



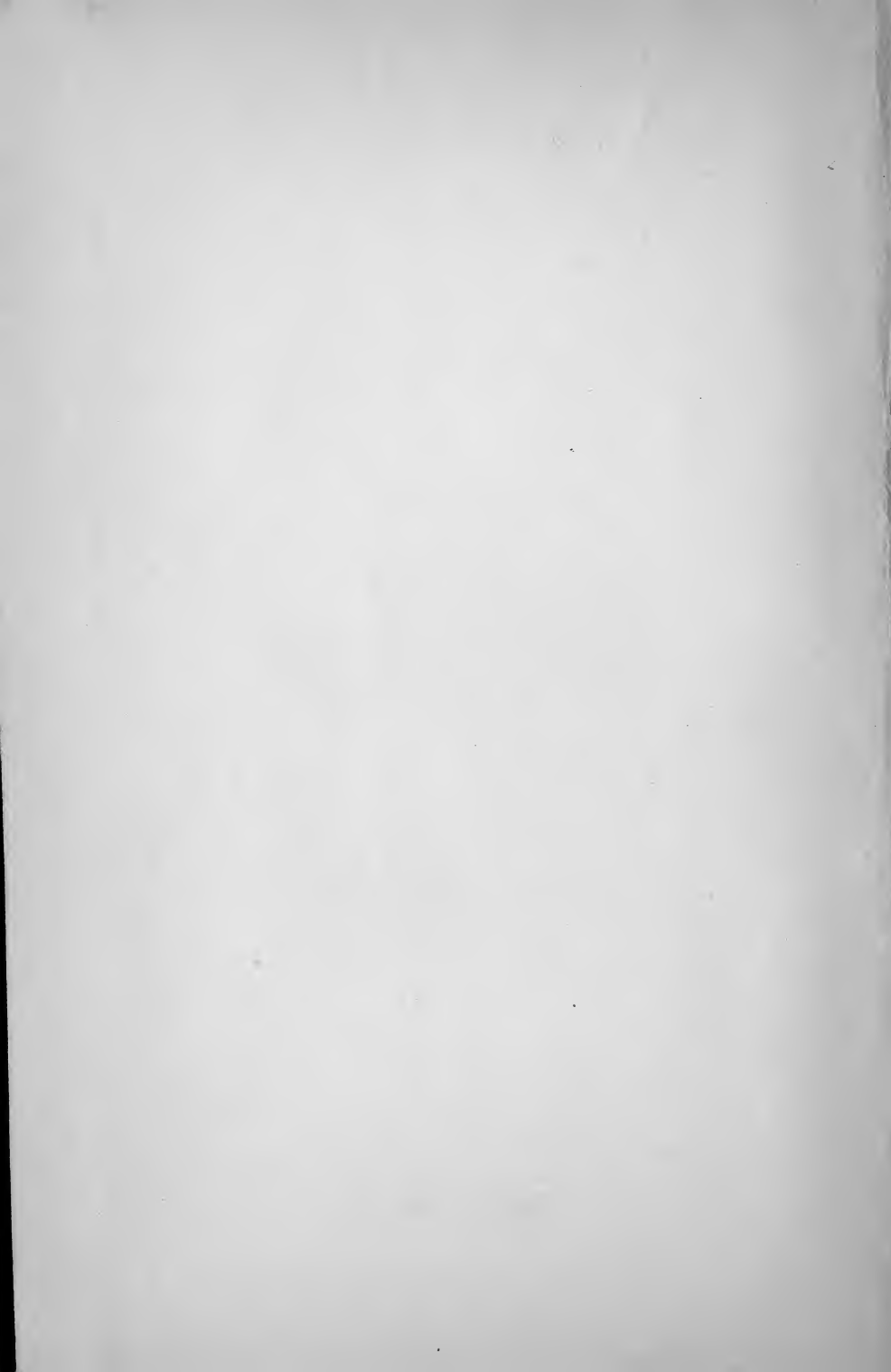


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SPECIAL SERMONS

For Special Occasions

Edited by
E. W. THORNTON



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THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL WORD

THE assembling of the manuscripts for this book has been a joy—in a few instances a joy somewhat attenuated by lengthened expectation—but a joy nevertheless. The editing has been a pleasure rather than a task, because it has been a sort of confidential excursion into the hearts and minds of personal friends.

Only one cloud casts its shadow over the occasion of transferring the messages of these friends from my hands to yours, and that is the cloud of sadness over the death of E. B. Bagby, my room-mate at college and the writer of the sermon for Washington's Birthday. The short sketch of his life, that precedes his sermon, was received about the time the dispatches were bearing news of his death. It, therefore, must have been among the last things that came from his pen.

Probably you will note the fact that not all special occasions have been given a place in this group, but modern conditions have been so fertile in such occasions that to give each a special day would cover the calendar.

Practically without exception these addresses and sermons were prepared especially for this volume, and in grouping the writers I have had a twofold purpose in mind: first, the assembling of a rare coterie of well-known men within the welcome glow of your reading-lamp, and, second, the presentation of an

unusual array of sermons and addresses to young preachers and others who are interested in sermon-making.

That such complimentary allusion seems to list me among the notables present I am well aware; but surely an editor who would not break into such good company when he has the chance could not possess the keenness necessary to make him an editor.

E. W. THORNTON.

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EWARD LINDSAY POWELL was born May 8, 1860, in King William County, Va., and was educated in a private school, Norfolk, Va., and at Christian University, now known as Culver-Stockton College, Canton, Mo., where he graduated in 1881, receiving the degree of B.L. He later received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Transylvania College and University of Kentucky. After graduation he held short pastorates in Gordonsville and Charlottesville, Va.; Hopkinsville, Ky.; Norfolk, Va., and Maysville, Ky., covering the years 1881-1887. In September, 1887, he became minister of the First Church of Christ, Louisville, Ky., and is therefore now entering upon his thirty-fifth year.

Mr. Powell was president of the International Convention of Disciples of Christ when that body met in San Francisco. He is president of the Louisville Library Board, and served by appointment as president of the Louisville Vice Commission. He is Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky Masons and chaplain of a number of other organizations.

Christmas Sermon

OUTLINE

Introduction.

Jesus unique in the manner of His coming. Christianity supernatural, or must take its place with other philosophies.

I. It is good tidings to have been told that the long-looked-for Messiah had actually come.

II. Another note of joy is the announcement that the Christ who actually came is contemporaneous.

III. The whole gamut is swept, however, in the climacteric word "Saviour."

THERE IS BORN A SAVIOUR

Christmas Sermon by E. L. Powell

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa.—Matt. 2: 1.

CHRISTMAS! It is the one unique birthday of recorded time. Unique as respects the babe who was born on that first Christmas Day in the long ago. "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa" there was brought into the world of humanity a child of flesh and blood—born of woman—crying, smiling, hungry, human, and yet unlike and different from any baby in the manner of His coming, who has for the first time opened His wondering eyes on this strange earth of ours.

Unique was this wonderful babe in the manner of His coming, but yet completely human, "for both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are of one [one nature], for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Mystery of mysteries! Having a unique mission, a mission of redemption, related to the ages before His birth, and to all subsequent races of mankind, a mission which was held within the eternal purposes of God from the beginning, antedating the song of the morning stars or the breaking of the first morning of time, why should it be thought a thing incredible that without intermediary human agency this babe should have come into our human environment by the immediate touch and power of God? Such a child with such a mission, "the desire

of all nations," the theme of prophet and poet who interpreted the world's need of just such a child coming with just such marks of uniqueness at just such a time in the history of the world—such a child, I say, could not have come otherwise, and at the same time have met the requirements of faith or imagination. God's miracles delight us. They do not stagger or distress our faith.

We can not explain the mystery of dawn as it brightens into day. We simply rejoice in the glory. "Unto us is born a child . . . his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the Prince of Peace." Why argue about the dawn?

"Here hath been dawning another blue day.
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day was born;
Into eternity it soon will return."

What human agency is back of the dawn? Whence does it come? In what laboratory is light manufactured? With what pencil does the breaking day transform and transfigure the darkened earth, which but a moment ago was chill and cold under the mantle of dewy night? The virgin birth! It is the birth of the dawn. Explain it? Certainly not. Demonstrate it in intellectual terms and syllogisms? Impossible. Believe it and rejoice in it as you accept and rejoice in the dawn. "Behold, the virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Immanuel; which is, being interpreted, God with us." How simple, almost naive, is the narrative! Wonderful, however, in the same way as in the older narrative, when "God said, Let there be light, and light was." So I am trying to say that the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem was unique, wonderful and yet human,

friendly, intimate and familiar as the birth of all babies who have made the living, sorrowing, rejoicing, sinning, hoping generations of mankind. Could this Bethlehem baby have called Himself the Son of man, the child of the race, if His birth had been marked by the limited and provincial characteristics of the ordinary, the usual, the local, the purely natural course of human arrivals? Born of a virgin, immediately generated by God, miraculous, if you please, and not less miraculously than matter, He becomes the child of humanity, and, like the sun and stars, belongs to mankind.

Our Christianity is supernatural, or it must take its place in the intellectual systems and philosophies of mankind. But while the supernatural can not be explained and understood by reason, it is none the less reasonable, and must be the subject-matter of reason. Science itself is nothing more than human reason dealing with the supernatural in objective nature. The first and last word of science, whatever its theories, hypotheses and reasoned systems, is God. "In the beginning—God." Science is but the effort of human reason to tell us how God is working, and has uniformly worked, in the continuous creation of the universe, and natural law is nothing more than God's way of doing things. Jesus is the great exception, a break in the uniformity of the working of the natural law of generation and birth. There is here no contravention or contradiction of law. It is an exception, a departure from God's usual way, but no violation or contradiction of the usual, unless we shall say that there is no room in God's universe for the exceptional, and that God is imprisoned by the methods and processes of His own creation.

But pardon this brief excursion into the domain of science and theology. This is a Christmas sermon. We want to hear the celestial choir chanting the "Gloria in Excelsis"; we want to hear the angelic trumpets startling the simple Bethlehem shepherds with such music as had never rolled over earth's hills, nor brought human hearts to such a glow of vibrant happiness. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy," said the tall angel, as prelude and introduction to the message of the whole heavenly host: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Heaven's full and complete message and music, the real Christmas music, is that uttered by the full chorus, the completion, complement and fulfillment of the tall angel's prelude. The one angel announces the text: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." The full chorus preaches the sermon: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

I. *It is good tidings indeed to have been told that this long-looked-for Messiah had actually come. Hope long deferred attains its fruition. "Unto you is born."* We are not so much concerned as to the circumstances or manner of His coming. Has He been born? It is the historic Christ whose arrival the angels proclaim. He is actual. You can touch His baby hands. He is objective flesh and blood. "Art thou he that should come?" asks the doubting prophet. Jesus says: "Go show John the things you have seen." The actual Christ doing the very things which long ago the prophets had said the Messiah would do. The dream has come true. See the Christ stand! No fancy, no disembodied or discarnate ideal, no depersonalized system of philosophy, no cold metaphysical abstraction.

On the contrary, warm flesh and blood—concrete, objective, personal—who will presently begin “to do and to teach,” and to so wondrously influence the select company of His apostles that one of them shall say, speaking for the others and for those who subsequently should believe in Him through their teaching: “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.” Christianity is based on solid, substantial fact—a divinely human personality, who lived, taught, wrought, suffered, died, was buried and rose again, and thenceforth governing, guiding, redeeming human life, as the ascended spiritual Christ “whom not having seen we love.” Christmas gets us away from the speculative in our religion, and brings us down to earth where we live and sin and suffer—the only place where a real Saviour can find His task, and where an abstract Christ is wholly without a mission.

II. *Another note of joy in this full Christmas music is the announcement that this Christ who has actually come is contemporaneous.* “Unto us is born this day in the city of David.” This Christ of ours is of even date. It is always in the ministry of Jesus this day, this city, this generation. He has been the contemporary of all ages and generations, else redemption could not have continued longer or further than His personal ministry in the flesh. “Before Abraham was I am.” His historic birth in terms of time was the monumental and historic expression of His continuous redemptive presence through the ages. “He loved me and gave himself for me,” this day, this man, this Saul of Tarsus, this house of Zaccheus in which he must abide, unto you and me, unto our age and day with its peculiar problems of peace and war, with its confused democracy and yet near attainment, how contempora-

neous the announcement: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

III. *The whole gamut is swept, however, in the climacteric word "Saviour."* It matters not, save for academic and intellectual considerations, that the Christ-child has come, that He is the Messiah long looked for and passionately desired, that He has been recognized by His own countrymen as none other than the one of whom "Moses in the law and the prophets did write"; so much as that the Christ identified by all the marks of type and prophecy has come to a continuous ministry of *redemption*. We must hear the sustaining and undergirding word in this mighty anthem: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a *Saviour*." That last word describes the circumference and embraces the diameter of God's purpose for humanity. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save the people from their sins."

Here is one at last who is doing, and has been doing all through the centuries, that which none other has attempted; namely, saving the soul of man from sin. Prior to His coming the best which could be done for sin-stricken humanity resulted in little more than an ameliorated and improved moral and mental environment. Philosophy had been tried in her noblest representatives—a Plato, an Aristotle, a Socrates—but philosophy could not touch the heart, conscience, motives, the inner springs from which proceed the issues of life and destiny. Not "the glory that was Greece, or the grandeur that was Rome," could bring to man the consciousness of sins forgiven, and of recovered moral self-respect. Neither Judaism with its law, nor the mighty prophets of righteousness, could do more than discover and reveal sin, leaving man impotent

and helpless in the consciousness of its grip. "What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, by sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." He does not deal with symptoms, but strikes at the disease itself. He does not announce some little program of readjustment, rehabilitation and artificial reconstruction or reformation. "I have come that ye might have life, and might have it more abundantly." He does not save by rules and props and regulations or statutory enactments, but by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. "He hath made me free from the law of sin and of death."

A personal Saviour for all who would be saved from sin—"good tidings of great joy for all people"—this is the glorious announcement which came ringing from the sky on that first Christmas Day two thousand years ago. "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ came into the world to save sinners." I have read somewhere a parable which represents a man in a pit waiting and praying for delivery. Buddhism comes that way, and, looking down upon the poor fellow in his misery, says: "You did not walk into the pit; you did not run into the pit; in some previous state of incarnation you came into this pit." "Very true," says the man, "but of what avail if you can do nothing to get me out?" Likewise, Mohammedanism passes and says: "It is the will of Allah." "I do not dispute your statement," replies the man in the pit, "but how does that help me out?" And so the philosophies, theologies and cults pass by, impotent and powerless to get the man out of the pit. Finally, Jesus comes that way and asks, "Wilt thou be made whole?" and without philosophy or theory,

but with the grip of a mighty love, he lifts the man out of his prison into the sunlight of happiness. The question is not as to the truth or falsity of the creeds and philosophies and theologies. They may all be perfectly true, only they can not save a soul. "Weakness" is Paul's word in this connection. "What the law could not do in that it was weak."

Christmas brings to us the glorious evangel of Christ's redeeming love. Pre-eminently it brings a message to little children. It does more, however; it brings a universal message. It offers hope—a sure hope of salvation and moral recovery to the worst of sinners. Glorious Christ! Glorious gospel! Glorious hope! "And now unto him who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory, unto the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty and power and dominion, both now and forever."

"When Christmas comes,
In field and street, in mart and farm,
The world takes on a lovelier charm;
Sweet-scented boughs of pine and fir
Are brought like frankincense and myrrh,
To make our hallowed places meet
For hands that clasp and tones that greet,
While hearts worth more than gold or gem
Go forth to find this Bethlehem,
When Christmas comes."

GERALD CULBERSON was born Dec. 1, 1879, at Waynesville, N. C., and was educated at Johnson Bible College, Tenn., and Bethany College, W. Va., graduating in the latter institution in 1905.

Mr. Culberson organized the congregation of the church of Christ and built the church at Chester, W. Va. Under his ministry the church at Clifton Forge, Va., was built. For nine years he held a pastorate in Richmond, Va., and for three years he did a successful work with the church at Bedford, Ind.

At this writing he is in charge of the church at Beckley, W. Va., where he is also president of the Ministers' Association, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Beckley Chamber of Commerce.

New Year's Sermon

OUTLINE

I. New Year's Day Is a Day of Retrospective Witness.

1. The witness of opportunities gone.
2. The witness of shortcomings.

II. New Year's Day Is a Day of Persuasions Ahead.

1. The persuasion of better living.
2. The persuasion of an honorable death.
3. The persuasion of a glorious life beyond.

THE PERSUASION OF BETTER THINGS

New Year's Sermon by Gerald Culberson

But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation.—Heb. 6: 9.

THIS is a text for the present day. It gives us the backward look and the forward focus at New Year. Human desire to retrieve and improve is uppermost at this season. There is pull in the words, "We are persuaded better things of you." They call to us from the heights; they are so warm and personal. Like a mother's love notes to a truant son; like a father's melting accents to a boy inclining to waywardness; like the tones of a friend whose confidence we had almost betrayed—they strike deep. As a blow upon the body brings the blood rushing to the spot, this barbless shaft, "better things of you," calls in the vagrant powers to soul-center, and impels us to inquire, "Soul of mine, I call you to witness this day, is it true?"

New Year's Day is witness day. The old saints and servants of God in their journeyings, when they reached a milestone or turning-point, stood by to erect an altar, and thereupon, thanking God and taking courage, they vowed vows of new meaning and went forward. Bethel, Peniel and Ebenezer were very real to them, and therefore stood as witnesses through all

subsequent endeavors. They were points by the way of new and more noble departure: life was different afterward, altered in direction or in quality, or in both.

Theirs was an association of events with place. So is ours, only we have in addition another association, one which is coming more and more to be an altar of common witness with humanity—the association of time with events.

Thus days, many days, are memorial days with us, and days of convocation. Among these is New Year's Day, the milestone of the year's flight; long marked and observed, to be sure, by generations before, but now come to be with us the day for an invoice of life, for individual stocktaking of character. It is the time when we review the past, hopefully scan the future, and seriously, sometimes mercilessly, scrutinize the present with the view to forsaking the baser levels of life, lifting our ideals and improving our conduct and character.

Thus may the day become hallowed to an honest inventory of self-qualities and to vows for self-ennoblement, particularly if its witness be in the fear of God, in the light of His truth, and in the power of His conscious presence. New Year resolutions, under such circumstances, will become a sacred altar, the secret persuasions of which will devoutly carry us forward. Shall we be bold enough, earnest enough, this day to submit ourselves to the test, and be the richer for this altar's wise and prudent oracles? Let us listen to the more temporal ones first.

There is the inner witness that speaks of the year that is gone, together with many others never to be recalled in this life. Whatever may have been the indifference or levity with which we paid off the year's

golden ream of days, we would hardly be so careless again. The days seem more valuable now that they are gone. Had we once more their wealth of time and opportunity at our disposal, we are sure we could turn it to better account. Their mute but mighty appeal is "unto better things."

Again that inner voice speaks the still more blanching fact of shortcomings and failures. It appears to us now that the sum total of our living up to this point has been of no account. Yes, we know that it was spoken by One supremely wise, "That when ye have done all, ye should say we are unprofitable servants." But we did want to feel that we were accomplishing things worth while. We tried hard to do good and not evil. We were sure we could win out completely over some foes particularly harassing. We would overcome sloth on the one hand, and impatience on the other. We would curb our too great temper here, and unloose it yonder where it was justifiable. No, the many broken vows and the whole or partial reverses did not steal our hope, and we persevered; and as we look back we are reassured. There was some progress made. It was "the persuasion of better things" then, and so shall it be now as the New Year beckons.

And just as we are resolving, the brightest note of the season peals forth, "Ring out the old, ring in the new." Another lease on life is proffered, time is lengthening our course, the glad thought comes: "I can, I really can, redeem the residue of my days unto greater wisdom and happiness." Happy New Year, blessed gift of God, who giveth bountifully, even more than is deserved! Truly our times are in His hand; He doeth all things well—but hold, not so fast—if our

time is in His hand, it is not ours after all, but His, His time He has put in our hand. Oh, solemn thought! The years, the days, the hours. A great preacher once called them "God's angels." He was visiting a metropolitan club one Sunday afternoon, and, seeing so many young men lounging about, and being told by them that they were "just killing a little time," he exclaimed, "Killing time, gracious, mercy, men, I'd as soon think of cutting the throats of God's angels."

The final witness gotten from our New Year altar in this connection is quite the most solemn: What will you do with the future? It is even now lifting its enchanted curtain for your entry. Friend, if there ever was a point in your earthly pilgrimage when the heart should be mellow and the spirit vibrant to the full chord of life's challenge, it is when this yearly corner is turned for the look ahead.

Good old King Hezekiah's words—as in truth his solemn plight—rise to mind with singular force: "It is a light thing for the shadow to decline ten steps"—time is so swift and easy in its approach and speeding. "Nay, but let the shadow return backward ten steps!"—time is so hard and heavy in its retrieving.

Particularly, when life itself is put in the balance the shadows on the dial are measurable to a degree hitherto unnoted. Could we be told after the fashion of Hezekiah that this was our last day and last year, and then retold that it was the new day and year released unto us, time would be as the blood of our strength and its conservation as the law of life. "Self-preservation, life's first law?" Then, time conservation is its twin.

I wonder if, after all, the note of New Year is not the elemental one of preserving health and strength

so that one can function better and last longer in the service of God and His fellows upon earth.

Thoughts of to-day must center upon principles of clean conduct developing a wholesome and hardy physique, as a foundation for spiritual achievement, and a preparation for the joy of right living. It is an aphorism that age and wisdom are most in companionship. What a loss, then, is entailed upon those learners and seekers after wisdom who must needs go too often on frail limb and with halting step.

"Please urge the youth in your charge," wrote a great man once to a prominent educator, "to take better care of their health. Here I am in the fullness and ripeness of mental ability and efficiency, and this honor is tendered me, this preferment at the hands of my brethren, which has been a dream of my life; and now, as you know, I can not accept because of bodily infirmity and shattered nerve. I know now how Tantalus felt when the water eluded his thirsty lips."

The power of an army depends upon the physical fitness of its men. Is it different with those who would make spiritual conquests? Nay, it is more imperative that the warrior whose banner is righteousness, whose warfare is, confessedly, not carnal, whose ideal is a body subjected, be cleanest and soundest.

