SEVEN GREAT LIGHTS.

BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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To the Congregation

OF

The First Baptist Church, Denver,

whose generous attendance

on his ministry has been a constant source of

inspiration to the author,

this humble work

IS

LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTION.

THE author of these Studies is the progressive and scholarly pastor of the First Baptist Church of Denver. He is the working pastor of a working Church, the generous friend of all the Churches, the firm ally of every good cause. The publication of this volume by the Methodist Book Concern is a fitting recognition of its origin. A few months since, "as a means of increasing the intelligence of his congregation respecting the various leading denominations of Christians, and of promoting true Christian union among God's people," Doctor Tupper arranged for a series of denominational sermons, to be given in his church on alternate Sunday evenings, by representative ministers resident in Denver. In this course the Disciples, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Congregationalists, Protestant Episcopalians, Baptists, and Methodists were represented before large congregations. Each preacher was asked to speak with the utmost candor and frankness. The sermons had a large circulation, also, through

the daily press. After each of these sermons the pastor of the Church presented to the public, from his pulpit and through the press, a leading character belonging to the denomination just represented. These Seven Great Lights were not chosen arbitrarily; but were selected, after careful consultation, to represent these seven Churches. They are presented here in chronological order, with Luther, founder of Protestantism, at the head, and Spurgeon, one of its finest products, at the close of the list.

The unity of the Churches is here more manifest than their diversity. These Seven Great Lights, with many others, shine upon all the Churches with increasing splendor.

These lectures are marked by the broad, catholic spirit, the felicities of style, the vigor of thought, and the aptness of illustration which characterize all their author's work. Already widely heard and read, they are now introduced and commended to their larger constituency in permanent form. George Eliot declared biography to be the disease of literature; but such lectures as these are mental and moral tonics.

WILLIAM F. McDOWELL.

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"Of whom the world was not worthy."

SEVEN GREAT LIGHTS.

I.

MARTIN LUTHER.

"Thou mighty man of valor."—JUDGES VI, 12.

ONE of the most suggestive and attractive pictures among all European works of art is Kaulbach's "Era of the Reformation." It hangs to-day in the noted museum at Berlin, invested with interest to every serious, thoughtful soul. Gazing upon it, one is impressed, as never before perhaps, with the many mighty heroes that trod up and down the continent of Europe in the sixteenth century of our Christian era. Science is here represented by Kepler and Copernicus; royalty, by Queen Elizabeth; art, by Albert Dürer; literature, by Shakespeare; scholarship, by Reuchlin and Erasmus; statesmanship and warriorship, by Gustavus Adolphus; and re-

ligion, by Martin Luther. And the last named hero occupies the central and the most prominent position in this splendid galaxy of artists and astronomers, poets and philosophers, scholars and scientists, rulers and warriors. To the appreciative artist the plainly robed monk, with open Bible in hand and heart, is the master-spirit of that noted period.

Nor is Kaulbach alone in attributing to Luther the first and most exalted place among his compeers and companions. We turn to the writings of Lessing, one of Germany's most eminent poets, and a man who, because an agnostic, is certainly not biased in the reformer's favor, and find him saying: "Luther is one of the greatest men the world has ever known. The traits in him which prove him to have been only a human being after all, are as dear to me as the most overpowering of his perfections." "Luther," says Ernst Arndt, Germany's patriotic singer, "was the highest developed flower of the spiritual life of his time, produced in word and song. He it was that imprinted in the German language the stamp of majesty." In his famous "Let-

ters in Furtherance of Humanity," that sweet-souled poet-philosopher, Herder, in writing of Luther as a patriot and a man, declares, "As a teacher of the German nation, as one of the reformers of cultured Europe, he has been appreciated long ages ago. With the strength of Hercules, he attacked the religious despotism which neutralized and undermined all free and healthy thought. The power of his language and his simple mind became united with the sciences he had helped to strengthen and revive."

Nor is that noted Shakespearean translator, Friedrich Von Schlegel, less enthusiastic in his praise, when, in his "Philosophy of Religion," he asserts that Luther marks an epoch, not only in the history of the German language, but also in the development of European science and of spiritual culture in general.

Open "The Salon" of that master satirist and poet, Heinrich Heine, and find on its pages this unequivocal testimony: "Luther is not only the greatest, but also the most German, man in our history. All hail to

Luther! Eternal praise to the dear man to whom we owe the preservation of our noblest treasures, and on whose gifts we are feasting to this very day! Luther's 'Stronghold Sure' was the Marseillaise of the Reformation." And alongside all these noted authors stands the German historian, Gustav Freytag, testifying thus in his "Century of the Reformation:" "All confessions have reason to trace back to Luther all that which to-day is making their faith soul-inspiring and a blessing for their life in this world. The heretic of Wittenberg has been a reformer for the German Catholics just as well as for the Protestants." How each of these intelligent estimates agrees with that of Carlyle, who, in his London lectures on literature, delivered in 1838, but now published for the first time, describes our hero as "the image of a large, substantial, deep man, that stands upon truth, justice, fairness; that fears nothing; considers the right, calculates on nothing else, and adheres to it deliberately and calmly through good report and bad."

Surely the life, character, times, and work

of such a man as this reformer—in achievement above Wycliffe and Tyndale, Huss and Melanchthon, Knox and Calvin, yea, all his distinguished contemporaries or even predecessors in moral revolution, Jesus Christ himself excepted,—presents a study of fascinating interest. To study Germany with this great personage eliminated, is like studying Greece without Leonidas and Themistocles, Rome without Cæsar and Seneca, France without St. Louis, England without Alfred, Scotland without Bruce, Holland without William the Silent, Sweden without Gustavus Adolphus, Switzerland without Arnold Winkelried, and America without George Washington.

Martin Luther was born in the year of our Lord 1483, and on St. Martin's day, November 10th; hence his name, Martin. His birthplace was Eisleben, Germany—no insignificant fact, as D'Aubigné points out: "As Judea, the birthplace of our religion, lay in the center of the ancient world, so Germany lay in the midst of Christian nations. She looked upon the Netherlands, England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland,

and Denmark. It was fit that the principle of life should develop itself in the heart of Europe, that its pulses might circulate through all the arteries of the body the generous blood desired to revivify its members."

Time forbids, nor is it necessary in this century of enlightenment and general intelligence, that we recount in detail Luther's history—his birth in the cottage of a poor miner, as was Melanchthon's in an armorer's workshop and Zwingli's in a shepherd's hut; his early struggles with poverty; his days of severity at school; his painful privations at Eisenach, where he was obliged to sing by day and by night to get bread to keep him alive; his marvelous advancement in literature and art at the age of eighteen years; his discovery of a Bible one day in the Erfurth library, the first Bible in its entirety that he had ever seen; his entrance into a convent, to become, "not a great genius, but a great Bible scholar, to find the aliment of true and God-honoring piety;" his securing, in 1509, the degree of Doctor of Divinity; his visit, in 1510, to Rome in the interest of

the Church, and his almost miraculous conversion when ascending the noted "Santa Scala;" his almost daily discourses in explanation and elucidation of the Bible, especially the Epistle to the Romans; his firm, vigorous grasp on the central truth of this epistle, as God's Spirit opens to his mind the glorious revelation of justification without merits and salvation without works; and his thorough, heaven-conferred equipment for his grand, heroic part in connection with one of the most momentous historical movements that ever agitated our earth—a movement which marks the emancipation of the human mind and the rise of free institutions—a movement which freed the world from galling shackles, turned the stream of centuries into fresh and nobler channels, and proclaimed a new and glorious era to the priest-ridden Church of God and the suffering race of man. Not that Martin Luther created this movement—for harbingers of the Reformation had already appeared in such colossal personages as Savonarola in Italy, Erasmus in Holland, Wycliffe in England, and Huss and Jerome

in Bohemia—but that this consecrated German monk gave the Reformation a personal, heroic, constantly accelerating impetus, whose influence is felt to-day in every land whose heritage is an open Bible and religious liberty.

And what times those were, that attracted Luther's attention and called out his consecrated energies as a mighty son of thunder! You students of history know something of that period. The history of so-called religion contains no more disgraceful page. Eloquently and sadly does Lord, in his "Beacon Lights," describe the condition of things, when picturesquely he exclaims: "How flagrant those evils!—who can deny them?—the papal despotism, and the frauds on which it was based; monastic corruptions; penance and indulgences for sin, and the sale of them, more harmful still; the secular character of the clergy; the pomp, wealth, and arrogance of bishops; auricular confession; celibacy of the clergy, their idle and dissolute life, their ignorance and superstition; the worship of the images of saints, and the masses for the

dead; the gorgeous ritualism of the mass; the substitution of legends for the Scriptures, which were not translated nor read by the people; pilgrimages, processions, idle pomp, and the multiplication of holy days; above all, the grinding spiritual despotism exercised by priests, with their inquisitions and excommunications, all centering in the terrible usurpation of the pope, keeping the human mind in bondage and suppressing all intellectual independence,—these evils prevailed everywhere."

Had there been nothing at this period but the infamous system of "indulgences," that were black and dire enough. Its occasion and history are generally familiar. Pope Leo X is bankrupt; his profligacy has brought him to want. St. Peter's Church—"the crowning glory of papal magnificence"—must be finished. To aid in this, Leo brings to the front once again a base custom, which men had dreamed was buried, never to see a resurrection, beneath the *débris* of a by-gone age of darkness—the custom of selling indulgences for sin. In every direction agents

are sent out to promote the vile scheme. Chief among these is a Dominican monk, known to history as Tetsel. In his vulgarity and insincerity he appears in Saxony, with these shameful and shameless claims, born out of the degradation of that degenerate day:

"Draw near, and I will give you letters, duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit shall be forgiven you. I would not exchange my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven, for I have saved more souls by my indulgences than he by his sermons. There is no sin so great that the indulgence can not remit; and even if any should—which is impossible—ravish the holy mother of God, let him only pay largely, and it shall be forgiven him. The very moment the money goes into the pope's box, that moment even the condemned soul of the sinner flies to heaven."

This quotation, reported in Millot's History, is corroborated by Von Ranke's statement that "the most nefarious [sin of the day] was the sale of indulgences for the commission of sin.

Italian religion had become the art of plundering the people."

Universally and pathetically the appeal is heard for some hand, human or divine—nay, for two hands, the human and the divine, closely joined in glad, successful co-operation—to be raised for the rescue of a Church covered all over with ritual and tainted all through with tradition. It is time that "that great organization which had painted sinless Madonnas, and had shown the immaculate face of mother and Son to the barbarians from the North, and carried these pure ideals upon a march of thirteen hundred years, should begin to demand that the morality seen on canvas begin to appear in human life." The world, national and Christian, must relapse into barbarism, unless something be done to enlighten mind, purify heart, and transform life.

And the help soon comes. God is ever true to his word, and it is his word that declares, respecting the Church, that "the gates of *Hades* shall not prevail against it"—His own body, born in heaven, its divine *impri-*

matur stamped with Gethsemane's groans and sealed with Calvary's blood. On the arena appears Luther. As gentle as a lamb in assisting right, he is bold as a lion in resisting wrong. He is just the man for reformatory work—the John the Baptist of the sixteenth century. "Sprung from the people; poor, popular, fervent; educated amid privations; religious by nature, yet with exuberant animal spirits; dogmatic, boisterous, intrepid, practical, untiring, generous, learned; emancipated from the terrors of the Middle Ages; scorning the Middle Ages, progressive in his spirit, lofty in his character, earnest in his piety; believing in the future and in God; bold, audacious, with deep convictions and rapid intellectual processes; prompt, decided, brave,—he loved the storms of battles, he impersonated revolutionary ideas." As Athanasius was raised up by God in the early centuries to defend *contra mundum* the divine dignity of the Son of God, so was Luther at this period, to declare with a stentorian voice, a leonine heart, and a Pauline spirit, the great truths of liberty of conscience, private judg-

ment, an open Bible, and salvation alone through Jesus Christ—man's divine Sovereign and Savior.

With careful thought this man of God prepares his theses—ninety-five strong, unanswerable propositions—against the crime of indulgences, and with brave heart and firm hand, on October 31, 1517, he nails them to the *Schlosskirche* at Wittenberg. In consequence of the act an intense excitement is produced in all directions and on the part of all classes—now among abbots and bishops; now among university students and the great masses of the people. All Rome, especially, is stirred from center to circumference. The pope summons Luther to the Eternal City; but, befriended by Saxony's king, he refuses to obey the call. A learned father of the Church is commissioned to visit him, with the view of changing his opinions or of conquering his will; but the interview accomplishes naught, save to strengthen the reformer's convictions. The distinguished controversialist, Dr. Eck, challenges him to a public debate; but fails to gain a victory over the man that

places triumphantly over against all ecclesiastical traditions and Council decrees the infallible Word of the Eternal God. The pope excommunicates him; but he fearlessly consigns to flames the worthless "Bull," exclaiming, as he flings it into the fire: "As thou [the pope] hast troubled the Holy One of the Lord, may the eternal fire trouble and consume thee!" He is ordered to the Diet of Worms; but all efforts to make him recant have no effect upon the strong-hearted, God-guided Teuton, as he appears before the splendid array of potentates, national and ecclesiastical, with the immortal declaration: "On God's Word I take my stand; I can not do otherwise. God help me! Amen." What a magnificent actualization of the poet's splendid picture!—

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The battle of the Reformation is now begun. Luther has arrayed the two forces over against each other: On the one side, tra-

dition, the pope, papal Councils; on the other, the Bible, conscience, private judgment. Especially now is the Bible to have free course and to be glorified. Heretofore it has been bound to chains, or concealed on shelves in dark libraries; now it is to go forth, conquering and to conquer, imparting liberty to the individual conscience, character to law, stability to national life, and thus opening up vast and varied fields for mental, social, and moral development.

Hear Luther strike the key-note to his grandest mission in these words: "What! Keep the Light of Life from the people; take away their Guide to heaven; keep them in ignorance of what is most precious and most exalted; deprive them of the blessed consolations that sustain the soul in trial and in death; deny the most palpable truths, because dignitaries put on them a construction to bolster up their power! What an abomination! What treachery to heaven! What perils to the souls of men!"

And Luther has another mission, imposed of God, in the great work before him. He is

both to revolutionize and to advance the science of education among his people. "There is scarcely a disposition that marks the love of abstract truth," says Lecky, in his "History of Rationalism in Europe," "and scarcely a rule which reason teaches as essential for its attainment, that theologians did not for centuries stigmatize as offensive to the Almighty. By destroying every book that could generate discussion; by diffusing through every field of knowledge a spirit of boundless credulity; and, above all, by persecuting with atrocious cruelty those who differed from their opinions,—they succeeded for a long period in almost arresting the action of the European mind, and in persuading men that a critical, impartial, and inquiring spirit was the worst form of vice."

Heretofore, Latin has been the language of science and religion. With Latin the people are unfamiliar, and so the great body of them are in ignorance, cut off from the privileges and advantages of mental development and acquisition. The reformer of Eisleben preaches in German and writes in German.

The effect is immediate and glorious. Knowledge is popularized, and the craving for it becomes eager and general. Schools spring up and flourish. Books are published, circulated, read with avidity. The printing-press carries far and wide the results of research in art and philosophy, science and religion. "The lonely miner's son, with the heart of a lion, has struck the blow that has broken the shackles of superstition and priestcraft. Men can now study, think, act, without reference to the dogmas of a corrupt Church. A paralyzed literary and Christian world is infused with fresh blood and new forces, and all the new energies of its being start up and diffuse themselves into grander channels of development and progress." A new era has come upon the world; not created, as some have thought, by the march of the Crusaders, or by the invention of the compass, or by printing, or by gunpowder, but by the Spirit of the Living God through the spirit of an earnest man.

And in the face of what determined foes, against what formidable odds, was this grand work, to which Luther gave so noble an im-

pulse, to grow and strengthen! A rich, voluptuous hierarchy; the mighty power of the German Empire, reposing then in the Austrian House of Hapsburg; the strong hosts of Spain; the hot flames of the stake; the heartless rack of the Inquisition; the red carnage of the Thirty Years' War, with its terrific destruction of life and devastation of property,—all these things arrayed, in gigantic opposition, to this work of God! And yet, because God's work, how it developed and conquered, slowly, surely, gloriously, until its principles of light and life, of freedom and progress, are found triumphant to-day in Germany and Scandinavia, Holland and Switzerland, England and Scotland, and our own fair Republic this side of the Atlantic!

And what blessings it has scattered all along its pathway of glory! "We can fairly say," writes perhaps the most noted Jewish rabbi in America, "that a comparison of the intellectual condition of countries where Catholicism holds sway undisputed, with that of the territories reclaimed by Protestantism, shows that, without Luther's Reformation, our

modern science could not have spread her pinions. Even the Catholic Church has felt this man's influence. The gross abuses of which Luther complained; the venality of the higher dignitaries; the shameless immorality of the mitered shepherds,—are blemishes which to-day can not be pointed out in Catholics, which would not have been the case if the Reformation had not been successful." Weighty words these, from one who, neither a Protestant nor a Catholic, surveys this whole matter with the eye of a critic and of a historian. The Reformation was far from a perfect achievement; but more than any other event in human history, save the establishment of that Christianity of which it was a beautiful product, it has been instrumental in giving to our world and age priceless personal liberty, exalted educational privileges, universal political equality, and joyous, absolute, unrestricted religious freedom.

When, on that sad day in February, 1546, Martin Luther died, earth lost one of its noblest champions of the right of private judgment and the glory of liberty of con-

science—each man's privilege to think and act as he himself may decide, in the fear of God and without the fear of man. To the victory of this principle the world owes its truest progress. As Isaac Taylor well puts it, "The absolutely unrestricted development and the strict conservatism of religious differences is a principal, and indeed an indispensable condition, of social advancement, and of the progress of a people toward a state of equipoise without stagnation. Religious differences well defined, firmly maintained, and fully developed, and in such a condition that they are not merely elements, but are energies within the social mass, when duly attempered, stand, if not foremost, quite prominent, among the forces that are carrying us forward toward a higher civilization."

We have time but for a remaining question: What was it in Luther—the man, the hero, the theologian—which, in connection with a Higher Power, produced such a work as that which all unprejudiced minds to-day admire and praise; a work which has been celebrated so widely and so enthusiastically;

a work which to-day, after a lapse of more than four hundred years, is fondly remembered by two hundred millions of the human race?

