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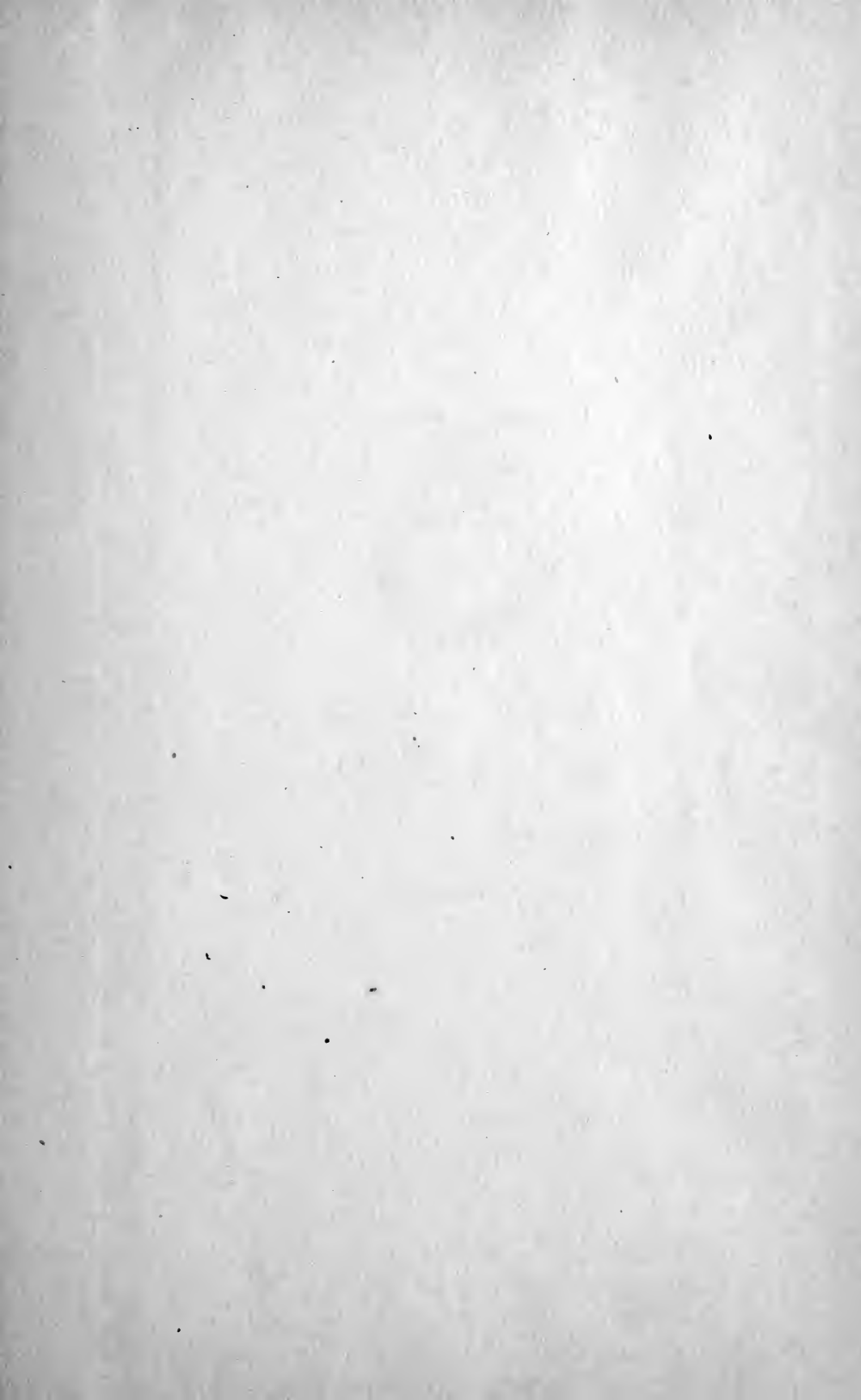


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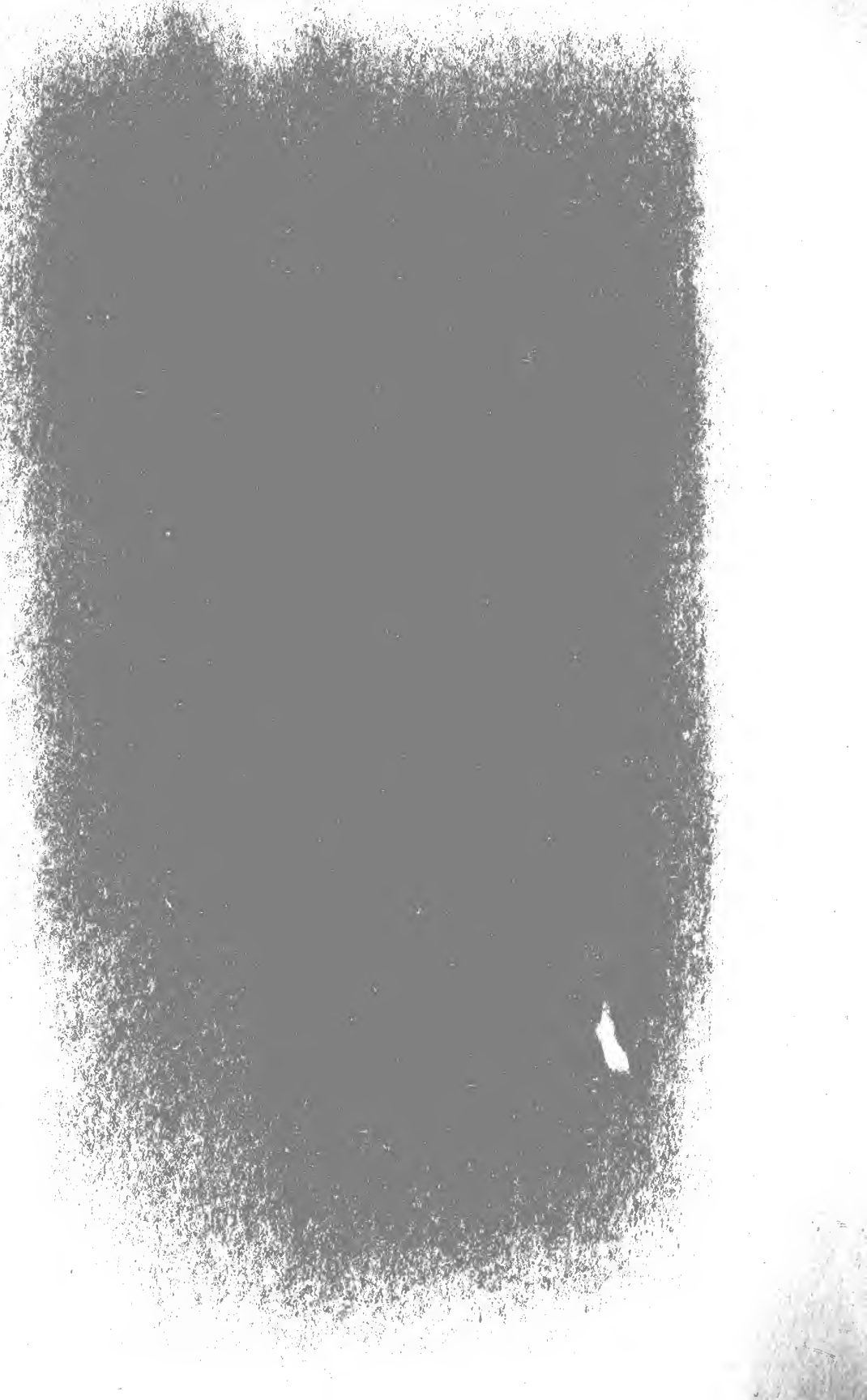
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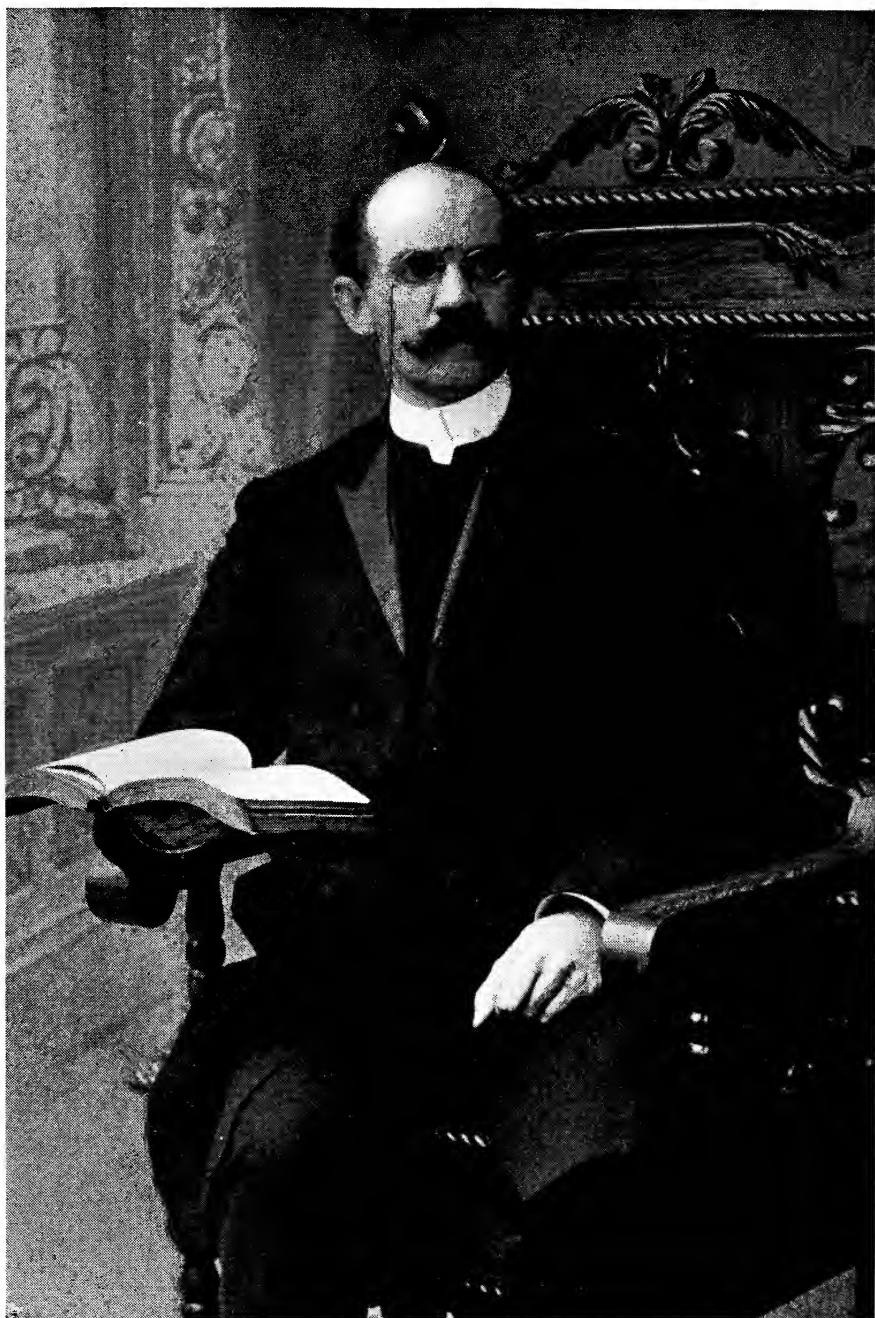
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THE SHRINE INVISIBLE





WILLIAM J. HAMPTON

THE SHRINE INVISIBLE

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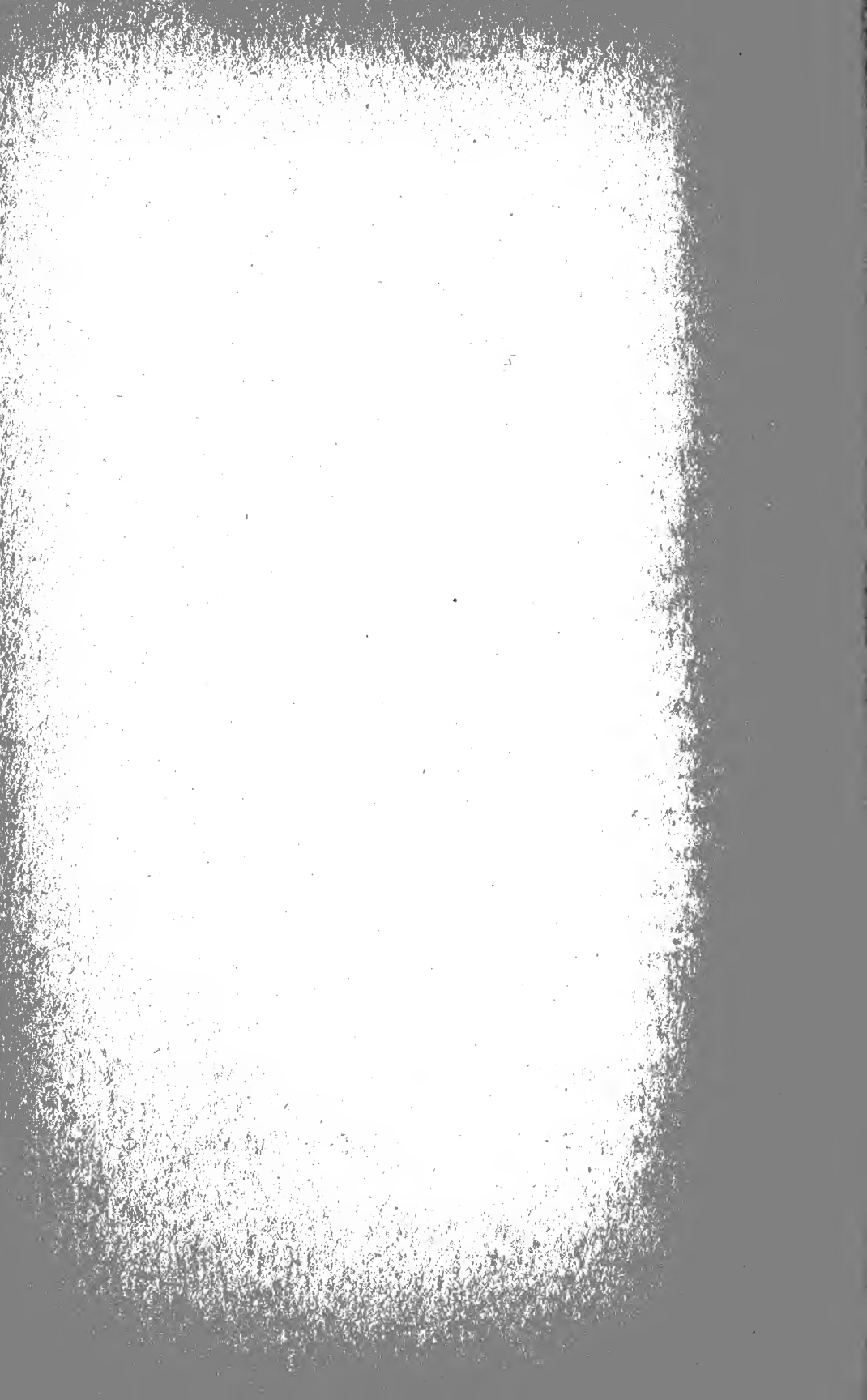


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TO MY WIFE
AMELIA BOYCE HAMPTON
THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



FOREWORD

THE Family of Books! What a family it is! The wise man said, centuries before Christ, "of making many books, there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh." What was the family of books then, in comparison with that of today! We wonder what Solomon would say, were he living now! Some books have lived long, and their influence has been like that of some people, — useful, helpful, cheerful, inspiring, tending Godward. Some books have died in their infancy. Of others, it might be said with propriety, quoting the language, if not the exact words, of Christ, concerning Judas, It would have been good had they never been born. Many now sleep in peaceful oblivion, in the cemetery of Bookdom, and nothing remains to mark their resting-place.

