow of life, power, love, has tingled ever wanted pity of his fellows? Do not call this "Passion Week;" call it a gleam and manifestation of eternal life. It was such life as Luther lived at the Diet of Worms, as Wolfe lived at Quebec, as Charles Sumner lived striving for freedom in the Senate Chamber, as Lincoln lived at the height of his power, weighted with burdens, victorious and fortunate even in the hour of his death.

We see now what kind of life constitutes

tragedy. Not Jesus' life, but Herod's was tragedy. For Herod had power, high station, wealth, great duties, and he turned all to waste, growing base and sensual with every new honor or title. The story of Pilate is tragedy. With the power of Rome to uphold him in doing justice, he became a cowardly and feeble accomplice in malice and murder. The story of Judas is tragedy. He had known the best man in the world, and he had learned nothing from him; he did not even know how to repent! To possess and enjoy riches, talents, office, education, influence, friendship, and then to stoop to do mean, brutal, or cruel things, — this is tragedy. To bear hardship, to endure suf fering, to encounter injustice, to face disappointment, to grow more generous, noble, resolute, to rise with every new load of care or duty, to turn each stroke of pain into a wiser love, to stand up like a king to meet death and "greet the unseen with a cheer," — this is the demonstration of the living God.

"Speak, history! who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors — who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?"

My aim is to take away fear. If this is God's world there is no need of fear or anxiety. Treat it as God's world and two wonderful facts become evident. First, there is nothing which ever befalls you or those whom you love which may not be so handled as to translate it into beauty and good. Human experiences of every sort become so much material out of which to create goodness, love, and life. This is the law. In spite of seeming exceptions, I speak with assurance in saying that I never knew it to fail. They tell us that there is no feat of the engineer's art needful for man that is not possible. Is it desirable to lift loaded ships from sea to sea, or blast a channel for them to sail through the midst of the hills?

Whatever needful thing humanity prays to have done, science, genius, and hidden powers of nature stand ready to effect. So of the problems of the soul of man. It has already been demonstrated that whatever needs to be overcome in the name of love can be not only overcome, but turned also into moral and spiritual advantage. Whatever befalls, the law is that, following the voice of love, you shall thereby grow to the stature of a fuller manhood. Try it and see.

Lastly, the true note of life is not sorrow or sacrifice. Pain, losses, disappointments are only the incidents of life. They may be more or less. Life is blended of many notes and voices; joys and sorrows, toil and rest, alternate. The keynote of life rises out of the whole. It is no wail of grief; it is no bitter cry; it is nothing to fear. Believe me, it is musical, sweet, beautiful, a clarion call. It is a pæan of victory; it tells a love story, and is joy. It is the witness and the present proof of immortality. For we are admitted here in this world into the enjoy-

ment of a quality of life which is surely divine; it is above the range of material change, accident or death. As Emerson teaches, all that we know fills us with confidence for what is beyond our sight. As Jowett, the great scholar of Baliol, loved to quote year by year in his old age: "The best is yet to be." As Robert Browning saw and sang:

"There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth, the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round."

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR RULE OF LIFE.

We hate no one; we envy no one; we disallow in ourselves jealousy, bitterness, or wrath; we put away indignation. Who are we that we dare to be harsh or severe to our fellows? We propose to bear with men as we wish them to bear with us. As we love clean hands and unspotted clothing, so we love clean thoughts and unspotted honor. We cannot abide meanness, revenge, falsehood, impurity. We pity those who are ignorant, weak in will, or bound by animal passions, who suffer the rule of vice and selfishness. We never despise any man, as we would not despise the blind or the sick. The worse men are, the more childish, barbarous, or degraded their conditions are, the more we owe them our help and our sympathy.

Whenever friendliness goes out of us we know that the light of our life has gone out; when we hate or scorn any one we become in that moment outcasts from love, like those whom we hate. We harbor no grievances in our hearts; we complain at nothing; we assume that "offenses must come," that misunderstanding, disappointment, and injustice in some measure must be met with and borne in every man's life. We are not mercenaries to bargain in advance whether the day's work shall be more or less. We purpose to live as free men, not as slaves. If we are workmen and servants we are also coöperators, sharers, heirs, and sons of God. We had rather suffer injustice than commit it. We had rather be underpaid, underpraised, underrated than to be paid, or praised, or estimated for more than we and our work are honestly worth. We desire nothing — comfort or money or honors — that must come at other men's expense or pain or loss.

We will not harbor conceit, vanity, or

pride, as if we were better than others, of finer clay, or dearer to God; as if we had won by ourselves the priceless heritage of wisdom or goodness. We remember that all things which we possess have been given to us, and that from those to whom much is given much should be required.

We are glad whenever we see power, skill, beauty, genius, faith, humanity, good will. We are glad if these divine traits are in ourselves; we are glad to see them in other men; we are glad if we find them in those who had seemed base, selfish, and evil.

We desire always to look truth in the face, to follow her call, not to shrink from her just rebuke. We are pledged, whether conscience whispers or thunders, whether multitudes go with us or not, equally to obey. There is no shining height so great whither for duty's sake we would not wish to climb; no depth so forbidding whither for mercy's sake we would not seek to penetrate.

Whether appreciated or not, we will yet

try to be gracious; we are here not to get, but to give, to achieve, to accomplish, to pour life out, and make love grow, to help, to save, to uplift. We delight in all good work done, whoever does it.

We will stand by and strengthen the hands of the leaders and helpers in truth, in science, in reform, in religion, for our city, for our country, for humanity, as we would wish, if we were leaders, that men might stand by us. If ever our turn is to lead we will be faithful and modest; we will ask nothing for ourselves, remembering that he who leads best must always be the servant of all.

Our aim is to do true men's work in the world; like a good tree to bear some fruit; to leave the world after our stay in it better off, and not poorer; to pay our way as we go; if we make mistakes to atone for them promptly; if we have faults to try to correct them; to turn pain, sorrow, and losses into larger sympathy, friendliness, and faith in God; to grow in gentleness, consideration,

and thoughtfulness; to keep our eyes on the past only so far as to learn its lessons; to forebode nothing, to apprehend nothing, to give fear no tenantry in our thoughts; to keep our eyes on the future and ever toward the light, while we do the nearest present duty; to march on in all weathers, by night, if it must be, as well as by day, with love warm in our hearts, and hope in our eyes, as the sons of God, immortals, having won here and now some foregleam of the wisdom, the truth, the justice, and the deathless good will which constitute Eternal Life.

"Finally, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."