One of the chief elements of greatness in our hero was his deep sincerity and earnestness of purpose. Other men excelled him in other qualities—Erasmus in classic culture, Zwingli in intellectual acumen, Calvin in organizing capacity, Melanchthon in spiritual life; but above each of these men of God stood out and up "the little monk," as George of Freudsburg used to call him, in strong conviction and unwavering determination. Mark the emphasis with which he speaks when taking the oath of *Doctor Divinitatis:* "I swear to defend evangelical truth with all my might!"—and the man meant it. He hated cant, hypocrisy, dissimulation, as the very offspring of the devil himself. "If I despised the pope," he once said, "as those men despise him who praise him with their lips, I should tremble lest the earth should instantly open and swallow me alive, like Korah and his company." He hurled, with such tremendous

power, thunderbolts at Leo X and Henry VIII, because he scorned their insincerity and perfidy. He burned the papal bull, because aroused to a conviction of no man's right over another's conscience. He stood unmoved at the Diet of Worms, because his faith rested on a Petrine foundation that could not be moved. It has well been said that this one element of sincerity and purpose makes the great hot heart of Luther the livest thing in Europe to-day.

Another noble characteristic of the German reformer—indeed, the basal stone of all his grandest success—was his supreme, sublime, surpassing faith in Almighty God. To him Jehovah was always near, real, tangible by his hand of aspiration, visible by his eye of faith. He seemed to pierce the veil that separates the unseen from the seen. He lived beyond the sense-realm. The supernatural with him was tremendously a fact. God was the inspiration of his strength, his courage, his every achievement. "Whatever I do," exclaims he, on one occasion, "will not be done by the prudence of man, but by

the counsel of God. If the work be of God, who can stop it? if of man, who can forward it?"

And as the Baptist recognized himself decreasing before the increasing greatness of the Christ, so Luther felt his nothingness in the presence of the Infinite and the Eternal. You recall how, when, on his way from Wittenberg to meet Cajetan in discussion at Augsburg, the multitude made the air ring with the cry of adulation, "Martin Luther forever!" he turned, and, looking upon them, quietly exclaimed, "God forever, and his Word!" and when they respond, "Courage, master, and God will help you!" he, the right chord having been struck in his consecrated soul, replied, "Amen, and amen!" To God, his Protector and Guide, would he have the glory and honor universally ascribed. He used to sing with rapture:

> "A mighty fortress is our God,
> A bulwark never failing."

A third grand and admirable trait of Luther was his magnificent natural courage. One picture of this may suffice. It is when this

mighty iconoclast is summoned to appear at the Diet of Worms—this time, not by papal, but by kingly power. Bring the scene before you. It has its counterpart in Elijah before Baal's prophets on the slopes of Carmel. Charles V, the emperor, is there; and there also bishops, dignitaries, generals, legates. Over against them, the little monk; but he, with God, in the majority. What is his speech? Terse, pointed, epigrammatic: "Unless you confute me by arguments drawn from Scripture, I can not and will not recant anything. Here I stand; I can not otherwise. God help me! Amen." What a scene! What a man! It is John before Herod, Knox before Mary, Chrysostom before Eudoxia. He fears no ecclesiastical authority, no kingly power, no papal bull, no infuriated mob. Like his noble predecessor in theology, he can face the whole world, and, with unshaken courage, exclaim: "None of these things move me." Well was it for Luther that he had in him such stuff as made him always and everywhere a mighty man of valor. His whole life, after his conversion, was a

battle—a heroic struggle. And inevitably was this so.

"He who ascends the mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peak most wrapped in clouds and storms;
Though high above the sun of glory shines,
  And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
  Contending tempests on his naked head."

Finally, Martin Luther was a man of clear, unhesitating acceptance, as far as he had light, of the Holy Scriptures as the God-given guide of Christian faith and practice. The Bible he meant to make his code and creed—not human tradition nor Council decrees nor papal authority, but the infallible Word of the infallible God. The memorable words of Chillingworth he would make the rallying cry of the Reformation: "The Bible! the Bible! the Bible is the book of Protestants!" With firm, abiding faith in its all-sufficiency, when faithfully received and interpreted, he could calmly say to the knight who offered him arms to protect him: "By the Word the world was conquered; by the Word the Church has been saved; and by the Word both world

and Church may gain their highest triumphs." And when struggling along for twelve studious years in preparing for his nation that remarkable translation of the Bible, in which now for three hundred years the Germans have read God's Word, how earnestly, enthusiastically, he reiterates such sentiments as these: "The Scriptures are the legacy of the early Church to universal humanity; the equal and treasured inheritance to all nations and tribes and kindreds upon the face of earth! It was intended that they should be diffused, and that every one should read and interpret them for himself; for each has a soul to save, and he does not trust such a precious thing as a soul to the keeping of priests. No, I say, let the Scriptures be put into the hand of every one; let every one interpret it for himself, according to the light he has; let spiritual liberty be revived as in apostolic days. Then only will the people be emancipated from the Middle Ages, arise in their power and majesty, obey the voice of enlightened conscience, be true to their convictions, practice the virtues which Christianity com-

mands, obey God rather than man, defy all persecutors and martyrdom,—possessed of a serene, abiding faith in the glorious gospel!"

What a ring of truth and power in such words as these! How Luther exalted that only Book, which, with God as its author and salvation as its object, has come down the ages, relieving human conscience, illuminating human intellects, irradiating human spirits, and transforming human lives! With this Book he went; through it he saw; by it he conquered,—striking cruel shackles from mind and spirit, dispelling dark clouds that covered the firmament of the Church, and crowning his day and ours with beauties and possibilities vouchsafed to no other age of the world's checkered life.

We leave our interesting subject, recalling, as we retire, the poet's lines, of which the noted German reformer is so striking an illustration:

> "Great offices will have
> Great talents; and God gives to every man
> The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
> That lift him into life; and lets him fall
> Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."

II.

THOMAS CRANMER.

"The man that made not God his strength."
—PSALM LII, 7.

MARTIN LUTHER in Germany, John Calvin in Switzerland and France, John Knox in Scotland, Hugh Latimer and Thomas Cranmer in England,—these are the five great sovereign spirits in the mighty movement of the Protestant Reformation three hundred years ago. Not that Cranmer was so grand a character as either one of his heroic companions; for he lacked, in even a sad degree, the magnetic influence of the German reformer, the intellectual grasp of the Swiss scholar, the magnificent courage of the Scotch hero, and the conscientious convictions and noble soul of his brother English martyr; but that he was one of the most prominent figures in the Reformation, and has won a name and fame wherever the English Bible is loved and the English Prayer-book read.

In order to have an intelligent appreciation of the character and career of this first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, it is necessary to study him as he appears before us in a threefold relationship: First, as a scholar; second, as connected with Henry VIII; and third, as the subject of the fierce indignation and fiery retribution of "Bloody Mary."

This line of study we adopt at present, passing over, with simple mention, such well-known facts as his birth in Aslacton, England, July 2, 1489; his descent from an ancient Norman family of no little respectability and distinction; his entrance into Jesus College, Cambridge, at the age of fourteen years; his successful prosecution there of Hebrew, Greek, and theology; his election, when only twenty-one years old, to a fellowship in his Alma Mater; his loss of this fellowship through matrimony, and the regaining of it through the death of his wife; his lectureship in Magdalen College; and his securing, at the age of thirty-four years, the honored degree of Doctor of Divinity.

It is as a thinker, student, scholar, that our

subject presents himself in the most attractive elements of his character Few, if any, men of his period exhibited more thoroughly the scholarly instinct and aspiration than this Canterbury archbishop. To this essential, prominent element of his being he was indebted for the attainment of the position he so richly deserved and so nobly held as the leading minister and statesman of the English Reformation. His was a day demanding scholarly thought and progress. As another sums it up, "The world's new life was coming on apace—Christopher Columbus, Giovanni Cabot, and Amerigo Vespucci revealing to Europe a vast continent in the Western main; Copernicus telling the mysteries of the starry sky; Ariosto singing his Southern songs; and Raphael, Titian, Da Vinci, and Correggio displaying their transcendent genius in the domain of art." The kingdom of God must have defenders of strong intellectual gifts. And such a one was Cranmer.

As a child he was a tireless reader; as a youth, an earnest thinker; as a man, an enthusiastic student and writer. Among the

leading scholars of Cambridge, chosen for their knowledge by Cardinal Wolsey as teachers in the newly-established Oxford College, we find Cranmer's name conspicuous. His philosophical turn of mind led him to dive deep down into the subtleties of the Middle-Age schoolmen; his linguistic attainments gave him a relish for the Greek studies projected by Erasmus; and his religious disposition made attractive to him the Word of God, as Luther struck from that Word shackles that had bound it for ages, and gave it free course in emancipated minds and aspiring souls.

It is in connection with the Bible that Cranmer will be longest and most fondly remembered. What the converted Eisleben monk did for the Germans in the translation of the Book, the Canterbury archbishop, in part, did for the English; and it was through his influence, along with that of Latimer, that the noble order of 1538 was procured, whereby every meeting-house for religious purposes throughout the length and breadth of England should contain at least one copy of the Oracles of God. How much that meant, in

that dark day of religious ignorance and Bible neglect, we find it hard to realize in our day of exalted spiritual privileges and possibilities. The newly translated work was awaited with the deepest anxiety, received with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and read with unwonted earnestness and avidity. A writer, in sympathy with the movement, tells us that it was "wonderful to see with what joy this Book of God was received, not only among the learned sort and those that were noted as lovers of the Reformation, but generally all England over, among all the vulgar and common people; and with what greediness God's Word was read, and what resort to places where the reading of it was. Every one that could, bought the Book, or busily read it, or got others to read it for him, if he could not read it himself; and divers more elderly people learned to read on purpose. And even little boys flocked, among the rest, to hear portions of the Holy Scriptures read." It was a day of congratulation, of enthusiastic, unbridled delight. Long had the papacy concealed from popular view the everlasting

truth, and now it breaks forth as a new revelation from the Eternal Court, for rich and poor, exalted and humble. Thus, in the English Reformation, "Cranmer was the moving spirit. His was the hand that guided the Church through those days of trouble; his was the mind that devised the course and controlled the actions of the more hasty and the less judicious of his party." It was chiefly his brain and heart that wrought out in beauty and glory a Bible translation for the masses of the people.

And in another happy direction did Cranmer devote his scholarly energies. To him, more than to any other man of history, is the Church of God indebted for the pure, attractive language of the English Prayer-book, read to-day by twenty-five millions of the Church; and for the clear, though not full, statement of the Forty-one Articles—now reduced to Thirty-nine—in themselves "a theological creed, evangelical, but not Calvinistic, affirming the great ideas of Augustine and Luther as to grace, justification by faith, and original sin, and repudiating purgatory, par-

dons, the worship and invocation of saints and images; a larger creed than the Nicene or Athanasian, and comprehensive." As we see this man of God intensely at work at the Lambeth Palace on Bible translation and creed formation, our minds revert to the saintly Jerome, in his humble Oriental cell, devoting months of prayer and patient study to his immortal Vulgate. A noble monument to Cranmer may be found to-day erected in stone in old Giles Street, Oxford; but a nobler monument of his consecrated gifts he himself has reared in his "Book of Common Prayer," his rich "Homilies," and his world-renowned "Articles," each one of which bears the beautiful impress of his cultured spirit. Studying our subject here, as elsewhere, we appreciate the judgment respecting him expressed by Lord, in his noted "Beacon Lights," when he describes him as a moderate, calm, scholarly man, not a great genius nor a great preacher, no fearless and impetuous Luther, no severely logical Calvin, no uncomplaining and aggressive reformer like Knox; but if less eloquent, less fearless, less logical, less able than these,

probably broader, more comprehensive in his views, adapting his reforms to the circumstances of his age and country and to the genius of the English mind. The world has need of such men as scholarly Cranmer — learned, knowledge-full, great brained, able to stand before a proud, palpitating world, and, with marked and effective force, declare that, with all its advancement in art and science and philosophy and literature, humanity has not as yet outgrown the unapproachable thought, the infinite revelations of the Master of the Ages.

The second notable period in Cranmer's career was in connection with Henry VIII— more notable than the first period, even as our subject was more prominent as a statesman, we might even say politician, than as a minister of the gospel or a theological writer. And the sympathetic student of history can not but feel deep regret that this reformer, in many respects so generous in impulse, so noble in nature, should have been brought into anything like close contact with so base and infamous a monarch as the then ruling

sovereign of England—"the most capricious and cruel of tyrants; cruel and unscrupulous when crossed; a man who rarely retained a friendship or remembered a service; who never forgave an injury or forgot an affront; a glutton and a sensualist;" a man who, had he but possessed a sincere heart, a high purpose, and a pure life, might, through his many social gifts, royal privileges, and extensive religious knowledge, have held an exalted place in English history, and have exerted a most enviable influence for good upon all succeeding generations, but who, because of so much weakness and infamy, passed from the stage of human action, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

The relations of Cranmer with Henry VIII began in 1529. At this time the base, licentious king was seeking to divorce Queen Katherine of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain—who, at the age of sixteen years, had been married to Henry's eldest brother, Arthur, he dying six months after the marriage—that he might have some ground on which to substitute in her place

Anne Boleyn. Along with other distinguished men of the realm, Cranmer gave it as his opinion that the whole question in connection with the royal divorce might be settled as satisfactorily and finally by the representatives of the Church in the English universities as by the prominent representative of the Church in Rome, the pope. Both Cranmer and Henry knew what this meant—the sundering of the king's tie with Katherine, and the forming of a union with Anne. For this, Henry had worked with the pope and with Wolsey, but ineffectually. Delighted at Cranmer's decisions, the king, vile soul that he was, sent for the archbishop, gave him a place in the house of Anne Boleyn's father, Lord Willshire, and besought of him, for the favors received, to produce for the English public and the king's satisfaction an unanswerable argument why Katherine should be cast aside and Anne made queen in her place. The weak minister listened to the solicitations, and published his view, declaring that the Bible condemned marriage with a brother's widow—such a marriage was Henry's with Katherine, the relict

of Prince Arthur—therefore, in God's sight and by Scriptural law, she was no lawful wife of Henry, though, to quote another, she had shared a wedded life of more than a score of years, been a true and faithful wife, borne his children, been known and loved all through England as a true queen, and her marriage sanctioned from the first by the authority of the pope.

The divorce secured, Katherine was turned away, and King Henry and Anne Boleyn joined in marriage, May 28, 1533. The occasion was a magnificent one, so far as pageantry and outward show were concerned. In Westminster, on Whitsunday, the coronation took place; two archbishops, five bishops, and a dozen abbots were present; *Te Deum* sung, mass celebrated, and a grand banquet served in honor of the occasion. And it was Thomas Cranmer himself that placed the crown on the head of the queen of the adulterer! Were ever Church and State linked in a baser union?

And bear in mind that Cranmer was at this time a member of the Church of

England. In 1530, after a visit to Clement VII to secure papal sanction of Henry's divorce, he had entered Germany, been converted to evangelical truth as held and propagated by the adherents of Luther, allied himself in marriage to a daughter of one of the most prominent Lutheran leaders, and, returning to England, had become the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. It was as archbishop that Cranmer declared Henry's and Katherine's marriage as illegitimate, and, on June 1, 1533, personally witnessed Anne's coronation, presenting her, as the lawful wife of Henry VIII, the crown and scepter. No wonder that such a man was ready, when this marriage of Henry and Anne proved unsatisfactory to the king, to pronounce it null and void, as he had basely declared it valid a short time previously; later to sanction Anne's arrest and death; the day after the beheading of this queen, to commend Henry's marriage to Jane Seymour; after Jane's death, to approve the king's marriage by proxy to Anne of Cleves, and, in turn, her divorce; the very next year to sanction the marriage of Henry

and Katherine Howard, and also this queen's death in less than two years after the marriage; and the very next year Henry's union with Katherine Parr.

How, do you ask, shall we defend Cranmer in these acts? We answer, Make no defense at all for him. True, he placed the divorce on the ground of the Bible law, and in so doing, unintentionally perhaps, projected that great doctrine that lies at the very basis of the Reformation—God's Word the final arbiter in matters of human conduct; but still we can not but feel that, in all that Cranmer did in this connection, timidity or desire to curry royal favor was the preponderating element. To us it seems that with this weak man it was not so much what God said in his Word as what Henry might say in his kingdom. We have here striking illustrations of Cranmer's constitutional cowardice. How different from Knox before Mary, or Luther before Charles V! He was more an unsteady meteor than a fixed star; more a reed shaken by every passing wind than a firm, deeply rooted oak, defying, in its strength, storms

and tempests. In constitution, both mental and moral, Cranmer was more a timid, scholarly Erasmus than a heroic, courageous Luther; and it was due to his inexcusably weak, vacillating conduct that, after Henry's excommunication by the pope and Anne's arrest for adultery, our subject was compelled later to suffer the mortification of retracting his former declaration concerning the marriage, and pronouncing it unsanctioned by God and by the Church. Will the man ever get free from the meshes into which his inconsistency has thrown him? Anne put to death, Henry married the day after to Jane Seymour, who, soon afterwards dying, left the king free to marry Anne of Cleves, which alliance Cranmer commends at the time, but in less than a year afterwards pronounces null and void. From one degree of inconsistency, and even sin, to another, the fickle man goes, his inconsistency and sin gathering force and volume year by year,—now a participant in the murder of Lord Seymour; now a persecutor of Catholic prelates; now a *particeps criminis* in the burning of at least two heretics

for the denial of the doctrine of transubstantiation. The whole study here is painful in the extreme, and justifies the remark made by a noted scholar, that the trouble with Cranmer all through life was, that he was too fearful about what might come to him.

The fact is—there is nothing gained by concealing or extenuating it—Thomas Cranmer was essentially a coward, possessed of "a weak yielding to others instead of being true to the convictions of conscience." Not that the archbishop had no good points—for many excellencies in him appear in his tearful intercession for Cromwell, his earnest pleadings for unfortunate Anne Boleyn, and his noble martyr-death—but that he was overborne by a weak will and cowardly constitution, which make us blush for him in almost every period of his life. This vacillating servant of God needed some consecrated Norman McLeod to stand before him in his hours of trial and cowardice, and strengthen him with the song:

"Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There 's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God, and do the right!