This little volume, rather timidly, crowds its way into the already overcrowded Family of Books. The trend of thought is optimistic. It seeks the sunny side of the street. No one denies that there are evils galore, and conscience, played upon by a Christian education and en-

vironment, is not slow in detecting such evil. But evil seems the more black, when the good thrives best. There are clouds in the heavens, but they float in a sea of atmosphere flooded with sunlight. Their very blackness is made beautiful, by the deft touches of the Great Architect of the Universe, as he burnishes the fringes with gold. And there are acres upon acres of blue and gold, where there are no clouds. So there are acres upon acres of goodness, where there are only patches of evil. The brightest minds, the busiest brains, the best of souls, insist that

“God’s in his heaven.
All’s right with the world.”

With such sunny souls we would be friends at once.

AUTHOR.

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THE SHRINE'S REGISTER
OF CORRECT MORALS

“Dare I say, begone! yet thou dost taunt
Till I could strike thee dead;
Impervious monitor, why dost thou haunt
And fill my soul with dread
Till peace has, 'frighted, fled?
Security and ease thou'st bid depart,
Tell me why hast thou sped
Thine all remorseless arrows to the smart?
Why should thy gleaming lamp thus scorch my heart?

“Begone! he cried, and she replied him mild,
(Tho' all reluctant to forego her sway)
'O man, thou art an ever wayward child,
Where wilt thou be when I shall take away
From off thine heart, my hand? Dost thou essay
To still my warning voice? I go!' She fled,
Alas, no longer would she stay,
But joined the guardian angels overhead,
And left apostate man, with manhood — dead.”

UNKNOWN.

The Shrine's Register of Correct Morals

The Mind of Man

THE study of the material universe is of great interest to many students. It is teeming with realities. Phenomena can be handled with our hands. We can see them with the physical sight. The external sense is employed as the instrument or agent. The mind, too, is a real thing. We can look at it, in a sense, the same as we can look at a most intricate machine. The X-ray reveals the hidden bones and muscles and arteries and foreign matter, should any exist, in the human body, so that we are able to read the framework of a man through and through. The keen eye of the master-surgeon, who has made a life study of the human frame, as he looks at a man, knows the location and the peculiar function of each organ of the body and with rare skill, with a surgical instrument keen as a razor's edge, can perform the most delicate operation on the most sensitive organ. Never

surgeon dissected body with greater skill and hair-breadth nicety than philosophers have dissected mind. They have looked in on that which was ever ready to elude, yet holding, have, with instruments keener than the surgeon's, laid the mind open, and philosophically separated every shade of thought.

As we follow the operation, what becomes more real? What is more real? Emerson says, "We go to the gymnasium and the swimming pool to see the power and beauty of the body. There is a like pleasure and a higher benefit from witnessing intellectual feats of all kinds, as feats of memory, of mathematical combination, great power of abstraction, the transmutings of the imagination, even versatility and concentration, as these acts *expose the invisible organs and members of the mind.*"

To Emerson, mind in action was as real as physical feats. It gave him as much real enjoyment to witness intellectual feats, products of the invisible organs, as it would an artist to be charmed by the exhibition of a masterpiece of art. He who is able to see a great mental picture, as exhibited by one of trained philosophical mind, wherein there are the keenest and most delicate distinctions, is greater mentally than one who can appreciate the lights and

shadows, lines and angles and symmetrical proportions of a great painting.

Painting, sculpture, music and architecture appeal to some one or more of the five senses for interpretation and appreciation. Poetry appeals to not one. Mind alone must interpret. Therefore, poetry is the most difficult of interpretation of the fine arts, for mind must discern its beauty and quality without the aid of eye, ear or touch. For this reason the mind must be more thoroughly trained to interpret masterful intellectual feats, since it must perform its difficult task unaided by the eye, the ear or touch.

Mind, as truly real as phenomena, has all the attributes of a real substance, i.e., being, endurance, power. It can and does stand all the tests to which metaphysicians subject it. We study material phenomena, by means of the bodily eye, the microscope, or the telescope. But we cannot turn the bodily eye in upon the marvelous operations of the mind. Neither will the microscope or telescope render assistance here. Their nature is spiritual. They cannot be seen or heard or felt in the sense of touch. Yet the operations of the mind are so real that some philosophers have made mind more real than matter. Both are real. These ghostlike mental faculties, so fairylike, so ephemeral and

yet so real, can be seen and analyzed by a vision keener than bodily eyes, aided by the best of artificial appliances. We look in upon this strange realm by means of introspection. The keen vision of the mind's eye discerns points and lines of distinction, finer than those made with diamond point. Just as a kaleidoscope constantly changes with slightest touch, so the mind seems never to be entirely at rest. Constantly the mental pictures are being changed. Shifted by whose hand? Who has the constant manipulation of the scene? As fast as one picture comes, it flees and another takes its place, so on in apparently endless succession. Yet, says McCosh, "Intuitions of the Mind," Part 2, Book I, Section VI: "We know self in every one of its states as these pass before consciousness. Herein lies an important difference between the knowledge we have of the mind, and the greater portion of the knowledge we have acquired of the universe. . . . The greater part of the knowledge we have of our organism and of objects in contact with it, is derivative. And there is a process of inference in all that we know of objects at a distance — of sun, moon, stars, hills, rivers, valleys, and of persons and countenances, and conversations of our friends. But in regard to our own minds, we

know all the individual facts, directly and intuitively. *We gaze at once at the mind*, thinking, imagining, feeling, resolving. In this view it may be safely said that we know more of certain of the states and of the actions of the mind than we know of the whole material universe, even in this age of advanced science. . . . Our sensations, our perceptions, our elaborated thoughts, our moral cognitions, and all our necessary convictions *are under our immediate view.*"

To say that we may know these mental phenomena more than we know the material universe in this advanced age of science, may be challenged from the fact that but few people go to the trouble of bending the eye of the mind backward upon itself. Introspection is a difficult process. But few people try to philosophize. Hence, we may say that the marvelous mechanism of the mind, *as it is*, is known to but comparatively few people, in comparison with the teeming multitudes. But to offset this, it may be said that the number of people is not large who study and know scientifically material phenomena. And much of the knowledge thus gained is, as Dr. McCosh says, of an inferential character. We cannot say that the knowledge which is gained through sensation and thence by perception is absolutely accurate.

What is Truth, may well be asked of any one of the senses, for the senses do not always reveal things as they really are, but rather as we judge them to be. Very few persons *see* things exactly alike, and were our vision magnified a thousand-fold, how differently everything would appear. Blood to the natural eye appears red, but when placed under a good microscope, so that the smaller particles are able to be discerned, it is discovered that blood really consists of a few red globules, floating in a pellucid liquor, and if we could magnify these smallest particles ten thousand times again, what would they look like! Truly, we do not know. So that this world, which seems to be so familiar to us, is really unknown, as to its *real nature*. As Locke says in his "Essay on the Human Understanding," the nominal essences of substances we may know, but when it comes to the real essences of substances, we are left in mystery almost wholly. Material phenomena are really more doubtful as to their nature, than are mental phenomena. Locke truly says, "Essay on the Human Understanding," Book 3, Chapter 6: "There is not so contemptible a plant or animal that does not confound the most enlarged understanding. Though the familiar use of things takes off our wonder, yet it cures not our

ignorance. When we come to examine the stones we tread upon, or the iron we daily handle, we presently find we know not their make and can give no reason of the different qualities we find in them. It is evident the internal constitution, whereon their properties depend, is unknown to us, for to go no further than the grossest and most obvious we can imagine among them, what is that texture of parts, that real essence that makes lead and antimony fusible, wood and stones not? What makes lead and iron malleable, antimony and stones not? And yet how infinitely these come short of the fine contrivances and inconceivable real essences of plants and animals, every one knows."

Now the phenomena of the mind, to those who will take the pains, may be studied directly, and the product becomes positive knowledge. The spirit of today is decidedly scientific and positive. There are those who have but little room for speculative philosophy. "The physicist," says McCosh, "who has kept a register of the heat of the atmosphere at nine o'clock in the morning, and the naturalist who has discovered a plant or insect, distinguished from all hitherto known species by an additional spot, conceal their contempt for a department

of inquiry which deals with objects which cannot be seen, nor handled, weighed, or measured.”

The Place of Conscience in the Mind

Among the faculties of the mind is found a class distinct by itself, which bears on the morals, and this class is readily divided into three different sections, each section united, forming a chain of three links. But care must be exercised in placing each link in a proper position. The three sections are called the Appetites, Physical and Mental, the Will, and the Conscience. The physical appetites are shared alike by brutes and man, i.e., hunger, thirst, sex. The mental appetites, or appetencies, which seek for gratification are knowledge, esteem, society, power, property. If man had no power to control the physical appetites he would be placed even lower in the scale of intelligence than the brute. But the mental appetites are likewise to be held in check. And the regulator of the appetites is the Will. We are permitted to choose any particular principle so long as that principle does not interfere with the one above it. If the question be which shall be satisfied, the desire of property or the desire of knowledge, the lower desire must always make way for the higher. It must be a choice

of the highest supreme end. The will controls the appetites. There are times when higher principles must be forfeited for those which are lower. If a question of health, for instance, interfere in the acquisition of knowledge, the will decides and should decide in favor of health. But we have unconsciously wandered into the third section, viz., that of conscience, which is responsible for the term "should." Seated above the Will sits Conscience, as on a throne, revealing moral law. Right and wrong are placed before the mind by Conscience. Conscience says "thou shalt" or "thou shalt not." The Will is not compelled to act, however, as Conscience demands. The Conscience addresses the Will. It says *when* hunger, thirst, sex, knowledge, esteem, society, power and property are to be gratified. The Appetites, therefore, do not rush on aimlessly to their ends, seeking mere gratification like a riderless horse, going whithersoever it pleases. Must the mind which hungers for knowledge be kept down by a grovelling appetite for strong drink, or by a low sensual appetite? No, man is not compelled to be thus trammelled by the appetites. The Will is their superior. But the Will has a wise regulator. The Will has a master. A master whose voice must be heard. That master, kind

if rightly used, but with sting like a scorpion if abused, is named Conscience.

The Nature of Conscience

Every faculty of the mind, doubtless, has to attend to some chief business. Hopkins says, "The chief business of the conscience is to regulate our choices; as we choose a noble or base end, the conscience accordingly responds." Conscience, moral law, Divine Will! Three links of one chain. By means of conscience we recognize moral law. The moral law points to a Divine Will, which Divine Will resides in God. If man has a nature heaven-born, of a divine turn, it is his conscience. Conscience has its place in the human breast. In its pure state its utterances would be similar in character and binding on all to attend when occasion called it into action. Rothe, however, is quoted as saying, "The conscience of another has not the least binding force for me, but only my own; when an appeal is made to conscience, then all further discussion is cut off, then all objective arguments become powerless; whatever is a matter of conscience to me is to me a *sanctum sanctorum*, which none dare violate; nor does my conscience bind any one else." He makes the matter of conscience wholly personal and

subjective. This theory we hold does not prevail with McCosh or Wuttke, or Hopkins.

A thing which is holy for me is holy for every one. That which is virtuous for one person is virtuous for all. A benevolent deed is good for one and all. That sin is deserving of demerit is a common moral conviction. The moral conviction as to an act has added nothing to it. The act would remain good or evil, even though no intelligent eye observed or understood. A moral good is a moral good to all intelligences, whether in this world or some other. Conscience carries with it an obligation to acknowledge and attend to moral good. "My conscience," says Wuttke, "is true only in so far as it is an expression of the moral idea." Hence, in so far as our conscience is an expression of the moral idea, the conscience of all intelligences is obligated to acknowledge it to be so, and will do so in so far as the general conscience is an expression of the Divine Will.

Practically every one acknowledges that the conscience has a decidedly moral and religious turn.

Cicero speaks of conscience as "The god ruling within us."

Washington called conscience "A spark of celestial fire."

F. B. Meyer defines conscience as "The judgment-seat of Christ in miniature."

Joseph Cook defined it as "The taste of the soul." It has nothing to do with policy or expediency, but with the question of rightness or wrongness.

Calderwood defines conscience as "The faculty of the mind which intuitively recognizes moral law." It is not, according to his interpretation, a form of feeling, but rather a cognition of intellectual power.

Wuttke says, "Conscience is an integral part of God-likeness, and is *per se* of a religious character." Bishop Butler's famous statement, that if conscience had strength and might as it has authority and right it would rule the world.

McCosh says that we all have a conscience which prepares us for discriminating between good and evil, but it is not till a voluntary action is presented that we pronounce a decision.

Thomas H. Green claims that no individual can make a conscience for himself; he needs a society to make it for him. Calderwood claims that the individual should rise above environment, custom, and education and forge ahead for himself.

Hopkins says that conscience is strictly personal and resembles the tribunal of God in

judging of choices and motives. He states, in "Outline Study of Man," page 284: "The nature and office of the conscience are given by the Apostle Paul when he says, 'For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these having not the law are a law unto themselves, which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also *bearing witness*, and their thoughts the meanwhile *accusing* or else *excusing* one another.'" In this, says the author, we see that the law is one thing, while conscience is another. The acts are done by man, the "bearing witness" and "excusing" are done by conscience.

Charles Darwin's theory of the origin of the conscience is unique. He never made the claim that animals have a conscience. He did claim that animals possess that out of which man makes his conscience. In the animal world, he says, we find the instinct of sociability and reflection. But we find these two instincts in man. Sociability in animals is evidenced in fishes going in schools, birds in flocks and cattle in droves. The animal has the sense of shame and the sense of fear and self-approbation and affection. He illustrates. A hunting dog had a litter of puppies. The owner wanted to go

hunting. The dog wanted to go along. She followed for a while, but finally turned back to her kennel, either through shame at the thought of leaving her puppies, or affection for them. In this we see reflection. Darwin claims that these instincts of sociability and reflection, possessed alike by animal and man, have not developed in the animal into what we call conscience. The animal has the elements out of which conscience is made, but not in their proper proportion.

The evolutionist was present when conscience began; and it had its beginning in the human breast. Darwin's interpretation is as follows: "At the moment of action man will follow the stronger impulse. This may occasionally prompt him to noblest deeds. It will commonly lead him to gratify *his own desires* at the expense of other men. After gratification, when past and weaker impressions are judged by ever-enduring social instincts, and by his deep regard for the good opinion of his fellows, *retribution will surely come*. He will then feel remorse, repentance, regret, shame. Shame, however, relates almost exclusively to the judgment of others. He will resolve to act, more or less firmly, differently for the future; *and this is conscience*." With rare skill he has produced a

fine theory of the origin of the conscience. In this theory the moral element is present. There is plenty of room for the imperious word, "Ought." But the religious turn which we find in others, is wholly lacking. He could not bring it in and be consistent with his philosophy.