The report is both common and credible that ministers of the gospel stand at the top as the best risks in mortuary tables. Whether all Christians other than the "preaching brethren" will be able to disentangle themselves from the lower general average, should be an interesting and profitable matter to investigate and resolve upon at New Year.

But this season is not without meanings more definitely spiritual. Only the thoughtless can miss its

powerful persuasions for the soul. To many it must represent the Great Divide—death on the one side, life on the other—the narrow defile between.

These, while beholding the glow of dawn just across, and thrilling with eagerness for the brimming light of a shadowless eternity, still feel the depression of mortality. Such souls are not morbid; they are prophetic. They would mark the somber fact that the pass, at best, is not far ahead. Did not the Old Year die, as all years must die, and with it millions like ourselves? Their requiem was chanted at stroke of twelve. Ours was not, but our tide will move out with the same quick ebb. "When folks about here make their last lonely voyage," said Old Pegotty to David Copperfield, as they stood by the death-bed of Barkis, "they mostly go out with the tide."

Our thoughts should go out, if our spirits do not, with the tide of the Old Year as it bears upon its bosom the necrology of its multitudes. We are not overcome at sight of this moribund recession. We are not cast down by a sense of futility and despair. On the contrary, we scan our margin of time prayerfully and gird us about for the departure. Through faith and the divine alchemy of the love that endureth all things we are bowed Samson-like unto greater strength. Just as the choicest flowers spring from the muck of disintegration and decay, just as the finest fragrances of human sympathy arise from the depths of privation and disappointment, so does the master spirit in man arise from disaster. "Man is a curious animal. He seems to give forth his finest fruit only when crushed. When we expect him 'to curse God and die,' suddenly his face lights up with the heavenly vision," and he dares to go on, though he grope his way.

It was the persuasion of death that in God's Son kindled the noble passion of vicarious love. Is death called the Great Leveler? Why not the Great Lifter? Does not every serious thought of death inspire us to lift the wretched from the mire of their wretchedness? New Year's Day should give us this persuasion certainly, lest living too far removed from thoughts of our dissolution we live too selfishly and miss its ministry of transfiguration.

Alexander Hamilton's son writes that on the night before the fatal duel with Burr his father said to him, "My son, you will sleep with me to-night." "When we had retired my father caught me to his arms, and, pressing me to his heart, he kissed me again and again. Then he said, 'Now let us pray the Lord's Prayer together.' After that, with many tears, he would say, 'Oh, my boy, I love you so; I could not leave you were there no hope of reunion.'" Such transfiguration of hope nerved the elder Hamilton, no doubt, to fire his pistol in the air the next day, and not at his antagonist.

But another shadow is pierced by the light from the farther side of our altar of witness—the shadow of sin. It is not native to that land of our earthly future any more than to the Land Aglow beyond, for both are still with God. The twain are His, and their persuasion is of a state "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The persuasion of one is the persuasion of the other; heaven and the exalted Christian life.

How near are these in one sense! Just a step, a second's flight of time, the measure between the old and the new. How far in another—in realization! So immense is the distance, so impassable the gulf—once

crossed—that many faint at the thought even of ever reaching it. Yet from of old is the surety for men: “Why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shall it not be lifted up? And if thou doest not well, sin coucheth at the door.”

Waiving the theology of this our human faintness—whether it be because of love for sin, or whether it be from over-confidence in the Father heart of God this fact stands out unimpeached: the spirit of man ever suffers the attacks of conscience and therefore must be under the “persuasion of better things, the things that accompany salvation.”

The consistency of man’s nature, as well as of all nature, cries out for renovation. The gospel scheme of salvation is the only full and final answer to the interrogations of man’s conscience. Eclectic schools of religion may blast away at spurious consciences; conscience ever remains. Even a casual observer must note that the “Divine Sonship Cultists” are all the time “groaning along with the rest of creation,” waiting for a manifestation of sonship that is more real than any that a Christless individual or society knows.

No man can demolish sin with a mere gesture of contempt. Sin is real and deadly. He who is imprisoned in its tomb is in captivity to corruption, and seekers at this tragic sepulchre still ask, “Who shall roll away the stone?” and “Who will proclaim our year of release?”

There is no deliverance possible apart from the Christ of God and the blood of His cross. Release is signed, sealed and delivered in the New Testament Scriptures. He who is attested by many infallible proofs to be Lord of all is our Saviour from sin. He

gave Himself in token sufficient to heal the world's hurt, change its unhappy disorders and give newness and soundness to wholly obedient members of the human family.

Such joyful condition is possible this side the Great Divide. O miracle of miracles—it is the Great Divide itself! "Death hath no more dominion over you." Shadows are about you, but as remote from you as the East from the West.

That this dominion over sin and death is real is the new year's sublimest persuasion. Never mind the discomfitures of the past. Never mind the inconsistencies in the lives of some who claim His promises, but are devoid of His power. This is not the failure of Christ, but the failure of those who are too insincere to apprehend Him.

His is the one master mind ever working toward unity and integrity among men. How can our thoughts and purposes proceed toward orderliness, or our tangled inheritances be administered toward intelligence and peace without His persuasions? We dream of universal brotherhood, and, by the way, that dream was inspired by Him; but bungling men insist upon marring its beauty and dissipating its force by racial, national and sectarian cleavages, obviously contrary to His will.

We dream of individual righteousness, a dream that is another gleam from the light that He was in the world; but again there are men who interpret the dream in the terms of self-righteousness, preening the fancied superiority of their own feathers instead of rejoicing in the beauty of holiness possible to every man.

If ever the idea of universal brotherhood should focus with the idea of personal integrity to burn through the veneer of modern materialism, it will be

due to the mind of Christ. All persuasions unto salvation other than His are phosphorescent or fraudulent.

At this beginning time, the time of the new year's birth, may we all be persuaded by the persuasion of our Lord that he will keep that which we have committed unto Him against that great and final day, and in His way, the way of the cross and the blood, may we walk. Then we shall sing as those

“Who carry music in their hearts
Through dusty lanes and wrangling marts,
Plying their tasks with busier feet,
Because their souls a holier strain repeat.”

PHILIP Y. PENDLETON was born at Bethany, W. Va.; graduated from Bethany College in 1884, and has since received from that institution the A.M. and LL.D. degrees.

He spent a number of years in commentary work on the Bible-school lesson literature of The Standard Publishing Company. He has held pastorates with the Vine Street Church of Christ, Nashville, Tenn.; the First Church at New Castle, Pa., and the churches at Valparaiso, Ind., and Cedar Rapids, Ia. At this writing he has accepted a call to the church at Phœnix, Ariz.

Mr. Pendleton was professor of Logic and Biblical Literature in Phillips Bible Institute, and dean of the Bible department at Valparaiso University.

Lincoln's Birthday Address

OUTLINE

I. The Paradox of American History.

Opportunities of an ignoramus with the soul of a genius. With backwoods schooling he reached eminence in literature. The village postmaster became the chief of Presidents. Though sad of face and manner, he made the world smile. Reared in irreligious environment, he became religious. Mingling with the rich, he was the poor man's friend.

II. An Outstanding Man in All History.

Outstanding because he was a mankind man. Outstanding because, in many respects, he was not unlike the Master.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Lincoln's Birthday Address by P. Y. Pendleton

A BRAHAM LINCOLN! What pulse does not quicken at the mention of his name? What people does not know him? What nation does not honor him? The fact that his conspicuous life was a many-sided paradox in a measure accounts for his universal popularity.

His was the schooling of the pioneer, scanty and defective. He learned little from the backwoods teachers of his day; they had little to impart. There were practically no books in his own home, and very few in the homes about him, so there were not above a half-dozen for his use. Thus his opportunities left him an ignoramus, but his great soul made him a genius.

He had visions which brought him into command of the purest language and the highest graces of literature; and noble purposes which refined speech because they first refined the heart whose fullness filled the mouth with utterance. Untutored and unlearned save by self-culture, he enriched our literature with the Gettysburg Address. Consider the paradox of it! His literary excellencies blossomed forth despite their unfavorable environment like lilies in the noxious swamp. The swamp marveled at their beauty, but the modest lilies knew no pride. Like Robert Burns, this great American received, in the school of English, his diploma directly from the hand of God.

And in his official career we also meet with paradox. In official station he passed from the extreme bottom to the exalted top. The village postmaster became the chief of Presidents. Starting as one observed of nobody, he ended as the cynosure of everybody. And though he was postmaster, it might almost be questioned whether he was or not, since his pockets were his till, his office was his hat, and his general delivery was wherever he chanced to be met. And even in this office he merited distinction, for he anticipated by half a century the convenience of the rural route.

The spirit of wit has long since told the world that pride struts in extremes. It is found in lieutenants and crops out in generals. But Lincoln was equally informal as postmaster or as President. As the nation's chief executive he appointed his greatest political rivals to fill the highest offices of government, and then went about stating, without ostentation or self-depreciation, that "he had very little influence with the present Administration." And this brings to mind another paradox in Lincoln that holds us with its unequalled charm.

He was the sad-faced humorist, the jester with the tear-stained cheek. Somehow born to sorrow, cradled in penury, nurtured in struggle and brought at last to spend the strength of his prime as a man of peace o'erwhelmed with the burdens of war, with what pathos does his humor appeal to us! Life was to him an almost unbroken storm. The clouds hung low and heavy, and the pitiless, drenching rain of fraternal strife drowned out all the tender things. It made the pleasant paths unsightly and the lanes and highways impassable, and caused the glory of life's day to be overcast with gloom and sorrow.

Yes, it was all this and more, but ever and anon the nation lifted its weary eyes toward the dark firmament of those cheerless times, and beheld with joy the clear blue sky, and the warm, strong glory of the sun of hope, for Lincoln, in his kind, droll way, had said the thing that only Lincoln could say—the thing that made men smile, brought good cheer and would not be denied. What he said was no idle jest, no rasping discord, no strained effort to present a face of courage in the hour of defeat. No, it was too homely and unadorned to seem unfit, too natural to appear untimely or even somewhat ill-advised. It was but the utterance of hope irrepressible, beautiful as God's rainbow resting in peaceful calm upon the whirling, storm-racked cloud; sublime, yet simple as the childlike heart of noble man. Broken-hearted men and women would have died, but just then Lincoln told a story, and the soul of the public returned unto its rest, the nation smiled and so lived on. Truly his humor in the darkness of the war was as God's nourishing manna in the wilderness, as a sudden rift of sunshine glinting through the storm-bound heavens, or as the midnight song at Philippi that with unwonted glory swept all sadness from the jail-cursed hours and duly compassed God's deliverance.

Born in the South, and of Southern parentage, he imbibed the spirit of the South, and, moving thence to the North, he adopted the moral-political concepts of the North. He thus became cosmopolitan in sentiment as only the larger American can become cosmopolitan.

This view of our first martyr President is seen only in its unfinished outline. The ruthless violence of the assassin removed the partly finished canvas of his life from the present world before the hand and brush

of God had filled in the outlines, or brought the colors to completion.

The South will never know the touch of that reconstructive, kindly hand. Its ministration of mercy was abruptly stayed in the very hour of greatest need. The superb promise of the second inaugural—"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right," stands as but a promise whose deep sincerity breathes in the artless simplicity of its wording, but whose beneficent fulfillment was hindered by satanic spite.

But if we made final pause here, we would pass unnoticed the greatest paradox in Lincoln's life—his fellowship with God. The years of his boyhood were spent where even morality was crude and where religion was largely a caricature. The coarse and the vulgar impregnated the very air. That this miasma of immorality and indecency left lasting imprint on his impressive nature is beyond doubt. He frequently, even in his prime, shocked the nation's sentiment of ultra refinement and sorely tried the patience of the sensitive and truly cultured. Familiarity with unrefined humanity in all its crassness and sinful unrestraint made Lincoln a non-religious man. He never united with any church. Indeed, it was only in the last few weeks of his life that he ever, so far as history shows, manifested any desire or determination to do so; though his aloofness was exceptional. Among Presidents, church membership is the rule.

But the trials of war changed his heart. From a spirit of levity bordering on lewdness, and an attitude of self-sufficiency approaching callous indifference, he developed into a man phenomenal in prayer. Not a ritualist was he, not a mouther of beautifully round-

ed sentences, ornate with attractive tropes, and embellished with choice and well-selected figures. No, nor was he of that somewhat holier order, who with real emotion and worshipful spirit quote precious rhetorical gems picked from the Psalms, and celestial jewels drawn from other Scripture. On the contrary, he was a prayer man, christened in the dews of a Gethsemane; a wrestling Jacob, panting for a blessing; a man of few words, but manifold groanings which could never be uttered.

Thus the one who went out with but little moral refinement and less religious pretension, came back across his grass-trampled, sod-torn Jabbok, an Israel; a prince who could prevail with God in prayer and who could lead the ministry of a Christian nation into truer conception of intercession than it had ever known. Yes, this self-sufficient Western giant became the most dependent upon God of all the men of his age.

Moreover, he began life's struggle with the poor. His family had no position, no station. Hence there has been none in America so humble in circumstances as to feel himself beneath the reach of Lincoln's understanding sympathy. Sympathy! what a world of it he had. To the end the poor man was his brother, and the outcast, the unfortunate and the negro slave his bosom friend. And this friendship was simple, genuine. He exalted himself as no man's patron, he manifested no stooping condescension even when exercising his powerful governmental prerogatives in behalf of the most justly convicted private in the army, or the most obscure, unrecognized, disfranchised citizen whose needs cried aloud to him for help.

Nor did he at any time show any sense of shame while espousing the cause of the disreputable or despised.

Others, springing from such lowly origin, might have hesitated before thus again identifying themselves with the socially ostracized, whose past familiarity they would fain forget. They might well have feared lest the public suspect a bond of kinship all too close with these unworthy objects of their solicitude. Pride, like Simon Peter, ardently denies the compromising friendships and associations of an accusing past. But to Lincoln there was no past. He never abandoned the people of his youth; rising in life, he took them with him, and was unashamed. He never outgrew a friendship; his heart was too large to follow a course so small. His humble soul scorned snobbishness. He was the most democratic of all republicans, the poorest in spirit of all the Presidents, therefore let us explain his matchless magnanimity by believing that he attained the promise of the Beatitude and in some clear way saw God.

Truly he was the poor man's friend, and yet in daily life he walked and mingled in harmonious fellowship with the richest and the mightiest, and was a free American, and unafraid. He felt no embarrassment at their wealth, no envy at their power, no rancor or bitterness at their superlatively superior advantages for attaining honors, pleasures, knowledge and power. With a spirit of equanimity as rare in the world as the society of angels, he, the son and heir of the poor man, was brother to the rich and powerful, and felt no pangs of insufficiency, no pains of jealous pride. If any of the aristocracy failed to meet him on his level plane of frank goodfellowship, he pitied their weakness, and passed silently on, sparing himself the trouble of idle and wasted comment. There were big things in life that could be cured; why worry over little things

that were beyond remedy? They would have their day and die, and be no more.

Thus compassing a gamut of life somewhat like that which started in the manger, and ended on the cross, Abraham Lincoln entered into experiences similar to those common to the vast majority of mankind, because he included in that compass all the classes ranging from the lowest to the highest. Thus to men of all stations, in every civilized land, he left an example of noble, patient, faithful citizenship, which has been rarely equaled, never excelled.

We do well to do him honor, for his spirit breathes a wholesome influence even in the most turbulent times, and his life is, and will be, associated with the fate of the "Stars and Stripes" forever.

Old Glory, our Glory,
His Glory, too;
Abraham Lincoln,
We're grateful to you.

EDWARD B. BAGBY * was born Sept. 29, 1865, at Walkerton, Va., and received his college education at Transylvania, College of the Bible, Lexington, Ky., graduating with the B.A. degree. He later received the B.D. degree from Yale Divinity School. He was minister of the Ninth Street Church of Christ, Washington, D. C., for fifteen years; Franklin Circle, Cleveland, O., two years; Ft. Smith (Ark.) First Church, four years; Twenty-fifth Street, Baltimore, Md., four years, and from 1916 to the present time has been with the Columbia Heights Church in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Bagby was chaplain of the House of Representatives during the Fifty-third Congress, and chairman of Committee on Chaplains that selected the one hundred chaplains from the Disciples of Christ for the army and navy during the World War. He has been either regular or special contributor to a number of religious journals, and has lectured extensively.

*Mr. Bagby died at his home in Washington, D. C., Sept. 2, 1921. The data for the above sketch were penned by him but a few days before his death.—ED.

Washington's Birthday Address

OUTLINE

Introduction.

I. Washington High in the Things the World Counts Great.

1. Tributes from high sources.

II. High in the Minor Elements of Greatness.

1. Respected his mother.
2. Gracious in his family.
3. Just in his dealings.
4. Careful of details.
5. Patient under criticism.
6. Humble amid honors.

III. On the Plane of These Lesser Heights, We May Make Him Our Example.

1. Illustrated thoughts upon this point.

GREATNESS IN LITTLE THINGS

Washington's Birthday Address by E. B. Bagby

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.—Prov. 16: 32.

THE Mecca toward which all visitors to the Capital City wend their way is Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. Every day throngs board the steamer for this trip down the Potomac, and as they leave the dock, the tip of the Washington Monument may be seen peeping above the intervening houses and trees. As the city recedes in the distance its sky-line seems to fade and diminish, while the tall shaft stands out in larger and bolder outline, until at last it dominates the whole landscape. It is thus a fitting memorial of George Washington, who did not in the first days of our republic seem to tower pre-eminently above his contemporaries, but whose figure as we pass down the stream of time constantly grows greater, until now it fills the whole horizon of our early history—imposing, commanding, majestic.

George Washington stands high in the things the world counts great. He was a member of a wealthy Virginia family of noble lineage. His courage was proven upon many a hard-fought field of battle. He said of the battle of Great Meadows, "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me there is something charming in the sound." When only twenty-two, Colonel Fairfax could write him from Williamsburg, "Your health

and fortune are the toast of every table." Patrick Henry declared that, "for solid information and sound judgment, he was unquestionably the greatest man on the floor of the Continental Congress." As a strategist, he is ranked with Marlborough and Napoleon. As President of the new republic, he showed himself as wise in administration as he had been brave and skillful in battle. Fisher Ames said, "Washington's contribution to our country was great beyond count, but his contribution to humanity and civilization was much greater."

But a man's true worth is determined not alone by the great things of his life, but by the little things as well; not so much by what is seen of him in public, as by what he is in private; not merely by the extraordinary powers he possesses, but also by his use of those powers; not by the service he commands, but by the service he renders. Woodrow Wilson has given a fine insight into Washington's character in these words: "The soldierly young planter gave those who knew him best the impression of a singular restraint and self-command. They deemed him deeply passionate, and yet could never remember to have seen him in a passion. No doubt he had given way to bursts of passion often enough in camp, and upon the march, when inefficiency, disobedience or cowardice angered him hotly and of a sudden. There were stories to be heard of men who had reason to remember how terrible he could be in his wrath. But he had learned, in the very heat and discipline of such scenes, how he must curb and guard himself against surprise, and it was no doubt trials of self-command made in his youth that had given him the fine self-poise men noted in him now."

The light which Washington shed to bless the world afar was not a dim or flickering light within the circle of the home. Commanding others, he was always subject to the command of his good, but somewhat stern, mother. Well known is the story of his abandonment of his plan to go to sea on a tobacco ship when he saw the distress his departure was bringing to his widowed mother. After the victory of Yorktown his first thought was of his mother, and his first errand a visit to Fredericksburg to pay her his tribute of affection. The news of his arrival was announced by a servant who told her that "Marse George" had put up at the tavern. "Go, and tell George to come here instantly," she commanded. And the son was not slow in coming. In 1873, when he had settled again at Mount Vernon, he made his last visit to his mother, who was then in her eighty-third year. When the son promised to come again as soon as public business could be disposed of, she said: "You will see me no more. I shall not be long in this world. I trust God and am prepared for a better. But, go, George, and fulfill the high destiny which Heaven appears to have assigned you. Go, my son, and may Heaven and your mother's blessing always be with you."

Not less thoughtful and gracious was the great man to his wife and adopted children. Says his biographer: "Those who saw him at Mount Vernon in his later days thought him gentler with little children than Mrs. Washington even, and remembered how he had always shown a like love and tenderness for them, going oftentimes out of his way to warn them of danger, with a kindly pat on the head when he saw them watching the soldiers in the war days. Now all at Mount Vernon looked forward to the evening. That

was the children's hour. He had written sweet Nellie Custis a careful letter of advice upon love matters, half grave, half playful, in the midst of the Presidency, when the troubles with England were beginning to darken; she had always found him a comrade, and had loved him with an intimacy few could know. Now she was to be married, to his own sister's son, and upon his birthday. She begged him to wear his 'grand embroidered uniform'; but he shook his head and donned instead the worn buff and blue that had seen real campaigns. Then the delighted girl told him, with her arm about his neck, that she loved him better in that."

The estimate of our hero is enhanced when we read that the doctrine of justice and kindness which breathes through all of his papers of state was practiced in the conduct of his personal affairs. He urged the Government to pension and reward the soldiers of the Revolution. Black pensioners, not a few, were maintained upon his own plantation. "Bishop, his old body-servant, lived like a retired gentleman in his cottage, and Nelson, the good sorrel who had borne him so bravely in the field till Yorktown, now went forever unsaddled, free in his own pasture."

Washington's greatness was evidenced, too, in his attention to the small details of life. He had the genius for taking infinite pains. "He made careful copies of legal and mercantile papers and just as carefully he studied the structure of his fowling-piece, the bridle for his colts, his saddle girth and the best ways of mounting his horse. In everything he did he showed the careful precision of the perfect marksman." This habit of doing his best under all circumstances and of looking upon nothing as little or trifling

became potent in making him the masterful man of his times.

The deeds of Washington are not more admirable than the spirit which animated them. Early he had set before him Pallas's gift: "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control; these three alone lead life to sovereign power. And because right is right, to follow right were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." When the second Continental Congress met, the air was vibrant with the expectation of war. Thither came Washington clad in his old regimental uniform, to signify that he was a soldier ready for duty. Before this he had written his brother Augustine: "It is my full intention to devote my life and fortune in the cause we are engaged in, if needful."