Perish policy and cunning;
  Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
  Trust in God, and do the right!

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
  Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee—
  Trust in God, and do the right!

Simple rule and safest guiding,
  Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon thy path abiding—
  Trust in God, and do the right!"

We come finally to Cranmer's last days. These are intimately and sadly connected with "Bloody Mary." To Henry, when dying, the archbishop had made solemn promise that the crown should never, with his consent, pass from his line; later, to Edward, dying, the archbishop made promise in direct violation of the vow he had taken before Henry, and then favored Lady Jane Grey as queen. The day after Edward's burial, Cranmer was sent to Lambeth, where, because of his expression respecting the mass, he was committed to the Tower as guilty of treason and sedition. Released afterwards, through Parliament influ-

ence, he was sent to Oxford to be tried for heresy, along with Ridley and Latimer. He was sentenced to death. Again his timidity, his cowardice, got the better of him. He trembled at the very thought of the physical pain incident upon burning at the stake. He begged for life; he recanted his former faith once, twice, repeatedly; but to no avail. Bloody Mary was on the throne at this time, a devoted Roman Catholic, despising in the very depth of her soul all Protestant alliances. She had put to death Lady Jane Grey. She had made Cardinal Pole Canterbury's archbishop. She had given heartless sanction to the death at the stake of even the children of heretics. No fewer than two hundred and fifty persons had been burned alive by her in less than three years. Think of the noble martyrs in the year 1555 alone,—Hooper, Rogers, Saunders, Taylor, Farrer, Bradford, Latimer, and Ridley! The woman seemed determined to drench all England with martyr-blood, repeating the crimes of Philip of Spain upon the defenseless Netherlands.

Now, this queen hated Cranmer with abso-

lute hatred. Nothing finer, just here, has been written than by the gifted author of that work, to which reference will be often made by us in these studies, "Heretics of Yesterday:" "There were some questions that were rankling in her breast that she proceeded to answer. Who had labored with tongue and pen, with hand and foot, through England and the Continent, to accomplish the dethronement of her mother? Cranmer. Who had officially pronounced that mother a twenty-years' mistress, and herself illegitimate—a princess without a name? Cranmer. Who had joined her father's hand in marriage to an upstart of inferior rank, while her royal mother was still living in loyal and loving seclusion? Cranmer. Who had helped her father to break her mother's heart? Cranmer. And who, through all these years, had aided and abetted him in perpetuating the wrong? Cranmer. Who had officially banished from England the authority and the rites of the Church she loved? Cranmer. Who, to crown the long list of wrongs, had permitted her personal rights to be ignored, and had lent himself to the attempt to put another upon

her throne, and her hereditary crown upon the head of another? Cranmer. There was no man in the realm to whom she owed such a measure of indignation and wrath."

With keen relish, then, Mary, heartily seconded by bishops, demanded Cranmer's death. The old man is thrown into prison, given a mock trial, cited to answer charges in Rome while still held fast in a distant city, induced to write and sign submission to the pope when the submission would do no good, and finally sentenced to be put to death. The archbishop begged time in which to make reparation for his former recantation of Protestantism; signed a paper declaring his faith in and fidelity to the principles which he, in an hour of weakness, had shamefully denied; and, on March 21, 1516, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, fell a martyr to the Protestant faith.

Have we been grieved and mortified at Cranmer's weakness in life? We may well rejoice in Cranmer's heroism in death. It stands out and up in glorious contrast to the cowardice and vacillation that marred so

sadly and so often the beauty of his Christian career; for Christian it was, with all its imperfections. What an illustration Cranmer's last hours of Goldsmith's favorite saying, that the glory of a man is not in never falling, but in rising after he has fallen! David and Peter each rise in penitence from sin and sorrow with grander purpose, and character made more noble through discipline and God's forgiving grace. So with the dying martyr before us this hour. He had fallen into shame; he now comes out of it, gloriously redeeming the past.

At the very place where brave Latimer and trustful Ridley had been put to death, and some twenty-one years after his own elevation to the archbishopric, Cranmer, without shoes and without hat, was chained to the stake, awaiting the will of God. In that attitude, looking above in supplication, he offered, falling upon his knees, this fervent prayer of deep, unfeigned contrition: "O Father of heaven! O Son of God, Redeemer of the world! O Holy Ghost, proceeding from them both—three persons and one God! Have

mercy upon me, most wretched caitiff and miserable sinner! I have offended both heaven and earth more than tongue can express. Whither shall I go, or whither flee for succor? To heaven I am ashamed to lift up mine eyes, and in earth I find no refuge. What, then, shall I do? Shall I despair? God forbid! O good God, thou art merciful, and refusest none that come to thee for succor. To thee, therefore, do I come. O Lord God, my sins are great; but yet have mercy upon me for thy great mercy. Thou didst not give thy Son unto death, O Heavenly Father, for our little and small sins only, but for all and the greatest of the world, so that the sinner return and repent unto thee with his whole heart, as I do at present. I crave nothing, O Lord, for my own merits, but for thy name's sake, that it may be hallowed thereby, and for thy dear Son Jesus Christ. Amen."

Rising from his knees, he looked around over the company, and spoke with his last earthly breath these memorable words, before the close of which he thrust into the flame, that it might first be consumed, the hand

that aforetime had signed the recantation of the Protestant faith: "And now I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than anything I ever did or said, even the setting forth of writings contrary to the truth, which I now renounce and refuse—those things written by my own hand contrary to the truth I thought in my heart, and writ for fear of death and to save my life. And forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall first be punished; for if I come to the fire, it shall first be burned. I refuse the pope utterly, as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrine."

With these words to man, and the prayer of Stephen to God—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit"—Cranmer ascended on high in the radiant chariot-flame of martyrdom for God and truth.

> "Looking upward, full of grace,
> He prayed; and from a happy place
> God's glory smote him on the face."

III.

JOHN KNOX.

"He was a faithful man, and feared God above many."—NEHEMIAH VII, 2.

IT means much that so judicious and disinterested a writer as Froude, after designating John Knox as the "one supremely great man that Scotland possessed—the one man without whom Scotland, as the modern world has known it, would have had no existence," should indulge in a eulogy upon him so unreserved as this: "His was the voice that taught the peasant of the Lothians that he was a free man, the equal in the sight of God with the proudest peer or prelate that had trampled on his forefathers. He was the one antagonist that Mary Stuart could not soften nor Maitland deceive. He it was that raised the poor commons of his country into a stern and rugged people, who might be hard, narrow, superstitious, and fanatical, but who, nevertheless, were men whom neither

king, noble, nor priest could force again to submit to tyranny."

It means much, too, when so calm and critical a writer as Carlyle appears carried away, as by some irresistible tidal-wave, with the mighty effects of the reformation by Knox, denominating it "the one epoch in all the history of Scotland; an internal fire under the ribs of outward, material death; the noblest of causes, kindling itself like a beacon set on high; high as heaven, yet all from earth, whereby the meanest man becomes not only a citizen, but a member of Christ's invisible Church."

Who is this man that is enabled, under God's guiding eye and protecting arm, to accomplish so much for his native land, for the continent of Europe, for the Christian Church? Who is this man, the utterance of whose sentiments is felt even to this far-off age of ours, gathering force and momentum with all the years, producing in turn English Nonconforming Churches, Scotch Covenanters, and, in part, the principles upon which our own American Nation has been reared so

gradually, grandly, and gloriously? Who is this man, without whose great brain, true heart, and imperishable deeds Scotland might have been lost to Protestantism in the most critical period of its eventful history, and in reference to whom a noted author has so forcefully declared the history of Scotland is the history of the Reformation, and the history of the Reformation is the biography of one man—John Knox? We can not fail to be interested in, and instructed by, the heroic career of this Savonarola of Scotland—this John the Baptist of the sixteenth century.

Like many of the great men of history that have stamped their generation with their personal influence, Knox was born of humble parents, who possessed neither rank nor reputation, fortune nor favor; and, like the most gifted of Greek bards, the most distinguished of Scotch reformers had a birthplace now unknown to the world — some historians contending that it was at Gifford, others that it was at Haddington, that our subject first saw the light, in 1505. It is inter-

esting to note how often from inconspicuous lineage and circumstances there arises conspicuous genius,—Gregory VII, the son of a carpenter; Sextus V, a shepherd; Adrian VI, a bargeman; Copernicus, the son of a baker; and Kepler, the son of a publican,—each adding force to the trite but true lines:

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

The century whose opening days gave birth to Knox may be accounted one of the richest in all the annals of the human race. On to-morrow the world will be celebrating the birthday of Robert Burns, and orators will tell with fervid eloquence of how, around that proud year 1759, when the peasant poet was born, the great of earth did cluster in the glory of their personality and in the majesty of their achievements—Watt working with steam, and Hargreaves with the spinning-jenny, and Wedgwood with household wares; Gray with his elegy, and Johnson with his dictionary; Edmund Burke with his essay on the sublime and beautiful; Garrick the first of actors, and Reynolds the first of paint-

ers; with Gibbon and Hume and Robertson as historians. A marvelous century indeed, laden with the fruit of exalted thought and labor. But a richer century in genius was that of Knox than that of Burns. In its broad compass this sixteenth century encircled Kepler and Copernicus, astronomers; Elizabeth and Mary, queens; Wolsey, cardinal; Gustavus Adolphus, soldier; Shakespeare, Spenser, and Tasso, poets; Erasmus and Reuchlin, scholars; Angelo, Raphæl, and Da Vinci, artists; Calvin and Luther, Zwingli and Melanchthon, reformers; and others, whom time prevents being mentioned here, high in rank in the realm of art and science, of philosophy and literature, of war and statesmanship,—a century blossoming with genius, even as gardens blossom with flowers.

Well was it that in so rich a literary period Knox's parents put him, in his youth, at the Haddington school, whence, after his acquisition of the principles of the Latin grammar, he entered, at the age of sixteen years, the University of Glasgow, where he prosecuted with marked vigor and success the studies as-

signed to him—most probably the Aristotelian philosophy, scholastic theology, and canon law—studies which fitted him afterwards to write on theology, discuss with heretics, confront kings and queens, and, in a multitude of ways, bear a heroic part for God and humanity.

And the condition of Scotland, both politically and religiously, in the sixteenth century, how favorable in itself for the awakening of Knox's peculiar genius, the calling out of his special gifts, and the accomplishment of his reformatory deeds! Look, first, at its political condition. Carlyle describes this country as "a poor, barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, and massacrings; a people in the last stage of rudeness and destitution, little better perhaps than Ireland to-day; a country as yet without a soul, nothing developed in it but what was rude, external, semi-animal." A sad picture, this, by the sage of Chelsea, who loved so tenderly his own native land! It would seem that patriotism had well-nigh vanished from the heart and hearth-stones of this people, each inhabitant more a clansman than a Scotchman, and all the nation in an

indescribably sad, chaotic condition. Truly, if any people ever needed God's pure and purifying leaven to permeate and save its heterogeneous mass, that nation was Scotland at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

And Scotland religiously, or rather irreligiously, was worse even, if possible, than Scotland politically. No truer, more impressive picture of its moral state has been furnished than that given by the author of "Heretics of Yesterday," when he writes: "Nowhere, outside of Italy, was the Church so corrupt, or so shameless in its corruption. It held in its grasp the largest share of the wealth of the kingdom. The lives of its prelates and priests were scandalous to a degree that no language that is now permissible would enable us to express. Severe as the language of Knox was in the pulpit, and broad even almost to grossness as it now reads upon the pages of history, it is more than borne out in the stinging rhymes of that Chaucer of Scotland, Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount of St. Michael. Indeed, Chaucer's most realistic pictures of the English

priesthood of the fourteenth century are tame when compared with Sir David's description of the Scottish clergy in the sixteenth century. The Beatons, in licentiousness of life, in insatiableness of avarice, and in the cruelty of their judicial murders, maintained the traditions of a system made famous by John XXIII and Alexander VI. The Churches had ceased to be the resorts of men in need of spiritual grace or hungering for the bread of life, and had become mere marts for trafficking in indulgences, relics, anathemas, and the common clergy were themselves densely ignorant of the meaning of the prayers which they were paid to mumble."

And all this sanctioned by Queen Mary of Guise and David Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrew's and cardinal of the Church! No, not of the Church, but of the so-called, because so degenerated, Church of God. O holy Church of Christ! what crimes have been committed in thy name, and in thy name what murders! Beaton, an archbishop, sanctioned and supported by the "Church," yet he prevailing, in the name of Jehovah, upon James V to vio-

late his promise to Henry VIII at Newcastle; and, worse still, putting to death those whom he regarded heretics—pure Protestant heroes—with as little concern of conscience as the infamous Nero murders his own mother, and wraps in flames, that give him joy, thousands of Roman saints! O, the dark, deep crimes that have drawn their trail of blood over the annals of history, and that, too, in the name of the gentle, unresisting, patient Christ, whose face was sculptured benevolence, whose hand was friendship's symbol, whose eye was liquid sympathy for human sorrow and woe! God save the Church from ever becoming again the mere marble effigy of an entombed excellence!

No wonder that the people of Scotland—political chaos on one hand, and moral corruption on the other—are ready for a marked and growing revolution and reformation. Things must change, or the nation must sink. The foul, base murders by the papacy of George Wishart, the godly preacher of righteousness, and of Patrick Hamilton, the gifted nobleman, have aroused the whole nation to a sense of their danger and to a need of cir-

cumspection. Formation had changed to deformation, now deformation must change to reformation.

And how gloriously God has been preparing the land for the coming Reformation! First, Scotland has received from England some of Wycliffe's evangelical truths, which Lollards, full of sympathy with them, had scattered near and far; then, Scottish students have visited Wittenberg, and learned of Luther and Melanchthon, whose words, "half-battles," are arousing all Europe; then, there is the elevation of the queen dowager to the Scottish and of Mary to the English throne—events which God, in his power, causes eventually to work for the Reformation; then, there is the diffusion of the Scriptures, the work of English and German reformers, which everywhere are the center of the world's illumination; then, there is the sympathy of such noblemen as William, earl of Glencairn, and William, earl of Errol, and William, lord of Ruthven, and of such scholars as Sir David Lindsay, and Henry Balnaves, and George Buchanan, Knox's contemporary at Glasgow; then, there are the

plays of the pantomimes of satirists, in which the vices of the papal clergy and the sufferings of the Protestants were held up in bold, bald relief; then, there is the martyrdom of Wishart and Hamilton, whose blood truly became the seed of the Church,—

> "Who lived unknown till persecution
> Dragged them into fame, and chased them
> Up to heaven; whose blood was shed
> In confirmation of the noblest claim—
> Our claim to feed upon the immortal truth,
> To soar, and to anticipate the skies."

All this is just one year previous to the Diet of Spires—when the name Protestant was born—two years from the production of the Augsburg Confession, and eight years after Luther had consigned to flame at Wittenberg the papal bulls; after which there is the opening up of the Castle of St. Andrew's as "a kind of sanctuary for all who were seeking relief or refuge from the oppression of rulers in Church and State," and the flocking to it of many noble and true spirits.

Into this St. Andrew's castle Knox is one of the first to enter. He is now a man of forty-

two years, mature in wisdom and ripening in grace He has had fine advantages. At Glasgow University he has been under the careful instruction of John Major, doctor of the Sorbonne, principal of the university, and professor of divinity—a man who, abreast of his times, could project such truths as this in a period like that: "A free people first gives strength to a king, and a king depends for power upon a free people;" and, "A people can discard or depose a king and his children for misconduct, just as they appoint him at first." Such sentiments as these, taught by Major in the class-room, were reiterated by Knox with such mighty force, and so widely diffused in the nation, that "in due season the divine right of the Stuarts was exploded, and the beginning of a new order of things introduced." In the midst of a monarchical government such expositions of popular will and power could not fail to attract attention and demand consideration.

It was in this St. Andrew's castle that Knox got his first strong, irresistible call to the public ministry of the Word. He has

already left the Romish priesthood, with which he was connected in 1543, and, under the influence of Thomas Guillaume and George Wishart and God's Spirit, received the truth as it is in Jesus. By degrees he finds himself greatly interested in giving public expositions of the Scripture and of the catechism. These public lectures receive profound attention. To them flock the most thoughtful minds in the castle. So deep and wide an impression is made by them that there comes to Knox, unsought, both a divine and human call to the ministry, from which now he can no more turn away than could the rude Gothic hordes of the North turn away from Italy after once their eyes had rested on its sunny slopes. The scene in the castle is unique, interesting, thrilling One morning John Rough, the regular preacher at the castle, preached a sermon on "Call to the Ministry." Turning at the close of his discourse to Knox, who was seated near him, he addressed these words "Be not offended if I speak unto you personally. In the name of God and his Son Jesus Christ, and in the

names of these present who speak to you by my mouth, I charge you that you refuse not this holy vocation; but that, as you regard the glory of God, the increase of his kingdom, the edification of your brethren, you take upon you the public office and charge of preaching, even as you look to avoid God's displeasure, and desire that he multiply his graces with you." Then, looking over the congregation, Rough put this question: "Was not this your charge to me?" Unitedly their voices responded: "It was, and we approve it." What was the effect of all this upon Knox? We are reminded, as we look upon him in these circumstances, of two other great heroes of history in similar conditions, the one exclaiming, Ah, Lord God, behold! I can not speak, for I am a child!" the other, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Picturesquely has a biographer set before us Knox's emotions at this time "The combined suddenness and solemnity of the appeal completely unmanned him. He burst into tears, and hastened to his closet, where we may well believe he sought light from God; and the result was

that he was led to take up that ministry which he laid down only with his life. Not from the impulse of caprice, nor because he desired the position of a preacher, but because he could not otherwise meet the responsibility which God had laid upon him, did he enter upon that high and honorable vocation. He was to do a work for his countrymen not unlike that which Moses was to do for his kinsmen; and so, like Moses, he was called to it in the full maturity of his powers, and entered upon it with a conviction that God had given him his commission and he dared not disobey." No wonder that, like Saul of Tarsus—converted on the way to Damascus, and straightway preaching in the synagogue that Jesus is the Christ—Knox now, without delay, goes forth to engage in a controversy with the papist Dean Armand, to deliver sermons exploding papal doctrine respecting justification, and to inculcate God's Word largely untainted by human tradition; and all this so conscientiously and vigorously that one present at one of his discourses sigificantly cried out: "Others lopped off the

branches of papistry, but Knox strikes at the roots to destroy the whole!" He is not a man to mince words, wink at error, court favor, seek popularity. Having as a possession a good God, a good conscience, and a good cause, this preacher of truth and righteousness goes forth in courage, victorious for Jehovah and Scotland.