The Conscience Educated

Joseph Cook in his lecture, "Is Conscience Infallible?" says, "Beware how you put your finger on the quivering needle of conscience, and forbid it to go North, South, East, West; beware of failing to balance it on a hair's point; for whoever tutors that primordial necessary, universal, infallible perception, tutors a personal God." This is truly positive and strong language. No words more startling or forceful could be quoted in support of the theory that conscience cannot be educated. He practically deifies the conscience. Makes it not simply the voice of God, but only a hair's-breadth removed from being a God itself. "A strange utterance," declares Dr. Keigwan, in his book "The Heart Side of God": "With the mistakes of conscience ever thrusting themselves before us in our own experience and with a multitude of examples to be found in history. We see how the conscience of Saul of Tarsus was warped in his confession,

'I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things against the name of Jesus of Nazareth.' His heart had been filled with malice and hatred against the Christian Church. But after his conversion, his conscience underwent a change. *Immediately* what was right to do heretofore now becomes a wrong, and vice versa." With these words presenting an opposite theory, words almost equally as strong as those of Joseph Cook, we are immediately confronted with the fact that there are two theories concerning this subject.

One theory is that it is impossible to enlighten or educate the conscience. It always speaks the truth. It cannot be perverted. Kant says, "An erring conscience is a chimera." Calderwood says: "Conscience cannot be educated, whether in the sense of instruction or training. As well teach the eye to see, the ear to hear, as teach reason to perceive self-evident truth. . . . Conscience presenting self-evident truth is unerring." He quotes Whewell as saying, "We must labor to *enlighten* and *instruct* our conscience." But says Calderwood by way of comment, If we labor to enlighten and instruct our conscience, we regard it as deficient in guiding power and authority, and place Understanding above it, and Butler's claim of the supremacy

of conscience is lost. Three things stand or fall together; conscience intuitively recognizes moral law; conscience is supreme authority; conscience cannot be educated. An unerring conscience presents a true ideal, but the individual is held responsible for self-development and self-direction. The manner in which man shall conduct himself is left with the individual. Calderwood claims that that which is called an erring conscience is incorrect, but, accurately speaking, should be called a faulty moral sentiment, which is not to be trusted. If our thought be faulty, the moral sentiment will be faulty, and in order to get the moral sentiment righted, the thought must be corrected and man must take charge of his own thought. The trained thinker can easily do this; but it is difficult for the savage to get away from the blackness of superstition and the customs and practices of his people.

We claim with Calderwood that the conscience does intuitively recognize moral law, and we think that McCosh holds to that theory. But while it thus intuitively recognizes moral law, it is subject to perversion and can be educated. Wuttke's *Ethics*, Vol. 2, Sec. 78, claims that the conscience is the revelation of divine will to the moral subject as given in rational

self-consciousness. It is given at first only in germ, and must be developed. Two agencies are at work in its development, God and man himself. It is not a ready-made power. As the human race develops morally, the conscience becomes clearer and richer in its contents. Conscience has lost its purity and power such as it once had in the sinless state. This because of two reasons: First, because man has fallen away from God; second, the development of the conscience is dependent upon the moral training of others. That conscience which is not a God consciousness is a perverted, unanchored one. The conscience can be awakened, cultivated and refined by human instruction. This coincides with the theory of McCosh, who holds that the conscience will respond or operate when occasions present themselves in voluntary actions. If the function of the conscience is simply to respond "yes" or "no" when an appeal is made to it, or to swing back and forth like the regular motions of a pendulum, or when an appeal is made to it, it unerringly responds with accuracy, and cannot respond other than right; we ask, what then is wrong, as in the case of the Hindoo mother who feels she must throw her babe in the sacred river Ganges, and whose conscience condemns her unless she does? We

are told that she has a grossly perverted moral judgment. Her conscience has responded to the deed as truly as the steel to the magnet. But we contend that if all this is the territory of the moral judgment, there is but little left to the domain of the conscience.

There are but few philosophers who believe that the conscience cannot be educated. Calderwood acknowledges that even Intuitionists advocate the education and enlightenment of the conscience. If a faulty moral sentiment is to blame, which results in a faulty judgment, so that a Hindoo woman *feels obligated* to drown her babe in the waters of the sacred river Ganges, and it is not a perverted conscience, *what has become of the knowledge of moral law*, which conscience intuitively reveals? It certainly has dropped entirely out of sight, never to return in her lifetime, or the life of her children, or her children's children, until there is a different education or environment. Call it faulty moral sentiment, if you please, and say that a different state of affairs would exist under proper education, and the conscience would again appear to view and work again, like a picture of a great master, which for centuries has been concealed under smoke, dirt and other coatings, and again brought to the surface through certain

chemical appliances known to the arts. Still conscience revealing intuitively moral law, as it should, has disappeared, and undoubtedly faulty education and improper environments are largely responsible. That conscience is largely dependent upon environment and education is disputed by but few mental philosophers. The conscience of a man of the South during the Civil War was the exact opposite, in character, to that of a man of the North. If the North and South could have exchanged places geographically, with all the education and environment peculiar to each section, the results to the conscience would have been the exact opposite to what they really were. General Grant might have surrendered his forces to General Lee at Appomattox Court House. It was no more of a sin for a Southern man, so far as his conscience accusing or excusing him, to seize and run to the market a score of terrified Negroes, during the war, than to hurry to market from the grasp of an enemy a hundred horses and cattle. The cannibal who eats his fellow-men is just as conscientious in what he does as the Christian who kills and eats a lamb. What has become of the conscience if it has not become perverted? The conscience has now apparently swung to the opposite pole, now diametrically

opposed to the dictates of conscience, as it came directly from the hand of God, the Law-giver, revealing moral law. Why should not conscience be thus perverted as well as other mental faculties? It would appear as though the conscience were almost as sensitive to the environment and education and customs of people, ever playing upon it and causing it to respond, as the magnetic needle to the approach of steel.

Thomas Arnold well says: "Men get embarrassed by the common cases of a misguided conscience; but a compass may be out of order as well as a conscience, and the needle may point due South, if you hold a powerful magnet in that direction. Still the compass, generally speaking, is the true and sure guide, *and so is the conscience*; and you can trace the deranging influence on the latter, the conscience, as well as the former."

With this philosophic truth as a guide, we can easily understand some of the positions that great and good men have taken. Who can doubt, says a writer, that General Polk, who for many years had been the universally and highly beloved Bishop of Louisiana, was just as conscientious in his advocacy of slavery, and in his defense of the Southern Confederacy, as

was Bishop Simpson, in his opposition to slavery and his advocacy of the Union cause? General Pendleton was a revered doctor of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the President of a Seminary near Alexandria, and during the war of the Rebellion, as a General, he never gave an order to fire without first raising his eyes heavenward and saying, "God have mercy on their souls!" Was he not just as conscientious in his belief that slavery was justified by the teachings of God's Word, and approved of God, as John Wesley was in the belief that "Slavery was the sum of all villainies"? Stonewall Jackson was another devout Confederate. His Bible was his constant companion. He prayed while he marched, prayed while in camp, and even prayed, we are told, while directing the movements of a battle. Was he not just as conscientious in his belief that slavery was right as Wendell Phillips was that slavery was wrong — in his opinion that the Southern Confederacy should succeed, in order to make slavery perpetual in this country as Abraham Lincoln was that the Union forces, by the help of God, should succeed in order to save the Union and to stamp out slavery forever from American soil? Prayers went up from both sides. Prayers that came from just as devout hearts, just as

sincere and conscientious, on one side as on the other. No one will deny that. Everything depended upon one's perspective. The position and education of the individual would color his conscience. There is a world of truth in what Hopkins says of conscience: "Conscience regarded as a whole may become more and more sensitive and pervasive, or it may become blunted and seared. The man may become hardened, 'past feeling,' 'twice dead,' 'plucked up by the roots'; or his path may be that of the just, 'shining more and more unto the perfect day.'" It seems as though no stronger or truer words could be used with which to close this section.

Conscience May Lie Dormant

While conscience apparently swings to the opposite pole, this is not done in the course of a generation or even of two of sinful environment, and bad education. Undoubtedly centuries must elapse, before the cannibal can eat his dinner of human flesh, with as good grace as the New Englander his turkey dinner and plum pudding. The voice of conscience can, in a sense, be silenced. The possibility of putting out the spark of conscience was acknowledged in the maxim of Washington, when he said,

“Labor to keep alive within your breast that spark of celestial fire called conscience.” We are told that several activities of the soul cannot take place at the same time. Knowledge of objects comes to us through several avenues at the same time, i.e., through more than one of the senses. Through two or three senses at a time knowledge comes to us. But only one activity of the soul takes place at one time. This is illustrated by the necessity of the student to cultivate the power of attention. If he permits his mind to wander over every field at will, while attempting to study, he might as well close his book. So the sensualist succeeds in drowning his conscience by plunging into a life of worldly pleasure and enjoyment; the miser, by harboring the desire for money; the applicant for honor, by being completely absorbed in the struggle for supremacy and power. Conscience under such circumstances is forced down but not out. Its tones are muffled. There is a legend which sailors love to tell, that off the coast of France, there lies a buried city, and on a still night, when their vessels are rocked on the deep, the muffled tones of the bells in the steeples of the buried Churches, can be heard, tolling forth a dismal, doleful sound. So the muffled tones of conscience can be heard, though

drowned by a life given up to sensuality and greed and worldly emolument. Now and then conscience comes to the front the chief activity of the soul.

Conscience Overpowers the Will

Conscience at times is overpowering, overwhelming. "Conscience," says Wuttke, "is not within the control of man, but is a power *above* him. It may be silenced temporarily and led astray in its particular utterances as a discriminating power, but it can never be eradicated. Strictly speaking, it is not the person who has the conscience, but the conscience that has the person. A man may become ungodly, may be unconscientious and yet not be free from the *power* of conscience. He may deprive himself of his eyes, but not of his reason, and consequently not of his conscience." Conscience rides down as supreme master of the Will. That Will which has charmed serpents, tamed the lion, led the elephant, controlled the forces of nature, compelled the thunderbolt to become his messenger, harnessed the wings of the winds, has in turn been overpowered by the conscience. Man in its clutches has been shaken as a tree by the fierce blasts of winter. Conscience lifts itself, cowers the will-power, and sweeps away

all other thoughts, holding man in its clutches as a slave. Why cannot man rid himself of torturous thoughts? Why is he totally defeated? Why do thoughts of death and of the judgment and the fear of meeting an angry God torture the one unprepared to die? An infant awakes in the night and cries for something it knows not what. So conscience, drowned, subdued by a life of sin, *awakes* and even the skeptic cries out with a sense of guilt and a fear of impending danger, like one who hears and feels but cannot see, the sullen ocean waves, snapping and hissing at his feet like serpents which cannot be seen, but can be felt and heard in a dark, murky night. There are occasions that will call forth the action of conscience in spite of all efforts to repress it. Back of conscience is an invisible Judge, who is God. Some one has said that conscience is the only remaining tie which binds man in his sinful and degraded state to God. F. B. Meyer calls it the "judgment-seat of Christ in miniature — that every man carries this judgment-seat inside of himself and day after day stands before it and seated upon it is the son of man to whom all judgment is committed." Jay says, "Conscience is a bosom friend or a bosom fury; it is God's vicegerent on earth; His tribunal within; the quarter-

sessions before the grand assize." Among the ruins of an old temple, sometimes a slender pillar remains pointing heavenward, a reminder of past magnificence; so conscience stands amidst the ruins of degraded human nature as the lone witness of original righteousness. Even in the mind of the heathen we find it — perverted, unsafe, misleading. Still a reminder of the past magnificence of the old temple. It points to God as the original Lawgiver. Conscience declares that there is an indelible distinction between right and wrong, good and evil. He who implanted that conscience must love the good, and an unperverted conscience would lead us to love the good and hate the evil.

Conscience May Speak at Any Moment

A guilty conscience may come to the front at any time and pale the cheek of its victim. Fire lies hidden under ashes, and is betrayed only by the rising smoke. An unexpected gust of wind may fan the slumbering embers to a flame. The serpent in the winter seems lifeless, frozen, dead; but it is only numbed by the cold, and when brought by the fire will feel, uncoil, and hiss and sting again. So conscience may be numbed into apparent apathy for weeks and

months together by a life of guilt and sin. Suddenly it is aroused by an unforeseen cause, a word, an act, a hint. Why was it that we read "Felix trembled" and not Paul? Yet who was Felix and who was Paul? Felix was a judge and Paul was a prisoner. One would think that the tables would have been turned. But not so. Felix was the man with the guilty conscience. Paul had arraigned him before the bar of his own conscience. He had preached of temperance, of the necessity of keeping, by means of the will, in restraint, unbridled appetites and passions. He had preached of righteousness and reasons with Felix, of the necessity of right living, of justice between man and man. He had thundered forth arguments, on the judgment to come. And Felix, living in adultery with Drusilla, brought before the bar of his own conscience, *trembled*. Perhaps his conscience had not disturbed him much for months. He had given his unbridled appetite full reign. But now conscience suddenly makes him tremble.

Belshazzar's knees smote together as he read the handwriting on the wall — even amidst the feast of good things and surrounded by the outward pomp of an Eastern King. Why? An unintelligible inscription had appeared on the wall. Others saw it. Nobody else trembled,

so far as we know. Had the writing been interpreted, it might have conveyed to him good news. But he had an interpreter from within. Guilt read between the lines.

Josephus says that Herod's conscience was too strong for his creed. When he heard of the fame of our Lord, conscience compelled him to say in a hoarse whisper: "It is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead." He was a Sadducee, and did not believe in the resurrection of the body; but in his fright he forgot that. Conscience dug up a buried John, in whose burial he had had a hand. Many a man is unsafe and wretched because his reputation is poised on the still tongue of a companion in guilt.

Conscience is at Times Unbearable

The mental agony which follows the lashes inflicted by a guilty conscience is at times unbearable — enough to turn a man's heart into a veritable hell. In the other world it may be the worm that never dies, and the fire unquenchable. The agony becomes in this world so great further existence is unendurable. Judas Iscariot was lashed by the furies of a guilty conscience. He saw before him an innocent Christ, whom his hands had betrayed. It was conscience that forced the agonized words from his

lips, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood." The silver, the price of Him he had betrayed, he threw away. It burnt his pockets, his hands, and branded him as a villain. Then with mind aflame kindled by the firebrand, a guilty conscience, he went out and hanged himself.

Shakespeare's representation of the ruins of Richard III is a striking illustration of the torture of a guilty conscience. On the eve of the decisive battle which was to cost the king his throne and his life, his guilty conscience comes to the front. Awful visions disturb him in his sleep. The spirits of those whom he had murdered appear before him, and pass sentence of condemnation upon him. Upon awakening the accusations of conscience continue:

"O coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me!
 The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
 Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No — yes, I am.
 Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
 Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
 Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O no! Alas, I rather hate myself
 For hateful deeds committed by myself!
 I am a villain: Yet I lie — I am not.
 Fool, of thyself, speak well; Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all — Guilty! Guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me:
And if I die, no soul shall pity me;
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent; and every one did threat —
Tomorrow's vengeance on the head of Richard."

In vain he tries to drown his troubles and down his conscience. In vain he disregards the accusations. But despair will not leave him.