Few public men ever had to encounter such opposition, misrepresentation and calumny as assailed him. Yet none of these things moved him. "I am gliding down the stream of life," he writes, "and wish that my remaining days may be undisturbed and tranquil; and, conscious of my integrity, I would willingly hope that nothing would occur tending to give me anxiety; but should anything present itself in this or any other problem, I shall never undertake the painful task of recrimination, nor do I know that I should ever enter upon my justification. My temper leads me to peace and harmony with all men, and it is peculiarly my wish to avoid any feuds or dissensions with those who are embarked in the same great national interests with myself, as every difference of this kind must in its consequences be very injurious.

When the suggestion was made that he be crowned king and thus end the unhappy state into which the

country had fallen, he spurned the offer with stinging rebuke: "I am much at loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischief that can befall my country."

But is not the very greatness of Washington discouraging? We who would follow him do not possess his talents nor do we have his opportunities. But while we may not mount with him to the peaks of heroic achievement, we may still walk with him upon the plains of humble and faithful service. After all, are not the little things of life the important things? I would rather have a wife who cooks the things I like in the way I like them, gets the children off to school on time, and keeps the house in order, than to have one who is a genius, but impractical. I would rather work for an employer who controls his temper than for one who controls the vote of the city. I would rather have a church-member who is dependable fifty-two Sundays in the year and the days between, than to have one who is brilliant, but spasmodic and erratic. I enjoy the light of a sky-rocket on an occasional celebration, but for constancy I prefer a kerosene lamp or even a tallow candle. The wise Creator made one Niagara do for a whole continent. It would be very inconvenient to have such a cataract on every farm. Better are the brooks that water the fields and sing their way to the sea.

The favorite geyser in Yellowstone Park is "Old Faithful." "The Monarch," "The Wonderful," "The Lioness," are more spectacular, but are uncertain. The play of "Old Faithful" can be calculated to the minute. In the congregation the pastor's favorite is not Elder Monarch nor Deacon Wonderful

nor Sister Lioness, but Brother Faithful. The best work in the world is done, not by people of uncommon ability, but by people of uncommon faithfulness. All honor to the military genius of Washington, but the Revolutionary War was won as well by the patient militia who watched at Dorchester Heights, shivered at Valley Forge, and tramped the weary miles to Yorktown.

We may not, like Washington, win a great war and save a nation, but we can learn to rule our spirit. Our passions are incipient virtues. When brought under control they minister to life. As Fuller says: "Anger is one of the sinews of the soul; he that lacks it hath a maimed mind." It is a sad commentary upon our human nature that the possession of this "sinew of the soul" is regarded as an element of weakness rather than of strength. When a man says, "My knife has temper," he is envied; when he says, "My wife has temper," he is pitied. George Matheson confesses, "There are times when I do well to be angry, but I have mistaken the times." Aristotle declares, "Men are angry on wrong grounds, or with the wrong people, or in a wrong way, or for too long a time." The mastery of passion is a harder fight for some than for others. When Stephen H. Tyng was rebuked by a young man for losing his temper, he replied, "Young man, I control more temper in fifteen minutes than you ever will in a lifetime."

Seeing the restraint of an old Quaker woman under great provocation, a niece said to her, "Auntie, I should think you would be boiling." "I am boiling, my dear," she answered, "but without steam." "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

A man is rising to true greatness when he finds that his life is ruled by love instead of passion. And there is no better field for the exercise of this grace than the home. It is in the home that the seamy side of life is revealed. If wood could talk, what tales the kicked chairs and slammed doors might tell on us. The home may not be beautiful like Mount Vernon, but it may be made the abode of love—love that is courtesy in little things, love that beareth all things, love that never fails.

But the love that flies no farther than one's own home or even one's own country is a feeble and broken-winged affection. There are many cursed with what Emerson calls "the township mind." Preachers even, whose concern reaches no farther than the world they survey from the top of their church-tower. No lesson of the past few years has come more forcibly than that we can no longer live in isolation, but are citizens of the world. As Mr. Glenn Frank said in the *Century Magazine*: "We have heard of a shot fired in New England and heard around the world. To-day almost any act, vote or policy in government or industry registers an effect across the continent, affects the lives and fortunes of men and women in the Orient, or gives concern to foreign office or bourse in half a dozen European capitals." Never was the advice of Washington's Farewell Address more pertinent than at present: "Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct, and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant day, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and novel example of a people always

guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?"

Separation in time does not impair unity of service. The artisans who put on the capstone of the Cologne Cathedral were coworkers with those who, fifteen hundred years before, laid the foundation stones. We are the compatriots of Washington when we do all in our power to realize his ideals, when we seek by voice and influence to promote the righteousness that alone exalts a nation and put down the sin which ever brings reproach.

Nor shall we lose our reward. Our names may not be writ large in history. No monument may mark our last resting-place. But the righteous Judge will not forget us. He declares there is to be a reversal of human judgment. The last will be first and the first last. The private will march in ahead of the general, the servant will have a higher seat than the master, the subject will have a richer crown than the king. Honors denied now will be given then. The victorious captain who led the charge has received his reward; but the high private in the rear rank, who marched and fought, marked time and did sentinel duty, has his reward waiting.

In the city of Washington, opposite the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, for many years stood a low, unsightly building of the Agricultural Department

which has figured more in the development of the wealth of the nation than the structure across the way where Uncle Sam's money is printed. In this building one day there was received from a correspondent in South America a clipping from an orange-tree, whose fruit was declared to be deliciously sweet and well flavored. The slip was grafted, and in the course of experiment the navel or seedless orange was developed. The scientists of the Agricultural Department thought it was a freak, but the type persisted. Now the fruit may be found on nearly every table of the country and has added hundreds of millions to the wealth of the producers. In the meantime the letter from the lady who sent the clipping was lost and her identity has never been revealed. Perhaps she lies in some Southern grave, and above her the green leaves wave in the sunlight and upon her grave the sweet orange blossoms fall, but she sleeps on unconscious of what she has wrought.

So, amid the quiet, nameless workers of the world, bending over the sick, soothing the sorrowing, lifting up the fallen, are the real heroes and heroines who will some day be identified by the King on the throne, to whom He will say: "Because you were faithful in the little things, I will make you rulers over the great things. Enter into the joy of your Lord."

HARRY D. SMITH was born at Hamilton, Mo., Jan. 22, 1866. He studied in the University of Missouri, and later in the Kansas State University. He was graduated from the latter in 1887 with the degree of A.B. Later still he received the degree of A.M. from Transylvania College, and the degree of B.D. from Yale Divinity School. He has been minister of the following churches of Christ in succession: Olathe, Kan.; West Side, Kansas City, Mo.; Eureka Springs, Ark.; Marshall, Mo.; Ninth Street Church, Hopkinsville, Ky.; Central Church, Dallas, Tex., and the University Place Church, Enid, Okla.

Mr. Smith was for a time a teacher of the Bible and evidences of Christianity in McLeun College, Hopkinsville, Ky., and is now professor of practical theology in Phillips University, Enid, Okla.

Missionary Day Sermon

OUTLINE

The Divine Radical.

I. The Law of Greatness for the Church.

II. The Law of Help for Mankind.

“Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice.”

THE PROGRAM OF JESUS

Missionary Day Sermon by Harry D. Smith

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations.

—Matt. 28: 19.

The Divine Radical

NOTHING so utterly, perfectly, daringly radical as this program was ever thought of by any other leader of men. This is no plan embracing such superficialities as boundaries of states, laws on statute-books, national constitutions, sacrifices offered on material altars, or orders or times and places of worship. Here is a divine authority which intends by teaching to go down into the nethermost springs of being and purify and regulate their flow. Jesus proposes to be Master, not of the bodies and outward acts of men, but of their thoughts and purposes. That is, He proposes to govern them according to His will with their joyful consent. In comparison with this plan of Jesus the Bolshevisms, socialisms, anarchisms, and whatever other radicalisms there may be in our modern world, are only halting, stammering suggestions of revolution.

This program is not of merely academic interest to us. We who constitute the church of Christ in this generation of the twentieth century are the only living successors of the apostles. And we have succeeded to their task of restoring a wounded and broken race to wholeness and power. They did much. The church has done much. But not all is done. All is

never done. No generation can be so Christianized that its successor will not require to be Christianized. The task of the reconstruction of the world appears afresh, to one who has eyes to see, in every birth of a human babe.

The old task, then, grown greatly new in the light of our time, belongs to *us*. How shall we regard it? As a heavy burden? Yes. It is the heaviest ever laid upon human shoulders. As involving drudgery? Yes. It calls for endless toil, often where no human eye beholds. As costing sacrifice? Yes. It is stained with blood of heroes and can only be greatly forwarded by such as know how to die for it. The cross is its symbol still.

“By the light of burning heretics
Christ’s bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the cross that turns not back.”

But can no word of cheer be said of this program?

I. The Law of Greatness for the Church

Perhaps nothing, which can at all be said of the task set the church in the great commission, is worthier to be said than this: It is the law of churchly life and vigor, the indispensable pre-condition of churchly power. The burden, the drudgery, the sacrifice of it are an altar stair “that slopes through darkness up to God.” Blessed are they that have the will to mount these rugged steps! Very miserable are they who turn from them! For the great commission is the charter of the church. All duty and privilege belonging to the church are explicitly or implicitly included in *it*. Whatever right the church has to be is

connected with the enterprise *it* proposes and enjoins. That is, the church as conceived of by her founder has a single function, which function is to make the race of men Christian. So long, then, as the church is busy with this matter, she lives up to her Master's thought of her. Whenever she forsakes or forgets this, she renounces or neglects that which alone can make and keep her the church. Her cordial adhesion to this means that Christ is with her, that she lives, thrives and conquers. On the other hand, her lax hold upon this means that she is loosely bound to Christ, that she languishes, perhaps dies, and certainly is triumphed over.

The spirit of evangelism is a magnet which attracts every kind of resource. It attracts wealth. The very magnitude of its ideals and proposals entices sane possessors of property, while the deep tenderness of its compassion compels with the noblest force to substantial generosity, all persons of wealth whom it touches. That such generosity is not more common among persons of property is not wholly their fault. When, in her history, has the church as a whole been asked with passion and skill for the means to evangelize the world? Never. And yet, she has given now and again vast sums for those objects which have enamored her leaders. Would she, properly informed, give less to the supreme object—the all-inclusive purpose—which Jesus put before her? It is a chief infidelity of her ministers that they so generally believe that she would. They trust more in secondary and selfish motives than in the primary and unselfish one. They lack the daring of faith which risks all on an appeal to the noblest motive. Is our worldly wisdom better

than Jesus' divine wisdom? Who will say so? The church waits for another great restorer—for him who shall bring her leaders to give to the Christian conquest of the world the central place which Jesus Himself gave to it.

The spirit of evangelism woos and fructifies intellect not less powerfully than it does property. It is, in fact, the very genius of teaching and schools. "Make disciples"—that is its first word. It counsels conquest by means of ideas. "Teaching them"—that is its crowning conception of human duty. It proposes to hold and develop what it conquers, also, by means of ideas. It abandons the clumsy weapons and instruments of the barbarous conquerors and rulers with whom the world is long and sadly familiar. It proposes to pluck down and blast out the evil that is among men with the nobler, yet more terrible, power of thought. It is at one with the finest philosophies of all times in reposing all its hopes upon spiritual foundations.

It challenges the imagination with notable success. The universality of its proposed empire is a feature of the great commission about which great souls must forever linger fascinated. And through its appeal to the will, the spirit of evangelism has made the choicest heroes of the best ages of the world.

It is not strange that this spirit has quickened and still quickens mightily the minds of those into whom it enters. It entered into Simon the fisherman, and he became, in one respect at least, the chief minister of the foremost religion of mankind. It entered into Saul the Pharisee, and he became the mightiest thinker of the church. It entered into Francis, the noble of Assisi, and he became one of the revered

teachers of our whole race. It entered into Carey the cobbler, and he became schoolmaster to the peoples of India. It entered into Livingstone, the weaver's son, and he became one of the most variously learned and deeply thoughtful men of his age. It entered into Dwight L. Moody, an illiterate and rather slow-minded man, and he became a world-famous speaker, an organizer of schools and a stimulating friend of Christian teaching in many lands.

But why continue to speak of the spell which the missionary spirit casts upon men and women one by one? It does the same with churches that open their doors to it. It is not a century ago that the Baptist people in the United States were a poor, ill-educated and subordinate group. They divided on the subject of missions. And this resulted. After less than twenty years from that division the unmissionary portion of them had not grown in any way. During another forty years they not only did not grow, but they shrank in numbers, material wealth, intellectual influence, spiritual force. They continue to shrink until now. But a feeble trace of the Primitive Baptist Church can be found on our soil. But the missionary group within twenty years had increased by some 900 per cent. In the next forty years they increased by some 300 per cent. They continue to grow. But not in numbers only. They are a people of schools, an educated ministry and great general intelligence. Most of all, they have a spiritual vigor that thrills to the ends of the earth. Men wait with eagerness to know what the Missionary Baptist Church does and intends in many and widely distant places throughout the world. Obeying Christ about missions has made her

great, and the same thing is making other bodies of Christians great.

This, then, is the law of churchly power. Obey the great commission and become mighty. Neglect the great commission and die.

II. The Law of Help for Mankind

This task laid upon the church is Christ's answer to the need of mankind. Our burdening is the race's blessing. As such it ought to be beautiful and winsome to us. Hardship that will heal the world we ought to be happy to bear, for its wounds are deep and gaping, and its tears terrible. The tragedy of human life no man, were he a thousand Shakespeares, could tell in a thousand years. "And there is none other name given under heaven or among men whereby we must be saved" but that of Jesus. He is our one hope for humanity. We have no other.

And this program of His in the Great Commission is His way of giving Himself to mankind. As far as we know, He has no other way. He seems to rest all upon His church. When it fails so does He. It is His body. He has no feet but ours with which to go, no hands but ours with which to heal, no tongue but ours with which to teach. How awful is the weight we bear! We are the true Atlas. The church bears up the world on her shoulders toward the face of God. Where she is strong and straight and tall, the world will be lifted into light and its peoples will laugh and sing.

What the world needs we know. It is no new need that makes its tragedy. The analysis of its need which we make now would have been valid twenty centuries ago. What is this need?

It is in part physical. Millions are homeless, hungry and sick. Millions have always been so. Why? Is there not room enough on the earth? Is there not wood and stone enough, and clay for making bricks enough, to house human beings? Oh, yes. Then, why are millions homeless? There is just one reason. There never has been any other. It is because other millions are selfish and take for themselves the wood, the stone and the land. And this also is why millions are always hungry. The earth yields enough and to spare, or would do so but for the barbarous and bestial selfishness of men. And this, also, is why many millions are, and always have been, sick. Because they are homeless or ill fed or overworked, or all of these, they have fallen ill and died in their childhood, in their youth, in their maturity; died faster than the great war slew them. India has lost more people by famine and resultant disease within a single recent year than the total toll of life taken by the battlefields of the world from August 1, 1914, to November 11, 1918. Selfishness makes of a lovely world a physical hell for half the race.

The need of the world is in part intellectual, the need to know. Ignorance is a colossal and ruthless slayer. It slays bodies. It slays hope. It slays peace. It leaves a swamp at a city's edge, and the people die of malaria. It neglects the water supply, and the people die of typhoid fever. It neglects the milk supply, and babies die by thousands. It neglects food inspection, ventilation, isolation of those with contagious diseases, surgery and nursing, and so puts to death yearly an uncounted multitude. It leaves folk with ancient and horrifying superstitions, and so slays their peace. It acquiesces in outworn and oppressive

social systems, and so puts hope to death in tens of millions of human breasts. It educates no children in useful things, and so prepares no to-morrow, but only a continuance of a hateful to-day.

Is there no knowledge? Oh, yes, libraries of millions of volumes contain treasures beyond all computation of all kinds of knowledge. Why, then, is ignorance left to slaughter in this frightful way? It is because men are selfish with knowledge as they are with wood and stone and land. They do not always, nor often indeed, deliberately lock it away from others. They merely do not send it to them and teach them.

What does Mexico need? Among other things, teaching in science and the industrial arts. And Africa and practically all the East? The same thing. How to build a house and how to keep it; how to make a garden; how to build roads; how to farm; how to market; something of how to govern themselves; these things and the like they need to be taught.

Does some one raise a question of men and women to teach? We enrolled an army of five millions to fight against Germany. A half-million competent teachers scattered among belated peoples would in great part heal the hurt of gross ignorance throughout the world in a single generation. It was Victor Hugo who declared that "the only army a truly civilized world would contain is an army of schoolmasters." Great Britain, Canada and the United States alone should count it a great joy and a high honor to raise and equip such an army to march against gross ignorance in every land, and fight with it until it lies dead at the feet of knowledge.

But the supreme need of the world is a moral one. The most appalling homelessness is to be away from

the right; that is, from God. The most gnawing hunger is the hunger for God. The most terrible sickness is sin; that is, rebellion against God. The most abysmal ignorance is not to know God. And all men have been or are thus homeless, hungry, sick and ignorant. "All men have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "There is none good, no, not one." "All we like sheep have gone astray." And this moral need underlies and nourishes all other forms of human need. This we have already seen. Selfishness, which is only sin with another name, makes homelessness, unsatisfied hunger, needless sickness, and most all havoc, immediately due to ignorance. What then?

We must attack selfishness. We must make mankind kind. We must throttle the beast and free the angel in us. How? Through Christ. He mastered selfishness in His own soul. He has empowered others to fight a winning war with it in their souls. His power is not spent. He offers it to yet others. He offers it to all. He offers it upon the simplest terms. He offers it upon the sole condition that one put himself in position to receive it by trusting Him. To love, honor and worship Him is to love, honor and worship the embodiment of unselfishness. Thus to win men and women everywhere to Him is to bring them to "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn and the love of love."

"Behold, to Obey Is Better than Sacrifice"

The church must take the program of Jesus afresh into her heart. It is a stupendous program. When it is accepted it will make her mighty, and a needy world will be enriched.

Abu Taher, so runs an ancient tale, marched at the head of five hundred followers against Bagdad,

strongly walled and garrisoned with thirty thousand men. When he was within a few miles of the city he was met by a messenger from the prince reigning there. The messenger, in the name of his master, bade him lay down his arms where he was, and promised him, on condition of his obedience, full pardon for himself and all his band. If he should advance farther, the messenger said, his master would crush his force as though it were a fly beneath his hand. And when Abu did not instantly answer the message the man who brought it asked: "What answer shall I give my master?" Then Abu said to one of his men, "Thrust a dagger into your heart;" to another, "Dash yourself down from the precipice there;" and to a third, "Drown yourself in the river." What he commanded was done without question or delay. "Now," said Abu to the messenger, "go tell your master what you have seen, and that before night I will chain his generals with my dogs." And he did, for he had followers who knew how to obey. No matter whether the story be in all respects true or not, its lesson is true. The army that obeys its general is thereby more apt to conquer its enemies. A missionary once inquired of the Duke of Wellington whether he thought we should be able to take India for Christ. That iron soldier answered, "Show me your marching orders." Brethren, here are our marching orders, here in the Great Commission. Shall we obey?

J. H. O. SMITH was born Dec. 27, 1857, at Waynesville, Warren County, O., and received his college education at Butler University, Indianapolis, Ind., where he received the B.A. degree. The degree of LL.D. was given by the college of which Bishop Fallows, Chicago, was director.

He was minister of the Edinburg (Ind.) Church of Christ for three years; State evangelist and corresponding secretary of Indiana Christian Missionary Society thirteen years; minister of the Valparaiso (Ind.) Church, two pastorates, thirteen years; Oklahoma City, Okla., seven years. Was also minister of the First Church, Little Rock, Ark., and the Metropolitan Church, Chicago, Ills., two pastorates, eight years, and is now in charge of the church at Pittsburg, Kan., and director in American and Foreign Christian Missionary Societies.

Mr. Smith has lectured extensively, and held many evangelistic meetings throughout the country.

Decision Day Sermon

OUTLINE

- I. Appeal to Saint and Sinner.
- II. The Power of Choice.
 - 1. Choice is above heredity.
 - 2. Choice is above environment.
- III. What Shall I Answer God?
 - 1. Excuses.
- IV. Our Influence.
- V. The Danger of Delay.

CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE

Decision Day Sermon by J. H. O. Smith

Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my word: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.—John 14: 23.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—Rev. 3: 20.

Now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation.—2 Cor. 6: 2.

SIX hundred and eighty times the word “come” occurs in the Bible. Each “come” is a prayer from God to man. Over and over again God repeats His invitation, and times without number multitudes have stood in the valley of decision.

On a great decision day in Israel one man turned the tide toward God and right. Joshua was a man of mighty deeds and few words. When he did speak he made an appeal and a statement that thrilled the nation like the blast of a trumpet. “Choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were beyond the river, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord.” And the people said: “We also will serve Jehovah, for he is our God.” Men of decision live in history and live in the hearts of men.

Elijah at Mt. Carmel challenged the multitude, "How long go ye limping between the two sides? If Jehovah be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." The echoes of the battle-cry of these men will reverberate until the

"Stars grow old,
The sun grows cold,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

"Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offers each the bloom or blight,
And the choice goes by forever
Twixt that darkness and that light."

Each of us must decide for himself whether he will accept or reject Christ's invitation to follow Him into the exalted service of God and our fellow-men.

Whatever may be said by great men about conversion and the turning-points in life, we all do one of two things: We either promise God that with His help we will live as He would have us live, or we defy our Saviour and say to Him, "We will not have you to reign over us." The minister, the officers, the members of the church, the sinner, all are answering Christ's invitation in one of these ways.

Oh, the tragedy of the might-have-beens in the church of God! There are professing Christians who would say, were they to tell the truth,

"I live for myself, I think for myself,
For myself and none beside;
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if He had never died."

You spend your time making a living instead of making a life, and some day you will cross the dead-line of the soul, and God will say of you as He said of Ephraim, "He is joined to his idols, let him alone."

The sun and stars move in exact obedience to the will of God. They have no other choice. But you can look God in the face and say, "I will," or "I will not." You can answer with the "yes" of heaven or the "no" of hell, but do not forget that it must be the one or the other.