But Knox's path of duty is no primrose way. God has raised him up for great deeds, and so must refine him and purify him in the fire of great suffering. Following the death of Henry VIII in England in 1547, and, in the same year, that of Francis I of France, who was succeeded by Henry II, St. Andrew's castle, where Knox had done such noble work for truth, was besieged by a fleet of French galleys, under whose attack the castle was surrendered. The vanquished were carried away in vessels, some to Cherbourg, others to St. Michael's Mount; Knox himself, because a prominent Protestant leader, being thrown as a slave in the galleys. What that means may be inferred from a description given us by a well known author: "The life of a galley-

slave was peculiarly calculated to crush the very spirit out of a man. As a punishment it was brutal and imbruting—the men chained together and to their oars, with insufficient room for any muscular action, sometimes under a stifling deck; compelled oftentimes to tug at the oars without cessation for twenty-four hours together; their very food put into their mouths by their masters; the slightest relaxation of effort visited by stinging lashes; if one sank exhausted he was speedily thrown overboard, and another chained in in his place; all this tending first to embitter, then dehumanize and make ferocious, and finally stupefy." Is it strange that Knox is stricken with fever, and becomes painfully emaciated? How pathetically does he speak of his bitter experiences in these circumstances of woe! "In this town and Church," writes he, in relation to St. Andrew's, "began God first to call me to the dignity of a preacher, from the which I was reft by the tyranny of France, by procurement of bishops, as ye all well know. How long I continued prisoner, what torments I endured in the galleys, and what were the

sobs of my heart, is now no time to consider." O, how true it is that God's servants must suffer from God's enemies for God's truth—Daniel in a den, and the Hebrew children in flames of persecution; Stephen dying from the blows of an infuriated mob, and Paul chained in a Roman cell, and martyred, probably, on a Roman arena; Peter ascending to glory from a tree of crucifixion, and John an exile on Patmos' lonely isle; Cranmer and Bradford expiring in flames, and Hooper on the scaffold; Tauler cast in the Strasburg cathedral, and Latimer in the London tower; Huguenots persecuted in the hiding-places of the Pyrenees, and Waldenses in the fastnesses of the Piedmont,—and so all down the ages! We suffer with God that we may be also glorified with him.

But though in chains and racked with fever, during his confinement, Knox uses his pen to propagate truth. Hear his dedication to Balnave's "Treatise on Justification"—how Paul-like in form and spirit: "John Knox, the bound-servant of Jesus Christ, unto his beloved brethren of St. Andrew's congrega-

tion, and to all professors of Christ's true evangel; grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, with perpetual consolation from the Holy Spirit!" Are we surprised at his calm, tranquil resignation and faith amid conditions so hard? Was it not in a dungeon that Savonarola wrote his commentary on Psalm xxxi, and George Withers his "Meditations," and Sir Francis Baker his "Jerusalem, my happy home," and Judson his "Lord's Prayer Paraphrase," and Bunyan his marvelous allegory, and Madame Guyon her song of triumph:

> "These prison walls can not control
> The flight, the freedom of my soul?"

What a commentary, each of these cases, on the word of Him whom Galilean winds and waves obeyed, "Lo, I am with you alway."

And the faith of Knox while in base and bitter confinement, how unshaken, both in God and in his own future success! It reminds us of Daniel's fortitude before the king, and Paul's courage amid billows. "I dare be bold," exclaims he, "in the verity of God's promise, that, notwithstanding the

vehemence of trouble, the long continuance thereof, the dispersion of all men, the fearfulness, danger, dolor, and anguish of our hearts, yet if we call constantly to God, he shall deliver us beyond expectation of men." And this courageous faith was not spasmodic, but continuous and increasing. One day, while the vessel in which he was a galley-slave lay near St. Andrew's, he catches a glimpse of the town spires, and, with genuine enthusiasm, breaks out triumphantly: "I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I am fully persuaded, however weak I now appear, that I shall not depart this life till my tongue shall glorify his holy name in the same place."

And this triumphant declaration is a prophecy of what, in God's good time, will come to pass. By some means, which history does not relate, Knox, pale and emaciated, is finally released from the galleys, and enters upon the most memorable career of his checkered life. He tells us that he was "appointed preacher to Berwick, then to Newcastle, at last called to London, remaining

there till the death of Edward VI." His work, both at Berwick and Newcastle, is characterized by the same fervid eloquence and personal intrepidity that we have found marking him in the past. It is in the latter place, and when surrounded by strong, bitter ecclesiastical foes, that he gives expression to that unanswerable syllogism on the mass, which shows him to be in advance even of Cranmer on this question: "All worshiping, honoring, or serving invented by the brain of man, in the religion of God, without his express command, is idolatry; the mass is invented by the brain of man, without the command of God; therefore, the mass is idolatry." A syllogism whose major and minor premises are absolutely invulnerable, and whose conclusion is a logical sequence from these premises.

Bloody Mary coming to the throne, Knox prudently departs to the Continent. Here, especially in Geneva, as in England and Scotland, we find him industrious, consecrated, fearless, in all his work—now in company with Calvin; now, though fifty years old, ap-

plying himself to Hebrew as though a youth; now aiding in the translation of the Genevan Bible; now helping to form the liturgy of the Scottish Reformed Church.

But this man of God and child of Scotland is not to spend all his best days away from his native land; and so, after about twelve years passed as an exile, he returns to Scotland. Mary of Guise is regent. After a brief reign she dies. Mary, Queen of Scots, takes her place—Mary, young, fair, and fascinating, but cruel and cunning. What a woman she was!—"beautiful in person, attractive in manner, acute in intellect, she might have been an ornament to the Church of God and to all her realm; but brought up in a French court, her moral code neither high nor pure, educated to believe that the one supreme concern was to advance the interests of the Roman Catholic Church, sister-in-law to him whose name is forever blackened by the St. Bartholomew's massacre, she set heart on either fascinating Protestantism by the spell of her personal magnetism, or crushing it by her power—making the throne of Scotland a

stepping-stone to that of England, and so bringing that realm back again to papal allegiance."

But Knox is a wrong man for even a queen like Mary to confront. Knox and Mary are antipodal in creed and purpose—the one a devoted Protestant; the other an ardent Romanist. For them not to clash is an impossibility. Indeed, the very week after Mary's arrival in Scotland she gives order that a solemn mass be celebrated in the chapel of Holyrood. By a law passed by Parliament in 1560 this was unlawful, but what cared Mary for that? The mass is celebrated. The whole country is agitated. Knox himself is aroused. He regards the act an insult to the nation and blasphemy against God. On the following Sunday, publicly and eloquently, he denounces the whole thing, without reservation or equivocation. Mary is indignant. She sends for the fearless innovator. He readily responds to the call. Lord James Stuart is present at the interview. Mary charges Knox with preaching doctrines not allowed by his superior in religion. Knox denies that he has

any superior in religion, save God only. She puts to him the question: "What is the true Church of God?" He answered: "Search the Scriptures and find out." She, outwitted at every point, admits that she can not argue with him, but declares that there are some of her spiritual advisers who can. Knox responds: "I will meet, at any time you say, the learnedest papist in Europe." Mary replies: "You may get that privilege sooner than you think." He retorts: "If so, it will be sooner than I believe;" and then, turning away, he leaves the queen with the words, "Madam, I pray God that you may be as blessed in the commonwealth as Deborah was to the nation of Israel!"

This is the first of the six interviews between Mary and Knox, but it illustrates all the rest. At times, as they confronted each other, Mary would burst out in tears, and Knox would stand motionless till she recovered from her passion or confusion. They can not agree. They have no common ground. Mary for "loyalty to the Romish Church;"

Knox for "loyalty to God and his eternal truth." His triumph over the queen gives him a national reputation. Crowds, three thousand in number at times, press within the walls of old St. Giles to hear his burning words. He develops in power, in favor with God and man. His name and fame grow with increasing greatness and glory. He holds a ministry in Edinburgh from 1564 to 1570, during which period are enacted strange, sad scenes, concisely summed up thus by a historian: On June 19, 1566, the birth of James VI; on February 9, 1567, the murder of Darnley; on May 15, 1567, the marriage of Mary to Bothwell; on June 15, 1567, Mary's surrender to the Carbery Hill lords; on July 24, 1567, Mary's abdication of her throne, after her imprisonment at Loch Leven castle; on May 2, 1568, Mary's escape from confinement; on May 13, 1568, her defeat, with all her forces, at Langside; and, finally, her martyrdom on the Fotheringay block. The 1560 Parliament act is finally ratified, with an added clause that "no prince shall hereafter

be admitted to exercise authority in the kingdom without taking an oath to maintain the Protestant religion."

Knox, through his own personal devotion to truth and God's great might, which is always on the side of truth, has won the victory for the Reformation, and is hereafter to take his place even alongside the noble German reformer, Martin Luther. His work is now done. His hand may now rest. His eyes may now close. His heart may now cease to beat. On November 24, 1572, the summons comes to him from the great Captain of his salvation to lay aside his sword of warfare for a fadeless chaplet of victory; which summons he gladly obeys, like Paul, reviewing his course with joy. Hear his words just before his spirit takes its flight to enjoy eternal reward: "I profess before God and his holy angels that I never made merchandise of the sacred work of God; never studied to please men; never indulged my own private passions or those of others, but rejoice in the testimony of a good conscience." Who wonders that on that solemn November day, as the mortal

remains of John Knox were lowered to their last resting-place in the old church-yard of St. Giles, the Earl of Morton should be heard uttering these words, slowly and feelingly: "Here lieth a man who in his life never feared the face of man; who hath often been threatened with dagge and dagger, but yet hath ended his days in peace and honor."

Analyzing, in conclusion, Knox's character, we are impressed, first of all, by his consecrated activity. Truly, the zeal of Jehovah consumed him. We find him at times during his career preaching every Sunday, and three times besides during the week. Once each week he would hold a conference with his elders, and once each week a conference with ministers for the study of the Scriptures. Only one sermon did he publish, but in that one he tells of the great, increasing purpose that ran through his life—"to instruct the ignorant, comfort the sorrowful, confirm the weak, and to rebuke the proud by pen and living voice;" and to this high vocation he devoted his days to preaching and his nights to writing. It was as a preacher, and not as

a writer, that he did his grandest work. Dr. Taylor has well said: "The pulpit was the throne of his peculiar and pre-eminent power. Other men might equal or surpass him elsewhere, but there he was supreme. The pulpit was the glass which focused all his powers into a point, and quickened their exercise into a burning intensity which kindled everything he touched. It brightened his intellect, enlivened his imagination, clarified his judgment, inflamed his courage, and gave fiery energy to his utterance." He was a born preacher, as Tennyson is a born poet, and Gladstone a born statesman. No wonder that, even with the disadvantage of a weak body and of a ministry not beginning until he was forty-five years old and ending at sixty-seven; and of the further fact that these twenty-five years were sadly interrupted—two in slavery, five in England, three on the Continent, and two made almost ineffectual by paralysis,—Knox was enabled to do a work that elevated all Scotland, and thrilled the very eternities with joy and salvation.

Again, like Luther, Knox was a man of

notable, marvelous moral courage, the outgrowth of an ever-developing faith in God. See him in his earlier life going before George Wishart with a two-branded sword, and protecting his friend as he preached the gospel. Study a little, but significant, incident connected with him as a galley-slave at Nantes. An image of the Virgin Mary is held before him, and he commanded to kiss it. Refusing immediately and peremptorily, he is told to at least handle it, when, taking up the image, he throws it with force into the water, exclaiming, with an Elijah-like irony, as he hears it splash in the water: "Let our lady now save herself, if she be a god; she is light enough, let her swim!" He himself tells of the incident, adding, with quiet humor: "After that, no other Scotchman was urged with idolatry." Once, during an address, strong and even vehement, before Queen Mary, Knox is interrupted by one of the nobles with the words: "You forget yourself; you are not in your pulpit!" "That is true," replied our hero, "but I am in the place where I am demanded by my conscience to speak the

truth, and therefore the truth I speak; impugn it whoso list."

Are we surprised at times at Knox's language—when, for example, he speaks of "Gardiner, and his black brood," and of the wafer of the host as "the round-clipped god;" declares that "the wily devil rageth in his obedient servants, cruel Winchester, dreaming Durham, bloody Bonner, with the rest of the bloody, butchering brood;" and that "Jezebel never erected half so many gallows in all Israel as mischievous Mary hath erected in London alone,"—let us bear in mind that all this was true, and that Knox was raised up and educated of God to tell the truth, come what might—anger to a queen, or death to himself. He had learned, he tells us, "from Isaiah and Jeremiah and others to call a spade a spade," and it was awkward for him to denominate it an agricultural implement. Life to him was too real and earnest to ever encourage duplicity, insincerity, cowardice. Like Cromwell's Ironsides, he was dispossessed of all fear of man, and fully possessed of the true fear of God. And yet,

as another has beautifully said, Knox was no heartless Stoic; but rather, like the granite mountains of his native land, he had, within all his strength and sublimity, fountains of tenderness and valleys laughing with cheer. McCrie sums his nature up in the forceful declaration that he was austere, but not unfeeling; stern, but not savage; vehement, but not vindictive. Beneath all his sternness of face and manner there was a heart of tenderness and deep emotion.

But with all Knox's superb virtues, like all other men, he had his faults. We would not conceal the error of which he was guilty in the publication of his "First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," a work produced when burning with righteous indignation at the atrocities of Bloody Mary, and his unwilling exile from the land in which he yearned to labor. As illustrative of its trend, take one sentence: "To promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire above any realm, nation, or city, is repugnant to nature, contumely against God, and a subversion of all good

order, of all equality and justice." Knox subsequently realized the mistake he had made in his composition, and candidly declares: "My first blast hath blown from me all my friends." But this was not Knox's greatest error. We find him, in 1560, guilty of a deception which can not be overlooked nor excused. It is where, for the sake of advancing the Reformation's cause, he advises Sir James Craft to deceive the Government by claiming that certain men, whose help he needed, were enemies of the Reformation, and thereby save them from suspicions. A sad, sorrowful sin! How weak poor human nature at its very best! How much evil mixed with good! How the light is attended by shadows! How near to the finest fiber is oftentimes the flaw! How many the limitations of the most finely tempered integrity! Abraham, Moses, Paul, John, Luther, Cranmer, Knox—how each, though possessed of mighty strength, had weaknesses which may neither be extenuated nor vindicated, but must be confessed and lamented! But casting over Knox's faults and frailties a veil

of charity, and recalling with joy and inspiration his qualities of such greatness and glory, we think of him this hour as at rest from all his labors, and free from all his frailties—an emancipated, triumphant spirit in the presence of his King.

"Servant of God, well done!
  Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
  Enter thy Master's joy.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
  Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
  Rest in thy Savior's joy."

IV.

JOHN WESLEY.

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Spirit and of faith."—ACTS XI, 24.

IN a noted English review a critic has written thus depreciatingly of the eighteenth century: "Never has century risen on Christian England so devoid of soul and faith as that which opened with Queen Anne, and reached its misty noon beneath the second George—a dewless night, succeeded by a sunless dawn. There was no freshness in the past, no promise in the future." The criticism is just only as it has reference to the beginning of the eighteenth century. With its evolution came mighty developments, both in individual and national history. We have but to mention men and deeds of that period to be impressed by their historic importance. It was the century, along with other great movements, of the French Revolution, of the wars of the Spanish and Austrian Successions,

of the Seven Years' War, of the Reign of Terror, of England's establishment of British power in India, of the American Revolution, and of the American Declaration of Independence.

And what men there were in this century! In philosophy, Leibnitz and Kant; in literature, Addison, Johnson, De Stael; in criticism, Voltaire and Lessing; in science, Newton and Franklin, Humboldt and Cuvier; in poetry, Goethe, Schiller, Pope, and Gray; in music, Handel and Beethoven; in history, Hume and Gibbon; in statesmanship, Pitt and Washington; in war, Wellington, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon; in religion, John Wesley.

And among all these mighty names just announced, there is none greater and nobler, as God counts greatness and nobility, than that of the Christian hero and reformer, John Benjamin Wesley. Others were great musicians, great poets, great scholars, great scientists, great warriors, but Wesley stands out among them and above them all—Addison, Johnson, Voltaire, Cuvier, Goethe, Beethoven,

Hume, Wellington, Frederick, Napoleon—the greatest man; most conspicuous in that manliness which lies at the basis of human character, and to which the noble and true of earth have always delighted to pay homage and admiration. Eloquently have Goethe and Wesley—the two most colossal figures of this period—been thus compared and contrasted: Goethe the apostle of self-culture, Wesley proclaiming anew the possibility of the soul's perfection in Christ; Goethe's life devoted primarily to intellectual development, Wesley's to soul-husbandry; Goethe's theory self-centered, Wesley's God-centered. It is no surprise to us to read from the writings of Southey the exalted encomium: "John Wesley will exercise more influence centuries, and perhaps millenniums, hence, if the present race continues, than any other man of his age." We do not wonder that even Lecky, an avowed rationalist, furnishes this high testimony: "Although the career of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won during his ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in

the reign of George II, they must yield, I think, in real importance to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and Whitefield. Few things," he adds, "in ecclesiastical history are more striking than the energy and the success with which Wesley propagated his opinions. He was gifted with a frame of iron, and with spirits that never flagged."

We shall catch inspiration to think and achieve nobler and grander things as we study with delight the career of this preacher, evangelist, philanthropist, reformer.