Contemplation of this side of the question may have led a university professor recently to say in one of his lectures: "Conscience is a sense of approval or disapproval. Man would be happier if there were no such thing in the human breast. It brings about a sense of remorse. A warning voice which says, 'I disapprove.'" This not very lofty theory seems to coincide with a cynical French maxim which says, "The chief conditions of happiness are good digestions and no conscience." But, we ask, is not man on the whole far more happy because conscience does exist in the human breast? Conscience may lift its voice of warn-

ing. Conscience may afflict the evil-doer. But what of him who does well? Has he had no recompense for heeding and obeying the warning voice? It is an unquestioned truism that the very highest product of a Christian civilization is to be found in the development of those persons whose conscience has been trained to quickly detect the wrong and as quickly decide in favor of the right. Is such a man tormented by his conscience, or is it a blessing to him? Such a man shines as the sun in the commercial world. His presence strikes terror to evil-doers. God used such a man as His agent in turning on the searchlight, and exposing the questionable methods pursued in the conduct of some of our great commercial plants. Monstrous corporations have grown rich and fat through lawless methods of business procedure. The effect of turning on the searchlight and exposing frauds which turn in millions of profits annually, will at first be bewildering to the commercial world. Men of affairs will be temporarily embarrassed, and great business interests will suffer. A spirit of unrest will set in, for a confiding public has been grossly deceived. And he who has been foremost in bringing about the exposure of those who have unlawfully profited in the game, will be denounced as a demagogue,

and a menace to the commercial interests of the country. But a reaction soon sets in. An aroused public conscience not only hastens to his support, acclaiming him to be a public benefactor, but also not infrequently is such a person honored by having great public honors bestowed upon him.

An aroused public conscience constantly plays upon the political life of a nation, like the Spirit of God that brooded upon the face of the deep. The political arena affords ample opportunity for unscrupulous men to play their game. Many have not only become fat and flourishing, but have become prominent political leaders, despite their unclean politics. The people for a time are *hoodwinked*, and permit themselves to be *towed* along by such leaders, but not always. Exposures are generally bound to come, for wrong-doing works to the surface, like a needle in the flesh. And these political vampires, that have sucked the blood out of the nation, are suddenly halted, and brought before the court of public opinion, over which an aroused conscience presides. Men are shocked at the depths of degradation to which their representatives have plunged. All manner of uncleanness is exposed to public view. Public officials riding into public office, on corrupt,

unscrupulous methods, and growing rich on graft. Having to deal with conscience may be an uncomfortable asset for the unscrupulous business man or the political vampire, whether it be his own, or the conscience of others. But to the man of excellent parts, it is heaven's best gift. And the benefits derived from an aroused public conscience are inestimable. The people of the United States of America are now reaping plenteous benefits therefrom. That person who possesses such an aroused conscience, will be a shining mark in the world. As Tennyson said of Prince Albert, so may it be said of this highest product of a Christian civilization: "He wears the white flower of a spotless life, in the fierce light that beats upon a throne, and blackens every spot." Such a man has peace within himself, and this is a treasure worth coveting. Is this God's method, a sort of wireless telegraph system, by means of which he signals man His approval of his acts?

Conscience is an index finger pointing to eternity. Why should one be apprehensive as to the consequences of his deeds in this life? Why should death be dreaded if death but usher the soul into the land of Silence, where no one speaks and no one weeps? If there be no future life, what matters it how one lives? We believe

that the very existence of this monitor within, is an evidence of the reality of the future life. Like the flaming sword placed at the East of the Garden of Eden, which turned every way, so conscience points not exactly "every way," but in two great general directions. It points toward man's sinless state before the Fall. It is the slender pillar or memorial that remains of man's pristine glory. It links the remote past with the present. Then it swings toward the exact opposite direction, pointing to eternity. It leads us to a throne, and would have us know that we shall behold the face of Him who sits thereon and to Him be answerable for the life lived on earth. Truly conscience is a worm that has never died, and immortal do we declare it!

What a marvel is man's mind! And among these intellectual treasures, that which bears a heaven-born image is conscience. Our purpose has been to show that the mind of man is a most wonderful reality. That in the mind the conscience has its place above the appetites, physical and mental, and above the Will. Its office is to decide the rightness or wrongness of an act. It has to do with the moral and religious life of man, and is influenced by our education and environment, and that to absolutely silence it is impossible. Furthermore,

we have shown that the conscience is at times overpowering, overriding all other thoughts, demanding to be heard and liable to spring to the front at any time and to the guilty as a worm that never dies, leading its victim to boundless despair, and finally that its very existence in the human breast is an evidence of a future life.

When we see the force and power of the operations of the conscience of man today, as it bears on all practical thinking and acting, we are led to ask what must it have been in its pristine glory before sin entered into the world? If it casts its beams of light out upon life's pathway, revealing to man both the right and the wrong and pointing with index finger to the moral law and to the great God who is its Author, even in man's present condition, how clearly must it have performed its duty before man fell! In man's sinless state it existed in its full purity and power. That pristine glory is not ours to have in this earth life. But he who walks closest with God and lives in an atmosphere of highest morals and in touch with the best products of civilization will find his conscience will be to him — the Palladium of Correct Morals.

IS THE WORLD GROWING
BETTER?

“Were the whole world good as you —
Not an atom better —
Were it just as pure and true,
Just as pure and true as you;
Just as strong in faith and works;
Just as free from crafty quirks;
All extortion, all deceit;
Schemes its neighbor to defeat;
Schemes its neighbors to defraud;
Schemes some culprit to applaud —
Would this world be better?”

IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?

THE individual conscience reaches its highest development in a Christian country. In the pure light of God's revealed law, it registers its decisions with accuracy and precision, in the realm of right and wrong. If the highest development of the conscience is to be found in a Christian country, and if the number of Christian countries were never more numerous, powerful and influential, than today, how is it possible under such circumstances for any person to believe that the world is growing worse? ¹

There are those who laugh at the childish fears of children, who are afraid to be left alone in a dark room for fear of seeing ghosts, and at the youngster who whistles in the night to keep up his courage. But we frequently find men and women who are constantly expecting ghosts of some sort to put in an appearance. The imagination pictures all sorts of uncanny creatures whose province it is, to scare folks.

¹ "Is the World Growing Better," was prepared for publication by the author, and appeared in the columns of "The Christian Advocate," New York, under date, June 23, 1910.

One of the common tendencies of life is to fret over the crossing of bridges which have an existence only in the mind. Jane Taylor tells of a pendulum that got out of sorts one gloomy morning. It began to calculate how many times it would have to swing back and forth in an hour, a day, a week, a year, ten years. And what happened? The pendulum, utterly appalled at the result, stopped, and could not be induced to start again, until it was made to see, that all it had to do, was to swing back and forth, *once* in the moment next to it, and in this way the whole ten years would be covered. So it is with the uncanny creatures of the imagination, which rise up to torture us. Many of them have no reality at all. And those which do have reality, when we get where they are, are not so frightful as our imagination would picture them to be.

This world is a pretty bad world, if we look at it thro' colored glasses. There is a great deal of selfishness in the world. The rich are trampling on the rights of the poor. Speed is glorified at the expense of life and limb. The unfeeling heart of the selfish man is evidenced, in the occupant of the automobile, who strikes his victim a blow unto death, or leaves him maimed and bleeding along the roadside. Lynch-

ing is organized murder, and is condoned in certain sections of the country, and is on the increase. And divorces increase to sixty thousand in a single year. Vast corporations have grown lawless and corrupt and conscienceless. And powerful labor unions lock arms with them and the struggle becomes so fierce, that the rights of the community are often forgotten. As Dr. Van Dyke says, "Gilding covers a multitude of sins." Then we do not think, our corporate interests place a proper value on human life, and properly safeguard those who are employed. In our American mines alone, one man is killed on an average every three hours, for every day in the year. If we should speak of the besetting sin of the church, we should say, *it is the spirit of indifference*. Many members of our churches seldom attend the services, and many never come at all. Yet despite these self-evident facts, when we lift our eyes in other directions, we see evidences that the world is growing constantly better. There are people who see only the *disagreeable*. The day is fine, — but it is a pesky weather-breeder. The person is homely. The rheumatism is worse. That person may be honest, — but. One always finds what he looks for. He who looks for trouble will find plenty. He who looks for sin

will find it. He who looks for ash-heaps, and garbage barrels, will find them. But a man will live just as long, and be happier, if he looks for goodness, and for good people, and for good apples, and for roses, and for birds, and for beauty, in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath.

To the pessimist, this world and the people in it, must seem, much like a gnarled, shrivelled, sour apple tastes. The pessimist has been likened unto a colored man, on a dark night, with a dark lantern, looking for a black cat, in a dark cellar. Anybody can kick and lament about the good old times. A Dutchman was seated on a load of hay, driven by a team of mules. As he approached the barn, he discovered to his consternation, that the load was too high, to admit him and the load too, thro' the barn door. He determined to teach that team of mules that he was the master of that occasion. So when the mules got the team near the barn, he threw up both feet against the beam, to stop the load. But the mules went right on, and never so much as knew that there was a Dutchman on board. The Dutchman was scooped off, and landed on the ground. So let the pessimist kick on, if he can get any satisfaction out of his job. Let him sigh for the good old days. The world will

pursue the even tenor of her course, and will not know that the poor pessimist is on board. The pessimist and optimist were never more wittily defined, than in the following lines:

“Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll,
The former sees the doughnut —
The latter sees the hole.”

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has given to the world these charming lines:

“Oh, the earth is full of sinning,
And of trouble, and of woe,
But the devil makes an inning
Every time you say it's so;
And the way to set him scowling
And to put him back a pace,
Is to stop this stupid growling
And to look things in the face.

“If you glance at history's pages,
In all lands and eras known,
You will find the vanished ages,
Far more wicked than our own,
As you scan each word and letter,
You will realize it more,
That the world to-day is better,
Than it ever was before.”

There is sin in the world, but it is constantly going into hiding. Some things that move, are too small to be seen by the naked eye. We cannot see the hour hand move on the watch, nor the earth revolve on its axis. But at the end of the

hour, or of the day, we know that both have moved. So we have no microscope to see that the world is any better on Saturday night than it was the preceding Saturday night, or was any better this Christmas, than it was last Christmas. But after a century, we see signs of progress, both morally and spiritually.

Government is more just now than ever before in the history of the world. Compare the government of today with the government of Rome under the Cæsars, when kings murdered their nearest relatives, thro' jealousy, or suspicion, or revenge. Where is there to be found a more just or humane government than that exhibited by a great Christian nation? In the siege of Troy, we are told that Achilles defeated his bitter enemy Hector. After killing him, he tied his body to his chariot, and then drove furiously around the city walls twice, and later laid the mutilated body at the feet of his wife. Compare this method of celebrating the victory of arms with the magnanimous manner in which Grant accepted the surrender of Lee. We hear Grant saying, "I will instruct my paroling officers, that all the enlisted men of your cavalry and artillery, who own their horses, are to retain them, just as the officers do theirs. They will need them for the spring

plowing and other farm work." This sort of a spirit is the product of a Christian civilization and worthy of a Christian nation. We are seemingly approaching an era of universal peace among the great nations of the earth. An era when war shall be no more. When Scripture prophecy shall be fulfilled. The President of the United States, Wm. H. Taft, foremost among the world's statesmen, favors the establishment of a Court of International Arbitration. King George, of England, and the Czar Nicholas, of Russia, look with favor upon such a plan. Andrew Carnegie helps forward the peace problem by the establishment of a ten million dollar Peace Foundation. He follows his money up with his pen. He has an incisive way of putting things in print. The "Christian Advocate" recently quotes an extract from one of Mr. Carnegie's published letters. "Men no longer eat each other; they no longer kill prisoners, or sack cities, or poison wells, and men of civilized countries no longer buy or sell each other. It is sure that there will be many who hear these words who will also hear before they take their departure, that the civilized nations of the world have banished the killing of man by man as a means of settling international disputes."

In this day there is drunkenness, and much drunkenness. But it is no compliment to get drunk, and no credit comes to the one who sells. The word "*Temperance*" means today, what it never meant before. A century ago, about the most advanced thinking, in regard to the temperance question, was that intoxicants were harmful when used to excess. But it was no uncommon thing for church officials to drink in the open. Ministers would drink. Indeed, the late Prof. Borden P. Bowne of Boston University said, "Time was when it took thirty-five barrels of cider to get one minister's family thro' the winter." We have all read how liquors were freely exposed at church celebrations. One hundred years ago the liquor business was a comparatively respectable business. In every village grocery, the barrel of whisky was plainly visible, indeed, it occupied a place of honor, for it sat midway between a barrel of vinegar and a barrel of molasses. The barrel of whisky was just as important as that of the vinegar or molasses. But, as Dr. Geo. C. Wilding tersely puts it, "The people have come to see a great light." It has gone into hiding, behind screens and blinds, and has lost forever its air of respectability. The mark of the beast has been stamped upon it. And he who sells

the poison becomes stigmatized. His business excludes him from practically every fraternal organization. His wife and family are compelled to suffer socially, and he is not wanted in our churches until he gives up his business. And in England the Government has seen fit to declare that the saloon is no fit place to display an American flag. Going even farther than we had thought to go. The saloon finally entrenched itself in politics. For many years it dictated terms to the political parties. But thanks to the many thousand intelligent, independent voters of the country, who refuse to swallow the sop, administered to them by unprincipled party bosses, the saloon is being steadily driven out of politics. And now we have the saloon on the run as it never was before. We are told that the four candidates for President of the United States, at the last presidential election, were all total abstainers, viz., Wm. H. Taft, Wm. Jennings Bryan, Eugene V. Debs and Eugene Chafin. State after state is swinging into the no-license column. Forty-one million people of the United States live in no-license territory. Nine states are under state-wide prohibition. And every state except three, Nevada (save the mark), Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, thro' their Legislatures, gives

the people the right to exclude the saloon as fast as the people themselves make the demand. No such era for the cause of temperance has ever been known.

Duelling, once a code of honor, is outlawed, and frowned upon as murder. Among the students of German Universities, it was once considered a badge of honor, to carry one or more scars received in a duel battle. That sentiment is rapidly passing away.

Gambling, which was once the diversion of gentlemen, is today in the eyes of the law a felony.

A college in New York City was founded on a Lottery, — a thing absolutely impossible in this day.

The social vice, flaunted by Lord Byron, would today slam the door in his face.

Then, the ethical code was never higher than it is today. The moral standard was never higher. Would one note signs of progress? Let him examine the contents of the Holy Bible. Compare the ethics of the Old Testament with the ethics of the New Testament. In the light of the teachings of Jesus, much of the Old Testament ceases to be a standard for Christian life. However unpleasant the facts, it is a matter of record that "Father Abraham" handled the

truth very carelessly at times, and was rebuked by Pharaoh, the Egyptian, and Abimelech, the Philistine. And the polygamy of the Patriarchs would almost outgeneral the Mormons. And the divorce laws of Moses find no comparison in the teachings of Jesus, on this subject. We shudder at the slaughter of the enemies of the Jews, as told with an apparent relish in the Book of Esther, and dare not admire the womanly feelings of Queen Esther, when she asks that the bloody massacre be continued another day. The Hebrew Scriptures faithfully report to us, the laws and spirit of those times. But when we compare the laws and spirit of those times with those of the present day, we cannot help but thank God, that we are living in the lap of the twentieth century, and not in the "good old days" of the past.

Then the ethical teachings of the Pagan philosophers would not be tolerated for a moment today. Socrates sneered at the grief of a mother who wept at the loss of her babe. Plato advocated every city, selecting some distant hilltop, and there constructing a pen for the exposure of weak and unwelcome children, and urged that physicians should not prescribe for the incurably sick. Aristotle urged laws, making it compulsory for parents to drown

unhealthy children, and Seneca said, "We separate the unhealthy ox and horse, from the healthy ox and horse, and it is not wrath but reason which teaches us that unhealthy children should be separated from the healthy." Our answer to this sort of philosophy in the twentieth century, is our asylums, and hospitals, and homes of various kinds, and the money and time that are annually spent along lines of charity and benevolence.

Then what strides have been made along the lines of moral uplift in Literature. It is true Art and Literature are not perfect. Anthony Comstock and his colaborers have still some work to do. But we pass by the smaller fry, and compare the literature which has come to us from world-famous men. Contrast the ethical teachings of the poetry of two or three centuries ago, with the wonderful volume of pure literature which enriched the world during the Victorian Era. Even a twentieth century Shakespere would not dare write some of the things the sixteenth century Shakspere did.