Some of us are like the little girl who, when asked which she would rather be, the rich man or Lazarus, replied: "I would rather be the rich man in this world and Lazarus in the next." Poor child! I wonder if she learned that from her father. The rich man chose riches, fine raiment and sumptuous living. What he had, what he ate and what he wore was all there was of him. When he died there were no pockets in his shroud, he could not take his riches with him. He had closed the skylight and taken up his abode in the basement. A man of great wealth died in New York, and some one, when asked what he left, replied: "He left it all." My friends, you can not serve God and mammon. This decision day is the time to take stock of yourselves, and go through your life purposes with relentless inquisition.

Christ said to the church at Sardis, "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and thou art dead." "She that giveth herself to pleasure is dead while she liveth." A man need not shoot himself to commit suicide. Ask those of the dead who lived only to eat, drink, dress, dance and accumulate wealth, to lift the turf from their moldering bones and stand forth as witnesses. They will say, "God told the truth when He called

the man a fool who thought a soul could be satisfied with the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the vainglory of life." But some church-members would not be persuaded to give up their worldly life though one should rise from the dead. "If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more a sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful expectation of judgment and a fierceness of fire which shall devour the adversaries." "The time is come for judgment to begin at the house of God." "And if the righteous is scarcely saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" "To-day if ye shall hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

"There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
Which marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

"There is a line by us unseen
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath."

"He that is not with me is against me," said Jesus. "The wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord," said Paul. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" It is for you to decide now. God says, "Now." The tempter says, "Not now." Will you say "now" with God, or "not now" with the enemy of your soul?

Choice is above *heredity*. Scientists tell us that heredity is a tremendous power in the world. We inherit tendencies from our ancestors which too often control our lives. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

A young man in Chicago sowed his wild oats. Later he married a lovely girl. A deformed boy came into their home. They took him to a celebrated physician in Europe, who straightened the limbs, and restored the boy to health. He became a drunkard and later killed his father and mother. All three reaped a harvest of death from the early dissolute life of the father. The devil has a mortgage on many children when they are born. The iniquity of the fathers is visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation.

But, I say, choice is above heredity. If we inherit a bad temper, it is not necessary to cultivate it, but with the help of God it can be controlled. If we have inherited a thirst for drink, we need not become drunkards. If we have a tendency to accumulate money, it is not necessary to enter the ranks of profiteers or short-loan sharks. Christ recognized the tremendous power of heredity, and provided that we may be born again. The Saviour said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born anew." Nicodemus was descended from a race of illustrious ancestors, who were proud of their blood. "We are Abraham's children." "We were born free." Nicodemus belonged to the aristocracy of his race and time, but a new heredity was necessary for even the proudest Jew. Christ is always scientific; that is, He knows what is in man, and He knows that blue blood and family pride alone can not save, and that all alike must be born from above. Then God is our Father and His heredity is perfect.

Each for himself must decide whether or not he will be born into the family of God. Scientists agree that character is not hereditary. Choice determines character and character determines destiny.

Choice is above environment. Sociologists tell us that if we know the heredity and environment of an individual, we can determine his present and future character. It is said that an angel from heaven would not be proof against bad company. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Good parents are careful about the associates of their children. The Christian father and mother keep their children in the Bible school, and in various services of the church, and see to it that they are in the company of those who are learning lessons that Christ alone can teach. How often ambitious parents choose as associates for their children the "exclusive set," where dancing to jazz music in low-and-behold gowns is the chief accomplishment, and where the "turkey trot" and "bunny hug," and other beastly imitations of beast or fowl, constitute the "grace-producing and refining uplift" of "high society."

In Job we have this language: "What then shall I do when God riseth up? And when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?" And Paul says: "We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of God. For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, to me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess to God."

What will we answer God on that day? If you are a child, will you say, "I am not old enough"? At twelve years of age Jesus said, "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Or will you say, "There are mysteries in the Bible that I do not understand"? The Bible will be full of things you do not understand so long as you do not live according to those that you do understand. "And even if our gospel be veiled, it is veiled in them that perish: whom the god of this world hath blinded."

Or will you say, "There are so many denominations, teaching so many ways of salvation, that I do not know what to do to be saved"? The New Testament knows nothing about denominationalism. Christ prayed that His followers might be one, as He and His Father are one, that the world might believe. Before you is the open Bible. In a few hours you can read the life of our Lord in the four Gospels, "written that you might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God: and that believing you might have life through his name." The Acts of the Apostles is a book of conversions telling just what the sinner must do to be saved. When you stand before God you can not say that the Saviour and the inspired apostles did, not make plain the conditions of salvation.

Or will you answer God that hypocrites in the church caused your neglect? I wonder! Then I presume you would refuse to be a soldier in a great cause if cowards happened to enlist? You would refuse to ride in safety from a wrecked vessel if hypocrites sought to escape in the same life-boat.

Will you answer that you did not obey the gospel because you were unworthy? Our Saviour came to save sinners. He came to save the unworthy, to seek and to save the lost.

Will you say, "I could not believe that Jesus is the Son of God"? "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in him: he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he hath not believed in the witness that God hath borne concerning his Son."

Will you say you had not time enough to consider these great questions? How long do you require to decide whether you will do right or wrong? be good or bad?

accept or refuse God's invitation? serve God or the devil? go to heaven or to hell?

Will you write out your decision, look at it intently, and say, "I will stand by it in the day of judgment"?

Will you say to the Saviour as Felix said, "Go thy way for this time: at a more convenient season I will call for thee"? That convenient season never came. To-morrow is the day on which the idle man promises to work, the day on which the fool declares that he will repent. "To-morrow! That phantom of days! That frail ghost forever disembodied! Unwilling fingers point to thee. Thirsty souls will follow thee like the mirage of the desert, until they fall upon the burning sands of the wasted day." Every day's delay is one more for which to repent, and one less in which to work for God. Slighted opportunities never return. The road of by and by leads to the house of never.

We all have influence, even the humblest of us, and none can tell how far-reaching it may be. Some of the most outstanding Christian men and women of the world have been led to Christ directly or indirectly by some obscure person of whom the world has never heard. In Chicago, one Sunday morning, a beautiful, eight-year-old girl came forward, and later brought her father and mother. More than twenty others were led to Christ by those parents during the meeting.

I was holding a meeting in our old home church. A little boy, the only child of parents who were not Christians, made the good confession. That night his father and mother heard his voice after they thought he was asleep. They listened. He was praying for them that they might become Christians. Finally the mother said, "Abner, what shall we do about it?" He replied, "We'll answer his prayer at the first

opportunity." The next night they confessed their faith in Christ and became a power for good in that community. If a child can exercise so much influence, what can the rest of us accomplish?

The greatest tragedy is not that men drink or gamble or do a thousand things that are wrong, but that they are leaving un-lived the life that God intended them to live and leaving undone the work He has for them to do. Sin is the most terrible thing in this world of men, women and children, but Jesus made the conditions of salvation so plain that all can understand. Read the offer of salvation in Christ's "Great Commission" (Matt 28:19, 20; Mark 16:16; Luke 24:45-47; John 20:21-23). God saves. We accept by believing in the Son of God, repenting of our sins, confessing Christ as Lord, and being baptized in obedience to Him. Upon complying with these terms, Christ promises forgiveness and the Holy Spirit as a gift.

If you would be a Christian, go to work at it. If it is your full purpose to live a Christian life and reach heaven at last, God has arranged it so that you can not fail. Your heavenly Father would line up every angel in heaven around your soul, if necessary, to protect you while in the discharge of your duty. All the devils in hell can not defeat you if you commit your soul to the Saviour. All the angels in heaven can not save you unless you choose to be saved.

There is the utmost danger in delay. I have a friend who was a soldier in the Civil War. He and his chum enlisted, and the night before they were to go away they attended a meeting in the church of which their families were members. When the invitation was given, my friend's chum said, "George, let

us go forward and make the good confession and be baptized before we go away." He said, "No, I want to be free." In an awful battle George's chum fell. As my friend bent over his dying comrade, he caught these pitiful words, "Oh, George, if I had only obeyed my Saviour!"

What a world of wonder is a human soul! A world created by God Himself with its oceans of emotion and tides of destiny urged on by winds from heaven or hell. When we listen to the voice of the Master of wind and wave, as He says, "Peace, be still," the stars of heaven are mirrored in blue tranquility. But when we refuse to listen, the storms lash the billows to fury. The soul is a world with mountains of volcanic fire and laughing valleys of sweet content; selfish arctic regions wrapped in snow, and tropics of passion where sleep wild beasts of prey. It is a world of battlefields and graves, Gethsemanes, Calvaries and mountains of ascension. It is a world of sin and sorrow, life and death, war and worship, a world over which God and Satan wage unceasing and relentless warfare while it decides who shall conquer. When this invitation closes, will the angels rejoice over your repentance and your firm resolve to put a heroic life into the service of God and humanity, or will demons shout over a soul that has heard the invitation of God, of Christ, of the Holy Spirit and the church, and has answered "Not now"?

The simple path of duty leads straight from your heart to the gates ajar.

"Let youth in the beauty of bloom come,
Let man in the pride of his noon come,
Let age on the verge of the tomb come,
Let none in their pride stay away."

WILLIAM H. BOOK was born at New Castle, Craig County, Va., July 4, 1863, and received his college education at Milligan College, Tenn. His ministry has been spent as follows: With the church of Christ, Pulaski City, Va., six years; Clifton Forge, Va., five years; Martinsville, Va., five years, and Columbus, Ind., sixteen years, where he continues at this writing.

Mr. Book spent several years in evangelistic work, and from time to time throughout his ministry has responded to calls for meetings.

Easter Sermon

OUTLINE

Introduction.

I. The Resurrection a Prophecy in the Old Testament.

1. In the patriarchal dispensation.

2. In the Jewish dispensation.

(1) The Passover a type of Christ's death.

(2) Pentecost a type of His resurrection.

II. The Resurrection a Fact in the New Testament.

1. Jesus taught the resurrection.

2. Witnesses recorded the resurrection.

3. Paul and the early Christians founded their faith upon the resurrection.

THE RESURRECTION

Easter Sermon by W. H. Book

But hath now been manifested by the appearing of our Saviour Christ Jesus, who abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.—2 Tim. 1: 10.

HUNDREDS of years ago an old sage asked the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Jesus answered this question by coming out from among the dead after he had been put to death on the cross. Until this demonstration the world knew but little of immortality. Only a gleam was seen now and then in shadow, type and prophecy. We wonder what must have been the feelings of Adam and Eve as they looked into the face of a dead son!

In the Patriarchal and the Jewish dispensations we have hints of the resurrection and of a life after death. One day a man, who had been in the habit of walking with God, took a long journey and followed Him into the unseen world. Enoch proved by this act that man's home is not in this world, but in the spiritual world where God dwells. He demonstrated that there are two worlds—the seen and the unseen.

Abraham through Isaac taught the doctrine of death and the atonement in Jesus Christ, and he also taught the doctrine of life and the resurrection, for he believed that God would raise his dead son and give him back.

One night one of God's sons slept in the open with his head resting upon the pillow of stone and he saw

angels ascending and descending the ladder that reached from earth to heaven. The fact of communication between two worlds was established.

In the Jewish dispensation Elijah, God's prophet, moved out from among the sons of the prophets, and in his chariot of fire drawn by fiery steeds, whose swiftness was greater than light, he took his flight into the spiritual realm. He gave us, in type, the resurrection of Christ, and, at the same time, taught the doctrine of life and immortality. Those who witnessed his glorious ascension must have felt that man shall live after death.

Jonah in the body of the fish three days and nights was declared by Jesus to be a sign of his resurrection.

The Passover is a type of the death of Christ and Pentecost is the type of His resurrection. It was then that the children of Israel brought the firstfruits of their labor and offered them to Jehovah. It was on the first day of the week, the Lord's Day, figuratively speaking. It represented a new dispensation and a new creation. Christ had much to say on this subject, but it was hard for His disciples to understand. He symbolized His death, His burial and His resurrection in His baptism. He placed in His church an institution that we call the Lord's Supper, which symbolizes His death and His resurrection down through the ages.

From the time that Peter confessed Christ at Cæsarea He began to show unto His disciples how that He must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised the third day. Jerusalem, which was soon to witness His humiliation, must also witness His exaltation.

After He had come from among the dead He journeyed with two of His disciples and said unto them: "O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken! Behooved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning from Moses and from all the prophets, he expounded to them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself" (Luke 24:25-27). Mark you, He was not a destructive critic, for He believed in Moses and *all* of the prophets, and *all* that the prophets had spoken. He further declared that *all* things, which had been written in the law of Moses and the prophets and in the Psalms, concerning Himself, must be fulfilled. His resurrection had been declared by the prophets, and their prophecies must be fulfilled if His Messiahship is to be established. God can not lie. *His word is true.*

He made bold to say that He had the power to lay His life down and that He had the power to take it up again. Had He been only a man, He could not have made such claims. Had not Christ come forth from among the dead he would have been considered an impostor and His disciples would have deserted Him. His church would not have been established and His name would have been forgotten.

When Christ stood in the presence of death He told the sisters of His friend Lazarus that he should rise again. Martha believed in the general resurrection and at once declared: "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." It was then Jesus said: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

Elijah was a type of life; Moses on the Mount of Transfiguration is a type of the resurrection, and both life and immortality have been brought to light through the resurrection of Christ. He shall become the resurrection unto all the righteous dead and the life unto all the righteous living who are found on the earth ("Whosoever liveth and believeth") when He comes. Listen to Paul's words of comfort spoken to the heartbroken members of the church at Thessalonica:

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we that are alive, that are left unto the coming of the Lord, shall in no wise precede them that are fallen asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. 4:14-17).

The fact of His resurrection was clearly established in the minds of His apostles. They were in position to know the truth and they were not deceived. John declares: "That which was from the beginning, that which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, that which we beheld, and our hands handled concerning the Word of life (and the life was manifested, and we have seen, and bear witness, and declare unto you the life, the eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us); that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you

also, that ye also may have fellowship with us; yea and our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.”

For forty days the great Teacher instructed His students in the spiritual things of His kingdom. This was the postgraduate period. For more than three years He had been with them in the flesh, a Jew, limited in His sphere of activity, but now He is the spiritual Christ with all power given unto Him, and He is making things plain which they did not understand when He taught them in the flesh. The Scriptures—Old Testament prophecies—have been fulfilled and now they understand.

Peter denied Him only a few days ago because he did not understand. Now he can stand in the presence of the mob and say: “Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God unto you by mighty works and wonders and signs which God did by him in the midst of you, even as ye yourselves know; him, being delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye by the hand of lawless men did crucify and slay: whom God raised up, having loosed the pangs of death: because it was not possible that he should be holden of it. . . . Being therefore a prophet, and knowing that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins he would set one upon his throne; he foreseeing this spake of the resurrection of the Christ, that neither was he left unto Hades, nor did his flesh see corruption. This Jesus did God raise up, whereof we all are witnesses” (Acts 2:22-24, 30-32).

Men who only a few days ago killed the Son of God are convinced and become the charter members of the church. It is here in the city of Jerusalem,

where our Lord was condemned to die, His kingdom is established. If Christ did not come forth from the grave, how can you account for the courage of His apostles, the conversion of His enemies and the founding of His kingdom? The kingdom could never have been founded upon a dead Christ. The preaching of a dead Christ could never have impressed His enemies. Peter preached a living Christ when he said: "Being therefore by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Spirit, he hath poured forth this, which ye see and hear. Let all the house of Israel therefore know assuredly, that God hath made him both Lord and Christ, this Jesus whom ye crucified" (Acts 2:33, 36). Those who had plunged the spear into the side of Jesus Christ now feel the sword of the Spirit as it pierces their own hearts, and cry out, not in expressions of flattery and praise, but in groans and sobs, begging for mercy. They are ready to join with the disciples. They are willing to be baptized into the death of the crucified Christ. They are ready to fight with the wild beasts and to stand in jeopardy every hour, for they believe that Christ has conquered death and the grave in His resurrection, and they are no longer afraid of the one who can kill the body, for they believe that the spirit will go to be with Jesus, who has become the firstfruits of the resurrection, they are ready, by their baptism, to be placed among the dead. (1 Cor. 15:29.)

When the apostles had been brought out of the prison into the presence of the council to meet the charge that they had filled Jerusalem with their doctrine, they answered: "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew, hanging him on a tree. Him

did God exalt with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins. And we are witnesses of these things; and so is the Holy Spirit, whom God hath given to them that obey him" (Acts 5:30-32).

Jesus surely is alive. After Stephen had delivered that wonderful sermon, one that could not be answered by the enemies of Christ, they gnashed their teeth and determined to make an end of him and his doctrine. Stephen, being full of the Holy Spirit, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and in his dying moments he declared that he saw the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. This statement was more than they could stand, and they rushed upon him and carried him out of the city and stoned him to death. Stephen died for his belief in the resurrection of the Christ.

There was a brilliant young lawyer who heard Stephen's words and who was blinded by prejudice. He held the clothes of the murderers and sanctioned Stephen's death, and, being mad with enthusiasm, started out to destroy the church of God. He entered into every house, and laid hold on men and women and committed them to prison. Not satisfied with seeing Stephen brutally murdered and the saints in Jerusalem placed behind prison-bars, he determined to go into the far-away cities in search of all who worshiped God in the name of Christ. He was honest in all that he did. He verily believed that he was doing God's will. One day he saw a light from heaven and heard this same Jesus speaking to him. This Jesus, who had been nailed to a Roman cross, who had gone down

into the unseen world, who had tried its realities and had come out from among the dead bringing life and immortality to light, said to Saul, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Saul had resisted the Holy Spirit's message to him through Stephen, but he is now convinced that it is a message from God. His own spirit of persecution dies within him. By the Master he was told to go into Damascus, not to persecute and arrest the saints, but to be introduced to a disciple who would tell him what he must do.

Jesus appeared unto him to make a witness of him. No one could be an apostle who had not been a witness. He was to become the apostle to the Gentile world. He was converted and told how to become a Christian by the minister Ananias. Jesus, who had been crucified and buried, appeared to Saul in person and sent him to this minister, who was to tell him what he must do. The minister came and found him praying. He had been three days without sight and did not eat nor drink. He was commanded to arise and be baptized, and he obeyed and immediately enlisted under the blood-stained banner, the banner of the cross, and from that day to his death he was a fearless defender of the truth.

No one, who denies the resurrection of Jesus Christ, can account for the wonderful change in the life of Saul. Why did he turn his back on his own kin, his own people, give up his bright prospects for a brilliant record in the practice of the law, and engage in the cause which only yesterday he had tried to destroy? Why would he place himself among the people that were being hounded by the priests and thus invite upon himself humiliation, disgrace, suffering and the death sentence as an impostor?

The apostle Paul is one of the miracles that the infidel can not explain. Paul alone can explain. He was unalterably convinced, and he recognized that it was the love of this living Christ that constrained him. He at once became the champion of the doctrine and fact of the resurrection. When in the presence of Agrippa he made his defense, it was one of the most powerful speeches ever delivered. He declared it was for the hope of the resurrection he was called in question. Listen to his words when he exclaims in the presence of this ruler: "Why is it judged a thing incredible with you, if God doth raise the dead?"

This logical, eloquent, learned and unimpeachable apostle has much to say on the subject of the resurrection. His argument in the Corinthian letter is unanswerable. To him the three pillars upon which the church of God rests are the death, the burial and the resurrection of Jesus Christ. It was by the resurrection that Jesus was declared to be the Son of God with power according to the Spirit of holiness. He had seen Him and had heard Him speak and could not have been mistaken. To be saved, one must believe in his heart that God hath raised Christ from the dead. This belief is the life of the gospel.

If Christ has not been raised, then we are yet in our sin, our faith is vain, our preaching is a lie, the apostles were false witnesses, our loved ones who have died have perished, and we are of all men most miserable. Thanks be to God, Christ has risen and has become the firstfruits of them who sleep. As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. "We all shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet

shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality" (1 Cor. 15:51-53). "For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

After Paul had given his life to the preaching of this gospel for which he suffered much, he can say as he stands at the opening of the two eternities: "I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day; and not to me only, but also to all them that have loved his appearing" (2 Tim. 4:6-8).

Friends, the pale horse and its rider may cross the threshold of my home and take from me my mother. The one who cared for me when I was helpless and unable to care for myself; the mother who loved me when I was wayward; who taught me to kneel by her side and lisp my childish prayer; who has followed me with her own prayers from my infancy. Yet I can confidently say: "Jesus died and rose again, and some day He will come bringing her with Him, and we shall meet again."

The death angel may return and take from us our baby, the sunshine of our home and the joy of our hearts. We can carry the little form out to the same city of death and leave it under the trees and flowers, and come back to the familiar things that association has made more precious than gold, saying: The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be His name.

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New Converts' Day Sermon

OUTLINE

Introduction.

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BEGINNING-DAY IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

New Converts' Day Sermon by W. N. Briney

But grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To him be the glory both now and forever.—2 Pet. 3: 18.

TO get a good start in any enterprise is important. That's why the pioneers in the movement to restore the faith and practice of the primitive church laid such emphasis upon the first principles of the gospel. In their day, matters of the most fundamental importance had become greatly obscured by undue emphasis upon human opinions, traditions, doctrines and speculations. By appeal to the Scriptures, they revealed the simple steps that make one a Christian.

It is a slander upon these great and good men to say, as is sometimes foolishly charged, that they gave themselves no concern about the spiritual development of those who came to Christ under their ministry. Of necessity, they stressed matters of initial importance, but did by no means neglect exhortation to walk in newness of life and to grow in grace, knowledge and truth.

To grow is the business of the young disciple. He is a babe in Christ. He is to wax strong in Christian character, to advance in spiritual wisdom, and in favor with God and man. His good start is im-

portant, but it is not all that is important. The college student must matriculate, be assigned to the proper classes and get the right kind of start in his collegiate career; but the real test of his mettle comes in the months and years that follow in his student life. The soldier must enlist, but the proof of his courage is not so much in enlistment as in his conduct and bearing in the campaigns that come after. He who would be a disciple of Christ must matriculate in the school of the great Teacher; he who would become a good soldier of Jesus Christ must enlist under His banner; but the real problems and conflicts come in the subsequent days. Diplomas and distinguished-service medals come only to those who go on unto perfection as disciples and as soldiers of the Lord Jesus. There is no chance for make-believe in this final test. The tree is known by its fruits.