John Wesley was born June 17, 1703, and died March 2, 1791, thus making the opening decade of the eighteenth century richer by his birth, the closing decade poorer by his death, and the decades intervening between the opening and the closing nobler by his work. It was at Epworth, England, that he first saw the light; because of which fact there cluster round this spot, even to-day, many hallowed and hallowing associations. Like Jonathan Edwards, whom we next study,

Wesley came from a noble ancestry, of whose connection with the Non-conformist persecution and controversy in the seventeenth century we have such vivid portraits; and, like Edwards, he was peculiarly indebted for the formation of his character and the higher impulses of his being to a royal mother, the daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, vicar of St. Giles, and the St. Paul of the Non-conformists. The learned commentator, Adam Clarke, declared that he never knew or heard of the equal of Susanna Annesley Wesley. With truth Isaac Taylor says: "The Wesleys' mother was the mother of Methodism in a religious and moral sense; for her courage, her submissiveness to authority, the high tone of her mind, its independence and self-control, the warmth of her devotional feelings, were vividly repeated in the character and conduct of her sons." A woman combining in a remarkable degree sound judgment, intellectual strength, deep piety, constant devotion to duty, Mrs. Wesley reared to maturity ten of her nineteen children, and lived to see each of them an ornament in the home, and

a worthy follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Especially dear to his mother's heart was John, because, at the age of six years, the boy narrowly escaped being burned to death in the rectory. "I do intend," writes Mrs. Wesley, two years after the calamity, "to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, whom God has so mercifully provided for, than I have ever been, that I may do my duty in instilling into his mind the principles of religion and virtue." Who shall ever know the extent of the influence of this maternal solicitude upon the beautiful, consecrated life of this holy man of God!

Passing over, full though they be of interest, Wesley's school days at Charter-house, we come to his college days at Oxford, which institution he entered in 1720, and where, for fifteen years, both as student and teacher, he faithfully developed his mind, and broadened the range of his intellectual and spiritual vision. Here, at the age of seventeen, he makes a deep impression upon his colleagues as a youth of fine gifts and sterling worth. When twenty-one years of age he is described

as "gay and sprightly, with a turn for wit and humor; a sensible and acute logician, baffling every man by the subtleties of logic, and laughing at him for being so easily routed; a young fellow of the finest classical taste, of the most liberal and manly sentiments." His gifts as a poet began to develop at this period, his father commending his verses, and urging him to catch more and more inspiration from the muse, that he might bring more and more glory to God. And to this religious sentiment of his father, Wesley naturally and heartily responded. He is found at this time a close student of Thomas á Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," and Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," two works which so influence him that he soon joyously and freely gives expression to this resolution: "I hereby pledge and devote all my life to God, all my thoughts and words and actions, being thoroughly convinced that there is no medium, but that every part of my life must be a service to God, or to myself, which is, in effect, to the devil." This resolution was early followed by his ready

submission to ordination as a Christian minister, in the year 1725; and in 1726 he was unanimously elected Fellow of Lincoln College. It was at this time that Wesley adopted that motto, which ever since has been intimately associated with his great, generous name and nature: "Leisure and I have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live."

So assiduously and successfully does he apply himself to his life vocation that we find him rising gradually and grandly all the time—now chosen Greek Lecturer and Moderator of the Classes; now made Master of Arts; now a distinguished lecturer on Natural Philosophy, on Moral Philosophy, and on the Christian Religion. At the age of twenty-six Wesley becomes associated with a little society at Oxford, whose name—Methodism—has furnished designation and impulse to one of the largest and most aggressive Church bodies of to-day. No Church was this organization, but only a society established to advance a fourfold purpose—Bible study, classical knowledge, personal piety, and practical philanthropy. Re-

markably like this body are the Russian Stundists, at this very hour suffering such persecutions. At first this society was composed of only four Christian young men—William Morgan, Robert Kentham, Charles and John Wesley. So methodical were these youths in all departments of their study and work, especially in the matter of religious duties, that it became the custom to call them "Methodists," or methodical men. This, however, was not the only name given these worthy Christian heroes by their unworthy, worldly critics. They were called also "Reforming Club," "Godly Club," "Holy Club," "Bible Moths," "Enthusiasts," and "Fanatics." But caring nothing for these sneers and insinuations, these youths advanced all the time in the beauty of personal character and the glory of philanthropic deeds, the Wesleys naturally and successfully their leaders.

On October 31, 1735, John Wesley, with his brother Charles, set sail for the United States, to labor as missionaries among the Georgian Indians. Early in 1734 a small colony of German Protestants, driven out of

Salzburg because of their renunciation of the papacy, had settled in Georgia. Then a British colony came; then Scotch Highlanders and Moravians,—each to do God's work for a destitute continent.

On this journey across the sea we have a glimpse of the ceaseless activity of the Wesley brothers. Rising at four o'clock each morning, they spend two hours in Scripture study and prayer; at seven, take breakfast; at eight, hold public worship; from nine to twelve, study separately—John learning German, Charles writing sermons; at twelve, read and pray together an hour; at one, eat dinner; from two till five, engage in Christian work among the passengers; from five to six, spend in retirement and meditation; at seven, attend Moravian services; from eight to nine, spend in private devotion; and at nine, go to bed. A full day indeed; and yet this is but a sample of John Wesley's constant, conscientious service for God and humanity. What a beautiful answer was that he once made to a friend, who asked him how he would spend the next few hours if he knew he would die

at the expiration of them: "Why, just as I now intend to spend them—preach this evening at Gloucester, arise at five o'clock to-morrow morning, ride to Tewksbury, preach in the afternoon, meet the societies, repair to friend Martin's house, take tea, converse and pray with the family, at ten o'clock retire to my room, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory." Ah, indeed, this is like Enoch of old, walking with God hour by hour, until at last the two pass through the gates of death into the gates of pearl, and continue their walk together for ever and ever on streets of gold, amid walls of jasper, by streams of crystal and thrones of glory!

Think of this heroic soul, during the fifty-five years of his Christian ministry, traveling, chiefly on horseback, over three hundred thousand miles; delivering forty thousand sermons; writing two hundred works of real merit; forming Christian classes numbering one hundred and thirty thousand; and looking down this hour upon his spiritual and ecclesiastical descendants, organized into bodies, whose con-

stituents number more than five millions—a Church, as has been well said, belting the globe with a zone of prayer and an atmosphere of praise. Truly, in Wesley's case, we find a verification of Jehovah's gracious declaration: "My word shall not return to me void, but shall accomplish that whereunto I sent it."

Returning to London in 1738—for Wesley's mission to the Indians was not remarkably successful—our present subject seems to be in the throes of mental agony in relation to his spiritual condition. "I went to America to convert the Indians," we hear him cry out; "but O, who shall convert me?" Concluding that he was unfit to preach the gospel, he consults with an old friend, Böhler, still connected with Oxford. Hear him asking, in great seriousness, "What shall I do?" "Do? Why, preach." "Preach what?" "Faith." "But how, if I myself have not faith?" "Preach, then, until you get it; and then, because you have it, you will preach it." Wesley follows the advice. He lives up to the light he has, and greater light breaks upon

him. It is another case of the Roman Cornelius, the English Robertson, the American Bushnell.

And well was it for Wesley that this new experience had come; for what a vast, difficult work lies before him—the reclamation and renovation, through God's great might, of the degenerated moral life of England! How sorely England needed and pathetically demanded this reclamation may be known from the testimony of unbiased historians. Says Southey: "There never was less religious feeling, either within or without the Establishment, than when Wesley blew his trumpet, and awakened those that slept." Archbishop Secker declares that everywhere there was an open and professed disregard of religion; and Blackstone, in 1760, asserts that, among all the English preachers, he had "heard not a single discourse which had in it more Christianity than the writings of Cicero; and that it would be impossible for him to discover, from what he heard, whether the preacher were a follower of Confucius, Mohammed, or Christ." It is the testimony of Isaac Taylor

that the people of England had lapsed into heathenism, or a state hardly distinguishable from it. If ever the Christian Church, in all its history, needed awakening from spiritual lethargy and infamous criminality, it was in this eighteenth century.

And out of the Church, what a condition of things! To quote another here: "It was an age of unbounded extravagance and worldliness. Material splendor was a grand passion, and, next to that, indulgence in gross passion. Gambling was an almost universal practice among men and women alike. Both sexes were given to profanity and to drunkenness. Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, could swear more bravely than her husband could fight. The wages of the poor were spent in guzzling beer at merry-makings, in wakes and fairs, badger-baitings and cock-fights." Who is surprised at this picture, given us in "Heretics of Yesterday," when he recalls that in 1736 every sixth or seventh house in London was a gin-shop, most of them bearing the sign: "Come in, and get

drunk for a penny; dead drunk for two pennies; no cost for straw!" Once let the vile grog-shop get ascendency and there is no limit to profligacy and crime; and at this time England was consuming yearly no fewer than seven million gallons of the dementing, damning stuff. The fact is, the whole nation was sunk deep in degradation, and the whole Church presented a picture almost too base for language to depict.

Truly, the times are ripe for an awakening, and God prepares the way. Whitefield comes from Georgia. Wesley finds him. A conference is held. Whitefield preaches the simple, God-honored and God-honoring gospel. At first, two hundred people go to hear his fervid utterances; then, two thousand; then, ten thousand. So mighty and marvelous is the success of Wesley at the same time that we have the record that, "after the service, the fields were white with people praising God." Under the great strain, Wesley is sustained as never before. "O, how God," exclaims he, "has renewed my strength, so that

I preach twice a day without fatigue!" He joyously realizes the truth of that comforting declaration: "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be."

And Wesley studiously prepared himself for his great vocation. His chosen library was not large, but carefully selected and studiously used—four books on divinity, four on physics, two on natural philosophy, one on astronomy, one on history, two on poetry, ten on Latin, twelve on Greek, one on Hebrew. Mastering these, he went forth as God's servant and ambassador, conquering and to conquer.

The effect of Wesley's sermons was powerful. He was unlike both Whitefield and his brother Charles—Whitefield being a fervid and eloquent speaker, and Charles a man of tender emotion, swaying the multitudes at will, while John, the Bacon among the preachers of that day, used reason more than eloquence, and, by his wonderful powers of logic, carried his point with vigor in every case. He himself describes the effect of one

of his sermons, when, as he was preaching, "tears and groans were heard on every side. The heavens seemed to bow and come down, and rocks to break in pieces, and the mountains to flow at Jehovah's presence." His were sermons needed in that day of degeneration, and greatly blessed of God were they in raising the whole standard of moral thought and action among the English people. Take his doctrine of salvation—how fitted both to arouse and to comfort the masses of people that flocked to hear his message!—"By salvation I mean, not barely deliverance from hell or going to heaven, but a present deliverance from sin; a restoration of the soul to its primitive health, its original purity; a recovery of the divine nature, the renewal of our souls after the image of God in righteousness and true holiness, in justice and mercy and truth. This implies all holy and heavenly temper, and, by consequence, all holiness of conduct." It was only such plain, practical, apostolic preaching as this that could cleanse, sweeten, sanctify the impure hearts and debased lives which

the days of Queen Anne presented. Of John Wesley we may say, as Tennyson of the Iron Duke:

> "He was rich in common sense;
> And, as the great only are,
> In his simplicity sublime.
> To such a name for ages long,
> To such a name
> Preserve the broad approach of fame,
> And ever-ringing avenues of song."

In 1740, Wesley appears the intelligent, fearless champion of free grace.

> "He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
> He saw through his own soul;
> The marvel of the everlasting will,
> An open scroll,
> Before him lay."

With his great soul he proclaims to all around the wondrous grace of an Infinite God. For ages this subject had been the occasion of great controversies in the Christian Church. It now rends the evangelical society into two distinct parties—Whitefield at the head of the Calvinists; Wesley at the head of the Arminians. Wesley condemns unsparingly the Cal-

vinistic doctrine of election, preterition, predestination, and reprobation. Says he, boldly: "The sense of all this is plainly this—that, by virtue of an unchangeable, irresistible declaration of God, one part of mankind is infallibly saved, and the rest infallibly damned; it being impossible that any of the former should be damned, or any of the latter should be saved." Not satisfied with this stirring expression, Wesley publishes in full his sermon on "Predestination." Whitefield, aggrieved and distressed at its publication, makes reply to it. The relation of the two good men becomes strained and unpleasant. Separated in sentiment, they soon become separated in work. John Wesley, with his brother, devotes himself to the propagation of his views and the development of his plans. Societies are formed in every direction throughout England, as the evangelist proclaims everywhere the truth of God as it appeared to his thoughtful, prayerful spirit, his favorite expression being that which is immortalized in the memorial tablets erected to the Wesleys in Westminster Abbey, "I look upon the world as

my parish"—a sentiment which his religious descendants seem to have adopted, as they, aggressive pioneers of the Christian faith, bear the gospel in triumphant joy to all parts of the world. In 1770 the new Methodist society numbers 29,406 members, with 121 preachers in fifty circuits, the fiftieth being in North America, where four preachers are actively at work. At the time of Wesley's death—1791—the number of this body is 71,460 in the Old World and 41,680 in the New; while to-day this Christian force, developed into organized Churches, has throughout the world, as has been said, no fewer than five million constituents.

Are we surprised at such a growth from such a small beginning. Even eliminating the divine factor in this evangelical movement, the human factor in Wesley was mighty. Who was this man John Wesley? "The man who made more of his university career than Goethe; who became familiar with the best theology of his day; who translated Bengel's Notes fifty years before Carlyle translated Wilhelm Meister; who was so familiar with

the New Testament in the original that if ever a passage escaped him in English he could recall it in Greek; who inspired Whitefield to become the greatest orator and Charles Wesley to become the greatest hymn-writer, Fletcher the most saintly controversialist, Watson the greatest theologian, and Adam Clarke the most renowned commentator, of their age; the man who represented Christianity, preaching a salvation and inaugurating an evangelism which reformed drunkards, thieves, worldlings, transformed England's society, and is to-day spreading over the globe. Such a man is not to be ranked low as thinker, philosopher, preacher, reformer." It is the opinion of Lord Macaulay that Wesley possessed a genius for organization and government which might be placed alongside that of Richelieu, and not suffer from the comparison.

After Wesley's death, Methodism continues to grow. As the beautiful medallion which bears the portraits of Charles and John Wesley puts it, "God buries the worker, but carries on the work." And we have faith to believe that, with the presence and power of his

own Divine Spirit, he will continue to carry on this work until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, and the knowledge of God covers the earth as the waters cover the great deep.

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen, so strong,
That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

But while at the head of this society, Wesley still remained a staunch, firm adherent of the Church of England. Though an Evangelical, he was yet a Churchman. "The resemblance of his doctrines," writes another, "to those of modern High Anglicans is, in most parts, exceedingly striking. He had early and also forenoon service every day; he

divided the morning service, taking the Litany as a separate service; he inculcated fasting, confession, and weekly communion; he refused the Lord's Supper to all who had not been baptized by a minister especially ordained; he insisted on baptism by immersion; he rebaptized the children of Dissenters; he refused to bury all who had not received Episcopal baptism." In 1745, when urged to separate himself from the Church of England, he writes: "We believe it would not be right for us to administer either baptism or the Lord's Supper unless we had a commission so to do from those bishops whom we apprehend to be in a succession from the apostles." But the separation of the two organizations was ultimately inevitable. In this new society there was so much of vitality, spirituality, and, consequently, power, that it could not long remain incased within an organization where form and ritualism were so preponderating an element. It must break old fetters, and rise in the glory of a new existence and a God-honoring career. The death of Wesley opened up the way for complete independence,

and, by degrees, strong organization. And this death of Wesley's came on March 2, 1791. An affecting death it truly was—Wesley repeating triumphantly, as his last words, "The best of all is, God is with us;" a minister present reading impressively, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and this heir of glory shall come in;" and all the friends around the death-bed singing the notes of the victorious psalm,—

> "Waiting to receive thy spirit,
> Lo! the Savior stands above;
> Shows the purchase of his merit,
> Reaches out the crown of love!"

Is this death? Call it rather a transmigration, an exodus, to a fairer land. *Emigravit*—he has emigrated. Nay, rather, as the Master would say, he sleepeth.

> "Death is another sleep. We bow our head
> In going out; and enter straight
> Another golden chamber of our King,
> Larger than this we have, and lovelier."

V.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

"A man of wisdom and knowledge."
—PROVERBS XXVIII, 2.

IN his well-known and highly prized history of the United States, the most distinguished of American historians has introduced one of his best discussions with this sentence: "He that would know the workings of the New England mind in the middle of the last century, and the throbbings of its heart, must give his days and nights to the study of Jonathan Edwards." More even than this eulogy of Bancroft may be intelligently and emphatically affirmed. He that would fully apprehend the growth and progress of New England Congregationalism, indeed the history of the development of religious thought throughout all America during the last one hundred and fifty years, must make earnest, critical investigation into the philosophical mind and far-reaching influence

of the great Northampton scholar, thinker, preacher, and reformer.

It may be extravagance on the part of Robert Hall to pronounce Edwards "the greatest of the sons of men," but just and deserving is the eulogium of Dr. Chalmers, when he writes: "I have long regarded him as the greatest of theologians, combining, in a degree that is quite unexampled, the profoundly intellectual with the devotedly spiritual and sacred, and realizing in his own person a most rare yet most beautiful harmony between the simplicity of the Christian pastor on the one hand, and, on the other, all the strength and prowess of a giant in philosophy." To examine into the life and times of such a character presents a study as full of fascinating interest as of helpful instruction. To this study we shall strictly confine our present thought, attempting no analysis, interesting though it might be, of the magnificent philosophical and theological works of the profound thinker—which analysis is more appropriate in other places than in a popular discourse—his writings on Original Sin, Ideal-

ism, Human Will, Calvinism, Agnosticism, and other great subjects with which he so successfully grappled.

Jonathan Edwards was born in East Windsor, Connecticut, October 5, 1703—the year that gave to the world John Wesley; and the century that produced Benjamin Franklin, developed Bishop Butler and Whitefield, and recorded the death of Leibnitz. He came upon the stage of action fifty years after Descartes had died, about fifteen years after the accession of William and Mary, and during the reign of Queen Anne.