Then the gospel of Christ exerts a greater influence for good today, than ever before. In fact the world's betterment, in the instances cited, can be traced directly to the influence of the gospel. The gospel of Christ pulsates

with life everywhere. It is felt in politics, and in business, and in society, and in literature. It is felt everywhere. Talk about a decadent church! He who thus talks, measures the power of the gospel by an absence of old-fashioned spectacular conversions. Religion today means Life. Living according to Christian standards. Wm. Jennings Bryan said, "There is more true altruism in the world today than ever before, and Christianity is the cause. Go to the lands where Buddhism and Mohammedanism or Confucianism reign supreme, and you will find that except for the few things they have borrowed from the Christians, they have stood still for two hundred years or more. Christianity has lifted up nations in Europe, that ten centuries ago were sunk in the mire of obloquy. History shows it is Christianity that has helped to make the greatest nations." Alongside of the testimony of Colonel Bryan, we place that of William H. Taft, President of the United States. In an address before the Federal Council of Churches of Christ of America, Mr. Taft said, he had been impressed by the benefits which the people of the Philippines had received from the churches. He believed that the noticeable improvement in the world's civilization was directly attributable to the influences of the churches. If ever

one were qualified to speak with authority, as the result of travel, study, observation, and the practical experience of an official of the United States, surely Mr. Taft is thus qualified.

Christian nations are building the greatest cities the world has ever known. Christian nations are giving to the world the marvels in the field of invention, and discovery. Transportation has never been excelled. In one street in New York City, there are four trains running one above the other: two above ground, two below ground. In some of the fine arts we may not have surpassed the Masters. But music never had so many votaries since the morning stars sang together. The standard of intelligence was never higher. And civilization never more Christian, and more humane, and more charitable than at the present time. When the tourist of today visits some of the dungeons in which human beings were once incarcerated, he is filled with horror.

Then our people have not lost interest in the problems of the Christian church. It is an era of Freedom of Thought, and of an untrammelled conscience, and for this we should be devoutly thankful. Time was when men were burnt at the stake, and beheaded on the scaffold, or

strangled in a dungeon, for no greater offence than the simple reading of God's *word*, or the translation of it. And there was no Christian nation to protest. Men were mutilated and murdered for advocating religious freedom. Would any one care to go back to those "good old days"?

Is the church decadent, dying out, when the people who go to make up our nation, that of the United States, are willing to contribute from thirty-five to forty million dollars for new churches, and new parsonages? In other words from seventy to eighty tons of gold. Is the church decadent or dying out when our thirty-three million church members have invested in this country in church edifices one billion and a quarter of dollars? Is the church decadent or dying out when we are building annually on an average of from twelve to fifteen churches every day in the year? Is the church decadent or dying out, when we have added to our communicants during the past eighteen years, an average of nearly a million a year? The world growing worse! Then our cause is a lost cause. The Christ is defeated. He who believes in his Bible cannot remain a pessimist. Right and Truth will reign. The triumphant Christ will be the Victor.

“This world is not so bad a world
 As some would like to make it,
 But whether good or whether bad,
 Depends on how you take it.”

“The world they say is gettin’ old, an’ weary as can be,
 But write me down as sayin’, it’s good enough for me!
 It’s good enough with all its grief, its pleasures and its pain,
 An’ there’s a ray of sunshine, for every drop of rain!

They stumble in the lonesome dark, they cry for light to see,
 But write me down as sayin’, it’s light enough for me;
 It’s light enough to lead us on from where we faint and fall,
 An’ the hilltop nearest heaven wears the brightest crown of all.

They talk about the fadin’ hopes *that mock the years to be*;
 But write me down as sayin’ there’s hope enough for me.
 Over the old world’s wailin’ the sweeter music swells,
 In the stormiest night I listen and hear the bells — the bells.

This world o’ God’s is brighter than we ever dreamed or
 know,
 Its burdens *growin’ brighter*, an’ it’s *love* that makes it so.
 An’ I’m thankful that I’m livin’ where love’s blessedness I
 see,
 ’Neath a heaven that’s forgivin’ where the bells ring ‘Home’
 to me.”

ALONG THE GOSPEL TRAIL

Look at the footprints of Christ, and see whether they are a man's or God's. Whose prints are those by the gate of Nain, by the grave of Bethany, coming away from the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea? Whose prints are those by the doors of sorrow, along the path where the leper, the blind, the lame, the demoniac waited for him?

J. R. MILLER, D.D.

ALONG THE GOSPEL TRAIL

THERE is a natural law in the physical world that like begets like. In the spiritual world this same law holds true. Badness does not beget goodness. Goodness does not beget badness. The age in which we live is very practical. Everything must be submitted to a test trial. A lingering suspicion seems to lurk in the minds of most people, that things and persons are not exactly as represented. This is doubtless due to the existence of so much counterfeit and hypocrisy in the world. In this day of testing and analyzing everything, christianity has not escaped the fiery ordeal. It has been tested and pronounced good by friend and foe. If the fruits of the gospel are good, then christianity must be good, but if the fruits are bad, then the sooner we close our churches, and burn our Bibles and unfrock our preachers, the better.

Wherever christianity comes in touch with the human race, it serves to ennoble, uplift, and elevate. It almost works transformations. The photograph of a heathen before embracing

christianity, and a year afterward, could scarcely be taken for the same person. When it touches the slums of our cities, the effect is at once pronounced. Filth and rubbish disappear. There is an old adage that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Under the Mosaic law, cleanliness was the handmaid of godliness. The sanitary regulations of the families, camps, and cities of the children of Israel were just as strict as this religious observance. Cholera is called Asiatic, and it comes from countries where humanity lies festering in filth and sin. "The Bubonic plague has risen from its lair in the Orient, and stalks thro' the Golden Gate at San Francisco. All that keeps it out of the great cities of this great nation is the power of medical science, sprung from a christian civilization which keeps it at bay." When there is no medical science, born of a christian civilization, then plagues and pestilence rage fiercest. The wonder is, what stops the awful blight of plague and pestilence among the heathen millions, without the aid of medical science.

Then science and inventions flourish under the fostering care of christianity. They are scarcely in evidence at all among Pagans or heathen. There are those who seem to believe that the Bible is opposed to science. There is no correct

science when the people have no Bible. There is not a scientific book to be found anywhere today worth two cents a pound at a paper mill, unless written under the influence of God's word. A skeptical gentleman once declared that the progress of humanity was due to the printing-press and steam-engine, and not to the Bible. Humanity undoubtedly owes a great debt to the influence of these two great engineers of civilization. But whence came the first printing-press? From the brain of some Hottentot? Whence came the first steam-engine? Whence came the first locomotive? And the first sewing-machine, and reaper and binder, and steam thresher, the telegraph and telephone, and wireless telegraphy, and inventions so manifold and varied as to be almost bewildering? Can one important invention be named as having come from the fertile (?) brain of the heathen? Some one has declared that there is not enough inventive genius in India to *invent* a milking stool. During the nineteenth century, four hundred and fifty thousand patents were issued in the United States and seven eighths of the entire business of the country rests upon them. The British home steam-power is equal to the labor of four hundred million of men, or twice the number of able-bodied males

of the world. Thro' the inventive genius of a christian civilization, distance has practically become a thing of the past. That word of scripture has been fulfilled, when applied to the sphere of sciences, "Their line is gone out thro' all the earth, and their words to the end of the earth," if the "line" shall represent the trans-continental telegraph and ocean cable systems, and the "words" represent the telephone. The battle of New Orleans, of the war of 1812, was fought after a treaty of peace had been agreed upon, and the war ended. General Taylor and General Packenham had not been informed that the war was over. Our means of communication was so slow. Thro' the means we now employ, when the battle of the allied Powers was fought before the walls of Peking, we knew by dark each day, the result of the morning's fight. We knew the outcome of the contest in China quicker than we knew of the result of the Battle of Gettysburg fought less than forty years ago.

The highest morals and purest virtues are always to be found in a christian country. Even infidels will acknowledge this. Voltaire was once asked, where in his opinion, the highest morals, and purest virtues were practiced, where the Bible was read, or where it was not. Without any hesitation he replied, "Where the Bible

is most widely read." He was then asked where in his opinion the Bible was most widely read. His answer, "In Scotland." Yes, old Scotland! What a tribute to christian living, and to the worth of the Holy Scriptures. Dear old Scotland! the land of the Bonny Brier Bush. The land of John Knox, and his prayers. The land of old-fashioned Sabbath observance, and Bible reading, and church attendance. "What is it," said a messenger of a heathen king to Queen Victoria, "What is it, that makes England great?" The Queen sent the messenger back with a copy of the Bible, and this reply, "Tell your King, it is this book that has made England great." Senator Chauncey M. Depew once said, "There is no government which has liberty in it that lasts, which does not recognize the Bible. When you show me a colony of ten thousand people, who have come to live decently by the teachings of infidelity, I may then believe it."

It may be disputed, when we affirm that there is less crime in a Christian country than in a non-Christian country. We hear more about crime, where there is a high degree of civilization, and a keener distinction between right and wrong. That there are more arrests today, in proportion to the population, than there were one hundred years ago, does not necessarily

prove that conditions are worse. There may be various reasons assigned for this condition of affairs. Our contention, throughout the pages of this book, has been, that in the highest stage of Christian civilization, *conscience will be at its best*. The effect of this will be manifest in all practical living. Where can one go to find such a complex condition of a heterogeneous population? Several of our large cities consist of many smaller cities, each with a great foreign population of some distinct foreign nationality, yet all massed together, within the limits of one great city. Would not a million foreigners pouring into our country in a single year affect our civilization, touching every phase of our national life? Yet our nation seems to digest, or absorb, this motley horde, without any perceivable difficulty. Difficulties in the digestive process will be outwardly apparent, in the slums, as it works to the surface in the shape of lawlessness and crime.

During the past one hundred years there has been a radical change in the mind of the people as to what constituted the right, and what the wrong. We esteem to be essentially wrong, what our forebears thought proper and right. As the result of this change of moral judgment, conscience has had to adapt itself to these new

conditions. Was there ever a time when the conscience was so sensitive as at the present? The line of demarkation between good and evil, right and wrong, was never more clearly defined. Men are arrested today for offences which would not be considered such a few score years ago. What constitutes crime today would be decided differently not only by our Courts of Criminal Procedure, but also by the Court of Public Opinion. Mr. Havelock Ellis, in his book, "The Criminal," says, "That those whom we call enemies of society, are only following impulses which were praiseworthy in another age, and which are even in this age practiced by a great many people who flourish in the front ranks of our industrial civilization." Today men are being punished as criminals for offences for which in a prior generation an arrest was not even made. We are gathering criminal statistics with microscopic minuteness. The telegraph, the telephone, the wireless telegraphy, and skilled officers of the law, as well as the daily press, all are enemies to crime. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who was a leading New England clergyman, and author of repute, said: "My own opinion is founded after as careful a study as I know how to give. I am quite aware that reports do not enable one to speak confidently.

But my strong impression is that any apparent increase in crime is due to the increase of civilization — to the increased severity of the law, and, therefore, to the increase of arrests. For instance, one hundred years ago drunkards hardly appeared among prisoners, in a world where most men were drunk. Now every prison returns drunkards, who are guilty of no offence, but intemperance. I believe that the experts most skilled will say, that the real amount of crime known to the law is less than it was one hundred years ago.”

It is conceded that life is safer in a Christian country than in a non-Christian country. An infidel will acknowledge this. The story is told of two men, who were travelling in the far West, when it was far different from what it is today. One traveller was infidelic in his views, the other a Christian, Rev. Dr. Adam Poe, afterward agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern. They had several discussions on the subject of religion. They took turns in choosing what was considered a safe place to camp for the night. One night they had reached an unusually wild section of the country. It was the time for the skeptic to choose the site for the evening encampment. He went out to reconnoitre, and was gone for some time.

When he returned his face wore a look of evident satisfaction. Dr. Poe asked him if he had found a safe place to camp for the night. He replied in the affirmative. He was asked if he were sure about it. Again an affirmative answer. Then he was asked what made him so confident. After some hesitancy, he replied, that he had run across a cabin with one window in it, and looking in he saw a venerable man, and his wife with some young people, all seated. The Bible was spread out before the old man. After reading, all knelt in prayer. Did the infidel humbly acknowledge that the fruits of the gospel were good or bad? Would the report have been the same, had he seen a wild looking man, whirling a knife, or examining a belt of revolvers, or looking over the smooth muzzle of a gun?

Akin to safety of life, is that of safety to property. A Christian church and a Christian community are the best possible police protection. Who would not prefer to live in a town and own property there, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, having eight or ten churches, and two or three thousand church communicants, with one or two policemen patrolling the streets, than to live in that same sized town where there were no churches, no church communicants, but

the police force increased to fifty? Ex-police Commissioner McAdoo, of New York City, once said, "Were it not for religion and the faith behind it, there are not enough policemen in all the world to keep order in New York City." In commenting on this Dr. J. M. Buckley said in the "Christian Advocate," "The reliable police-force is the conscience in a man's breast. Without that a city would be a collection of wild animals, deceiving and being deceived, devoured and being devoured." The Jews have a saying, and one worthy of being often quoted, "If the world did but know the worth of good men, they would hedge them round about with jewels."

Another fruit of the gospel is the increased value it renders to property. Churches, school-houses, seminaries, colleges and brown-stone front houses, always appear grouped together. There is another group quite the opposite, saloons, reeking tenement houses, squalor and filth. Often those who are not connected with the church, give royally to its support, because they feel they owe something to the church, because of the enhanced value it gives to their property. Many business men cheerfully contribute for this reason. We read of a shrewd, dissipated Wisconsin lawyer who said: "The

first Sunday-school that was organized in this county, I ran myself. A few American settlers came here early. We wanted to get decent, industrious settlers to move in, and keep the worthless rowdies out. I said to the others: A Sunday-school will draw the people we want, and it will be the cheapest way to blow up the settlement. They all agreed. Not a soul of us pretended to have a grain of piety. But they pitched on me to carry out the scheme. We ran the school all summer. Several Christian families moved in, and I soon handed the school over to them, as they had a better stock of piety on hand. We secured a good moral settlement. In fact the people became so pious that I had to move out myself. These shrewd business men saw that the influence of Christianity enhanced the value of their property."

Then Christianity "fathers and fosters a spirit of charity." Christian people are giving people. If we go beyond the pale of the Bible, we go where the hospital and asylum and homes of various kinds are unknown. There is a legend that when Christ lived on earth, wherever his feet pressed the earth, beautiful flowers sprang up, and gave of their fragrance to mankind. We know this to be true, that wherever his gospel has been preached, in its path the

most delightful fruits have flourished to bless the lives of men. Bishop Greer, of the Protestant Episcopal church, New York City, said: "The first hospital ever founded was by a Christian woman named Fabiola, in the fourth century. The first house for lepers, founded by a Christian Bishop. The first retreat for the blind, by a monk. The first free dispensary, by a Christian merchant. The poor-houses, established by Christians, had not even been thought of by Pagans, as being a part of their duty they owed to the state." London annually raises for charitable purposes over fifty million dollars. Yet what is the cry for help in our large Christian cities, by the poor and suffering, in comparison with the destitute and famished of heathen and Pagan countries. Intelligent travelers give it as their opinion, that one family out of four is constantly scant for food. One hundred million Chinese alone are underfed. Mr. Holcombe says, in China there are no almshouses for the poor, and if there were in one month two thirds of the population would apply for admittance, if they were fed as well as are the inmates of our almshouses.