Let not the young convert be deceived. He is full of enthusiasm and new-found joy. But he doubtless finds himself, after the initial experiences that made him a Christian, very much the same person he was before. Any beginner in the Christian life who expects to awaken the next morning after his conversion a spiritual giant, is doomed to disappointment and disillusionment. Nowhere in God's word is it promised that the young disciple may become a spiritual Samson overnight. Minerva is said to have sprung full-grown from the head of Jove, but no such wonders ever occur in the realm of character. The mushroom comes to perfection of growth in a night, but there's not enough substance to it to fill a thimble. The oak, luxuriant in growth, strong in fiber, driving down its roots to take hold of the rocks and coming to its splendid perfection by weathering a

thousand storms, suggests the process by which young disciples may become strong in the Lord.

The first principles of the gospel, faith, repentance, confession and baptism, possess no power to change one's nature. These powerfully influence his intellectual, emotional and volitional being, but they do not in themselves change him from a bad to a good character. If, for example, one is possessed of an inflammable temper before taking these initial steps, he finds that there is nothing in them to eradicate such a troublesome characteristic, and that he has a fight on his hands every day.

In becoming a Christian, one simply adopts a new program of life, accepts Christian standards of conduct, and seeks in all things to make himself well pleasing to the Christ whose disciple he has become. He finds that abundant means and agencies have been provided to help him in his struggle to master his temper, to control his passions, to overcome his temptations and to learn the lessons the great Teacher would have him know. His new program of life brings him under every obligation to make full use of the means of growth that God has placed at his disposal.

I. The Word of God.

Of prime importance to the young disciple, as a means of growth, is the word of God. From the Bible he has been instructed how to become a Christian; now he needs to learn from it how to go on unto perfection and bear the fruitage of Christian life. Perhaps he was presented with a copy of the Scriptures at the time of his confession and baptism. He could have received no more valuable or appropriate gift at the beginning of his Christian career.

The Bible is food to be appropriated. As food is to the natural body, the Bible is to the spiritual. The Greeks accounted for the mighty strength of Hercules by the fact that he was fed in his infancy upon the marrow of lions. The word of God is marrow to the bones of the growing Christian. Paul said to the youthful Timothy, "From a babe thou hast known the sacred writings, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation." Some one has said that "lean Christians own Bibles and feed on newspapers." We should, of course, read newspapers and magazines, but we must feed upon the Bible. We receive from it the truth whereby we grow unto salvation. It is good to own a Bible, but the sacred volume possesses no talismanic power to bring good fortune or to keep off evil. It exerts no occult influence to induce magical growth. It is food. If we grow, it will be because we feed upon its diet of divine truth; the truth that develops moral fiber; the truth that makes strong and vigorous; the truth that knits the muscles, that calms the nerves, and that warms the blood; the truth that creates spiritual energy and develops Christian manhood.

The Bible is treasure to be searched for. Only by so regarding it may we discover and appropriate its truth. The word "search" is closely related to the word "circle." To search literally means to surround a thing, as the enclosed plane is bounded by its circle. This means that by careful searching we are to make the truth of the Bible our own possession, incorporating its teaching into conduct and character just as the circle includes the plane it surrounds. There are some Bible readers who complain of not getting much out of it. If young disciples will form

the habit of reading it as it should be read, they will have no occasion to make this lamentation.

The Bible must be read carefully and systematically. If young people run while they read, if their reading is hasty and careless, if to ease conscience or to keep a pledge they take up the Bible just before retiring, and with sleepy eyes and drowsy spirit read a few verses, they need not expect to acquire any great store of its truth. If you want to get down to the heart of divine truth, you must meditate upon it. Prospectors after the earth's rich deposits of oil or mineral do not run with a hop, skip and jump over the territory to be proven, but with pick and shovel and drill they search with diligence, and analyze with painstaking care and perseverance. In searching the Scriptures, you are in search of life and character, and your search can not be too diligent and earnest.

The Bible must be read sincerely and prayerfully, and with the desire to abide by its teaching. Reading it systematically and carefully, one grows in knowledge; reading it sincerely and prayerfully, in the real spirit of discipleship, one grows in grace. "If ye abide in my word, then are ye truly my disciples." Some read the Bible for its beauty of expression, some to find fault with it, and some to support a theological opinion; but he is most graciously blessed who reads to discover the will of God and to live according to that will. Young disciples will find that many perplexing problems of conduct will be solved by a knowledge of the Bible and a willingness to make the life conform to its teachings. Questions regarding various forms of amusement and recreation will find prompt and final settlement in the life of

one who knows and is willing to abide by the suggestions of the book of God. Young Christian, you have the promise of your Saviour that if you abide in His word, you shall know the truth that makes you free. If you know and live up to its instructions, you shall come to know absolutely, beyond all peradventure of doubt, that it is the word of God, and will be made free from doubt, and from every form of sin. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching whether it is of God."

A copy of the American Standard Revised Bible, with a good concordance, and a one-volume Bible commentary or dictionary, supply to the young Christian an inexhaustible mine of spiritual treasure, and implements sufficient to begin the pleasant and profitable task of digging up and appropriating those many precious gems of truth which will adorn life and enrich character.

II. Prayer.

Of scarcely secondary importance to the careful and sincere reading of the Bible, is the forming by the young disciple of regular habits of prayer. Habit is a thing of extreme moment. A garment that fits well and adjusts itself to the body is called a "habit." Prayer should become a habit, fitting well into the program of the day. If one does not do a thing habitually, he will probably lose the capacity to do it at all. One who does not take regular physical exercise, loses not only the capacity, but the inclination, to exercise. The same law holds good in religious experience. You will probably pray little if you do

not form the habit of prayer. Men of prayer are men of character and of power. Everything is promised to those who are faithful in this beautiful and gracious ministry. Nothing in the way of spiritual growth and prosperity will be denied to that disciple who is much in communion with God. One need not be saying his prayers always, but he should live in such intimacy with God as to speak with Him at any moment, as one speaks unto a familiar friend. And yet if one is to form the habit of prayer, regular times and seasons are necessary.

There should be a place of prayer. Nothing is better than to hold tryst with God in some particular place that has become hallowed by the divine presence. "Enter thy closet." "Shut thy door." We read of prophets' rooms and prayer chambers among the people of God in the olden time. It would mean much to young people in these days to have a revival of the family altar and the place of meditation and prayer in the home. In the multiplicity of rooms and apartments in the modern house, why not have one dedicated to prayer and communion with God? To be alone with God, in a place free from intrusion, when one bares his soul to his own eyes and sees himself as God sees him, there is nothing better than this.

There must be a time for prayer. It would seem well to have regular seasons of prayer as well as a certain place. It is especially helpful to pray while the day is young. Jesus, knowing what problems and burdens the day might bring, sometimes went out a great while before dawn to hold tryst with the Father. "Ere you left your room this morning, did you think to pray?" is one of the old songs that should never

die. Morning prayer makes duty easy and delightful. It adjusts the compass of the day, so that whatever storms or vicissitudes may come, or into whatever strange seas one may run, he is conscious that the needle of his life has been adjusted to the will of God. Irksome duty is turned into delightful privilege. "Hast thou commanded the morning?" If so, you may be sure of the day, and you can never command it so well as by prayer. Young Christian, put the seal of prayer upon the day in its very beginning, and you may then face all its tasks and responsibilities with spiritual alertness and with great hope and assurance of success.

There is a right posture in prayer. We are wonderfully influenced by our bodies, and reverence of attitude is conducive to reverence of thought. The priests stood, David sat, Solomon knelt and Abraham prostrated himself before God. If one is under a burden, if he feels a real need, his heart will cry out whatever his bodily posture may be. But in the trysting-place one will probably get closer to God on his knees. "Paint me on my knees, for I have attained unto eminence that way!" exclaimed the first Christian emperor. Not when seated upon a throne, or standing in some exalted position of privilege and power, does one assume his noblest posture, but when on his knees paying tribute to his divine birth-right.

There are helps toward prayer. The young Christian will find Harry Emerson Fosdick's little book on "The Meaning of Prayer" very suggestive and helpful. Take your concordance and find out how often and under what circumstances Jesus prayed. It will be a wonderful inspiration to you in your

own prayer-life. It will also assist you to get a clear conception of the Bible doctrine of prayer to look up in the concordance, each day, some ten or twelve passages until you have exhausted the more than four hundred references to prayer you will find there.

III. Church Attendance.

A third means of growth accessible to the new convert is attendance upon the services of the house of God. If the habit of reading the Bible and of prayer is necessary to the development of spiritual life and character, church attendance must also be regarded as essential. This duty and privilege can not be safely slighted or ignored.

Neglect of God's house is sin. Though we have the Bible in our homes and the altar of prayer erected there, we must not forsake "our own assembling together." We "sin wilfully" when we do. Read Heb. 10:25, 26. If the new convert hopes for a successful Christian career, he must not neglect the house of God. Multitudes of young disciples are careless about this highly important matter. The boy Jesus delighted in the privileges of synagogue and temple. During his public ministry He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day "as his custom was." He felt the need of the sanctuary, and formed the habit of seeking the helpful associations to be found there.

Faithfulness to God's house brings honor. Business firms prefer young men and women who are regular church attendants. God will honor those who honor Him. The probability of success will be greatly enhanced in business and professional life if one respects and honors the house of God. The story is

told of a young lawyer in a Southern State who was invited to deliver an address of welcome to the Governor on Monday evening. It was an unusual honor and opportunity for a young lawyer, and he prepared his address with great care. But he received a telegram on Monday, saying the visit of the Governor would be deferred until Wednesday evening. This Christian young lawyer immediately sent a telegram to the committee informing them that on account of a previous engagement he could not deliver the address on Wednesday. That engagement was the regular weekly prayer-meeting of his church, which he had promised to lead. To many it seemed foolish for the young man to miss such a great opportunity in order to attend a commonplace prayer-meeting, but he decided in the beginning of his Christian life that nothing should swerve him from the purpose of his heart to honor God in the appointments of His house. He missed that fine chance to stand before the Governor and dignitaries of his State, but God blessed him marvelously in his profession, and he is now numbered among the foremost men of that commonwealth.

Great men are church-going men. The really outstanding men of our country have been and are churchmen. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley, James A. Garfield, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding, and a great host of America's greatest statesmen, have been consistent church attendants. A young man is guilty of great folly and thoughtlessness who spurns the church and refuses to give it his loyal support. To the church must be given the credit for the conservation of the things we hold most dear and that make life tolerable. The beginner in the Christian

life should suffer nothing to interfere with his regular attendance upon the sanctuary services. Show me such a disciple, and I will lay my hand upon one who is growing strong in Christian character, whose faith is being confirmed, and across the horizon of whose experience comes no cloud of doubt and misgiving.

IV. Christian Service.

The last means of growth suggested to the new convert is to engage in every possible form of Christian activity. This will include financial support of the church and all its missionary, educational and benevolent enterprises, personal service in the Bible school, the young people's societies, the prayer-meeting and other departments of church life, the promotion of social and community welfare, and the many other forms of Christian service so abundantly provided in the complex life of our day.

There must be the stewardship of means. No greater blessing could crown the life of a young Christian than to determine from the very first to recognize the principle of stewardship in all his life. This means acknowledgment of the obligation to make the best possible use of that which has been committed to him. It means the development of any kind of talent or possession to the highest point of efficiency. It means recognition of the fact that "God never made a human body or an immortal soul to be a depository." He wants us to be channels. What we take in and pass on through heart and life, we keep to bless and refresh our own souls, and to make us like "sweet Galilee," which receives and more generously gives. What we keep, without passing on,

stifles and kills and makes us like the "Dead Sea" which receives and gives not. Young disciples ought to begin by recognizing the principle of stewardship in the use of their money, and determine to bestow at least one-tenth of the income upon the altar of God. No Christian has a right to do as he pleases with God's silver and gold. It is His. "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine." Even the ability to procure it is from Him. "It is he who giveth thee power to get wealth." Great spiritual wealth is in store for the young disciple who faithfully meets the obligation of the tithe. Recognition and practice of this obligation has never been known to hurt, but it has been known to help thousands. Accept the challenge of the Lord, and put the law of the tithe to the test. "Prove me now herewith" is His ringing challenge. Bring the first sheaf to the Lord, not the last remnant. Conscientiously adjust your expenditures to your giving. Don't reverse the process, as thousands of the spiritually lean and poor do. Make your expenditures conform to your giving by putting aside at least the tithe, and do it *first*. You will not suffer materially by giving a tenth of your income. "It is the soundest and safest economic insurance it is possible for one to carry." Put it to the test. You will not suffer materially and will be wondrously enriched spiritually.

And there must be stewardship of life. But Christian stewardship is more than a question of Christian giving. It includes all life. Find your place in church and community activities. If you fail to make the most of your talents in Christian service, you are guilty of a breach of divine trust, and of a sin against yourself and the kingdom of God.

The test of your sincerity and courage is your willingness to serve the Lord in the use of the talents with which he has endowed you, in whatever place you can serve Him. That may be in the Bible school, or in some auxiliary society of the home church. It may be down in the slum district of your city. It may be in China or Africa. It may be in the gospel ministry. Be willing to go where the Lord wants you to go and to do what He wants you to do.

In conclusion, don't allow depression and discouragement too large a place in your life because of failure to grow up to your highest ideals. The man who wrote our text was, for a time, shifting and unstable. He was more like sand than rock. He was a sort of diamond in the rough; blunt, headstrong, given to profanity, and altogether unpromising. But Jesus, recognizing his underlying qualities of strength and leadership, by delicate use of the hard friction and compression of experience, molded him into the man of rock. The Christian life does not call for a special type of character. It calls for untiring devotion to high ideals, and the development, in spite of obvious faults and weaknesses, of men whose faith and purpose fail not. Out of rough-hewn stones Christ builds the church of the living God, which, after all, is "nothing more than a church of living men."

A sculptor was working patiently one day upon a block of marble. His blows upon the chisel were so slight as to scarcely raise a little cloud of marble dust. A friend standing near finally said: "Give me your mallet and chisel. I can strike harder blows than you and will finish the work sooner." But the sculptor only smiled as he continued his slow task

and said: "That may be your way of making a statue, but it is not mine." Months afterward, in that same room, the sculptor unveiled a figure so beautiful that his friend bowed his head in recognition of the genius and untiring patience that could work such perfection. Even so God would have us bring our characters to perfection. After we have patiently wrought under His direction and in the use of the means He has given, for a lifetime, He will reach down and lift from us the veil of humanity, and we shall stand pure and resplendent and perfect in His presence forevermore.

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In Indiana he has preached for the churches of Christ at Arcadia, Atlanta and Wabash. In Minneapolis, Minn., he was minister for six years, and then served the old historic Seventh Street Church at Richmond, Va., for five years. He preached in Paris, Ky., from 1903 to 1912, and has been in charge of the Vine Street Church in Nashville, Tenn., since 1912.

Mr. Morgan occupies a lectureship chair in Vanderbilt University, Nashville, on the subject, "Pastoral Theology." He is a member of the Board of Managers of the United Christian Missionary Society, and has been president of the American Christian Missionary Society.

Mothers' Day Sermon

OUTLINE

Introduction—A Tribute to Mother.

1. God never loved us more than when He planned the home.
2. Things do not make a home, but love and sympathy.
3. The mother is the heart and soul of the home.
4. God needed help to show His love, and gave us mothers.
5. Motherhood is beautiful, wonderful, divine.
6. How can we repay our mothers?

THE MOTHER AND THE HOME

Mothers Day Sermon by Carey E. Morgan

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.—Isa. 66: 13.

THIS is Mothers' Day. Each of us will find his way into his own memory field to-day and, wandering in and out along the pathway of the past, he will gather forget-me-nots and heartsease for a bouquet. What an armful of flowers, with nectar sweet as that in the cups of rose-buds and with fragrance outmatching Arabic gardens! You may go where you like along these roads of memory, into the orchard, or the meadow, or the woodland; but let me go straight to my mother, whose long absence makes the world a lonesome place for me after all these years. I want to hear her speak my name once more. I want to feel, once more, the touch of her caress.

Man's first home was in the Garden of Eden; his last home is heaven. This shows what God would have the home to be. He Himself built the first and the last, but man has built all the others. Man has made many mistakes in his part in this age-old task; but, whether he built this shelter for love in a cave, a cabin or a cottage; whether it is built of logs or brick or chiseled stone—it is the best thing he has ever done, the best thing in spite of his failures, and the most important thing.

Is there anything in music to compare with the laughter of childhood, in the happy fellowship of the fireside? Is there anything in sculpture to match the hearthstone group? Does not the mother with the light of love in her eye and with a happy child at her knee outrival Raphael's "Sistine Madonna"? Is there anywhere in fiction a love story like that written in the memory of home life? Is there any enactment of Congress or Parliament of as far-carrying influence as the law of love written in the hearts of parents and child? Is there any orchard like that in which child-life and the fruit of family affection grow? Is there any garden to match that garden of good will in which the flowers of love open and bloom? Is there any soil so fertile or so friendly to the seeds of virtue as that spot of earth which we call home? Man has made many mistakes in this holy business of home-building; but in spite of his mistakes he has never done anything else so worth while.

I think God never loved us more than when He planned the home. His mighty heart must have throbbed with sympathy and good will, and His love for the sons and daughters of men must have been aflame, when He thought out the home relationship and when He conceived this place for rest, for shelter, for happiness and for love.

It is to be noted, too, that He has so fixed it that home does not depend upon the size of the house, or the expensiveness of the furnishings, or the exclusiveness of social sanctions, or the fame of worldly success. Only a few, comparatively, can have these things; but the humblest may have a home. I am not saying that such things are not worth while. They

are. I am not saying they are inimical to the home. They are not. I am saying that they are not necessary. Many a poor man goes to his home in the evening with a gladder heart than many a rich man. Get these things if you can—the beautiful rug, the costly instrument of music, the dainty porcelain, the exquisite vase, the canvas of the masters, the cozy corner; get them all if you can; but these are not the most important things.

Manhood has more to do with the home than money; womanhood, than wardrobes; character, than coupons; patience, than pictures; amiability, than architecture; virtue, than vases; and love, than lands and lawns. Let the house be furnished first of all with light, laughter and love; with patience, purity and peace; with honor, health and happiness; with faith, fealty and freedom; with reason, righteousness and religion, and then, as if by the divine alchemy, the house has become a home.

The mother is the soul of the home. This is the language of sentiment, but it is nobly true. The foundations of the home may be of wood, brick or stone; the floor may be inlaid hardwood, or pine or slab or beaten sod; the roof may be shingles, slate or clapboards; the illumination may be tallow candles, coal-oil lamp, gas jet or electric bulb; however or of whatever sort these material things may be, the home is inanimate without her. Without her it has no breath of life. She is its heart-beat, she is its atmosphere. Her heart pumps its life current. She is its pulse. She is its life. She is its light. She tends its altar and keeps the altar fires alive. Without her the home is pulseless, inarticulate, empty, dead. Without her, home is not home.

I wonder if I might be bold enough to speak of dead homes. There are many such. God have pity! There is the chill of death in their chambers, for the fires of love have gone out. The darkness of the grave broods over them, for the light of love is in eclipse. They are voiceless as the tomb, for love has been stricken dumb. Their grave-clothes have been woven in the loom of ill temper, or in the loom of selfishness, or in the loom of wastefulness, or in the loom of unfaithfulness. No one can bring these dead homes back to life but the Lord of life, who has power over death and the grave. But as long as the mother's love lives, the home will live. She is the breath of its life. She is its fragrance. She is its glory, its soul.

God needed help to show His love and so He gave us mothers. What an hour that was in the councils of heaven when the thought of mother was conceived first in the heart of God; when the plan was wrought out to nourish the seed of life in her flesh, to warm it into life by the warmth of her blood, to graft the new life into her life, to make her soul its shelter and her heart its cradle lined with the eider-down of love, to turn her touch into a caress and her smile into sunshine and her voice into a lullaby and her affection into a fortress. The mother, I think, is the final proof of God.

How beautiful motherhood is! The baby is in her arms. He lies on her bosom. His chubby fingers play in her hair. His cheek is against her cheek. His arms are around her neck. His little feet trample her lap. His breath fans the fires of her love into a glow that shows in color in her cheeks. Long before he can talk, his dimples, like tiny mouths, speak

of his love of her. The mother and her child! What a picture! No wonder sculptors have chiseled this scene in marble, painters have portrayed it on canvas, poets have put it into songs and public speakers have pictured it in words. There are many beautiful things in the world—an orchard in bloom, sunshine on the hills, a valley of wild flowers, a field of ripened grain, a wildwood in the springtime, a setting sun and its trailing glory; but there is nothing this side of heaven to match the beauty of the mother with her babe in her arms.

How wonderful motherhood is! How may we account for its strength, with no such physical organization as that of the man; and yet unmatched in strength for vigils, for carrying love's load, for patient endurance, for unwearied waiting, for answering uncounted calls, for ministries that strain the soul. Is there no limit to the mother's sacrifice? Will her arms never tire? Will her dear fingers never grow weary? By what alchemy is her feminine weakness turned into unequalled strength? Love is the alchemist. Love lifts her load. Love links her to her task and multiplies her power. Love is the only possible explanation of motherhood. Love exalts, strengthens, beautifies, glorifies.

How divine motherhood is! I have seen a mother reach through prison bars to touch her boy's hands, and while an agony like that of death gripped her heart, her eyes looked into his as they did in cradle days. Nothing could change her, however much he may have been changed. He was hers, the fruit of her womb, and in spite of the turnkey's key she locked him in her heart. I have seen her wait in her humble home for her boy's long-delayed return.

When every one else had ceased to think of him, she had ceased to think of every one else. I have seen her eyes fill with reminiscent tears as she thought of the empty cradle, and her empty arms, and her lonesome love. I have heard her sing her crooning cradle-song when the child, for whose soothing she had learned it, had long since been listening to the songs of angels.

What is it I am trying to do? Well, I am just trying to keep you from forgetting. Perhaps if I can make you remember these things, the fact of your remembering may mean something to your own mother. Possibly I may help you to smile at her oftener. I am thinking that she might be hungry to feel your arms around her neck, and that, if you are away from her, you might send her a message. Some of us, I among others, would have to send our messages by way of the throne of God. I want you to touch her cheeks as in childhood days. She has carried heavy loads for you. I do not want your neglect of her to be piled on top of her already heavy load.