He presents in himself a striking illustration of the mighty force and influence of heredity. As far as we are able to trace his ancestry, both through Welsh and English branches of the family, we find it constituted of men and women of high religious culture, fine intellectual power, and solid worth in their various vocations. Edwards owed much to his father, who was a man of rare scholarship and learning; but, like many other great men, vastly more to his mother, who is represented to us as a woman, "tall, dignified,

commanding in appearance, affable and gentle in her manner, and regarded as surpassing her husband in native vigor of understanding." It is here the old and oft-repeated story of the imperishability of maternal influence and power. Napoleon used to say that the future good or bad influence of a child depends entirely upon the mother, and that "France needs nothing so much to promote its regeneration as mothers." The famous Gracchi were prouder of the fact that they were the sons of Cornelia, than that their mother was a descendant of Scipio Africanus. In the library of Webster's old home at Marshfield hangs to-day an old silhouette profile, just opposite an elegant painting of Ashburton, and under it, written in Webster's own hand-writing, the loving designation, "My Honored Mother." It was more to the great statesman to bow before his mother than to stand before kings. A short time before the death of John Quincy Adams, an intimate friend said to him: "Having read the published letters of your mother, I now know who it is that largely made you what you

are." "Yes," replied Adams, his eye flashing bright, and his face glowing with a beautiful smile, "all that is good in me I owe to my mother." God be praised for the mothers that so tearfully and prayerfully sow in their children's hearts the seeds that bring forth the fruit of noble manhood and lovely womanhood!

As a child, Jonathan, the only son in a large family of eleven children, was noted for his remarkable mental precociousness. It is the testimony of his most careful and elaborate biographer that, when only twelve years of age, this boy composed a treatise on the soul, the main trend of which was to show the absurdity of materialism and the superiority of spirit to matter. At the age of thirteen years he matriculated as a Yale College student; though, in passing, it may be said that the curriculum at Yale at that time was far inferior to what it is to-day. At the age of seventeen years he graduated from this institution, bearing away the honors of his class; and deservedly so, we judge, as the rector of the college makes special mention

of him as a student of "promising abilities and great advance in learning." The youth's precocity appears as pronounced and remarkable as that of James Watt, solving, at the age of six years, a geometrical problem; or of Benjamin Franklin, helping edit, when only fourteen years, the *New England Courant;* or of Bryant composing, at fifteen years, "The Embargo;" or of Madame De Stael, deep in philosophy, as one of her biographers tells us, when other children of her age were playing with dolls. A great, broad mind like Edwards's dives into philosophical thought even when the boy is just emerging from childhood.

It was in early life that Edwards heard and heeded a call to his distinctive life-work, as a thinker and writer. When only fourteen years old he centered his thought on Locke's profound treatise on the "Human Understanding," spending hours after hours in copying from it as he mastered it; thus illustrating, in one sense at least, Bacon's apothegm, that writing makes an exact man. How much Edwards's "Treatise on the Freedom of the

Will" owes to Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," every careful student of these two master productions recognizes. Edwards's "Notes on the Mind," written when a mere boy, is a marvelous composition, resembling, both in character and reach of thought, John Stuart Mill's and Hume's discussions on similar subjects. It was before he was sixteen years old that he prepared his "Notes on Natural Science," which survive, and are consulted even to-day. Edwards's precocity reminds us of Dryden, who read Polybius at the age of twelve years; or of Mozart, who, when in his twelfth year, could reproduce with accuracy a mass he had heard the day before in the cathedral; or of Pascal, who, at thirteen years of age, could compose a treatise on Conic Sections. How early life-calls come to men! How true the poet's lines:

> "What the child admires,
> The youth endeavors, and the man acquires."

And beneath all this young student's investigations there is always discoverable sober, serious thought upon the Infinite and the Eternal, his ideas at different times recalling

those of Plato, of Spinoza, of Berkeley. As one of the authors of "American Religious Leaders" well puts it: "Although Edwards came to his intellectual maturity before his religious experience had developed into what he called conversion, yet his intellect was bound from the first to the idea of God. At times he seems as if almost losing himself in the realm of pure speculations; but the underlying motive in his 'Notes on Mind' or 'Science' is theological, not philosophical. The religious impulse may appear fused with the intellectual activity, yet it is always there, and always the strongest element in his thought. Science and metaphysics do not interest him as ends in themselves, but as subordinated to a theological purpose. The God-consciousness was the deepest substratum of his being, his natural heritage from Puritan antecedents coloring or qualifying every intellectual conviction he attained." To him all life is valuable, because a product of Deity, and a child of his care and love; and his soul, as another beautifully says, revels in the mystery of the Divine existence, and grows

into the knowledge of the majesty and glory of God.

Nor was this growth without a struggle. When between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two years, Edwards seems in agony to know, with something like certainty, duty to God, to man, to himself. Twenty years after these experiences he refers thus to his condition at that time: "I made seeking salvation the business of my life." How intensely he felt on these great questions that confront a human soul when it first awakes to consciousness and feels those inarticulate longings which can neither be repressed nor slighted, may be revealed in the fact that his favorite passage from the Psalms at this period of his life was these words of David: "My soul breaketh for the longing it hath; my soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that wait for the morning." His soul-struggles at this time remind us of those of Frederick W. Robertson and of John Foster. He agonizes for light, until at last it breaks through the dome-window of Jehovah's Revelation, and he is satisfied. How tenderly, touchingly, he

tells of his new-found joy! "After this, my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more and more of inward sweetness. The appearance of everything altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast of divine glory in almost everything. God's excellency, wisdom, purity, love, seemed to appear in everything—in sun, moon, stars; in clouds and blue sky; in the grass and flowers and trees; in the water and all nature." Such visions and emotions as these led to his far-famed resolutions, which read: "I solemnly dedicate myself to God; giving up myself and all I have to God; to act as one who has no right to himself in any respect; to take God for my whole portion and felicity, looking on nothing else as any part of my happiness, nor acting as if it were; his law the constant rule of my obedience, I engage to fight with all my might against the world, the flesh, and the devil to the end of my life." We think more of Thomas á Kempis than of Jonathan Edwards when we read and analyze

these strong declarations of self-abnegation and consecration.

And grand, glorious opportunities were presented at the time for the cultivation of his religious disposition and powers. On February 15, 1727, at the age of twenty-four years, "tall, slender, six feet high, of great seriousness and gravity of manner," he was ordained to the Christian ministry of Northampton, where he served as pastor with his distinguished grandfather, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard. It was another case of Paul and Timothy. How deeply impressed young Edwards was with his venerable ancestor may be learned from his description of him as a "very great man, of strong powers of mind, of great grace and great authority, of a masterly countenance, speech, and behavior." He must have been a man on the majestic order of Punshon or Beecher. The officers and leaders of Northampton, we are told, "imitated his manners, and thought it an excellency to be like him; esteemed all his sayings as oracular, and looked upon him almost as a sort of deity;

while the Indians of the neighborhood, interpreting this admiration in their own way, spoke of Mr. Stoddard as 'the Englishman's God.'"

Difficult as it was to be the coadjutor or the successor of this mighty man of God, young Edwards appears determined to be worthy of association with him. Fired with a holy zeal, he devoted almost his whole time to study and thought. It was not unusual for him to study thirteen hours a day, a practice adopted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in regard to painting for many years; and may not this explain how Jonathan Edwards became the greatest thinker of his day, even as Joshua Reynolds was the greatest artist of his time?

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

It was this earnest studiousness, combined with natural ability, which imparted to this genius and scholar a power of mind which so distinguished a man as Sir James McIntosh

declares to be perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed, among men. And yet, in that genuine modesty which universally attends true merit, Edwards describes himself as possessed of "a constitution, in many respects, peculiarly unhappy; attended with flaccid solids—vapid, sizy, and scarce fluids, and a low-tide of spirits, often occasioning a kind of childish weakness, and contemptibleness of speech, manner, and demeanor." Edwards's characteristic genuine thoughtfulness revealed itself in public, where his manner was always exceedingly quiet. He had the bearing of Bourdaloue—nothing explosive, erratic, wild—everything gentle, dignified, reverential; indicating a man of seriousness, research, deep, profound thought. Great volcanoes of emotion burned in his bosom, but only Edwards knew of the heat and power of the flame.

Thus magnificently equipped for his work, our subject entered upon it with a calm enthusiasm. Necessary to an understanding of his sermons, which, though open to criticism, have in some directions been too severely condemned, must be a consideration of the

circumstances that tended to shape and mold his religious ideas, and their fearless, even if not always judicious, expression. First, there was the influence of this grandfather, Solomon Stoddard. This aged minister prepared a work, entitled "A Guide to Christ," in which were questions which the young pastor found himself pondering, but which no mortal could answer. As you hear them, taken from this "Guide," you are impressed with them as deeply colored by the Puritanism of that day and section: Does God work a preparation in the soul before it goes to faith in Christ? Should men encourage means as an aid in conversion? How can God be the author of conversion, and yet man have part in it? Are divine decrees consistent with human will? What is the unpardonable sin? Does and should God hear the prayers of the unsaved? Such queries as these, which the practical Christianity of our day considers hardly worthy of discussion, were emphasized and discoursed upon with all the fervor of ancient rabbis and all the subtleties of mediæval schoolmen.

Again, scan the condition of the country at large in Edwards's time. There was an unusual prevalence of those three vices which sap the foundation of personal character and social stability—irreverence, intemperance, and immorality—each of which, it would seem, was holding high carnival throughout Northampton. And the state of the Churches, also, was lamentable in the extreme. "It was a period of decline and of deterioration; of many attempts at reform, which only ended in failure. The spread of the delusion about witchcraft, with its attendant horrors, was only possible at this dark hour, with its morbid, superstitious fears. So far as it was believed that God, for some mysterious reason, had withdrawn his favor, so far, also, was it possible to believe that restraint was removed from the enmity of evil spirits, that demons were allowed to ravage the community at will. The witchcraft delusion would have been impossible a generation earlier or later. It was the culmination of the fears and misgivings which had long been gathering momentum for some such tangible outbreak." All this, and

the general and increasingly emphatic denial of such fundamental Biblical tenets as the Trinity, the Atonement, Justification by Faith, and the future retribution of the unregenerated soul.

At such a time as this, Jonathan Edwards appeared, raised up of God to do his peculiar work as surely was Athanasius to battle with Pelagianism and Luther with Romanism. An opportunity was afforded, in 1731, to introduce his work with marked and marvelous effects. He was invited at this time to become one of the public lecturers in Boston. He chose for his theme, "God Glorified in Man's Dependence"—just the theme for such a mind as his to revel in and illumine. He delivered it with fervor, enthusiasm, unusual effect. It was asked for publication, and may be found in the Worcester edition of his works. Boston clergy rallied about the young preacher, declaring that they had "found him to be a workman that needed not to be ashamed, despite his youth; thanked the Great Head of the Church who had been pleased to raise up such men for the defense of the gospel; and

congratulated the happy Church at Northampton, on whom providence had bestowed such a rich gift."

A look farther gives us other pictures. It is when this mighty intellect grappled—with weird imagination, and even revolting figures—with such questions as "Wicked Men Useful in their Destruction Only," and "Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God." We shudder as we read these terrible productions, having some basis in fact, but with no excuse, it appears to us, for the manner of portrayal: "On one hand, humanity, hating, resisting, defying God; on the other, God, exerting the might of omnipotence to hold humanity in check, until the moment comes when he lets go his hold, and precipitates the quivering mass of angry, boiling hatred into the glowing fires of an endless hell." While we believe in a hell, as God's Word teaches it, and in the endlessness of its retribution, we are not surprised that, in view of such pictures as Edwards gives, the doctrine, sad and sorrowful, should be interpreted by many minds as the very essence of a God of hatred. "I think," writes

one, "that a person of moral sensibility, alone at midnight, reading that awful discourse ['Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God'], would well-nigh go crazy. He would hear the judgment trump, and see the advancing heaven, and the day of doom would begin to mantle him with its shroud." We do not wonder that, under its terrific avalanche of logic and imagination, a brother minister in the pulpit exclaimed, in almost terror, "Mr. Edwards! Mr. Edwards! is not God merciful too?" and that hundreds of people in the pews wept, groaned, trembled, and were convulsed with inexpressible emotion. The mighty preacher was fired with enthusiasm, and the degenerate day in which he lived was conscious of its degradation and sin.

But as justly subject to criticism as were these sermons of Edwards, God so blessed them as to make them the mightiest instrumentality in the production of what is known as "The Great Awakening of 1735." "In the latter part of December, 1734," writes Edwards, "the Spirit of God began extraordinarily to set in and wonderfully to work

amongst us. The town seemed to be full of the presence of God. It was never so full of love and so full of joy, and yet so full of distress, as it was then." And the results were of the most commendable and practical character. Honesty, integrity, and truthfulness abounded as never before in Northampton. Vice was renounced, and virtue cultivated. Great throngs of people united with Edwards's Church—one hundred one day, sixty another day, and over three hundred in a few months. It is more delightful to tell of all this than of the sad reaction that followed in 1737, when, as Edwards sadly puts it, "God seemed gradually to withdraw from us; and Satan, let loose, raged among us in a dreadful manner." Nor shall we spend any length of time in telling of Edwards's sad dismissal from his Church, by an almost unanimous vote of his people, after so many years of devoted service. We read of Homer wandering along the Asiatic shores of the Mediterranean Sea, without a night's lodging at times, and of Tasso wanting bread, and of Cervantes penniless; but no one of these cases presents

so painful a picture as Edwards, the matchless theologian, the faithful preacher, the indefatigable pastor, driven forth from his Church and city, as one of the most lamentable reactions of the great awakening.

But the heroic soul complains not; is not in the least embittered, though saddened beyond expression. He had learned what the poet meant when he sang:

> "Leave God to order all thy ways,
> And hope in him, whate'er betide;
> Thou 'lt find him, in the evil days,
> Thine all-sufficient strength and guide;
> Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
> Builds on a rock that none can move."

And so the good man leaves Northampton, with that sweet spirit of resignation which breathes in the simple lines:

> "To me remains nor place nor time,
> My country is in every clime;
> I can be calm and free from care
> On any shore, since God is there."

What, you ask, occasioned Edwards's sad departure from the arena of his marvelous usefulness and power in the past? Many

things, among which were chiefly the misconceptions of genuine Christianity which so often follow great revivals, based largely on emotion, which misconceptions Edwards could not eradicate from the popular mind, and which, growing, operated irresistibly against his personal favor and pastoral work. To this was added a case of parish discipline, in which he was antagonized by his people. The billows rose higher and higher, stronger and stronger, until, on June 22, 1750, after a long, faithful service of twenty-three years, Jonathan Edwards was "turned adrift, at the age of forty-seven years, with a large family of children, with no means of support, and doubtful if he should ever obtain another parish." But God lets no such man as Edwards long remain idle. After a season of rest, retirement, deep, serious study, and of some work among the Indians at Stockbridge, he was called to become the president of Princeton College.

He hesitated to accept this position, chiefly because he had in mind a work he desired to write (History of Redemption), in which

the "three worlds—heaven, earth, and hell—were to be the scenes of a grand drama. It was to combine poetry and history, philosophy and theology, the features of the 'Divine Comedy,' or the 'Paradise Lost and Regained,' with those of the 'City of God.'" His were a brain and a heart capable of working out the gigantic conception; for this is the man who, in years gone by, had written the noted "Treatise on the Will," in regard to which the greatest Scotchman that ever lived—Dr. Thomas Chalmers—says: "There is . . . no book of human composition which I more strenuously commend, . . . and which has helped me more than any other uninspired book to find my way through all that might otherwise have proved baffling and transcendental and mysterious in the peculiarities of Calvinism." How mightily could Edwards have wrought on the great trilogy of Earth, Heaven, and Gehenna, had God so willed! But Providence decreed otherwise, and the fully equipped scholar went to Princeton, where he entered upon presidential work for only a brief season, passing away on

March 22, 1758, to that great world beyond, where all his difficult questions could be answered, and all his intricate problems solved, in the light of a higher science than that of earth. Rest, O saint of God, on the bosom of thy Sovereign and thy Savior! Thy work is done, thy battle fought, thy victory won, thy heaven achieved in the presence of thy God!

"It matters not at what hour o' th' day
The Christian falls asleep. Death can not come
To him untimely who is fit to die.
The less of this cold earth, the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

VI.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

"A good man, and just."—LUKE XXIII, 50.

ONE hundred and five years ago, last September, there was born, in the county of Antrim, Ireland, a child whose name was destined to be closely linked with one of the worthiest Christian bodies. That child was Alexander Campbell. In the veins of his mother ran the blood of that noblest product of French character, known to us as the Huguenots; the occasion of her departure from the land of her nativity being that base act, which casts so dark a shadow on French history and reveals so clearly the weakness of the heartless and extravagant Louis XIV, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Freed from the persecutions of France, the family of this godly woman settled in the rich, fertile, gently undulating land of Antrim, devoted themselves to agriculture, and established schools, one feature of which was that the

Bible was to be taught in their curriculum, prayerfully and systematically—a feature which our American commonwealths might well sanction and cultivate as one of the strongest safeguards of national prosperity and perpetuity.

The whole family of the Corneigles—this was the name of Campbell's maternal ancestors—were then devoted and ardent members of the Presbyterian Church, attending with regularity its services, maintaining with consistency its rites, and defending with consecrated fearlessness its doctrines. It was at this period that Thomas Campbell, then a school-teacher and a young Presbyterian theologian, became acquainted with a member of this family, and afterwards, united to her in marriage, became the father of our present subject.

Since one of the most important factors in a man's life is to be the son of his father, it may be well to look briefly into the character and history of Campbell's paternal ancestor. We know that his mother was a woman of good blood, sterling worth, consecrated piety.

Was his father equally worthy? Originally this man's father—Alexander's grandfather—was an advocate of Romanism; but impressed with the unscriptural, traditional character of that system, he left it for the Church of England, to which he was attached, and for which he enthusiastically labored till the day of his death, in his eigthy-eighth year. Thomas Campbell—Alexander's father—was reared in the nurture and admonition of the Church of England; but in early life, the subject of deep religious impressions, and possessed of a sincere and earnest love for the Scriptures, he in turn abjured Episcopacy as his father had abjured Romanism, and united himself to the Presbyterian faith. This his father, a stanch Churchman, did not relish, insisting that it was the duty of a man, to use the old gentleman's language, "to serve God according to act of Parliament." But Thomas Campbell thought differently. Says a biographer: "The cold formality of the Episcopal ritual, and the apparent want of vital piety in the Church, led him to desire the company of the more rigid Covenanters and Seceders." He

associated with them, grew in grace and knowledge, and became a devoted, fearless, aggressive Christian.

It is unnecessary to follow Thomas Campbell's history further than to say that, with deep religious convictions, he entered, as a student, Glasgow University, studied medicine as well as literature and science, completed his literary and scientific studies, entered the divinity school, graduated in theology, and became an authorized and acceptable Presbyterian minister.