Thro' the benign influences of Christianity we are living in a day, when we are doing, what Christ said would be done, when he said,

“Greater works than these shall ye do.” Man is doing these “greater works,” and yet it is the Christ working in man, thro’ the influence of the gospel. Christ today does not actually restore life to the dead. Yet in a sense he does thro’ practical Christianity. Our wisest Pagan Philosophers advised the weak and helpless, the incurable and those worn out thro’ old age, either to be killed or exposed to death. There are heathen countries today, where this practice is in vogue. In a province in Bengal, the population is decreased one hundred thousand annually by this unnatural crime. So today, Christ, thro’ the preaching of the gospel, restores life to the dead, for these helpless creatures, born into the world amidst a heathen or Pagan environment, were dead already, so far as there was any law to protect them. Millions of dollars today are annually spent upon the weak, and helpless, and suffering, to prolong life and alleviate distress.

Christ today does not actually restore sight to the blind, give hearing to the deaf, and speech to the dumb, yet in a sense He does, thro’ the benefits of a practical Christianity. We read of a girl, blind, deaf, dumb, winning honors from a great university. Because God has given the world Gallaudets, and these have

been brought under the influence of Christianity, we see thousands born deaf taught articulate speech. We see the deaf reading the speech of others from the lips with as great accuracy as by sound. Dr. Moon, who was born blind, has done more to bless mankind than thousands of men with two good eyes. When he was born his mother said, "Oh my darling babe, must you go thro' the world blind?" As an old man, Dr. Moon stood upon a London platform and said he had been able to put the Bible into over seventy languages for the blind. As he said this, he seemed the happiest man there.

Then thro' the influence of the gospel, dying is made easy. Here is where the benefits of Christianity reach their climax. He who has stood by the bedside of a dying scoffer or infidel will never forget it. What a deathbed! The soul going out into darkness, eternal night. No hope to offer, nothing to comfort those left behind. Shortly after the death of Mr. Voltaire, in Paris, a professional nurse was requested to attend a man who was dying. She asked, "Is the sick man a Christian?" "Why do you ask that?" said the messenger. The nurse answered, "I am the nurse who attended Voltaire in his last illness, and for all the wealth of Europe, I would never see another infidel die." How

different the death of one of God's children. A death chamber has often seemed like the robing room for heaven, where the soul gets ready to take its flight. Before closing this section, we turn reverently to portray the passing of the Immortal Spirit of that great martyred chieftain, William McKinley. We quote the words of James Creelman, in "On the Great Highway." "In the afternoon of his last day on earth the President began to realize that his life was slipping away, and that the efforts of science could not save him. He asked Dr. Rixey to bring the surgeons in. One by one the surgeons entered and approached the bedside. When they were gathered about him, the President opened his eyes and said:

"It is useless, gentlemen. I think we ought to have prayer.'

"The dying man crossed his hands on his breast and half closed his eyes. There was a beautiful smile on his countenance. The surgeons bowed their heads. Tears streamed from the eyes of the white-clad nurses on either side of the bed. The yellow radiance of the sun shone softly in the room.

"Our Father which art in heaven,' said the President in a clear, steady voice. The lips of the surgeons moved.

“‘Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done’ —

“The sobbing of a nurse disturbed the stillness of the air. The President opened his eyes, and closed them again.

“‘Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.’

“A long sigh. The sands of life were running swiftly. The sunlight died out. Rain drops dashed against the windows.

“‘Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.’

“Another silence. The surgeons looked at the dying face, and the friendly lips.

“‘For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever. Amen.’

“‘Amen,’ whispered the surgeons.”

IS FAMILY RELIGION
DECAYING?

“If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me do the thing I meant.”

WHITTIER.

IS FAMILY RELIGION DECAYING?

THE contents of this section may seem to savor of pessimism, in sharp contrast with the optimistic spirit of the preceding pages. The true optimist is not one who blindly refuses to see certain existing evil tendencies and conditions, but he is keenly alive to the evils of the hour, and stands ready to sound his note of warning. That there are evils, and evils galore, no one will deny. It is pertinent that this question should be propounded in this day, when the searchlight of gospel truth beats so fiercely and clearly upon the individual conscience, revealing distinctly duty's path, "Is Family Religion Decaying?"¹

The phrase, "There is no place like home," carries with it but little significance to millions of children nowadays. The more popular rendering today would be, "Every place other than home." The glaring lights of the city, the streets, ball games, moving-picture shows, im-

¹ "Is Family Religion Decaying?" was prepared for publication by the author, and appeared in the columns of "The Western Christian Advocate," under date, Sept. 20, 1911.

moral posters advertising theatrical plays, and unsavory companionships all have a peculiar attractive power to children, luring them away from their homes. Many children turn in toward home, and that reluctantly, when there is no place left for them to go. They have ransacked every nook and corner for miles round about. Parents, in many instances, are tremendously to blame for this condition of affairs. The home has been dethroned to their children because they, as parents, have never made an effort to have it enthroned in their thoughts and affections. The modern father spends but very little time in the companionship of his family. The time that is not consumed by his business or profession is devoted to lodges and clubs and social functions. These things doubtless have a perfectly legitimate place in one's life, but they should never be substituted for the home. When such is the case, they have become a menace to the home. He who belongs to so many lodges and clubs, and makes so many social engagements that he has no night in the week for his family, is not the father to his children they have a right to expect.

The same is true of a mother. When she is so much absorbed in clubs, and immersed in fashionable fandangos as to cause her to forget

the claims her children have upon her, she is not the mother her children have a right to expect. In speaking of the rugged but homely features of Mr. Lincoln, Bishop Fowler said, "If there is anything I hate worse than a yellow dog, it is a pretty man." We might add, What more detestable than to see a fashionably dressed woman, hugging to her breast a pug-nosed dog, while a nurse girl comes along in the rear carrying that woman's baby. There are women who would not be seen carrying their baby on the street, but who think it quite the thing to fondle and caress in public a flat-nosed dog. Women who like dogs better than they love children are not to be complimented on the development of their sense of appreciation. We believe that the home is the unit in society, and not the individual. If teaching is needed along a sociological line in our colleges and universities, it is to develop a deeper interest, particularly in this day, of the tremendous significance and sacredness of the home. Homes there are that are literally clubbed to death. A recent writer has pertinently said, "What is needed is a revival of the old-fashioned Home Club."

The rage and craze today is for money, and the pleasure the money will procure. In 1852, we are told, there were but twelve millionaires

in the United States. Today there are over five thousand, and the crop is increasing every year. The dangerous classes are not the Japanese and Italians and Negroes; but money-seekers and pleasure-seekers, whose craze is for yachts and autos and Sunday excursions and French novels and German agnosticism and an ever-increasing tide of immorality which threatens the destruction of the modern home.

God is pretty nearly crowded out of modern home life. The altar in the home has not simply been dethroned, it has practically ceased to be. The Presbyterian "Banner" once said, "When the altars of Methodism grow cold all Protestantism will feel the chill." And we add, when family religion decays the spiritual life of the Church will be blasted.

The slogan of today ought to be, "Back to the Family Altar!" "Back to the Family Bible!" It may sound old-fashioned, but some old-fashioned things are worth overhauling. John Randolph once said, "I should have been an atheist had it not been for the recollection and the memory of the time when my mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me to kneel at her knee and teach me to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' etc."

Religious training in the home is almost a

thing of the past. If the home fails here, what can be substituted? Will the public schools answer? There is no religious training here. In many schools, where Catholics and Jews predominate, the Bible is thrown out altogether. Good morals are not even taught. Some of our high schools have become breeding places of immorality. Will our state universities answer? Many of them are reeking with the teachings of agnostic professors, and some of our colleges connected with our denominations make the way slippery to a life of sheer skepticism. Will our secular press take up the work when the home fails? The majority of our great papers are simply money-making institutions. A glance at the advertisements is sufficient to prove that. And another glance at the glaring headlines will be sufficient to convince that there is but little to edify even morally. Well, what of the pulpit? Will that take the place of the home in the religious education of the children? Children do not go to church. Not over 10 per cent of the children of our Sunday-schools attend church services. Then think of the many thousands of children in our large cities that do not attend even Sunday-school. How strongly fortified is that home that is hedged about with prayer! In

this has been the secret of the strength of many a Christian: the morning look heavenward. Before one looks into the face of others, catch a vision of the face of Jesus. Before one listens to the hoarse voices of a selfish world, listen to the sweet cadence of the voice of the Master. B. M. Adams, of the New York East Conference, was once asked the secret of his strong grip on God, and replied that he made sure each morning to tie himself to the arm of the Almighty. Drummond once said, "Five minutes alone with Christ in the morning would change the character of the whole day." The army of General Gordon knew, when the curtains of his tent were drawn at certain hours of the day, their general was getting his orders from the Great Commander. If prayer be such a tower of strength, spiritually, to the individual, coloring his entire life, can the Christian parent afford, yea, will he dare, rob his family of its power to bless and strengthen the members of that inner circle, by neglecting to keep the altar fires aglow?

Some of us remember distinctly the home life of several years ago. All the children knew father's wishes, and knew, too, that he wanted them respected. Father wanted none of the children late at prayers, so all were downstairs

early in the morning, ready for the family devotions. What a beautiful scene! Father seated in his arm-chair, the well-thumbed Bible open. Close by sits mother and the children. Reverently and tenderly the Holy Scriptures are read, then all kneel, while the father, the priest in the home, invokes God's blessing on home and children. After prayers are offered, all are seated at the table. Every head is bowed while the father asks the blessing on the food. How happy and cheerful everybody seems! Then came the separations for the day. Evening repeats the scene. The hours of the evening are enlivened by music, playing simple games, bright, animated conversation, reading books and current literature. Then singing, prayer, and good-nights, and the day was done. This was Church life in the home. But how different today! Home life almost wholly without God. In the city it has become a fashionable boarding house, an apparent disposition on the part of husband and wife to board together. The modern home is run something after this fashion: Breakfast time; one by one the members of the household drop into the dining-room, and seat themselves at the table; the children frowsy-haired and fretful; no family altar; no blessing at the table; no thought of God. Indeed, it

is rumored that it has become unpopular and unfashionable to ask the blessing at the table in the up-to-date home.

We learn today that young men are drifting away from the church as never before. There are over sixteen million young men in the United States between the ages of eighteen and thirty, and 75 per cent never darken the doors of our churches, while only 5 per cent are communicants. We have a criminal population of seven hundred and fifty thousand, and 70 per cent of these are young men between eighteen and thirty. There is something wrong. Something is out of gear. We believe that the taproot of the difficulty is to be found in a lack of religious training in the home. A young man walled about with family prayers from childhood will have a safeguard about him through which it will be difficult wholly to break. A thousand influences and sacred memories will hold him back when sorely tempted, and will carry his thought Godward. According to the last religious census we have in this country today 21,663,248 Protestant church members, and counting five persons to every home 4,332,649 Christian homes. It is estimated that only one Christian home in eight has a family altar, and we fear that estimate is far

too high. Place these Christian homes in a row, and we would pass through 3,791,068 homes before we would hear the sound of a father's voice at a family altar. From these homes one hundred and fifty thousand young men, having reached twenty-one, annually go out, never having heard a parent's voice in prayer at a family altar.

What a beautiful poem is that by Robert Burns, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." The Cotter stands for a representative type of Scotch. He is not wealthy. His position would pre-empt that. But he did have a *home*, and in that sense he was rich. He knew as he approached his home, little affectionate children would toddle forth to greet him. And in his humble home, a loving wife would welcome him. A bright glowing hearth would invite to good cheer. With such thoughts uppermost in his mind, toil was sweet. The effect was, to "quite forget his labor and his toil." Happy the man with a home of that kind, whether a Cotter, a Landowner, a Prince, or a King.

The other members of the family finally all reach home. What a family gathering! Father, mother, brothers, sisters. They are akin, not simply by the ties of blood, but there is a happy kinship of spirit, which sometimes does not

exist even among blood relations. A bright, animated conversation sets in, in which all take part. They have peculiar experiences to relate, and each is interested in the narrative of the others. The father now and then drops in a word of advice.

“Be sure to fear the Lord alway,
Lest in temptation’s path ye gang astray.
Implore his counsel and assisting might,
They never sought in vain who sought the Lord aright.”

Finally all gather around the supper table. A young man has called to see the buxom daughter. He is invited to share the Highland hospitality. And now the meal ended, a most beautiful scene is enacted. Would that it might be repeated in every Christian home in America. All gather again around the fireplace. The father the priest in the home, has seated himself. Upon his knees he has spread the family Bible. He chooses a chapter with care, and says, “Let us worship God.” After the Scriptures are read, the Cotter kneels in prayer, in the midst of that family circle.

“Then kneeling down, to Heaven’s eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays.
Hope ‘springs exulting on triumphant wing,’
That thus they all shall meet in future days,

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed a bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere."

This was a genuine church service in the home. More lasting impressions of a religious character are made on the lives of young people than many a church service would make. The prayer was offered in behalf of that little family circle so dear to the heart of that father. That family circle, now unbroken and unstained by sin, may it so remain forever. Good-nights are said. The family retires for the night. The lights go out. Silence reigns, and God and angels vigil keep.