“Nobody knows the work it takes
To keep the home together.
Nobody knows of the steps it takes.
Nobody knows but mother.

“Nobody listens to childish woe
Which kisses only smother.
Nobody’s pained by naughty blows,
Nobody, only mother.

“Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother.
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody, only mother.

“Nobody knows of the lessons taught
 Of loving one another;
 Nobody knows of the patience sought,
 Nobody, only mother.

“Nobody knows of the anxious fears
 Lest darlings may not weather
 The storms of life in after years.
 Nobody knows but mother.

“Nobody kneels at the throne above
 To thank the heavenly Father
 For the sweetest gift—a mother’s love.
 Nobody can but mother.”

You will not expect the impossible of mother. She is only human. It is all right to have a high ideal of motherhood, but we must be slow to condemn if she does not always measure up to it. Her love will prompt her to be brave in the midst of her cares. Her load will never be light, but she will cry to God for strength to carry it. She will be strained, tested, tried, put to it by her many duties. Her nerves will be keyed up often until they are ready to snap. She will have many hindrances and many trials of temper, and there will be confusion, clamor and uncounted claims and noise. But she will try to remember that in the home too much noise is better than too great silence. She will remember that there comes to some homes a silence that sounds louder in the lonesome chambers of the soul than all the clamor of childish voices. She will know that it is better to have muddy shoes on the carpet than to have them cleaned and laid away. She will know that it is better to have finger prints on the window-panes and mirrors than to have the fingers of a great sorrow clutching at her heart-strings.

“The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And the little tin soldier is heavy with rust
And his musket molds in his hands.

“Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair;
But that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

“‘Now, don’t go till I come,’ he said,
‘And don’t you make any noise,’
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of his pretty toys.

“And as he was dreaming, an angel’s song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue.
Ah! the years are many, the years are long,
But little toy friends are true.

“Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in its same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand
And the smile of a little face.

“And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.”

So, with all her load of love, she will have sorrows and heartaches.

But what response can be made to the mother’s sacrifice? Can the younger children also help her to carry her load of love? Their young feet can run many an errand. Their swift hands can unravel many a tangle. Their new strength can lighten many a task. They can love and help carry her burden. They can laugh and lift, and their laughter will lighten the load. Their desire to help will help more than their effort to help. Their sympathy will lift

like a block and tackle. Their good will will lift like a derrick. Their love will lift like a Corliss engine. It is not so much, after all, what can be done with the hands as what can be done with the heart, that helps.

Oh, son or daughter, whoever you are, wherever you are, thank God for your mother. The very name in my memory is filled to the brim with gifts from God. Its syllables on my tongue are heart-throbs. Its letters are leaping pulses. It's the holiest name in human speech except the name of God, who pities like a father, who comforts like a mother and who loves like both.

GEORGE A. MILLER was born at Mt. Morris, Ills., in 1864, and received his education at Mt. Morris College, Carthage College and Eureka College, Ills. In 1890 he received the degree of A.B. from Eureka College, and in 1893 the degree of A.M. from the same institution. He later took postgraduate work in the University of Chicago. From 1894 to 1907 he was minister of the First Church of Christ, Covington, Ky., and since 1907 has been minister of the Ninth Street Church, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Miller was a member of the Executive Committee of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society for twelve years. In 1904 he was a member of the University of Chicago Travel Study Class, visiting Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Europe.

He was president of the American Christian Missionary Society in 1913; president of Pastors' Federation of Washington City, 1917; president of the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ, 1921. Has been president of the Ministerial Council Central Union Mission of Washington City from 1912 to present time, and president of the Washington City Bible Society since 1913.

Fathers' Day Sermon

OUTLINE

Introduction.—In which father's right to a special day is set forth as equal to mother's.

I. The Father's Responsibility.

1. Children are imitators and close observers.
2. Father's excuses are inexcusable.
3. The custodian of immortal souls.

II. The Father's High Honor.

1. Fatherhood among men reflection of Fatherhood of God.
2. No true father will rear children in the midst of godlessness.

III. The Father's Supreme Privilege.

1. The privilege of church membership and co-operation.
2. The privilege of founding and maintaining a Christian home.
3. The privilege of co-operating with God.

IV. The Penalty for Ignoring These Things.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF FATHERHOOD

Fathers' Day Sermon by Geo. A. Miller

Train up a child in the way he should go: and even when he is old he will not depart from it.—Prov. 22: 6.

And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord.—Eph. 6: 4.

FOR a number of years our churches have been observing Mothers' Day. This is a beautiful custom and is proving very helpful to the church. It is also a help and a blessing to the mothers and children. Father, however, has been almost entirely forgotten or ignored in these services. He has come too often to think he has no part either in the church service or the home. It is time we should give father a square deal and bring him to realize that he is an important factor in the life of his children and of the church. I would not, for a moment, take away one particle of honor and responsibility from mother, but I would like to stress the importance of father's responsibility and influence. It may be that we have felt the importance of preaching to mother more than to father because, formerly, there were more mothers present at the church services. If the fathers have at any time felt slighted because they were not given a more prominent part in the special days of the church calendar, it is possibly because they have not been active

enough to deserve such a place. They have remained at home or been so given over to business that they have neglected their true church and parental duties. My text shows the responsibility of parents in general, and fathers in particular.

We all realize the importance of training children for the great work of life here and hereafter. This can not be truly done unless both parents perform their respective parts. Early training may for awhile seem to be lost in the life of an individual, but in later years it will have its influence. "When he is old he will not depart from it," said the sacred writer. Paul realized the importance of the father's responsibility to his children. "Nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord." It is not enough to feed and clothe them. The child that God has given is a living soul. His spirit is a part of the Great Spirit of the universe. His soul, as well as his body and intellect, is to be nurtured and developed. Who is to do this? Too often it is looked upon as the duty and obligation of the mother alone. Paul says it is the father's duty as well. You fathers can not shift your responsibility to any one else. There is no excuse that you can give, that will relieve you of this obligation to your child. I suppose in this modern day the most common excuse is that "I am too busy to look after those things. I leave them to my wife." You ought to be ashamed of yourself to make such an excuse. You admit the duty in making the excuse, and no duty in the world is more important. Two boys were playing across the street when the father of one of them passed on the other side. The neighbor boy said, "Who is that man?" The reply was, "Oh, he's a man that sleeps

at our house." Does your boy think of you only as a roomer in what he calls home? Fortunate is the child that has a true home in which both father and mother preside with equal solicitude and a sense of equal responsibility.

It is a mistake to suppose that children are not close observers. A man once speaking before a Bible school was stressing the need of observation. He remarked that children do not observe closely and to prove it he would use an illustration. There was a class of small boys on the front seats. He said, "Now, you boys give me some numbers of two figures, and I will put them on the blackboard." One gave "fifty-seven" and he put down seventy-five. Another said "forty-two" and he put down twenty-four. Then a little fellow that lisped called out, "thixthy-thix," and added, "I'd like to thee the thucker change that." Not only is your child a close observer of folks in general, but he is a close observer of you in particular.

Whatever may have been the indifference of the fathers to the church and Bible school in the past, we can see a great and growing interest at the present time. Never was there a day when so many men were in attendance at church and interested in the things pertaining to the spiritual life. We have only to look about us to see great men's classes; they number hundreds and even thousands. Think of a class of a thousand or more men meeting every Sunday morning to study the word of God. What a great object-lesson to the growing boy! What an opportunity for a father to set an example to his son!

It is easy to make excuses for not going to the Bible school or church. One of the most familiar is,

“When I was a boy my parents made me go until I became tired of it.” Did your parents make you wash your face when you were a boy? Did they make you clean your shoes? Did not these things make you tired? Then, why do you do them now? Shame on you—big, lazy, no-account men—to blame your own meanness and neglect upon your godly, Christian parents! It seems to me they should rise from their graves to haunt you all the rest of your days. Your excuse is worse than none and is an open condemnation of your conduct, showing that you are an ungrateful, blasphemous son of good parents. They did their duty and you abuse their memory. Much has been said in criticism of preachers’ boys, but if you will study the lives of the preachers and the noted men of to-day you will discover that a surprising number of them are preachers’ sons, and that practically all of them are from Christian homes, where they have been brought up to attend the services of the church regularly. Instead of blaming your parents, you have occasion to thank them for making you do your duty when you were young.

Every father should realize the great obligation resting upon him in the training of the immortal soul that has been given into his keeping. The soul of his child is of more value than all else in this world and to nurture it is his highest privilege. Man has been endowed with the ability to achieve great things. He has built the Pyramids and the Parthenon; he has tunneled the Alps and made a way for trains under the East River; he has dug the Suez and Panama Canals; he has erected great cities and accomplished many wonderful works—but the greatest of all his endowments is the ability to work with God in train-

ing a human soul in the way of eternal life. It is a task big enough to call forth the best effort of the greatest men of this or any other time. Great men of all ages have realized this obligation.

Not long ago a prisoner brought an awful accusation against his father, who was a very eminent lawyer. When asked if he remembered his father, the prisoner said: "Perfectly; whenever I entered his presence he said, 'Run away, my lad, and don't trouble me.'" By keeping his boy from "troubling" him the great lawyer was able to complete his famous work on "The Law of Trusts," but his son in due time became a practical illustration of the most sacred of all trusts violated.

True fatherhood among men is but a reflection of the fatherhood of God. What a high and holy position. How full of possibilities for eternity. I certainly pity some children when I see their fathers. What can you expect of a half-grown boy when he sees his father with a cigaret in his mouth? It is impossible to understand the type of mind that will attempt to justify the setting of such an example before a son. Is such a man reflecting the fatherhood of God?

A babe is the most helpless and dependent thing that is born into the world. Its absolute dependence is for the purpose of making it a care and a responsibility to its parents. All parents should see in their children's eyes the soul of God born anew into the world.

"They are idols of hearts and of households,
 They are angels of God in disguise;
 His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
 His glory still gleams in their eyes."

And if parents can see God looking out upon them through the eyes of their little ones, the little ones should find God waiting for them in the hearts of their parents.

No true father would want to rear his child in a community where there is no church or where that child would receive no religious instruction. But, what are you fathers doing to build up the church in your community? It would be a very poor, good-for-nothing excuse of a father who would sit and do nothing while others fed and clothed his children. It would be just as bad, if not worse, for an able-bodied father to expect others to pay for his children's education. Is it not worse for you to expect some one to bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, while you loaf on the job of real fatherhood? You should do your duty in the development of the soul that God has given into your keeping. Your child is a gift from God.

The welfare of children demands a home. That home should be a Christian home. It can not be a Christian home if both parents are not Christians. It is said that if children from the cannibal South Sea Islands were brought to a Christian land and put into Christian homes they would grow up to be Christians, and if children of our land were taken early in life to the South Sea Islands they would grow up to be cannibals. God so created man and woman that each is the complement of the other, and it requires both to make one complete person. One supplies what the other lacks. God did not create woman from the head of man that she should rule over him, nor from his foot that he should trample upon and degrade her, but from his side that she

should be a helpmeet to him. In the rearing of children the strength and power of manhood is to be mingled with the love and tenderness of womanhood, that the child life may be complete. If one parent should be taken by the hand of death, then the double responsibility falls upon the other. The mother must then, as far as possible, supply the place of the father, or the father the place of the mother. It is very much harder for the mother to do this if the father is living. I have seen fathers that were but a hindrance in the spiritual development of their children. It would be far better for the souls of some children if their fathers were dead. Is it possible that this is true of you? May God have mercy upon your soul if it is.

The church is the spiritual power-house where a man becomes charged to carry home the electric current of Christlikeness to his children. It is impossible to convey spiritual life to your children if you have none yourself. No lodge, club or fraternal organization, I care not how good it may be, can take the place of the church. The church is the only institution that can develop the soul. It is the one divine institution on earth. Whatever there is of religious or spiritual value in the lodge and its ritual was borrowed from the church and from the Bible. The school, the club, the lodge—each has its place, but none of them can take the place of the church of Christ on earth. The school develops the intellect; the club, the social life; the lodge, the fraternal life; but the church is the only ordained institution to develop the spiritual life of the individual. Which is the highest and most important? Browning says: "Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure."

What part of your life-work and energy are you giving to the eternal things? How much time are you fathers giving to strengthen the eternal spirits of your children? The Creator has implanted in the bosom of every human being a longing for God and immortality. Sabatier says: "Man is an incurably religious animal." You may harden your conscience; you may neglect your duty to your God and your family; you may destroy your own soul and ruin the souls of your children—but you can not entirely get rid of the feeling within you that you were designed to be a child of God, an heir of heaven. You may live in the cellar of your being; you may give your life to the gross materialism of your day; you may freeze your soul in selfishness, until it becomes as hard as the gold and silver you are seeking—but you will never be entirely satisfied with these things.

What is the greatest inheritance you can leave to your children? Is it wealth? This they can misuse and destroy. Is it fame? This they can mar and abuse. Is it opportunity? This they can ignore or despise. Is it a good name? This they can tarnish or disgrace. The greatest inheritance you can leave is training in righteousness.

It is sad to see men to-day trifling with life's serious problems and giving their best thought and attention to the fleeting things of this world. They dismiss their conscience with a laugh; they kill their capacity for worship by neglect; they destroy their inheritance of spiritual life through pleasure and gratification of self; they see nothing in religion. Why should they? They never put forth a single effort to develop the religious part of their natures. The landscape artist, Turner, was once painting a

sunset from nature. A lout of a fellow was watching him as he painted. As the watcher looked at the sunset and then at the picture he said to the artist, "I do not see anything so wonderful about a sunset." "No," said the artist; "don't you wish you could?" How can one who is dead in trespasses and sin see anything in religion? To a blind man there is no light. To a deaf man there is no sound. To a blasphemer there is no God. To a materialist there is nothing spiritual. It is more easy to commit soul suicide than suicide of the body. Use the means for spiritual growth God has given and you will see Him. Train your child as you should and he will behold God and His glory.

What can a father expect of his son, when he himself spends the Lord's Day with his pipe and Sunday paper? What will the son think of soul values if the day of worship is used only for joy riding and picnics?

There is a great cry at present about "Blue Laws." There are no Blue Laws being proposed nor enacted. The noise about it is propaganda of the moving-picture combine and other commercial interests, to break down the sacredness of the Lord's Day. There would be no rest-day if there had been no church. You may abuse the church for wanting to keep this day as a time of true recreation and worship, but you would be going the weary treadmill of seven continuous days of toil and labor each week, if it were not for the church. A man may become so degraded that he abuses the mother who gave him birth, but it is far from honorable and manly. You can abuse and neglect the church that has brought to you countless blessings, but it is something that should

bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every true man. Dr. Kelly, of Baltimore, one of the greatest surgeons and physicians of the land, spends nearly every Sunday in speaking on the value and need of keeping the day sacred and set apart for worship. Are you giving your child a fair chance in life if you are keeping him from the Lord's house on the Lord's Day? "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is."

I wish I could give a list of the great men who have honored the church; men who have been devout and faithful in attendance upon its services and its ordinances. There are such men as Gladstone, who was a lay reader to the end of life. Lloyd George, who was brought up by a preaching elder uncle. President Harding, who refuses every invitation to play golf on the Lord's Day. Garfield and Roosevelt, who never missed a Sunday service. Bryan and Hughes, devout and faithful to their religious obligations. Nearly every President our country has ever had was an out-and-out churchman. You are not in great company when you neglect the church. Do you say, "I can be a Christian without going to church"? I doubt it. An artist must go to a school of art, a lawyer to a school of law, a doctor to a school of medicine, and a Christian to the school of Christ. The church is that school. You can be a better Christian by attending church regularly. At least, your influence does not count on the side of Christianity if you do not go to church.

The only way you became a Christian was by the way of the church. The preacher, whom you neglect and often scoff at, has more interest in your soul than you have yourself. By staying away from the church

you are wronging yourself much more than you can possibly wrong the church or the preacher. One of the saddest things in the world is to hear a father say, "We do not go to church," while there is standing at his knee a boy who is soon to go out into the world of sin and temptation without the help and protection that the church gives. I once had a father praise to me the godly, faithful, Christian life of his father, while he admitted in the presence of his own children that he never attended church. He had received on his own admission a great blessing from his father, but did not seem to realize that he was giving nothing of spiritual value to his own children. What will those children have to say of their father? When William E. Gladstone died, the leader of another nation said: "The world has lost its greatest citizen;" and Morley says of him: "He cared for the church as much as he cared for the state; he thought of the church as the soul of the state." The world's greatest citizen, the mightiest statesman of Britain, could not afford to ignore the church. Neither can you or I.

Another foolish excuse a man often gives for not attending church is, "I am better than some of the men in the church." To say that you are better than the worst is to make a very lame and foolish comparison. Why not compare yourself with the best? Most any farmer can find in his cornfield an ear that is better than the poorest nubb in his neighbor's field. That proves nothing in his favor or against his neighbor. Stand up before God like a man and let your own life count for itself. Why contemptuously exclaim, "Hypocrites in the church!"? Maybe there are, but there are more outside. The only way

you can ever rid yourself of the company of hypocrites is to become a hermit and live alone in a cave. Even then I suspect you will be with one of the biggest of the lot. Those who find fault with the church to-day say: "Why does not Christianity adapt itself to modern life?" Well, why does not modern life adapt itself to Christianity? That would be better for modern life. If you are looking for a great task in the world, you will find it in the service of Jesus Christ. Here is the true man's biggest job.

The three truly great things in one's life are heredity, environment and will. Every father deals largely with the first two. Heredity is the unseen hand stretched from the lives of our forefathers over our own lives. We hand down to our children our tendencies to physical and mental diseases. Some one asked how early to begin the education of a child. The answer was, "With his grandfather." I have known children who have had to fight temptations and passions all their lives on account of the sins of their fathers. What is true of the physical is just as true of the moral and spiritual. Environment is the total of the surrounding things that influence our lives—things which we touch and which touch us in the daily business of living. What kind of an environment are you endeavoring to throw about your children? The will is that power within us which enables us to make resolutions and keep them. Will power may overcome heredity and environment, but many fathers are making the task a hard one for their children. It is possible for heredity to hand down a weak will, and then the case of the child is hopeless and the parent is to blame. I fear there are children who will open their eyes in hell and blame

their fathers for an eternity of suffering. Will your children be among them? There are fathers who through all eternity will regret the woe they have brought upon their children. Are you to be one of those fathers? God pity you, if you are. My friend, would it not be the part of wisdom for you to so link up your life, and the lives of your loved ones, with the church of Jesus Christ as to enable you to face eternity with calmness and assurance? When the "Titanic" sank, the name of God was on every lip, and the heroic musicians went into eternity playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." When Captain Scott sat facing death amid his dead companions in the frozen south, the last message he wrote to the people of Britain linked his country and his family with God. When Shakespeare died, he left a will, the first clause of which declared, "I commend my soul into the hands of God." The last words that Tennyson wrote were these:

"For though from out the bounds of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

What a blessing it is to have the light with you as you journey along the way of life, and how much greater the blessing to have it with you in the end. The other day a man that graduated from Dartmouth, just sixty years ago, wrote the following poem:

"As I review the years long passed,
The best of all has been the last.
Not that my childhood days were sad,
Or any part of life was bad;
But, like a spring among the hills—
Creating dancing, rippling rills—

Deepening and broadening as it goes,
Until into the sea it flows,
The tributes all along its course
But clarify and give it force.
Friendships and books have borne their part,
Enlarged my mind, possessed my heart;
Life's cares and toils, its hardships, too,
All pass alike in glad review.
Its path has brightened all the way,
And reached at last the full-orbed day.
Like rivers, broadening as they flow,
Deep falls and cascades soon outgrow;
Thus down life's placid stream I float,
My Master captain of the boat.
And, as I to the haven near,
Released from care, without a fear,
Along the shore I see the lights;
Hear music, foretaste of delights.
Ere long I'll join the song of praise
Which I have practiced all my days."

May our lives be thus lived for God and our children.

I. J. SPENCER was born in Belmont County, O., and received his education in the public schools, in Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich., and in Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va. He was minister of the church of Christ in Bellaire, O., five and a half years; Baltimore, Md., two years; Clarksville, Tenn., two and a half years; a group of churches in Virginia, while editor of the "Missionary Weekly," nine and a half years; Winchester, Ky., two years; Broadway Church, Louisville, Ky., one year, and Central Church, Lexington, Ky., twenty-seven years. For twenty, of the twenty-seven, years he was superintendent of the Central Church school. On July 24, 1921, the Central Church elected him pastor emeritus, on salary, for the remainder of his life.

Mr. Spencer has been a pastor and evangelist for nearly fifty years, adding approximately eight thousand persons to the church during his ministry. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society for fifteen years, and is a trustee of Hamilton College, a curator of Transylvania College, a director of the Christian Board of Publication, a trustee of the Board of Ministerial Relief and a member of the Board of Managers of the United Christian Missionary Society. He resigned from the active ministry that he might spend his time in writing and in evangelistic meetings.

Decoration Day Sermon

OUTLINE

Introduction—Washington's Warnings to Americans.

I. Unity of Government and Obedience to Authority. Important in both church and state.

1. The high principle of neighborliness.
2. The principle of the second mile.
3. Personal reminiscences.

II. Altruism, and Not Selfishness, Must Be the Motive of Nations.

1. Was America selfish in the World War?
2. Two kinds of narrowness.
3. Daniel Webster and Justice Harlan.

III. The Flag that Stands for Both Unity and Altruism.

1. History and significance of our flag.
2. Story of "Two Little Confederates."

CHRIST AND DECORATION DAY

A Decoration Day Sermon by I. J. Spencer

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. The second is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Mark 12: 30, 31.

WHY connect the name of Christ with Decoration Day? Because we should love Him with all the heart, mind, soul and strength; and because whatsoever we do we should do in the name of the Lord Jesus, “bringing every thought into captivity to him.”

The thirtieth of May is a national holiday, and in observing it we make it a holy day by the Christian consideration of the welfare of our country, while at the same time we honor the memory of those who sacrificed their lives in response to their nation’s call. Our patriotism and religion should be conjoined.

President Washington, in his farewell address, presented three particular cautions with respect to America’s future, which we may at this time recall with profit. He said that the unity of government is the main pillar of our independence and tranquility at home and abroad. He declared that “against this point in our political fortress the batteries of internal and external enemies will be constantly directed.” He urged that, as of infinite moment, we should cherish it as “the palladium of our political safety and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxi-

ety, and indignantly frowning upon every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties that now link together the various parts."