It was in the early years of Thomas Campbell's ministry that Alexander was born. As a boy, Alexander had a trait which, strange as it may seem, oftentimes portends a successful life; namely, indifference to books and fondness for play. Sir Isaac Newton, when a youth, was regarded the dunce of his school—was written down by his teacher as an absolute failure; and yet it was he who afterwards scaled the heavens, weighed worlds as in a balance, discovered laws which were unknown quantities in science, wrote "Principia," and died, saying, with his characteristic modesty,

that the secret of his success was his "capacity for patient toil." Milton, when a youth, was supposed to possess but a single talent; but see how this talent aroused others, and how at last—as poet, scholar, and statesman—he grandly served God, Great Britain, and his whole generation. Not quite as unpromising as Milton and Newton, and, perhaps for this very reason not quite so great, was young Alexander; still, he was anything but scholarly in instinct. His most popular biographer gives this incident as illustrative of his lack of studiousness at the age of nine years, when he began the study of French: One warm day, having gone out in the field to study his lesson, he lay under a tree to rest, when, unexpectedly, he fell asleep. "A cow that was grazing near approached, and, seeing the book lying on the grass, seized it, and, before he was sufficiently awake to prevent, actually devoured it. Upon making report of his loss, his father gave him a castigation for his carelessness (such things were more common a hundred years ago than now), and enforced the punishment by telling him that the cow

had more French in her stomach than he had in his head,"—a fact which, of course, young Alexander admitted, and perhaps rejoiced in.

This experience seemed to teach the youth a lesson, which proved to be most salutary and helpful. From this time forth he developed a remarkably industrious nature—first, like Robert Burns, as a field-hand; and then as a student. His intellectual nature began to assert itself. Life began to assume for his youthful mind proportions both solemn and momentous; and as in the British House of Commons we hear Richard Sheridan, after an apparent failure, introducing his speech with the prophetic words, "It's in me, and, by the grace of God, it will come out of me!" so, at this time of his life, we hear Alexander Campbell, with a great relish for his books, declaring his life purpose: "If God will help me, I shall become one of the best scholars in all the kingdom." His memory was marvelous—a rich gift to one who knows how to use it, but dangerous to one who becomes its slave instead of its master. On one occasion, it is

said, he committed to memory, with absolute precision, sixty lines of difficult blank verse in fifty-two minutes. He became a close, sympathetic student of Locke's "Letters of Toleration," and one sees, in all his discussions of Civil Liberty and Religious Freedom, how deeply saturated and greatly helped he had become by the exalted sentiments of this noble Christian thinker and philosopher.

But more interested are we at present in young Alexander's religious training and culture than in his intellectual growth. It is the presence or the absence of early religious advantages that shapes destiny here and hereafter. Voltaire felt all through life the effect of an infidel poem committed at the age of five years, and Hume never recovered from the deleterious influence upon him of an argument against Christianity heard by him in youth. Men are largely what their early associations are—not necessarily so, but generally so. Young Campbell's early associations were among the very best—his mother a pious, devoted Christian woman; his father a strong, stanch, strict, Calvinistic Presby-

terian minister. For such an one as this father the Synod gave these orders: That he should have family worship twice a day, catechise his children, teach them the duty of private devotions and the glory of a godly example. Was the discipline severe? Yes; but better, far better, the Scylla of Puritanism even than the Charybdis of Laxity! It is just this, largely, that makes the difference in character between Nero and Paul; in religious life, between Byron and Montgomery; in godliness, between Burns and Cowper. "The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of wisdom," and this beginning of wisdom should be the prominent element in the beginning of life.

Trained under these influences, Alexander Campbell was being educated for greater changes than his youthful imagination had ever dreamed. Mighty religious revolutions and upheavals were at this time in an incipient and embryonic state, and were soon to be felt as a great tidal wave throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. Just as the shock that centuries ago buried Lisbon

was felt even in Scotland, so the influence of independency, beginning in a small circle, was spreading, and was to continue spreading until it should bear with tremendous weight upon all the thinkers of that period. At the head of this movement were four great men, strong in brain and in heart: Rowland Hill, Alexander Haldane, John Walker, Alexander Carson. Each of these had broken off from the Church of England, and was now proclaiming, with mighty power, evangelical truth, uncovered by human ritual as never before since the apostolic days, untainted by human tradition as never before since the period of its primitive purity. These men were essentially, fearlessly progressive. As another has summed it up, they proclaimed the independency of the Churches; they protested with vehemence against any inquisitorial authority by man or Church over human mind or conscience; they protested against the hierarchy of papal Rome; they defended themselves against the arrogance of a National Church; they taught with vigor and effectiveness that the only condition of eternal life,

both in this world and in that to come, is living, personal faith in a living, personal Christ. In short, they placed Christianity above Churchism, and asserted the unmeasured and immeasurable worth of the individual soul. Such doctrines were strange for that day; not that they were new—for they are the doctrines of the New Testament—but that they had been buried so long and so deep under the lumber-pile of tradition, and covered so long under the *débris* of the ages. Now, for the first time, they are being unearthed, with anything like a genuine revelation. Their unearthing produces an excitement like that which attended the ministry of John the Baptist, or of Peter the Hermit, or of Savonarola the Reformer.

Now, as a direct and glorious result of the preaching of Whitefield and Wesley, with others already mentioned, there was formed what was known as "The Evangelical Society," consisting largely of Church of England adherents. To this, Campbell's father united himself, and was known far and wide as an earnest, devoted worker. Note the changes

thus far in the family, each in the direction of progress: First, Romanism; then, Church of Englandism; then, Presbyterianism; now, Independency, or Evangelicalism. It takes a genuine man to change his denominational relations, and, in the change, advance ever nearer to Scriptural truth, and with the satisfaction of doing more fully the divine will. Thus far the Campbells have unquestionably been the subjects of this uplifting experience.

Passing by that part of Alexander Campbell's life which deals with his university course in Glasgow, his impressions of Dr. Ewing's "Rules of Church Government" and Dr. Innes's "Reason for Separation from the Church of Scotland," we come now to that period of his history in which we are specially interested—his life-work on the American Continent, which he adopted as his home in the year 1809, a young man now, just out of his "teens."

The one thing which, at this period of his life, appears to have influenced our subject more than anything else was the "Declaration and Address" to Christians, issued by his

father—an earnest, manly expression of a deep religious conviction. Its last clause, "This society" (no Church was at first contemplated; that was an afterthought, even as Methodism was an unexpected outcome of Wesley's evangelical methods)—"This society will countenance nothing as a matter of faith or duty for which there can not be expressly produced a 'Thus saith the Lord,' either in expressed terms or in approved precedent,"—impressed young Campbell as nothing else had ever impressed him; and well it may, for it is the very essence of the Christian religion, the very glory of the Christian body. Talk about Christian union! It can never be effected save upon this basis: God's Word unchanged; from it no subtraction; to it no addition; in it no alteration. There is no unity save that of truth; and truth, when genuine, is incorruptible, untransferable, unchangeable, unbuyable by gold, uncoercible by power, unconquerable by authority.

By means of fidelity to the "Thus saith the Lord," Campbell is constrained to make a radical change in his views and denomina-

tional relations. It would seem that there had been changes enough in his family—first, Romanists; then, members of the Church of England; then, Presbyterians; then, Independents,—but two others still are to follow. There were many things in the way of doctrine held by the Independents, to which Campbell could not agree in the light of Scripture. He devoted time and prayer to their investigation. The more he studied them, the less Scriptural they appeared to his candid mind and God-loving soul. He was too honest and too fearless to occupy long an abnormal position; so at last, in 1810, he comes squarely out into the light with this announcement: "Becoming disentangled from the accruing embarrassments of intervening ages, and coming firmly and fairly to original ground, let us take up things just as the apostles left them—to begin at the beginning; to ascend at once to the pure fountain of truth; to neglect and disregard, as though they had never been, the decrees of popes, cardinals, synods, and assemblies, and all the traditions and corruptions of an apostate Church." This

position, firmly taken and intelligently maintained, led our subject to the Baptists, whose fundamental, distinguishing characteristic is not immersion, nor immersion of the believer, nor a regenerated Church membership, but God's Word as the only rule of faith and practice, out of which come the polity and doctrines that characterize them. With a Baptist Church Campbell united, and that too, he tells us, with a sense of privilege and pride such as he had never before experienced. Enthusiastically he expresses himself under date of December 28, 1815: "I am now an Independent in Church government [which is the Baptist doctrine of Congregationalism], of that faith and view of the gospel exhibited in John Walter's letters to Alexander Knox [which is the Baptist doctrine of a living, personal faith in Christ], and a Baptist so far as respects baptism." The fundamental faith of Campbell seems to be expressed in one sentence, often repeated by him: "Where the Scriptures speak, we speak; where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent."

The supreme aim and purpose of Camp-

bell seemed to be "to restore," as he expresses it, "the ancient order of things" as it related to the gospel and to the Church. "First, to restore the Bible to its proper place and authority—as against the assaults of Rationalists, who deny the possibility of revelation; as against the Romish claim for tradition, that it is equal in authority to Scripture; as against Protestant creed-makers, who formulate human systems and make them the bases of denominational life and fellowship. Second, to restore Christ to his rightful place and rank in the Church and in the thoughts of men—as against the dishonoring claims of Unitarians, who discrown him of his divinity; and the mistreatment of Trinitarians, who often disown him as leader under the direction of human leadership and party spirit. Third, to restore the practice of the apostolic Church in the simplicity of worship."

There is a demand for the emphasis of these exalted principles to-day—God's Word, the Infallible Oracle of Jehovah; Jesus Christ, in the glory of his miraculous incarnation, his spotless character, his matchless teachings,

his majestic deeds, his atoning death, his radiant resurrection and ascension, and his eternal mediatorial pleadings at the right hand of God; and the Christian Church as Christ and the apostles founded it.

Though in these character-lectures it is not our purpose to discuss in way of refutation the tenets of any Church or denomination of Christians, still, as we have given Campbell's ancestors' and his own reasons for departure, first from Romanism, then from Church-of-Englandism, then from Presbyterianism, then from Independency, it seems proper that, in conclusion, we give our subject's reasons for leaving the Baptists, not discussing at all the relative worth of his or the Baptists' position.

First, Campbell became dissatisfied with the name "Baptist." It carried with it, to his mind, a "party designation," and he was earnestly for Christian union. He preferred the name "Disciple," as preferable, he tells us, to "Christian," because more modest and of more frequent use in the New Testament. And few unbiased minds will deny that, of

all the different Christian bodies, the followers of Campbell wear the noblest and most meaningful name. The designations "Christian" and "Disciple" each have the sanction of Scripture, and that in itself is a mighty argument for them.

More, Campbell appears to have differed quite materially, in those far-away years, with Baptists in Kentucky, Virginia, and Missouri regarding slavery. He unsparingly denounced it as "the largest, blackest spot on our national escutcheon, a many-headed monster, a Pandora's box, a bitter root, a blighting, blasting curse;" and one can not but feel, as he studies those days and the different expressions by Campbell and his brethren on the question of Negro emancipation, that these discussions had more to do than is generally supposed with the separation from each other of men who then had, and to-day have, so much gloriously in common. It is the political as well as religious element that must here be taken into consideration. True, it was not predominant; but, on the other hand, it was not inoperative.

Again, between our subject and the Baptists of that day there arose discussions and differences touching "regeneration" and "reformation"—not so much, we take it, in regard to the fact of the thing as about the philosophy of it. Some of the discussions show subtleties worthy of mediæval schoolmen. Better for us that we accept the fact of salvation, and seek not to fathom its plan.

Finally, Campbell found himself laying more stress upon baptism than his Baptist brethren. Hear his words: "Perhaps neither Baptists nor Pedobaptists sufficiently appreciate baptism. . . . When Ananias said unto Paul, 'Arise, be baptized and wash away thy sins, calling upon the name of the Lord,' I suppose he must have believed that his sins were now washed away in some sense in which they were not before. We confess that the blood of Jesus Christ alone cleanses us, who believe, from all sins. The water of baptism formally washes away our sins. The blood of Christ really washes away our sins. Paul's sins were really pardoned when he believed; yet he had no solemn pledge of the

fact, no formal acquittal, no formal purgation of his sins, until he washed them away in the water of baptism." Such was the position of Campbell; and, tenaciously holding that view, he organized Churches advocating and propagating it. And to-day the followers of Campbell are found all over our land, an earnest, God-fearing, Bible-loving body, reiterating constantly and fearlessly the motto of their most prominent leader: "Where the Scriptures speak, we speak; where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent."

But we must close our study. As author, preacher, debater, evangelist, educator, founder of the Bethany College in West Virginia, Alexander Campbell devoted his best days and energies to the propagation of what he believed to be truth, ever showing himself to be a good man and just. He died triumphantly in the Christian faith on March 4, 1866, among his last words these, in honor of that Christ whom he loved so well: "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." Almost with these words upon his lips, and

altogether with this inspiration in his heart, he ascended to his rainbow home above, there, in the circle of just men made perfect, to await the arrival of all who love his Sovereign and Savior.

> "He sets as sets the morning star, which goes
> Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
> Obscured amid the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven."

VII.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

"A man greatly beloved."—DANIEL X, 11.

IF from this Christian temple to-day we could, by some magic art, transfer ourselves back two hundred years in the world's history, and stand, on July 10, 1686, in Notre Dame, in Paris, we should find it presenting a grand and august scene. Within its crowded walls are gathered the bravest men and fairest women of France. A distinguished statesman and heroic warrior has died—the Prince of Condé—and his obsequies are holding. The orator of the occasion is Bossuet, the eminent and eloquent chaplain of Louis XIV's court. He stands over the bier for a moment, motionless and silent. He is overcome by the grandeur of the occasion and the nobleness of the life he is about to portray. At last he speaks, and these are the memorable words with which he introduces his matchless eulogy: "At the moment that I open my lips

to celebrate the immortal glory of Louis Bourbon, Prince of Condé, I find myself equally overwhelmed by the greatness of the subject, and, if permitted to avow it, by the uselessness of the task. What part of the habitable globe has not heard of the victories of this prince, and the wonders of his life?"

As the speaker of this hour appears to pay some humble tribute of honor to Charles Haddon Spurgeon—a prince in a higher kingdom than that of earth—the impulse of his heart is to reiterate the utterance of the noted court preacher; for what part of the habitable world has not heard of the Abraham-like faith, the Paul-like activity, the Chrysostom-like courage, the Luther-like convictions of this mighty man of God, this heroic herald of the gospel of Christ.

In the recent death of Spurgeon there has passed from earth the greatest ambassador of the Son of God whose voice has been raised in the assistance of right and the resistance of wrong in our nineteenth century. More, the ages to come will recognize in him one of the most colossal religious figures of all

the Christiau centuries. His personal magnetism may not have been equal to that of Luther; his eloquence may not have compared in elevation with that of Hall, or in fervor with that of Whitefield; his force and fearlessness may not have been tested by princes and cardinals as were those of Knox,—and yet, in his "combined God-consciousness, devotion to Christ, singleness of aim, heavenly-mindedness, and abundant fruitfulness," Charles H. Spurgeon will ever stand forth one of nature's truest noblemen, one of Jehovah's most consecrated servants.

That this estimate of the great London preacher be not regarded extravagant, it may be well to weigh a few of the calm and intelligent, though enthusiastic and exalted, testimonies recently paid this son of man and son of God by the representative religious journals of our land. Writes the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist): "We believe him to be the greatest evangelical preacher since Wesley, and the most powerful personality since the Reformation." The *Presbyterian* (Philadelphia): "He was the foremost

Calvinistic divine living in our century, and was singularly bold and brave in the avowal of what he believed to be the controlling doctrines of God's Word." The *Watchman*, of Boston (Baptist): "It is not easy to overestimate the loss of the Christian Church in the death of Mr. Spurgeon. In every English-speaking country there are multitudes who owe the impulse to a Christian life to his spoken or written word. We rejoice that God has permitted one man to render such splendid service as a preacher of the gospel." The *Independent* (Congregational): "We have lost the greatest preacher of his day, one of the greatest the world has ever seen. His influence has been only good. It is such men that are the true successors of the apostles." The New York *Churchman* (Episcopal): "The greatest Baptist preacher of his day, we might almost say of any day, has gone to his well-earned rest. Charles H. Spurgeon filled a large place, and left no successor. What John Knox was in Scotland, what Wesley in his day was in England, what Martin Luther was in Germany, that has Spurgeon

been to his time and generation. This century has not heard a voice raised for Christ with so complete a mastery of Scripture thought and language as was exhibited by Spurgeon." Nor are any of these encomiums finer than that from one of America's strongest thinkers and noblest masters of English—Dr. Lyman Abbott—when, in the *Christian Union*, he characteristically writes: "The death of Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon takes away the most notable figure in the Anglo-Saxon pulpit of to-day. For nearly forty years he has ministered in London to a congregation which, during the major part of that time, has crowded his immense tabernacle. In that modern movement which has constituted the Church 'the preacher's force, not his field,' Mr. Spurgeon has been a leader, and his tabernacle an example and an inspiration. No one of the cathedrals of England, with all their magnificent equipment, has done so much as Spurgeon's unendowed tabernacle to inspire faith, hope, and love in the common people."