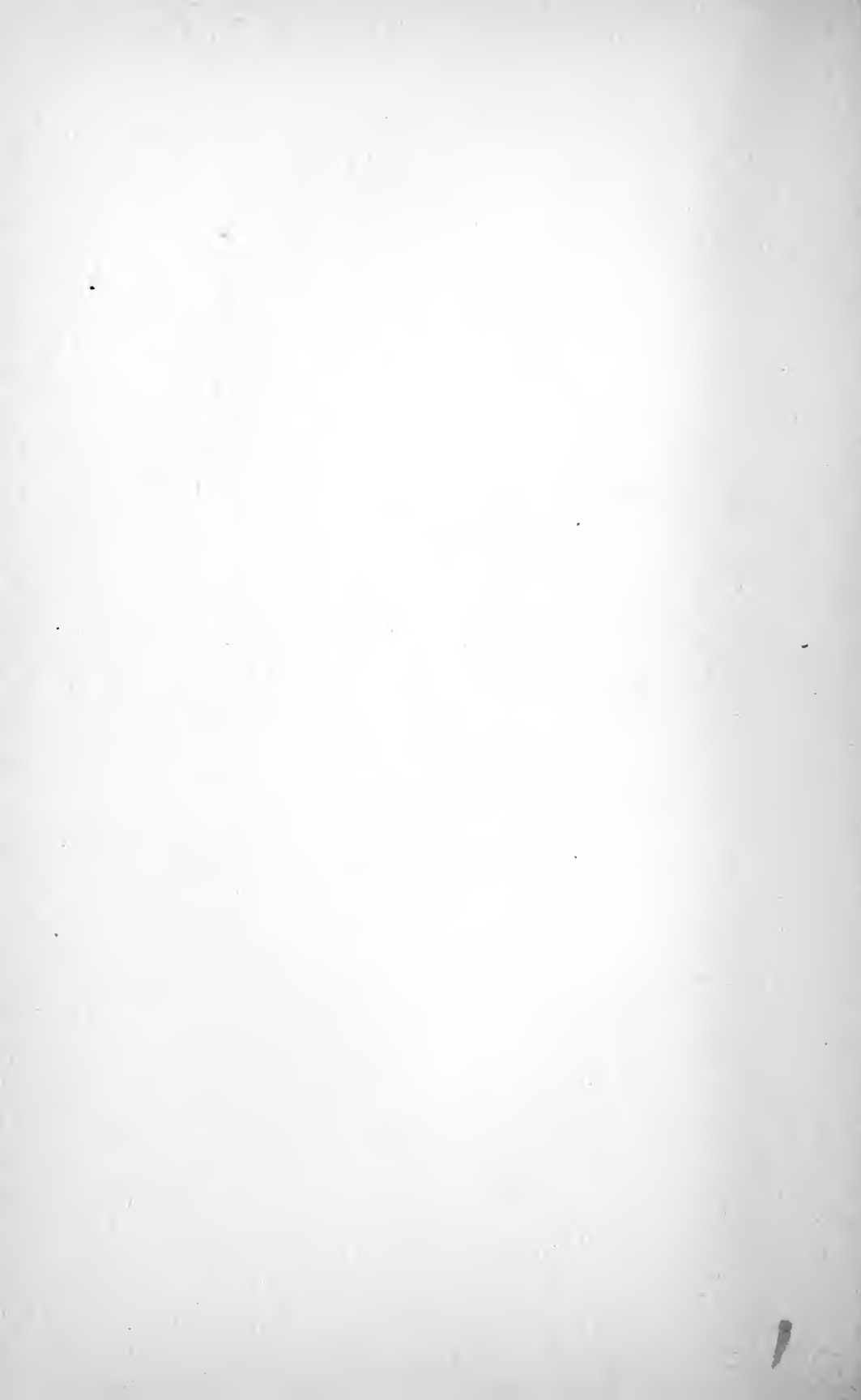
Some one has said such a beautiful picture as Burns has given us in "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is impracticable here in America. Our modern method of living pre-empts it here in this rushing, racing twentieth century. But it is just what America needs. Green has well said in his book, "The Gospel in Literature," "What we need is 'The Laborer's Saturday Night,' 'The Business Man's Saturday Night,' and 'The Professional Man's Saturday Night.'" We cite two illustrations, one furnished by the example of one of the Presidents of the United States, showing that it is practical in the

highest plane of social and official life, the other furnished by a plain but substantial member of society. Col. W. H. Crook, in writing on the home life of President Hayes, in the "Saturday Evening Post," says: "It was Mrs. Hayes' custom to go into the Red Room in the early evening, after dinner, and sit down at the piano, gathering her children around her; then they would make a beautiful picture of family life, singing hymns, usually, but sometimes during the week, sweet, old-fashioned, tender songs, other than sacred music. The President almost always was with his wife and children during this brief hour of music. It was his custom to go immediately afterward into the old circular library over the Blue Room, where family prayers were said regularly, just before the smaller children went to bed."

The other illustration is furnished by the example of a well-to-do, but plain citizen of Morris County, N. J. He has a family of eight children, all Christians, but the youngest, still a child. On a Sabbath evening, the family gathered together for family prayers. The Bible was opened, and the father read the chapter which told about Absalom's defeat and death, and the tidings brought to King David, and the wail of the broken-hearted father over the death

of the wicked son. Then he knelt in prayer, and offered a fervent, touching petition. As the result of the services held in that Christian home, — for it was nothing short of that — a man, once a school-teacher, was converted, and the next Sabbath presented himself at the altar of the church, and the writer received him on probation. Is it not possible for this to be duplicated in every Christian home in America?

May there be a return to the family altar! May those broken down be set up again! If this were done what a different spiritual atmosphere would prevail in our homes! It would speedily extend to our churches, and from many a church prayer service the chill would be effectually removed.



IS GIVING A GRACE, OR
A GRIND?

“We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give out gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in place of fear,
We shall speak with words of love and cheer,
But what have we done today?”

NIXON WATERMAN.

IS GIVING A GRACE, OR A GRIND?¹

IF the latter be true, no wonder "hilarious givers" are so few. Malachi has an adroit way of saying things. By means of sharp, sudden turns he gives the mind of the modernist an unexpected jolt. In the art of asking dexterous questions, he is unsurpassed. These questions often are abrupt, pointed, heart-searching. He usually succeeds in piercing the armor of one most strongly fortified.

The priesthood in his day had deteriorated, and his chief mission seems to have been to correct and rebuke them for their unfaithfulness. The priesthood having become corrupt, the natural consequence would be a corrupt people. When priests become mercenary and profane and sacrilegious and corrupt, what is to be expected of the people whom they serve?

The sacrifice which the priests offered to the Lord was defective. This is evidenced in these searching words: "If ye offer the blind for

¹ "Is Giving a Grace or a Grind?" was prepared for publication by the author and appeared in "The Pittsburg-Christian Advocate" under date, March 21, 1912.

sacrifice, is it not evil? And if ye offer the lame and the sick, is it not evil? Offer it now unto thy governor: will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person?" (Mal. 1:8). These are truly searching words. We understand at once what was going on among them. They offered the blind and the lame and the sick. It was not contended that no offering or sacrifice was made, but that the sacrifice that was made was defective.

All this sounds tremendously modern. There are those today who present their offering, but it is defective. They give not as "God hath prospered" them. There are those whom the Lord hath prospered, yet their gifts remain as they were when in extremely moderate circumstances. There has been an inflow of wealth, but no corresponding outflow of generosity. They have "reaped bountifully," but insist on "sowing sparingly." They remind one of the Dead Sea — no outlet. They receive the blessings of God, salt them down, and that is the last that even they themselves ever see of them. Their "mite" — yes, they still give that, when the Lord has given them millions. Pity it is that so many rich folk have appropriated the word "mite," which belongs only to the penniless widow. A woman of moderate circumstances

said she would not insult the Lord by putting five pennies on the collection-plate. She hated the sound of the jangle of copper. One of the things she always did on Saturday was to make sure that her coppers had been changed into nickels or silver.

It is no compliment to the Lord to present him with a sacrifice or gift which is defective. Malachi declares the priests would not be guilty of such a breach of etiquette as that to earthly rulers — “Offer it now to your governor.” When men make a presentation to their prince, it is of their best. Shall the Almighty receive worse treatment at our hands than we would render to our prince? We offer the best to our ruler, or “governor,” because of the dignity attached to his high office or position. Dare we offer less to the Eternal God, the High and Holy One? How can we hope to please our Lord by offering him our worst, when we had it in our power to offer him our best? Too often, by our acts we say: “Anything is good enough for the Lord.” Two children were playing “Noah’s Ark.” They were taking the animals out of the ark; a couple of sheep had their legs broken off. They had heard something about the custom of sacrifice among the ancient Jews, and one said: “These are no good, ’cause they

can't keep up with the procession. Let's use them for a sacrifice." After self-denial week was over, little Tom was asked of what articles of food they had denied themselves. "Little Toms" always tell the truth, as this one did: "Pork and beans; 'cause we don't often have 'em; and when we do, most of us don't like 'em." That spirit represents too much of our manner of sacrifice unto the Lord. If one loses a cow or a horse, or makes a bad investment, the scaling-off process begins at the Lord's temple. The loss is charged up to the Lord's account.

Why do we offer such defective gifts to the Lord? The answer is found in our own heart, namely, we want the best for ourselves. To the majority of folks we fear that giving is more of a "grind" than it is a "grace." Bishop Coxe tells of a man in western New York who puts five cents in the collection-plate on Sundays but who pays eight hundred dollars a season for an opera-box. "The Living Church" tells of a man who subscribed one dollar a Sunday toward general church expenses, but stopped payment during his winter excursions in the South, when he expended thousands upon himself and family. There are those who are so gold-leafed over with their wealth that the pores of generosity and liberality and Christian giving are closed

up. A good sermon is spoiled the moment dollars and cents are mentioned. Mention the urgent need of money, and follow it up with an appeal for funds to promote the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the shouts of the saints are silenced, and their spiritual ardor is dampened. It is a study in character to watch the faces of some people fairly shining with an apparent inward glory during the delivery of a forceful sermon, when at the close an appeal is made for money to support some great missionary project or other benevolent enterprise. The spiritual thermometer suddenly takes an awful tumble. It would be something of a psychological feat for Dr. W. V. Kelley, author of "The Illumined Face," to solve the riddle of the glowing face and the leaden countenance of one and the same person under conditions as thus described. The "Epworth Herald" tells of a boy who was to impersonate a shining cherub in a play. He was coated over with gold-leaf. This effectually closed the pores of his skin, and before relief could be procured he was dead.

What a sorry spectacle does a Christian present who is gold-leafed over by his wealth! He may flatter himself that the wealth is all his own. "These cattle are mine. These sheep

are mine. The gold and silver in the mine are mine." But the Lord declares that they are his, and they are only loaned to us. "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. . . . For the world is mine, and the fulness thereof." Again we read: "OCCUPY TILL I COME." What man possesses has only been loaned to him. Houses and lands and property interests will all change hands during the next thirty years. The comptroller of the city of New York is quoted as having said that every thirty years practically all the property interests of that great city change hands.

There are but few churches that really have an easy time with their finances. This straitened condition of so many church treasuries is not due to any dearth of money. Men have millions for luxuries. In the United States our people spend annually for candy, \$78,000,000; for chewing-gum, \$25,000,000; for soda-water, \$320,000,000; for jewelry, \$1,223,000,000; total for luxuries, \$1,646,000,000; an average for each family for candy, chewing-gum, soda-water, and jewelry of \$13.70. How would our church people relish a minimum assessment of \$13.70 per family, annually, for the support of all church and benevolent work? What a howl would go up all over the land! But we hear of no great lament

among church folk over the distressing statement that there has been a falling off this year in contributions for the cause of Foreign Missions. Shall we admit that candy and chewing-gum and soda-water and jewelry are esteemed more highly by our Protestant people than the support of the Mission of the King? Shall we offer our best at the shrine of luxury, and bring the blind, and the lame, and the sick as our gift to be placed on the altar of our King?

Millions of church people are paying absolutely nothing toward the support of the local church, or toward the benevolences. Has any family the right to cast the financial burden of the church on the shoulders of the few, and even forget it is resting there? There is a decline and decay of liberality among church-members. It has been stated that during the past thirty years the membership has increased three and a half times. But in the RATE of giving there has been a falling off. The total gifts have increased fourfold. But the average amount per member is only one-half what it was thirty years ago. This means that a few are giving more and thousands are giving less, or nothing at all. Those who refuse to give can not plead poverty, for the church was never more able to be worthily supported. The claim has been made that over

thirty billion dollars are in the hands of the Protestants of this country alone. The claim, therefore, can not be made, "I am too poor." Some years ago a contributor to the "Christian Advocate" told of a Scotchman who was passing the collection-plate, and a man said: "I am too poor to give anything." The old Scotch deacon replied: "Then take something out, this collection is for the poor." Nearly every one who makes such excuse would refuse and resent proffered charity.

The eighth chapter of second Corinthians ought to be studied by every member of the church. We have in that the foundation for giving. Giving is exalted to a Christian grace. To pay is as much a part of the Christian's life as to pray. We are stewards of all that we have. Too much of the vitality of our churches is wasted upon members in trying to persuade them to help meet the expenses of the church. If God's stewards would settle their accounts with him freely, voluntarily, systematically, church fairs and oyster suppers and bazaars would speedily go into innocuous desuetude, and the task of the ecclesiastical money-raiser, with his corkscrew methods and grist of coarse jokes, would be at an end. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are called holy sacraments. But

the collection-plate is as truly scriptural as either, and takes precedence of either, as to scriptural details for giving. Paul elevated it to a grace. "Therefore as ye abound in everything, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this GRACE also."

As denominations we differ as to creed and doctrine, but we are agreed as to the collection. We have all things in common in this respect. We hear it flaunted in our ears: "Salvation is free." The interests of the King have suffered as a consequence. While salvation is free, it has cost tears, and suffering, and sacrifices, and money, and time, and lives to proclaim it to the world. Our suspicion is aroused when a so-called precious article is listed away below par. A catchy notice in a morning paper may announce eggs, fruit, and fish away below the market price, but no one would recommend their purchase for delicate stomachs. Everything that is worth anything has cost somebody something. The Scriptures insist that all should give something. In the Temple sacrifice there was provision made for the poor — "two turtle doves, or two young pigeons," and for the very poorest three and one-fifth quarts of fine flour.

Somebody taught Cain and Abel the duty of

sacrifice. The offering was neither gold nor silver placed on a collection-plate. These things represent the New Testament method of offering. But they made their offering as truly as he who today deposits his money-gift in the temple or church treasury. When Noah entered the ark, he took with him offerings suitable for sacrifice. Abraham gave tithes to Melchizedek. And Jacob began his religious life by setting aside one-tenth of all he had to the Lord. The principle of giving runs throughout the entire Old Testament Scriptures. In a different form the same principle is found in the New Testament. When the Holy Spirit fell upon the people at Pentecost, a consecration of wealth followed, to be used in the work of the church. Holy men were set aside — or elected, as we would say in common parlance today — whose business it was to have supervision over these funds. These undisputed facts are sufficient to give anyone a pretty good jolt who opposes church collections. He who gives scripturally will exalt the principle to a grace, instead of debasing it to a grind.

**MEN AND THE CHURCH:
MODERN TENDENCIES**

“Rise up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things,
Give heart and soul and mind and strength
To serve the King of Kings.

“Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long.
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

“Rise up, O men of God!
The church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to the task,
Rise up and make her great.

“Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where his feet have trod!
As brothers of the Son of Man,
Rise up, O men of God!”

Rev. WILLIAM P. MERRILL.

MEN AND THE CHURCH: MODERN TENDENCIES.

MANY of our churches are face to face with an appalling prevalence of non-church attendance. In some respects the condition may be no worse than in former times. Of former times we may not be familiar. Of present conditions who can justify his ignorance? A cannon-ball could be shot plumb thro' the side of many a church, of a Sabbath morning, without hitting a man. The ministry are at their wit's end to know what to do. Too frequently the resort is to a low sensationalism. The pews may fill up for a time with curiosity seekers, but after the bubble bursts, the after condition is worse than the first. Wealthy churches resort to expensive music as a medium of attraction. A monthly musical festival is largely advertised, and a famous singer is procured, and the gospel sermon is pigeon-holed, or boiled down into a literary sermonette of eight minutes. This generally results in a well-filled church. But the congregation is composed largely of those who are

musically inclined, and their presence in such large numbers is no compliment to the minister. While "the little church around the corner," where expensive music is out of the question, must put up with even larger yawning chasms in the pews, when these musical festivals come off in the wealthy church, for neither have reached the non-church-goer. Dr. Strong declares that one-half of the people of the United States do not attend church at all, and only 30 per cent attend with any degree of regularity. Some time ago a statistical record of non-church-goers was made on Manhattan Island, and it was found that nine hundred thousand people did not attend church at all.

Who are those who go to church and manage the finances of the church? The answer comes swiftly, — representatives of the best people. One would find of a Sabbath morning, in the ordinary church, those who can afford to dress well and those who can afford to support the church. We find there lawyers, and physicians, and merchants, and business men, with their families, and teachers, and salesmen, and clerks, and educated mechanics. But the great mass of the world's workers are not there. Dr. Washington Gladden obtained a list of fifty of the leading business men in a certain city. He

discovered that 55 per cent were communicants and 77 per cent regular attendants. It is an occasion for rejoicing to know that people of that character go to church, and are communicants, and are throwing the weight of their influence and prestige on the side of the church. He who is prominent in the social world, whose position is commanding in the commercial world, and whose fortune is princely enhances the service he can render to the church. The church needs many a Nicodemus and many a Joseph of Arimathea. But while the rich men may find a welcome at the feet of Jesus, we must not forget that room must be made for those whom the humble shepherds represent. In some churches there may be a tendency to crowd out those whom the shepherds represent; and because this spirit may prevail in a few churches, there are those who use it as a handle for non-church attendance. But should an appeal be made, in behalf of the deserving poor, in any of our representative churches, the response at once would be hearty and generous. Those who continually raise the bludgeon, to crack the head of the wealthy church member, unwittingly as a rule hit the head of the one who would be the first to help them if in distress. There are reasons far more

weighty and valid than the impression that the church is a sort of a religious coterie, or "steeped club," for "folks of our set."