He then warned against such geographical distinctions as North, South, East and West, which, by fostering ideas of separate interests and character, are calculated "to weaken the bonds of our union and to create prejudices, if not antipathies, dangerous to its existence."

The church, too, should keep "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace" and not foster division among its members. A united church—united in spirit, purpose and function—is eminently to be desired for the sake of the unity of our Government, as well as for other spiritual reasons. The church is of incalculable value in the leadership and progress of the nation.

Washington also earnestly recommended implicit "obedience to law" as one of the fundamental duties "enjoined by the maxims of liberty." He said: "The very right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government." He denounced all combinations and associations under whatsoever plausible representation, "with the design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities."

To-day, as well as in the lifetime of President Washington, obedience to the laws of the Government needs emphasis and needs the good example of the church. He wisely admonished against the "excitements of party spirit," suspicion, faction and the excesses to which they tend. He warned against dema-

gogues who vaunt themselves as infallible leaders. Such a warning is also appropriate to the church.

“The Father of His Country” inculcated, with fervent eloquence, supreme regard to religion and morality. He said that “of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports.” He declared that no man could be a patriot “who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them.” He asked: “Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice?” “Whatever may be conceded to a refined education, or minds of a peculiar cast,” he continued, “reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in the exclusion of religious principles.”

Unity of Government, obedience to constituted Governmental authorities and the supreme value of religion and morality, which Washington urged in his farewell address to the American people, are as important now as they were when Washington recommended them.

A nation as well as an individual is called to be unselfish and neighborly. The Good Samaritan nation will not pass by on the other side, but will show kindness to another country in distress. Jesus taught His disciples that when they made a feast they should not invite their friends and rich neighbors in the hope of reciprocation; but that they should invite the maimed, the blind, the poor; and that their reward would be

received in the resurrection of the just. The principle is as applicable to a church and to a nation as to a person.

Can the teaching of Jesus be applied to corporations and governments, industry, business, and the entire social life of the world? In all these God may be first and best loved, and the neighbor may be regarded and treated as justly and kindly as one would treat himself. Our Lord enunciated the great, practical law of arbitration, and commanded it. It is invaluable in controversies between labor and capital. Reconciliation to a wronged and offended brother is essential to right worship. The fruit of the Holy Spirit will be found in the character of American statesmen when the church shall have discharged its high duty in the regeneration of its members through the gospel. Our Government waits upon the character of its religion. The Sermon on the Mount instructs our national leaders to go the second mile and to return good for evil. It teaches them to let the nation's light so shine among the powers that they, too, will glorify the Father in heaven. The neighbor may be a person, a community, the whole country, the world, the church on earth and the whole kingdom of heaven. Christ is the neighbor of the lost and neighbor also of the redeemed. To love one's neighbor as himself links all creation together and leads one to pray, "Our Father, be merciful to all."

In memory of the appointment and significance of Decoration Day, I declare that I know of no reason why any one should be bitter or resentful either toward the North or the South on account of the sad events of the Civil War. If my father and older brothers had been born and reared in Alabama, in-

stead of Ohio, they would have given their lives for the Southern cause as they gave them for the Union.

As a child I remember a Sunday afternoon conversation between my older brothers, during the Civil War, in which they expressed their willingness to volunteer, but I did not regard the matter seriously. A few weeks thereafter the family carriage was driven to the railway station that their parents, two sisters and myself might see them pass, in uniform, with their regiment to the war. I remember how quietly the horses moved that morning and how silent were those it bore. I remember the coming of the train and the waving of my brothers' hands in their tender farewell. Scarcely three months had passed when a telegram called my father to their bedside. Both were sick. One was dying. His body was expressed to our home for burial. A few weeks more, and father, along with the other brother, died. Their bodies were laid side by side in the Quaker burial-ground near the Plainfield meeting-house. The building and its beautiful grove no longer attract the crowds of worshipers, old and young, who erstwhile assembled there as familiar friends. The house has fallen into decay, but the birds still sing their grateful, happy songs and myrtle twines around the graves. Gentle and patriotic neighbors strew those mounds with fresh, bright blossoms as the decoration season comes with each return of May.

I remember that with the quick departure of those loved ones from our home the roses left my mother's cheeks and the dark color of her hair changed to white like the snow. But, through the power of religion and the comfort of the word of God, her heart mounted to victory. She uttered no word of narrow bitterness

withal. Another brother of mine, who also shouldered his musket and followed the flag, has joined the three whose bodies sleep under the myrtle leaves in Plainfield burying-ground. Mother, likewise, has entered into her rest. I am sure that no resentment nor sorrowful memory beclouds the sky of their happiness now. We are called to emulate their example and to look upon the bright bow in the cloud, and upon the cloud itself as only a background for the splendor it enfolds.

As I look back upon the tragedy of the Civil War I think how innocent were the soldiers themselves, both North and South. Their thoughts were clouded, more or less, with misunderstandings, but their hearts were kind, brave and uncrueL Since they died, new light has flashed forth from the word of God. The Lord has been coming in glory, shining out from the cloud and the letter of the Scriptures. Our national experiences, also, since the civil contest of the sixties, have been healing. "When I was a child I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child. Now that I have become a man"—and the apostle was writing of becoming a man in love's vision, spirit and power—"I have put away childish things." I have thought, ever since I was able to think, that if all the leaders of our nation, both North and South, had only known God's will and method concerning the abolition of slavery, there had been no American Civil War. I can not think that the divine method of overcoming the differences that provoked the war, between brethren of the South and of the North, was the shedding of rivers of fraternal blood.

The present controversy as to whether America was selfish in the late World War or altruistic, has two

important aspects diametrically opposed the one to the other. Our Ambassador to England is reported to have said that our nation did not enter the World War to help save France or England, but to save itself; and that we sent our soldiers overseas most reluctantly and laggardly; that "we fought because we were afraid not to fight." He is reported to have said, also, that our country "will not have anything whatsoever to do with the League of Nations, directly or indirectly, openly or furtively."

Ex-President Wilson had declared: "We have no selfish end to serve. We desire no conquest or dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights shall have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nations can make them."

Premier Lloyd George, in welcoming Col. George Harvey as our Ambassador to the Court of St. James, said: "We appeal to America not merely as a nation of high ideals. We know that it is not a country that will say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' The world has become more interdependent than it ever was before." Thus the British Premier indicated his faith that the United States not only had the willingness to be helpful to the world, but was ready to translate that willingness into action.

I do not doubt that both the conceptions and the motives that moved our nation to enter the war were mixed. Some citizens were impelled by lower and some by loftier impulses. I am reminded that Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." The kingdom

shines, but he can not perceive it. Our Ambassador, it would seem, could not visualize the celestial forces which others realized. He saw only the natural, worldly, selfish causes in operation.

The little poem called "Flanders Field," by John McCrae, will illustrate what I mean by the altruistic motives that stirred and constrained the Allies, along with our American patriots and soldiers. No piece of verse in recent years has been more widely read in the civilian world, and it was called "the poem of the army" and was also the poem of the soldiers' hearts. It was used on every platform from which men and women were urged to adventure their riches and their lives to "make the world safe for democracy."

"In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie

In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow

In Flanders fields."

The same author, in a stanza from another of his poems—"The Anxious Dead"—answers the challenge thus:

"Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside;
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died."

Among the many answers to "Flanders Fields" was the following by Mr. Lillard, that appeared in the New York *Evening Post*:

"Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead;
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up."

There are two kinds of narrowness, whereas some had supposed there was but one. The usual conception of the thing is that of a straitened mind or faith. It has been associated with a provincial understanding, a creed, a partisan view, resulting from ignorance of what lies outside its vision; while a limited love, a circumscribed interest in and sympathy with others, has generally escaped the odious appellation. But narrowness of heart is more to be deplored and more fatal than a meager understanding. In other words, a love restricted to self, and to those related and favorable to self, is more injurious and blameworthy than that which belongs only to an unenlightened understanding. One may have great knowledge, great faith, and yet be prejudiced, partisan, sectarian and selfish in his affections. The distinction is strikingly presented by the apostle Paul in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians and by the Sermon on the Mount. To be a patriot is better than to be a paltry politician. To be a Christian is better than to be a sectarian. To be an American is better than to be a Kentuckian. For a good Samaritan to succor a half-murdered man of a hostile nation is better than to show mercy to another because he is a fellow-citizen, and may return the favor. Caste, clannishness, partisanship, sectarianism, nationalism, should give place to Christianity which

feels, thinks and acts in the terms of all humanity; that prays "Thy will be done on earth," and both gives and goes that "every creature" may be regenerated and become a citizen of heaven.

We shall not love our own country less because we love other countries more. And, in order that we, as Americans, may the better serve the nations of earth, it behooves us to keep our political house in proper order.

Applying this principle, let us hope as did Daniel Webster when he said: "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dis-severed or on a land rent with civil feuds. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto: 'Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'" And I think our hearts would add: "May that motto apply not only to the United States of America, but to the united states of the whole world." Let us still pray: "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

Justice Harlan said: "To every American the flag is the symbol of the nation's power, the emblem of freedom. It signifies government resting on the consent of the governed; liberty regulated by law; protection of the weak; security against arbitrary power, and safety for free institutions against foreign invasion." Does it not stand, also, for altruistic ideals over against selfish aggrandizements and materialistic

ambitions? When thoughtful persons look upon the flag they do not see the flag itself, but the nation it represents. It bears no ramping lion and no fierce eagle. It holds no insignia of autocracy or oppression. It carries no sign of royalty, no crown, no scepter. It carries warmth and light in every fold and every thread of all nations and all mankind. Only our loyalty to the cross can glorify and immortalize our banner.

It reminds one of the words of the Psalmist: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." If the fear of God shall characterize our people, then our God-given flag should be displayed because of the truth.

The flag of the United States has been called "the flag of Dawn." If the designation be appropriate, we should in nowise keep back its radiance from the nations that sit in the darkness and shadow of death. The patriots who fashioned our national banner felt the sacred responsibility and significance of the flag we cherish. When Betsy Ross, in her day one of the most skilled women of Philadelphia in the use of the needle, artistic in her taste and a genius in the free-hand designing of patterns, was asked by Washington and others to make a flag for the United States, she humbly replied, "I'll try!" She suggested that it ought to be one-third longer than it was wide; that its stars would be more beautiful if five-pointed, instead of six; and that they should be arranged in regular form. George Washington drew his chair up to the table and sketched a design embodying her suggestions. Her first sample was so pleasing that it was carried to Congress on the very day it was completed, and was adopted on June 14, 1777.

The story is told of a certain man who came from England to this country and became naturalized. Later he went to Cuba when the war broke out there in 1867. He was arrested under the suspicion that he was a spy. He was tried and condemned to be shot. He sent for the British and American Ministers, who looked into his case and found he was innocent. They said to the Spanish authorities: "This man is innocent;" but they replied: "He has been tried under the Spanish laws, and found guilty, and must die." The Spanish soldiers were ordered to put an end to his life. Just as they were about to shoot him, a carriage drove up rapidly, and the two Ministers leaped out of it and flung the British flag and the "Stars and Stripes" over him, and said to the soldiers: "Shoot, if you dare!" The shot was not fired. Those banners gave to the prisoner the protection of both Governments. There was power behind those colors. No wonder men are patriotic when they have such banners to protect and to inspire them.

General Gordon told a story of the Confederate and Union armies encamped on opposite sides of the Ravanna River ready for conflict on the morrow. The Northern band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the boys in blue cheered and cheered. Then across the river the Southern band retaliated with "Dixie," and the air rang with the cheers of the boys in gray. Defiantly the Union band played "Hail Columbia" and the Confederates came back with "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Finally one of the bands played "Home, Sweet Home," and the other immediately took up the same refrain.

Sectionalism, group interest, sectarianism, national and individual avarice, isolation and selfishness, will

be banished when the spirit of Christ shall have conquered the hearts of the American people. The church should vote only for true and competent men for office. But the real function of the church toward our Government, local and national, is to create men through the gospel, regenerate citizens through the truth, in such numbers and of such a character that they shall be fitted completely to adorn all the offices and to discharge worthily every responsibility to which the people may call them.

I love to idealize the flag as a banner of goodness and truth, bringing political deliverance to the captives and "liberty to them that are bruised." Let every patriot lift it high for the display of the truth. Let it whisper to the air, "Spread wide my folds, for no blot shall stain them." Let it challenge the rain and the snow, that its face shall be as pure as they. Let it say to the dawn: "My red is not the blush of guilt, but the flush of love and joy." Let it address the sky, saying, "Enrich and deepen my field of blue for the brighter shining of my constellation." Let it command every national cloud to depart or be transfigured by its glory. Let it petition the sun to pour its light upon it, that, as it moves around the world, all mankind shall know that its power and its purposes, like its colors, come from heaven.

Thomas Nelson Page tells a story of "Two Little Confederates," who lived on a plantation, called Oakland, in Virginia, and whose names were Frank and Willy. The Civil War had begun and soldiers from both armies appeared often in the neighborhood. Their brother Hugh, at the age of seventeen, had volunteered and they were very proud of him. They played that they were soldiers, and sometimes ventured into dan-

gerous proximity to the fighting. One day they were captured by a squad of Federals and were questioned as to the whereabouts of Hugh and a Confederate General. They refused to tell. Frank was taken away from Willy and threatened with punishment for his obstinacy. His hands were tied behind him and he was placed against a tree as though he were to be shot. He still refused to betray his trust. The corporal's pistol looked big to Frank and he wondered where the bullets would hit him; if he would be left all night in the woods and if his mother would come and kiss him. "I want to say my prayers," he said, and all grew dark before his eyes. He fainted away. Then a big, young soldier, who had said it was "useless" to intimidate the boy, showed kindness. Water was dashed in his face and he awoke with his head in the lap of the big soldier, who said, "We were just trying to scare you a bit, and carried the joke too far." The big dragoon took him in his arms to carry him back to Willy. "I can walk," said Frank. "No, I'll carry you, bless your brave little heart." The big soldier was looking at the light, curly head resting on his arm, and gave Frank a caress for the sake of his own little, curly-headed son about Frank's size at his home in Delaware. "I hope you'll get back to him safe and well," said Frank.

Soon thereafter the boys ventured upon a battlefield while yet some bullets were flying and they heard a distressing call for water! They drew near and saw a blue-coated soldier lying propped against a tree, with a ghastly wound in his head. He could not see. His face was ashy pale and he still begged for water. Frank whispered to Willy, "He's my soldier." Cutting the wounded man's canteen loose from

its strap, and disregarding the danger of being shot, Frank ran to the stream and brought the coveted drink. He pressed it to the dying man's lips, bathed his face and watched it as the tide of his life went ebbing away. The soldier thought, in his delirium, that he was again at home and called for water from the well by the dairy. The boys poured more water into his fevered lips. Then the soldier said, "Come, my darling, and say your prayers with father." "Now I lay me down to sleep." Frank said: "Willy, let us pray with him." "If I should die before I wake." But the departing soldier's voice was now so weak that it could scarcely be distinguished, "I pray the Lord my soul to take," and the two little Confederates finished the prayer. The good soldier's soul had been taken.

The boys ran home and told the story to their mother. An old ox-cart, the only vehicle left upon the place, brought the lifeless body to Oakland. It was buried, tenderly, in the garden. The mother of the boys read the burial service, an uncle of the lads offered a prayer and the little family group sang "Abide with me." A small packet of letters and a gold watch were taken from the pocket of the deceased, and sealed and placed in a bureau drawer to remain until called for.

A year later, after Lee's surrender, when poverty reigned at Oakland, the boys met an elderly lady and a boy about the size of Frank, coming from the railroad station. They recognized the driver and his one-horse wagon, but knew the two passengers were strangers, for they had seen no boy so well dressed as the young stranger. "Are there any Union soldiers' graves around here?" inquired the gray-haired lady.

They said "Yes," and she told them her story. They inquired the name of her son who, she said, had been reported missing. "Willy, that was *our* soldier," exclaimed Frank. They climbed into the wagon and told her how brave and kind he had been, and added: "He is buried in our garden." Their mother met the mother of the big, young soldier like a sister meeting her sister in distress, for her son Hugh had been wounded and captured in a charge at Petersburg, and as yet she knew not where he was. The body of the big, young soldier was exhumed and carried back to his home on the Brandywine, in Delaware. Hugh and his father came home again. Boxes of clothing and provisions arrived from the Northern mother who had found love and comfort in her visit to Oakland. Among the presents were two new guns for the "Two Little Confederates" and a complete trousseau for "Cousin Belle," who was to marry "the General," with Hugh to serve as his best man, and the boys were to be ushers.

This story illustrates the parable of the Good Samaritan and reminds us of Him who is good and neighborly to all.

When all the mists have rolled away, and narrowness of heart and mind shall have expanded under the warmth and light of the Sun of righteousness, we shall know the meaning of the text, to love God with all the heart, mind, soul and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves.

A RTHUR HOLMES was born in 1872 in Cincinnati, O., and received his early education in the grade schools. He spent one year in Bethany College, W. Va., then entered Hiram College, Hiram, O., and graduated with B.A. degree in 1899. He spent two years at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, as graduate student in Semitics and Hebrew antiquities, followed by three years at same institution as graduate student in philosophy, psychology and ethics, holding scholarships and Harrison fellowship. In 1908 he received his Ph.D. degree from Pennsylvania University.

While Mr. Holmes was doing work in the Pennsylvania University he served as minister of the Sixth Church of Christ, Philadelphia. In 1903-4 he was minister of the Memorial Church, Ann Arbor, Mich., and then served for four years as religious-work director, Pennsylvania Railroad Y. M. C. A., Philadelphia. He was assistant professor of physiology in the University of Pennsylvania from 1908 to 1912, and from that time to 1918 was dean of the general Faculty at the Pennsylvania State College. During this same decade he was lecturer in various lyceums, institutes, clubs and Chautauqua bureaus, and from 1918 to present time has been president of Drake University, Des Moines, Ia. He is a member of numerous clubs, fraternities and educational associations.

Education Day Address

OUTLINE

Introduction.

I. What Education Is Not.

1. Not merely book-learning.
2. Not knowledge of mass of disconnected facts.

II. What Education Is.

1. Both a process and a product.
2. Process is habit-making, product is habits.

III. Apply This Doctrine to the Church.

1. The religiously educated have habits of worship.
2. They have the habit of seeing things in right relation.
3. To learn to see and hear rightly is to become educated.

IV. Insight.

Education opens the inner eye to new worlds.

V. Doing the Word.

If a man really sees and feels the truth, he will do the truth.

Illustration and application.

A THEORY OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

An Education Day Address by Arthur Holmes

They should perceive with their eyes,
And hear with their ears,
And understand with their heart,
And should turn again.—Matt. 13: 15.

INTRODUCTION.

THE text quoted is very properly a text on education. It is so both by content and context. Jesus, the great Teacher, has just been engaged in instructing His students or disciples. His method is a perfect example of the art of teaching. He uses stories called parables to arrest their attention, and to convey his meaning, the best method of oral instruction yet invented. Seizing upon events common and familiar, like sowing, he leads his hearers from the known to the unknown. From the concrete things of every-day life—material, palpable, tangible—he proceeds to the abstractions of that spiritual kingdom so profound in its inner implications that the most acute powers of prophets, seers and sages have not yet fathomed all its depths. Then he closes with a warning dissertation on the process of learning in its three steps of perceiving, understanding and acting.

“Perceive with their eyes,
And hear with their ears,
And understand with their heart,
And should turn again.”

Sight, insight and action! Herein are contained all the stages of all learning; herein is epitomized all education in all its processes, secular or religious. This is true whether applied to perceiving, understanding and side-stepping a rattlesnake or a card-game; whether perceiving, understanding and applying a mathematical formula or a spiritual principle.

What Education Is Not.

Naturally such a conception of education may sound strange to the average man, to whom the word "education" immediately brings up a number of more or less clear implications. To him "going to school" and "getting an education" mean the same thing. Likewise, the layman associates education with book-learning. The printed page and a mind "debauched by learning," to borrow Bishop Berkely's famous phrase, go hand in hand. One without the other is inconceivable to the average American, who has become imbued with a worship for education not equaled in any other land, except possibly in Germany, the land of "Ideolators." Education, schools, books—this is the holy trinity of desires contained in every good American father's ambition for his boy.

From this primary misconception naturally flow others, commonly found floating about in the atmosphere of newspapers, magazines and public speeches, all of them glaringly evidential of the lack of insight concerning this vital matter of education. The most prominent subsidiary notion is that one which makes education consist of a knowledge of a mass of heterogeneous and disconnected facts, an idea recently illustrated by a noted questionnaire, sent out by one of our most prominent men of practical affairs, in which he quizzes college graduates upon a number of facts

which can be found in any book of reference in any library of the land, and with which no man of liberal education would try to encumber his mind.

A man so educated might be densely ignorant about life and its usages. On proper occasions, he might exhibit his learning with pride by conversing with a visiting national politician or Chautauqua lecturer, or in answer to anxious inquiries about rare phenomena, as, for example, whether the suspected possibility of the earth's colliding with a comet would be diastrous to the world; or what mushrooms are edible; or how a man might find where to drive a nail into a plastered wall so as infallibly to strike an upright beam; or is there anything in carrying a potato in one's pocket for rheumatism? A knowledge of such things may be unusual, but is it useful?

The belief that unusualness of knowledge is the essence of education is a belief resulting directly from the necessity of acquiring education away from the usual walks of life in a school or college, and out of books. Because ordinary men have not studied books, the book-learned man assumes a superiority over his fellows. The superiority is sometimes exploited by educators themselves as the chief value of their impartations. It is said, untruly perhaps, that a Greek professor, advocating the retention of his language in the college course, brought forth as his final argument the assertion that the study of Greek gives to the man who has studied it a feeling of superiority over the man who has not studied it! This aristocracy bred by education, as commonly conceived, is far from the conception of the statesmen who insist that education is, and must always be, the foundation of democratic government.

Emphasis upon peculiar and unusual knowledge leads to another misconception contained in the defense of certain subjects in every curriculum, which are there by force of tradition, and can give no useful reason for their existence except to dispense a livelihood to some incumbent of a chair. The existence of such subjects is defended upon the ground of their value as "mental discipliners." They somehow affect the "mind." They provoke "culture." Modern educational experiment has exploded this venerable theory, but the masses still hold it.