And does not Spurgeon's beautiful, busy,

consecrated, Christ-like life entitle him to the eulogies pronounced on every hand, irrespective of Church or creed? With this life how familiar we have become of late!—his birth, in the village of Kelvedon, England, June 19, 1834, himself the son and grandson of Independent preachers; his education at Colchester, where, especially in Latin, Greek, and French, he stood high in his classes; his few months' training in an agricultural college at Maidstone; his tutorship at Newmarket; his conversion, on December 15, 1850, under a simple, earnest sermon in a Primitive Methodist chapel, at a period of his life when, as he expressed it, he was making a hurried sail over the tempestuous ocean of free-thought; his baptism, at Isleham, May 3, 1851; his first sermon, that same year, at Feversham, from the text, "Unto you that believe, He is precious;" the description of him at that time, seventeen years of age, as "a ruddy boy, with a round jacket, and a broad, turned-down collar;" his pastorate, without any academic or theological training, at Waterbeach, in 1852; the beginning, in

1854, of his ministry in London; the crowding, Sunday after Sunday, of great masses of people in New Park Street Baptist Church, Southwark, whose seating capacity was twelve hundred persons, to hear his fervid, forceful messages; his removal, for want of room, to Royal Surrey Gardens Music Hall, where, at the age of twenty-two, the young preacher delivered his sermons to audiences not unfrequently numbering seven thousand, "rank and title, social splendor, and splendor of civic favor flowing into Surrey Gardens;" the laying of the corner-stone of the great Metropolitan Tabernacle, on August 16, 1859, and the opening of the building, March 25, 1861, one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars having been expended in its erection; the growth of the tabernacle membership from fewer than one hundred in 1854 to one thousand one hundred and seventy-eight in 1861, and to five thousand three hundred and twenty-eight in 1892; the Sunday-school numbering to-day eight thousand five hundred and fifteen scholars and six hundred and forty-four teachers, besides which are twenty-

six missions, whose seating capacity aggregate four thousand nine hundred and thirty-five, Sunday-schools and ragged-schools; the Pastor's College, with seventy-seven students; the Colportage Association, with ninety-two colporteurs in more than twenty counties; the Stockwell Orphanage, with hundreds of little ones loved and cared for,—to say nothing, in this connection, of Spurgeon's hard labor in the matter of authorship of works which have been translated in many languages, and deservedly gained a circulation of hundreds of thousands of copies.

How crowded that forty-two-year period with prayer and patience, self-sacrifice and suffering, toil and triumph! We can not appreciate it to-day as we shall in future years. We are as yet too near it. Mont Blanc is more accurately measured from the Genevan lake than from the Chamouni valley. As another strongly puts it, it is in the calm and unimpassioned assize of history that men are justly measured and rightly adjudged.

And yet, with the survey just taken of the great good work of this great good man,

during a life of fifty years and a ministry of forty-two years, we may make, even to-day, with some degree of satisfaction, an analysis of Spurgeon's marvelous power over men and for God.

What were some of the characteristics of this heroic man, this matchless preacher, this successful pastor? What the explanation of his unusual force, his immortal influence?

In the first place, Spurgeon started life with that great advantage that comes to a man from a noble, worthy ancestry. As in horses, so in men, blood tells; and true, pure blood flowed through the veins of our subject. Like Knox, Edwards, Wesley, and many other prominent figures in history, the great London preacher had back of him the impetus that comes from helpful heredity. To quote from the present American preacher in the London Tabernacle: "He came from a long line of pious ancestry on both sides, and of ministers of the Word. The faith that dwelt in him was an inheritance, and its foundations were laid hundreds of years before he was born. He was a child of prayer, like Samuel and John

the Baptist. And not until, from the very beginning, from the very form of parental character, the future child is shaped for God and goodness, can we know the full extent to which the faith in the holy child dwelt first in his ancestry." It was much to the glory of Timothy of old to have had a mother and grandmother of strong character and marked distinction. It was much to the advantage of Spurgeon that he was a lineal descendant of heroic Dutch Protestants, who, in the sixteenth century, fled to England to escape the persecutions of the Duke of Alva, and that behind him was a strong line of earnest Nonconformist ministers.

Again, this gifted man possessed an exceptionally robust physical constitution, like that of Charles V, or William E. Gladstone. This was a source of immense power to Spurgeon. The opinion of a recent philosophical writer that the first requisite of a successful life is to be "a good animal," while likely to be misconstrued, contains a large element of truth. He is best fitted, all things being equal, to confront life's storms, fight life's

battles, and win life's victories, who is able to realize Sydney Smith's expressive picture of the happy man, standing on God's green turf, with head in God's free air, and thanking the Maker for the simple luxury of physical existence. Such an one was Spurgeon, until broken down by excessive labor for the Master, eaten up by the zeal of his Father's house. His body was a mighty chariot, furnished him by nature to bear on to glorious triumphs his heroic soul.

Greatly aided also in pulpit influence was the Tabernacle preacher by the possession and cultivation of a remarkably pathetic and powerful voice—a voice that was marvelous in its combination of clearness, softness, and strength. It required no exertion on his part to make himself heard in the largest hall and by six or eight thousand people; in fact, on one occasion, it is authoritatively declared, he addressed, in Crystal Palace, twenty-three thousand people. "The wonder of Mr. Spurgeon's voice grew upon me," writes a gifted American author, "the more I considered and compared it. He used it with-

out any apparent effort, and it answered every purpose of his will. In its utmost violence I never heard from it one note that grated harshly on the ear. It was virile, but it hid in its virile sweetness an effect of womanly winningness that was almost pathetic. It was an instrument of speech that either needed no management, or was so perfectly managed that it seemed to need none. It was the perfection of nature and art combined." It was such qualities as these in his voice that made Spurgeon, as a speaker, a master of assemblies.

Besides all this, though no fully equipped scholar, no learned man, in the highest sense of that expression, lacking the logical acumen and intellectual development of such men as Calvin and Edwards, the Tabernacle preacher cultivated a style of thought and of speech which could not fail, in any presence, to arrest attention, demand consideration, and carry along with it irresistible force. His mental characteristics were simplicity, directness, spontaneity. His was truth—clear, captivating, convincing—and he gave expres-

sion to it in language which none might misunderstand or misinterpret. He preached a gospel of warning to those who were led into moral slavery, and of comfort to those who hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and that, too, in the plainest Anglo-Saxon speech. His style was one of beautiful clarity, illumined by striking imagery. For purity of style and elevation of thought, few passages in English classics surpass the last sentences of his last public utterance, at Mentone: "O, to be borne through the year on the wings of praise to God; to mount from year to year, and raise at each ascent a loftier and yet lowlier song unto the God of our life! The vista of a praiseful life will never close, but continue throughout eternity. From psalm to psalm, from hallelujah to hallelujah, we will ascend the hill of the Lord, until we come into the Holiest of all, where, with veiled faces, we will bow before the Divine Majesty in the bliss of endless adoration. Throughout this year may the Lord be with you! Amen!"

And yet this plain, old-fashioned gospel of

Spurgeon, though told in such charming simplicity of speech, has subjected this noble, Paul-like preacher to severe criticism in some quarters. An example of the kind of criticism which unappreciative souls poured upon him is furnished by the following production, written twenty years ago by an American critic of some distinction at that time: "Spurgeon is often compared with Beecher. The two should be contrasted. They have hardly anything in common. Beecher has popularized preaching; Spurgeon has vulgarized it. Beecher's nature is wonderfully opulent and productive; Spurgeon's is poor and barren. Beecher is prolific in thoughts, fancies, and suggestions; Spurgeon is dry, and his words are balls, rather than vital seeds. Beecher has a philosophy; Spurgeon knows not what philosophy is. The vast and continued popularity of Spurgeon is as discreditable to England as the popularity of Beecher is creditable in America." That critic—where is he today? Living; but buried, as a thinker, in absolute oblivion. Spurgeon—where is he today? Dead; but in influence, as man and

preacher, filling the earth, and thrilling the very eternities with joy.

More than this, the prominent figure we study this hour was unusually versatile in gifts—preacher, pastor, evangelist, editor, author, organizer. Strikingly has a recent writer, in one of our most widely circulated journals, summed up Spurgeon's marvelous combinations of qualities substantially as follows: A voice that you heard with pleasure, and could not help hearing; a mind that absorbed knowledge from books and nature; an eye that took in a wide angle, and saw everything within view; a memory that he treated with confidence, and that never disappointed him; a great, large heart, on fire with the love of God and of man; a practical, common-sense way of doing things, either secular or sacred; a singleness of aim and a transparent honesty that made him trusted by everybody. Truly remarkable was he in the equipment—physical, social, mental, and spiritual.

But Spurgeon trusted to no natural ability for success, but rather to hard work, crowned with God's favor. He was as indefatigable a

laborer as Baxter or Wesley. Think of his literary work alone,—"Treasury of David," of more than three thousand pages, reaching a circulation of three hundred thousand copies; four volumes of "Sermon Notes;" nineteen volumes of "Sermons;" "The Greatest Fight in the World;" "The Clew of Maze;" "Spare-hour Thoughts;" "Talks to Farmers;" "John Plowman's Pictures;" and "The Sword and Trowel!" His life was full of consecrated energy. His was that true Christian faith which finds its sublimest exposition and highest proof in useful, helpful work.

Especially was our subject *facile princeps* in the matter of organization. It might be said of him what Macaulay said of Wesley—he was the equal of Richelieu as an organizer. Recall the various enterprises he originated and fostered, personally and sympathetically: An orphanage, which has aided no fewer than fourteen hundred children; a college, from whose walls already nearly one thousand ministers have gone forth to their life-work with the impress of a master-spirit upon them; a colportage agency, which has to-day about

seventy-five different representatives actively engaged in Christian work; a book-fund, by which more than one hundred thousand volumes have been donated to indigent pastors,—to say nothing of the mighty missionary societies connected with the Tabernacle, for work in London, in England, and among the peoples across the seas. The silent, sacred, sanctifying streams of benevolence and beneficence sent forth from these institutions, how they flow on in beauty, mingling with that holy river which makes glad the city of God! If unevangelical George Eliot was shocked at Spurgeon's spiritual preaching, stigmatizing it as "utterly common, and empty of guiding intelligence and emotion—the most superficial grocer's back-parlor view of Calvinistic Christianity,"—surely altruistic George Eliot should have been moved to praise by this good man's generous heart and unbounded philanthropy.

Spurgeon was also a man of strong, sound, safe convictions of thought and duty, based upon God's Word. Before this trait in our Christian hero all others sink into insignifi-

cance. In reference to the Bible it has been said: "It supplied him with most fruitful thoughts; it enlarged and enriched his vocabulary; it furnished him with illustrations; it suggested to him motives and aspirations; it was the unfailing *thesaurus* of his mind, heart, and tongue; his university, his great text-book, his whole faculty, his library; a complete structure, a house-beautiful, with its refectory, its armory, its observatory, its lavatory, its galleries of portraits, its dormitory for pilgrims, every need met—food for spiritual hunger, fountains of water and blood for cleansing, weapons for warfare, windows with outlook on celestial scenes, character-studies for warning and imitation, and its chambers of rest and refreshment for the weary."

Asked to declare the secret of Spurgeon's power, different writers have located it "in voice and manner; in felicity and force of diction; in pulpit bearing; in the poetic, satirical, or humorous features of his discourses; in his courting the masses of people; in his wonderful knowledge of human nature; in his organizing genius and centralizing gen-

eralship,"—but no one of these things accounts, save in part, for the deep, ineffaceable impress the man has made upon his age and generation. Above and beyond all this was Spurgeon's unbounded and unquestioned faith in God's Word as an infallible message from the eternal court. He had no sympathy with the fine, intellectual dreamers, who delight to attack every precious article in our evangelical faith, grind down smooth all sharp Bible definitions respecting sin and salvation, evaporate sin into an excusable infirmity or a pitiable misfortune, reduce responsibility to an infinitesimal quantity, "open wide doors for future probation and future restorationism, and even weave the shroud for the soul's burial in a hopeless grave." All these things he flung away from him with a Pauline God forbid! For popularity he never sacrificed an iota of religious conviction or faith. The old, old gospel of the old, old Book, told in the old, old way—this was his delight, his strength, his inspiration. What words these from his impassioned soul: "God have mercy on the man that makes the Divine Lord a sort of blessed

nobody, brings salvation down to salvability, changes certainty into probability, and treats verities as mere opinions! As for me, I believe in the colossal—a need as deep as hell, a grace as high as heaven. I believe in a pit that is bottomless and in a heaven that is topless. I believe in an infinite God and an infinite atonement, infinite love and mercy, an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, of which the substance and the reality is Jesus Christ." Such convictions as these dominated his thoughts, his speech, his life, making him less a mere personality and more a moral force. The words of Spurgeon at the time of the memorable "Down Grade" controversy, the Christian world will embalm them in its memory; yea, place them, as apples of gold in pictures of silver, for the gaze and admiration of succeeding generations. Hear them: "To us the Bible does not merely contain the word of God, but is the Word of God. The Old Testament is no less inspired than the New. We hold and maintain the doctrines of grace—the electing love of God, the Father; the propitiatory and

substitutionary sacrifice of his Son, Jesus Christ; regeneration by the Holy Spirit; imputation of Christ's righteousness; justification of the sinner (once for all) by faith; his walk in newness of life and growth in grace by the active indwelling of the Divine Spirit; the priestly intercession of our Lord Jesus Christ; as also the hopeless perdition of all who reject the Savior." No eclecticism here; but full, rounded, solid, unquestionable faith in the Divine Revelation.

Here, without question, is the secret of Spurgeon's power as a preacher. He believed; therefore, he spoke. He believed thoroughly; therefore, he spoke convincingly. This mighty faith it was that caused him to preach the gospel with such mighty force and fire, as, leaning with sympathetic heart over vast multitudes, he poured out so fervently and pathetically soul-stirring appeals. He was a second Doddridge, ever saying: "I long for conversions more sensibly than for all else on earth. I could not only labor for them, but die for them." A second Matthew Henry he was, exclaiming: "I esteem it a greater blessing to gain a soul

for God than to win mountains of gold." This is why, as a distinguished educator has lately said, "though he has used no arts to draw hearers, preached no sensational sermons, preached no novel ideas, advertised no catching subjects, there has been for more than a generation no fluctuation of his power and popularity, no ebb in the steady tide, no variation of his hold upon the people; and why, while other great men have died, and thousands of their adherents, allied to them by nationality or race or creed or work, have bewailed the loss of their leader, this great man dies, and his death is lamented by millions, bound to him by neither nationality nor creed, race nor work." This is why the archdeacon of London, only a few days ago, in St. Paul's Cathedral, could declare that, chief of all the elements of Spurgeon, was the splendid completeness, the unswerving strength, the exuberant vitality, of his faith in God's revelation to man through his Son Jesus Christ, combined with the width and warmth of his zealous love for souls.

Last and best of all, through God's rich

grace and his own determined will, Spurgeon exhibited a character which beautifully matched and strongly buttressed his doctrine and speech. Interblended in his being were such attractive qualities as heroism, majesty, nobility, purity, sympathy, self-sacrifice; and these, revealed in life, presented an image of beautiful proportions and after a heavenly original. He was never ascetical, morose, pessimistic. He was always sunny, cheerful, optimistic. His humor and wit were natural and attractive. Speaking once of the fact that his grandfather, father, brother, and two of his own sons were preachers, he quietly said: "Scratch a Spurgeon, and you will find a preacher." We recall the ready wit with which he replied to his mother's statement to him that she often prayed for him to be saved, but never for him to be a Baptist: "The Lord has answered your prayer with his usual bounty, giving you more than you asked." His "John Plowman's Pictures" is full of humor. Our subject loved anecdote. "I wonder," said an old preacher to him, on one occasion, "that you can conscientiously tell so

many jokes in the pulpit." "You would n't wonder," replied Spurgeon, "if you knew how many jokes I know that I do n't tell." The speaker recalls an illustration of this trait which he himself personally witnessed in the Tabernacle pastor. He was addressing his students, two years ago, on "Poor Preaching," and spoke, in substance, thus: Not far from London is a little church, which has had the misfortune of having many pastors in quick succession. When the last one resigned—one of our own boys—he comforted his congre- with the words: "I must go; but be of good cheer: God will send you a better man than I." Upon which tearful declaration an old lady in the prayer-meeting arose, and replied, in high-keyed voice: "No, no, dear man, do not say that; every pastor that has left us has said just that thing, and *the Lord has sent us a worse one every time!*"

Ruskin says: "Rivers, great and small, are all alike in one respect—they like to lean a little to one side. They have one bank to sun themselves on, and another to shade themselves under. Great men are like rivers

in this respect. They have a part of their lives for work, and another part for play." Like Luther and Knox—indeed, most of the heroic personages of history—Spurgeon had no small measure of bright wit, quiet humor, gentle playfulness. He is a striking example of the saying, that "the greatest orators, dealing with the most somber of all subjects, have nevertheless always possessed a strong sense of humor, which from time to time brightens even the darkest of the thunder-clouds that hang heavy around their theological horizon. The men who have made thousands weep in agonized contrition for sin, have almost in the same breath sometimes caused a ripple of laughter to pass over their congregations, as a ray of sunlight will sometimes glint over the waves of a stormy sea."

The fact is, the man was genuine through and through—natural, unaffected, beautifully sincere, creating some approach to that ideal character which the poet describes as—

"The white flower of a blameless life."

No man could have prayed as Spurgeon prayed, without a pure heart. His lips

taught truth, and his life illustrated it. His deed matched his creed. Light is never so intense as when reflected; the gospel is never so mighty as when exemplified. What the world needs to-day, above all else—what it cries for and sighs for, and must have or perish—is not art, nor science, nor philosophy, nor literature, nor railroads, nor steamships, nor banks, nor commerce, nor telegraphs, nor telephones, but Christly men, like Charles Haddon Spurgeon; men who can sincerely exclaim, with certain early Christian heroes, "We do not speak great things, we do them;" men like Arnot, of whom it was said, "His writings are good, his preaching better, his life best of all." A noble teacher of true life is the gifted bard of Avon, when he sings:

> "Heaven doth with us as we with torches do—
> Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues
> Go not forth of us, 't will be all alike
> As if we had them not."

No more fittingly, perhaps, can this tribute of respect and affection be closed, than in words expressed this very month by a gifted writer in the *Review of Reviews:* "It is diffi-

cult—nay, it is impossible—to reckon up the world-wide influence which has been exerted by Mr. Spurgeon's life and teaching in the life-time of this generation. Through all these years, ever since he came, upon the eve of the Crimean War, down to to-day, when, weak, worn, and weary, he ceased to breathe on the shores of the Mediterranean, he had been as a muezzin on the tallest minaret of English Christendom, crying, with a voice which rang throughout all the world: "Repent, believe, and be converted!" Now that trumpet-voice is hushed in death. No more will pilgrims, from all the English-speaking lands, make their way to the great Tabernacle reared in the midst of poor and busy Southwark. His name remains only as a memory and as an inspiration; but this memory and inspiration we shall cherish, waiting for the glad day when we shall stand with our brother on the higher levels of God's glorious universe.

"Time's sentries cry, 'Halt!'
Hark the sturdy reply:
Be ye lifted, ye gates,
The Commander goes by!'

Pass on, grand Crusader,
  Hearts beat at thy name;
Good-bye to thy form,
  And good-morn to thy fame!"

The End.