It has been said that the "boy is the father of the man." If, therefore, we would have the "man" in our church, we must win the "boy." To do this we must begin with the home. The children in the home are not trained to attend church. The duty of church attendance is seldom impressed upon the child's mind. If they are asked to go at all, they are hired or coaxed or both. The habit of church attendance is formed early in life. Children are taught to look upon the Sunday-school as the children's church. In a Sunday-school of five hundred scholars in the various departments, what per cent would one find in a public congregation of a Sabbath morning? The method of conducting a modern Sunday-school has become a mighty factor in the development of non-church attendance. Scholars who have not formed the habit of church attendance, when they drop out of the Sunday-school, become lost at once to the church. If the boy be lost, the task of winning him when he becomes the man has been made not only difficult, but well-nigh improbable.

A certain type of ministers is responsible for non-church attendance on the part of a large

body of intelligent and thoughtful men. It is not putting it too strongly to say, that such men are repelled by the low sensational type of pulpit ministrations that obtains all too frequently. Indeed, we do not wonder that intelligent men refrain from attending the services of some churches. Subjects are announced that not only border on the ridiculous, but would almost make a burlesque of religion. We cull the following that were advertised as worthy of sermon subjects: "The Hobble-skirt Church," "High Life: Wine, Women and Cigarettes"; "The Great American Hog"; "The Original Idiot"; "Cuckoo, Cuckoo"; "The Razor that God Shaved with." Imagine the Apostle Paul addressing the citizens of Corinth on any such brain-cracked subjects as the above. The minister who poses as a buffoon is to be highly censured, for by his methods men are alienated from the church. Have ministers, over-anxious about empty pews that greet them, forgotten that Jesus once declared, "And I, if I be lifted up, I WILL DRAW." Every intelligent layman would most heartily commend the words of R. T. Edwards, in the "Christian Advocate," "When the pulpit is not filled, is it any wonder that the pews are empty?"

The Sabbath does not signify in this day,

to the many thousands of people, particularly men, the opportunity for worship, or spiritual culture. Rather how can I get the most out of the day for pleasure and recreation. The Majestic King of Days has not only his throne and sceptre endangered, but his very existence is imperilled. He is smothered under that huge blanket, the Sunday newspaper, and over his prostrate form ride a giddy, thoughtless throng, on trolley, and excursion train, and automobile, until we wonder will anybody be left to people the Lord's temple. In our large cities demands are made that opportunities be granted to play football and baseball on the Lord's day. Thousands are attracted. Boys and young men are lured away from the Sunday-school. Enemies of the Sabbath are becoming more daring and defiant. Scarcely a Legislature closes its session but that bills are introduced to weaken the influence of the Lord's day, or to destroy it altogether.

Then there is the mad rush which characterizes modern living at breakneck speed. No need for former President Roosevelt to preach the strenuous life. The American people are already affected by the disease. Nervous prostration and a general breakdown come early in life. There is a truth, no doubt, in the statement that

no country can boast of so many graves in her cemeteries, filled with young men, and no country can boast of so many young and beautiful widows as America. The mad pace of living brings about Sunday lassitude and spiritual apathy. The hour and a quarter spent in the church becomes irksome, and the click of the watch-case marks time to the words of the minister's sermon. *Speed* and *Greed* are the modern Molochs of the American people, and history will undoubtedly charge up to them the greatest sea disaster, the sinking of the Titanic, the world has ever known.

Dr. James M. Buckley, while editor of the "Christian Advocate," asked why it was that so many men pass by the religion of Christ.

1. "Is it because they have strong wills, and are not ready to subject them to the exactions of religion?"

2. "Is it because their minds are preoccupied with labor and responsibility, and when they cease from toil, relaxation prevents serious thought?"

3. "Is it because in the intercourse of business, business men perceive grand incongruities in the character and actions of certain loud-professing members of the church?"

4. He sums up: "Whatever the cause, men need religion just as truly as women do. They

need religion personally. They need religion that they may be able to train their children for support in the hour of trial and great grief. They need a religion which converts not only *from* sin, but which converts *to* service. Men especially ought to be the very first to appreciate the benefits of the church, to the family, home, community and nation, for such benefits can never be tabulated in dollars and cents. If the church is to wield an important influence on the life of the people, *men must take hold of the work.*"

Is the work of the church a man's work? If it is, ought it not command not only his respect, but also his admiration? If it is, cannot it compel an expenditure of his time and thought? There are certain enterprises which easily bear the marks of a man's mind. Our day is one of soul-stirring accomplishments. Tremendous enterprises are being launched. Mighty men have wrought. Surprises await us at every turn. Tourists may still be interested in making a pilgrimage to some of the old ruins of the old world, but they will be largely confined to the literary classes. Men today are more interested in the startlingly NEW things than they are in RUINS — the new things that particularly bid fair to be practical. Men plunge into that

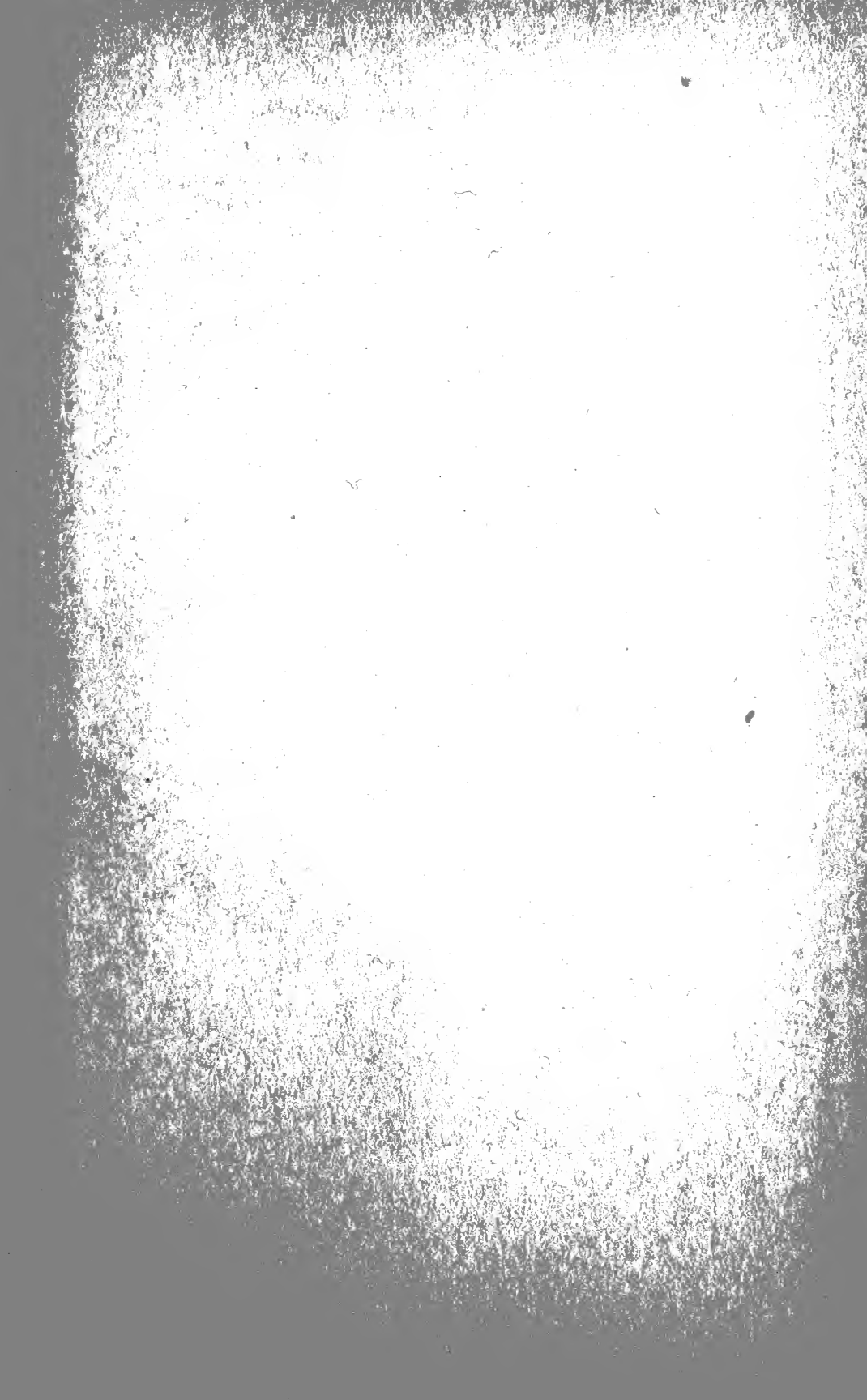
which makes large demands on their best energies, which appeals to their highest powers. If the church keeps pace with these tremendous enterprises, dominated by men of superior parts, she must invite to a work worth while. This the church does, for she not only invites to a noble conception of this life, but also to the noblest possible conception of the life to come. The work of the church is eminently a man's work. Men are being made to see this, as never before. Women have their place in the church. For their loyalty in the past, they are to be commended. For their prayers, we are indebted. In their devotion to their Christ, their king has been honored. A campaign to interest and win men to a more active work in the church has set in. Men are becoming intensely interested. This is evidenced not so much in skillfully managing parish houses, nor in work altogether along lines of social service, according to institutional church methods; but in church movements which have a large outlook. The church Brotherhood movement has attracted the best and strongest of men, among many strong denominations. Thousands of our strongest laymen are interested in the Laymen's Missionary propaganda. This represents a phase of church work that has swept over the states like a great

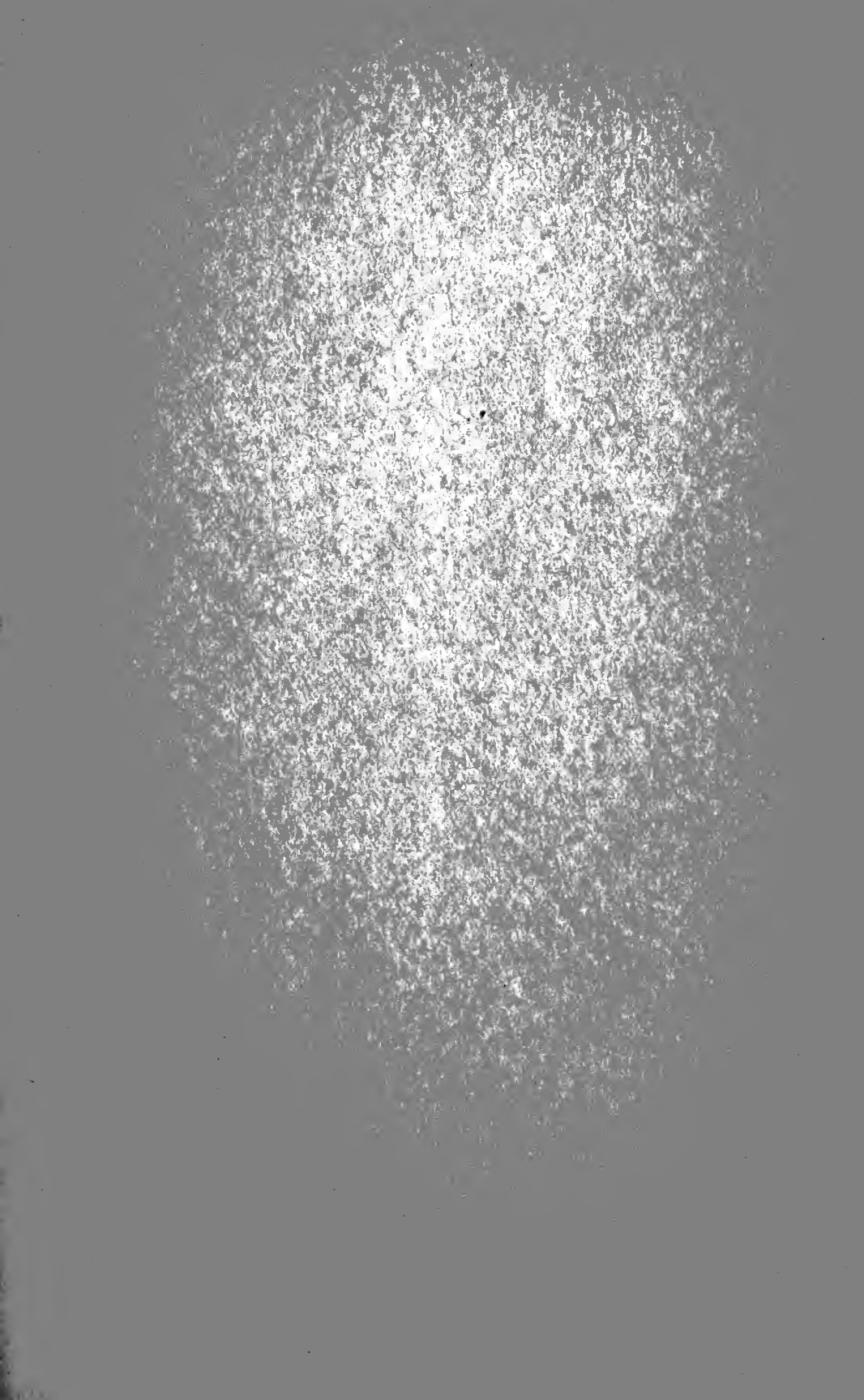
tidal wave. And now the Interchurch Federation movement has aroused the best energies of a great host of men, until it has assumed a national aspect. Perhaps the Men and Religion movement represented more men of brains, and wealth, and social prestige than any other one organized effort of Christian service since the birth of Christianity. It was believed that in the churches of America there were three million more women than there were men. This new quest was to find the three million missing men. Men are coming to the front as never before. It is no reflection upon woman that, when Christ chose his twelve disciples, there were no women among them. They were all men. Thus Jesus at the very beginning of his ministry stamped the character of his work as being pre-eminently that of a man. Let Mary be welcomed at the Master's feet. Let the women stay last at the cross and be the first at the tomb on the morning of the resurrection. But let men be commissioned as the great leaders in world movements of the church, which eventually is to conquer the world. It evidently was Christ's purpose that man should take his stand in the forefront of the work of the church, out on the firing line. Men today are hearing the summons, calling them to the performance

of a great duty, and they are responding heroically. The Master himself must be pleased with the manner in which men are giving their wealth, time, and service to assist in the up-building of the Redeemer's kingdom. The men of the church clearly see that if the so-called alienated masses are to be won, they themselves must play no mean part. Men must be met by men, not in a patronizing way, but in the spirit of true Christian love. A service that is modelled after that rendered the world by the most perfect flower of humanity, Jesus the Christ, "who went about doing good," must ultimately result in victory,—victory in the winning of man and victory in the conquest of the masses. How insistent is the demand for a high type of manhood in public life! Great leaders are needed, men of rugged honesty, men of the Lincoln type. The church demands that same type of rugged manhood. We need that type of manhood, *made applicable to the church*, which finds expression in these stirring lines of the poet:

"God give us men; a time like this demands,
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,

Men who can face the shameless demagogue,
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty, and in private thinking.
For while the rabble with their thumbworn creeds,
Their loud professions, and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife; lo, freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps,
God give us men!"





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