To strip from education all these and other misapprehensions, and to set forth simply and clearly what education is, and what it does for its possessors, ought to be the clear purpose of every speaker upon the subject. Education is too valuable for personal life, for the continuation and maintenance of our Government and our religion, for the happiness of mankind in general and peoples everywhere, to have its utility blurred and falsified by outworn draperies of mediæval superstitions and its free movement hampered by burdensome traditions of a long-dead past. Education is not the acquisition of a body of heterogeneous facts, not mere book-learning, not a knowledge of school-worn and school-made traditions, not the useless and ornate embellishment of an intellectual aristocracy.

What Education Is.

When we turn our attention to declaring what education is, we are tempted to wrap up our idea in a neat bundle, tie it with red tape, and deliver it labeled with a definition. But to people who know that a cow-pasture is something more than a wire fence around a vacant lot, definitions of organic

processes, wide-reaching and all-embracing in their human interest, can not be so cleverly and expeditiously handled. Dynamic processes throbbing with living interests do not come in bundles; individual, social and human activities can not be confined with the curfew-call of a philosophic definition. For those who must feed upon such intellectual pabulum, the dictionary is always handy; encyclopedias are not absent and the volumes of educators fill the shelves of our libraries, though it will be found that, in the best of these, satisfactory definitions of education are conspicuous by their absence. Our immediate business is to try to understand education in essential points and make application of this understanding in a thoroughly practical way to the spiritual and mental life of all people. The moment we try to do that, we are confronted with the alternatives of being too narrow or too broad; of settling the whole matter by quoting glibly some pseudo-educationist's aphoristic summary which presents only one phase of the subject; or else taking refuge in the frequent example of those who must speak when they have nothing to say and broadly asseverate that "education is life!"

To avoid these two extremes, let us begin by pointing out the obvious fact that education is both a process and a product. The process aims to develop men. Men are born with an inheritance; that inheritance is developed by environment and teaching, by the mechanical forces surrounding them and by the more or less conscious efforts of their fellows. The inherited faculties, like imagination and reason, for example, enable men to discover and to create new inventions and works of art. The inherited and the creative are not education, nor are they due to education.

Education embraces that zone of human activities lying between these two. That zone of activities is occupied by habits. Education, then, is the process of habit-making, and its product is habits—habits of feeling, habits of perceiving, habits of thinking, habits of acting. When Pepys heard a piece of music and thus acquired and retained a state of æsthetic exaltation lasting all night, he enjoyed one habit of feeling, due to his musical education. When Newton discovered the similarity existing between a white feather, a lump of coal, and the full moon, and named the similarity “gravitation,” he did it by relating by similarities; in his case mathematical similarities, in which he was profoundly educated. When Darwin saw amongst a multitude of organic facts the one similarity of “struggle for existence,” so contrary to the accepted doctrine of the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, he did it because he was in the habit of thinking, or noting similarities. When Byron swam the Hellespont, he was an educated swimmer in the habit of taking long aquatic trips. When Demosthenes spoke “On the Crown,” he was by habit an orator. When Jesus went to the cross instead of fleeing for His life, He had acquired the habit of doing His Father’s will. When a child repeats the multiplication table, he has acquired certain habits of mental association which it is almost impossible to break. Habits—habits of mind and body—these are the distinct and the whole province and product of education, in whatever form it may appear and to whatever height it may ascend.

Apply This Doctrine to the Church.

A religiously educated man is one whose habits of worship are regular. He prays without ceasing, regularly, easily; finding the exercise as sweet and

nourishing to his soul as his habitual meals are to his body. Contrasted with him is the man who has no religious education, no habits of discerning the face of God, nor bending his knee in worship, nor drawing from the holy Word messages of deep consolation and untiring inspiration. How laboriously does the minister of God labor with those of his congregation, whose religious education is only half finished; whose attendance at church is spasmodic as the weather; whose spiritual life vacillates between the mounts of transfiguration and the low-lying valleys of worldly pleasure; whose spiritual feeling, perceptions and actions are all uncertain, unfixd, undisciplined by the habit of fidelity to the Lord. The process of changing such a man into a really religious man is the process of habit-making, and that is religious education. Let us see how the Master indicated the process in His talk to His disciples or students.

Perceiving is the first step in the learning process. The insistence of the Master that some people have eyes and see not seems paradoxical in its opposition to the common experience of mankind. Yet His assertion is in perfect accord with all modern research into human idiosyncracies. It is literally amazing to a student of human capacities and capabilities to discover how profoundly different men really are, though superficially they may appear to be the same. There are adults and children without any visible physical defects, who can not see many common objects. They are psychically blind. Many there are who can not see green or red anywhere in nature. They are color-blind. Mentally diseased patients are found who, afflicted with varieties of amnesia, are totally unable to see printed words, or only certain printed words,

or to hear spoken words, or only certain spoken words. Some can read pages all except the letter "a;" when that letter appears to the normal person it is a blank to the patient. These amnesias can be reproduced by hypnotism, and subjects can be blinded temporarily to objects perfectly visible to others. These, and many other astounding facts, have been discovered and recorded in works of science dealing with such subjects, and all of them must be taken into consideration by any one dealing with a large and promiscuous public.

But, disregarding the special and abnormal cases, it is also true with all people that they do not see everything before their eyes, even when their eyes are wide open. In fact, no one can see continuously; his attention will not permit it. He sees only in beats; things appear and disappear, appear and disappear. Try a simple experiment. Look steadily at a star almost invisible; watch it without faltering; fix upon it your whole attention. Note that it will repeatedly appear and disappear in spite of all you can do. The same situation is true with all the senses. The wavering sound of a fading, long-drawn bell-tone is another illustration. The tone itself is steady, but our perception of it rises and falls like the waves of the sea. What is true in these cases is true, but unnoted, in all cases; we see and we do not see; hear and do not hear. Ordinarily, what are called after-images, which will follow upon any strongly perceived object, bridge over these gaps and seem to make our perceiving continuous, just as they do at a moving-picture show, where the pictures do not follow one another continuously upon the screen, but come and go by jerks as the mechanism of the machine proves. In fact, an interesting investigation has been made to show how

much of the total time of one performance is passed with nothing on the screen whatever, and a calculation has been made to find what percentage of the admission fee is paid by each spectator for looking at a perfectly blank sheet! Yet how many of each thousand people will not swear that he sees pictures on the screen each and every instant of his looking-time! Verily, the movie-goers have eyes and see not!

But this is not all. Nobody sees everything before his eyes. He sees only some things; others he misses. Why does he see what he sees? The answer tersely put is: "He sees what he wants to see! He hears what he wants to hear!" John uttered a profound truth when he said, "He that loveth, knoweth God." First, what he wants to hear and see by reason of inherited interests, or instincts. Some are they who are born with low instincts; some with the instincts of gentlemen and ladies. From earliest consciousness, their worlds are different because their inborn interests are different. From the same fireside one boy flies to the city, another to the ocean, another to the wilderness, another stays and farms the old place. The difference in their preferences is the difference in their inborn tastes. The whole task of conscious education is to overcome inborn aptitudes for low and evil sights and sounds, and to implant an interest for the good, the true and the beautiful. That can be done by teaching and by self-decision. A lady and a gentleman were walking along a slum street on one side of which foul waste water ran in the gutter, while on the other was a lumber-yard, full of spruce timbers. "Huh," said the man in disgust, "smell that gutter!" "No, thank you," sweetly responded the lady, "I prefer to smell the lumber." Blessed are they who have

ears to hear and prefer to hear the gently intoned words of the Master as they floated on the sweet air of Galilee with their message of eternal healing.

Then, again, we see what we have been in the habit of seeing. Repetition engraves upon the walls of our memories deeper and deeper reliefs in hardening replicas of the objects gazed upon. This crowd of memories, which the psychologist calls the "apperceptive mass," enables men to see and hear, and, to a large extent, determines what they shall hear and see. "Unto you," said Jesus to His disciples, who had already learned some things from Him (or, to put it in the barbarous language of psychology, had already acquired a religious "apperceptive mass"), "is given to know mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. . . . For whosoever hath [this apperceptive mass], to him shall be given, and he shall have in abundance." In these simple words He announces a law of human nature, not only profound in its application, but sound in its scientific conception. What a warning to us to use rightly our eyes and ears! To pluck out those eyes if they offend by seeing the unholy; to stop our ears, and run for our spiritual lives from people with the poison of asps under their tongues! Once we see or hear certain intense and crashing sights and sounds, and never again will the dark mercifully shut out the horror nor will forgiving silence bring forgetfulness. Always will the law of God taunt us with recurring vision of the forbidden thing.

What I mean by limited vision is lucidly brought out by the experience of a hired man over in Illinois, who all his life had raised hogs. He spent his days and his nights with them; fed them, tended them, nursed them, knew their nature, their grunts and

sighs, their likes and dislikes, diseases and tempers. When in 1893 the exposition was given in Chicago, he saved his money for months, went to the fair and spent a week, came back home and amazed his employer's family by not saying a word about the wonders he had anticipated seeing and hearing. One day the farmer's wife could stand it no longer. "John," she said at dinner, "tell us what you saw at the exposition. We are all dying to hear." John laid down his knife and fork, looked off into vacancy and then triumphantly recalled what he had seen in the terse statement, "I saw von beeg hawg!"

Naturally, that was all he could see. In that respect he was a perfectly cultured gentleman. He had studied hogs in all phases from their suckling babyhood to their final destiny in blutwurst. But when the uproar of the city struck upon his ears, he was deafened, and when the world treasures of that exposition tumbled themselves upon his bewildered sight, he was blinded with the chaos of variety and saw nothing until, wandering into a side-show, he came upon a dear, familiar friend, one whom he could see, understand, appreciate, and over whose pen he leaned with steadfast and perfect admiration.

That story makes me almost believe that heaven will not be heaven for some unless there are countless millions of ineffable swine reaching mile upon mile as did the human faces appearing to De Quincey in his opium dreams.

The way to the ability to see is the way of education. We must have things pointed out to us by some teacher. "Look at zee feesh!" Agassiz used to say to the beginner, who came to him to learn the mysteries of nature. The student would look at "zee

feesh" a few minutes and present himself to the professor, who would ask a question or two, and then repeat, "Look at zee feesh!" The crestfallen student would look and report, look and report, and again and again be sent back to the task of looking at a dull-eyed, dry-scaled, stuffed fish, sometimes looking for months before the professor thought he had seen it. That is the process, whether with fish or paintings, music or religion. We all must learn to see! No one can see without that training. Let him, who thinks otherwise, tell where fishes' ears are? They hear. How? If that is too hard, tell whether a cow's ears are placed before her horns or behind them! Which way do the horns of a waning moon point? What is the difference in process between a horse's getting up and a cow's? Or, to be personal, and hence absolutely familiar, how many teeth do you have—of your own? When you fold your hands, which thumb is on top? Wives, ask your husband of ten years' standing what color your eyes are! Husbands, ask your wives how many pockets you have in your suit! Certainly none of these things is worth knowing, but they all illustrate the fact that unless we have pointed out to us perfectly plain things in our world, we will never, never see them, no matter how sharp our eyes are.

All of us have had the humiliating experience which came recently to me in the revelation of my own blindness to pictures. With an art professor, I was admiring the works of a world-renowned painter. My artist friend mentioned this man's great stained-glass picture in the Curtis Publishing Co.'s building in Philadelphia. I confessed I had never seen it. He was amazed; asked me if I had been in the building, and when I said "Yes, more than once," he told

me of that wonder in glass, probably the greatest of its kind in the world, hanging in the lobby near the fountain. The fountain I remembered; the picture, I sadly confessed, was as the nothing of nothings to me. To the art teacher that was inconceivable; how could any man drink at that fountain as I had done and miss the imperishable picture on the wall? Simply because I did not see, and in that respect missed the fountain of living water, one deep draught of which would have left me with the image of an eternally satisfying vision of loveliness.

Still another modifier of what we see must be mentioned. It has recently been emphasized in Einstein's famous relativity theory. According to Sir Oliver Lodge, the essence of that theory consists in the recognition that the world is what it is because of the observer's position. Certainly this is true of much that we do see. If, on a train traveling forty miles an hour, I drop my knife, it falls straight to the floor and lands at my feet. A man who could stand outside and see the path of the falling knife, would see that it fell not in a straight line, but in a pronounced curve. Which is correct? Place one hand in cold water, the other in hot water, then, after an interval, place both in the same basin of tepid water; to one hand the same tepid water feels cold; to the other, warm. Which is it? Hot—cold? Husband says pancakes are cold; wife insists they are warm enough for anybody; a family jar shakes the felicity of matrimonial adventure and threatens the permanency of the home, all because of Einstein's relativity. Jam is sour or sweet depending upon whether we have been just previously eating pickles or ice-cream. A door looks three feet wide when we stand directly in front

of it; but its width decreases in infinite stages to nothing as we move in a half-circle from facing it to one side of it. Once, from a hill on a bright day, I gazed upon the far landscape of a beautiful country. Like a silver ribbon, all sparkling in the sunshine with a million diamond ripples, ran a river through the translucently emerald plain, dotted here and there with clumps of trees that reminded me of the far-famed plain of Milano. A little later, when I rode close to that river, I was horrified at the turgid and filthy stream; yellow, mud-filled, covered with rotting debris brought down by a recent storm! Verily, one must stand in heavenly places, upon Pisgah's peak, or the Mount of Transfiguration, to see the beauties of the Lord in all their holiness! And let no vain materialist with his moribund realism deny the right of man to see that phase among all the infinite number of possible phases of this world which really do exist! Infinite is the world; numberless are its facets; iridescent are its phenomena; God give us the will to choose, the eye to see, and the ear to hear that side of it which will be, forever, inspiring in its wholesomeness and loveliness!

So far we have been dealing with the ordinary eyesight and hearing. We have found wonders, to be sure, but they abound in God's world everywhere. We have been shocked out of our usual modes of thinking, but Jesus was shocking in that respect. We have met paradoxes, but Jesus delighted in calling attention to them in real life. We have found that we can train ourselves to see what we want to see; that such seeing does not give us a fool's paradise, but a real phase of the real world, as the latest science points out. Seeing is believing and believing is seeing.

Now we turn to the inner eye; to insight, understanding, to the meaning and significance of things we see and hear. Here education plays a multiplied part. Ignorance binds and distorts and nullifies so much of the world of reality that always education has been extolled for the freedom it gives by opening the inner eyes of its followers and for introducing them into totally new worlds from which the ignorant are forever shut out. Poets and philosophers have vied with one another in extolling this power of learning, and it is, and always will be, the chief crown and glory of the trained mind.

Illustrations of this power crowd in multitudes upon the mind. For example, there is the old story of the shepherd and his son being met under an oak-tree by three similarly uniformed soldiers. All three soldiers remarked the tree; one noted its wood; another, its bark; another, its shade. "A carpenter, a tanner and a farmer," said the old shepherd, with elementary Sherlock Holmes insight. Dr. Jenner heard from an unlettered girl that a sore on a milkmaid's finger produced by an affection on the cows' teats rendered the girl immune to small-pox. In this casual and unconnected fact the learned man saw a cure for that awful scourge of Europe and the salvation of 100,000,000 lives in a century. To-day, hardly any civilized community is disfigured with people whose faces are pitted with that terrible disease. With the round oaths of pioneers, the placer miners in Nevada, about 1859, cursed the "black sand" which mingled with their gold and persisted in falling to the bottom of their water sluices and mixing with the yellow dust, which was rendered valueless on this account. A couple of German students, armed with

the keen insight of laboratory training, happening to come that way, saw in the accursed thing of the miners pure oxide of silver, and the assurance that somewhere in the mountain-side, above the stream, was a mother-lode of precious metals passing the avarice of man. Inspired by them, prospectors set to work and discovered the precious vein which was named the Comstock Lode, from which an endless stream of wealth, amounting in some years to ten millions of dollars, has been taken ever since. Nearly like this is the story told by Dr. Russell H. Conwell, the lecturer, about oil in Pennsylvania. A man there sold his farm for \$850—and no sense—and went West to discover oil. Men with insight discovered, above a bended board bridging a stream on the place, a shining, iridescent film. They knew it for oil, drilled on the farm, and discovered the first well of oil in the pioneer oil-field of America. Daguerre laid upon a plate, treated with iodine, a silver spoon; a resulting image of the spoon pre-portrayed the wonders of photography. A Nuremberg glass-cutter dropped *aqua fortis* upon his spectacles, and glass-etching resulted. A lithograph machine failed to place a sheet properly; Ira W. Rubel saw the result and offset printing came as a new process of reproducing. Becquerel placed uranium in a drawer with a photographic plate, an image formed and man's eyes were opened to a new world of rays, infinite in extent and manifold in variety, by which we talk across continents and fling messages through the ether clear round the world. Lastly and leastly, too, Montgolfier, charged dutifully with airing his wife's gowns, noticed how the skirts ballooned with the heated air, and when the mistress came home she found her husband busy sending up little paper bal-

loons. His actions were not silly; they were the first efforts toward aerial navigation.

Literally, without end, these illustrations might be multiplied, all pointing to one moral; namely, that education gives insight and meaning to the otherwise blinding and blind facts of experience presented to the eye and ear of the ignorant and unlearned. To the religiously uneducated they come; messages so common, so every-day, that their inner and precious value for the individual and the world are not understood, and the words of God fall to the ground of humbler lives and more discerning ears. Hence, the world wonders at Bunyan, George Fox, John Woolman; at Billy Sunday, who, drunk on the curb, heard God's voice in a Salvation Army song; or at Sherwood Eddy, called by the tennis courts of Northfield to the unordained bishopric of Asia.

In the process of acquiring and using an education which I have been emphasizing, Christian education and secular education are identical. In *what* is seen they are different. Christian education enables, yea, compels, the learned in Christ to *see* Him. Some see Him in church only; some in the holy ordinances; some in the Bible; some in forms of worship; all these are in the primary grades of Christian education. Some, more advanced, see Him in their homes; some, still more advanced, see Him in the housework, the shop, the office; some even see Him in their fellow-men, as in a composite portrait, for

“In every form of the human,
Some hint of the highest dwells;
And scanning each earthen vessel,
In the place where the veil is thin,
We catch, in beautiful glimpses,
Some form of the God within.”

And a few see Him everywhere, and these have graduated already into heaven.

A friend of mine told me how he first came to think of a sermon which so set forth the Christ to his congregation that twenty-seven people came forward one Sunday morning and made the good confession. The preacher had been at a lake, gazing with absorbed soul upon the ravishing sunset piling the western dome of heaven with such gold as only the Infinite can use with indifference to cost. To the gazer's mind came, first, the thought of that common, but miraculous, fact, that all people love beauty; some one kind, some another, according to education. Is there one kind of beauty the humblest and most ignorant can love? Yes, the beauty of service, a beauty that can be seen in the lowliest and meanest and commonest tasks, even in the sacrificial ashes of the tabernacle sacrifice, and instantly his mind leaped to it, in the everlasting and perfect service of the Son of God. His sermon on "Sacrificial Ashes" set forth so clearly the lowly Christ in the singular beauty of ministering service that others saw and many were saved.

But a skeptical housekeeper may object to seeing any beauty in monotonous home drudgery, or any Christ in washing and ironing. Well, for her benefit, I'll give another true illustration. My church in Philadelphia was composed of working people. I used to make pastoral calls in the kitchen as readily as in the reception-room. One day I called on Mrs. Martz, when she was working on a hot, murky, Philadelphia day, unlike anything this side of Dante's second Inferno. The good woman was ironing, working away at the monotonous job of running an unpoetic flat-iron backward and forward over clothes that would be soiled

again next week and endless weeks thereafter. But I noticed on her face a look not in keeping with the task; a shining of the eye and a glory, that, perhaps, Martha, or probably Mary, wore, in a bustling household where housekeeping was far more tiresome than in enamel-ware, running hot-and-cold-watered, modern establishments. That look on this ordinary woman's face was explained when I noticed the open Book lying on her ironing-board, from which, to the rhythm of her work, she had been committing to memory truths so full of eternal beauty and human depth that they had transformed her little room to the groined arches of the Eternal and her common task to the ministrations of angels round the throne of heaven.

Doing the Word.

At last we come to the doing of the Word. Herein has lain an age-long difficulty; here has been centered and focused the efforts of many religionists the world over. Between the *seeing* and the *understanding* of the right on the one hand, and the *doing* of it on the other, has always lain that mysterious abyss which separates man into his ideal and his actual selves, so lamented by Paul. Herein, too, not always clearly discerned, resides that antagonism between education and religion latent in so many ministers who are not able either to convince the man of intellectual power, nor to persuade him to religious observances when his mind is convinced. It has always been assumed that the fault lies with the recalcitrant will.

This assumption is due to the teaching of the old psychology. It taught that voluntary action stood at the end of a psychic series beginning with an idea followed by a feeling, followed by a separate and dis-

tinct act of the "will," which launched a course of action. Therefore, it followed that a man's intellect might be filled full of invaluable precepts and his emotions resolved to penitential tears by the sublimity of ideals, and yet his stubborn or paralyzed will would not act. Moral and religious teachers set the essential mark of distinction between religious and profane education at this point and quite consistently bombarded in theory, at least, the penitent's will.

This assumption of a real hiatus between thinking and willing has led to more than one mischievous result both in and out of the church. For instance, it has fostered the delusion that a man might keep his conduct perfectly respectable while allowing his mind to run riot with evil thoughts. The same fallacy lies at the basis of creedism, which demands exact correctness in a man's theological beliefs without necessary conformation of conduct to Jesus' example, and, in an opposite direction, leads to religious formalism, in the vesting of the essentials of worship in a mechanical observance of traditional rituals without thought or feeling. Still worse, it lends support to the popular and pernicious dictum, "It doesn't matter what a person believes in religion; let every one think as he pleases." In writhing agony the world learned, from Germany's belief in a God without heart, that it *does* matter what people believe in religion as elsewhere.

Is there a chasm between thought and action? Can education be divorced from conduct? Is the point of attack the human will? Let us answer these questions, calling both upon Scripture and modern science, in order to attempt what John Wesley engraved upon the foundation stone of Kingswood School, "Let us unite the two so long divided, knowledge and vital piety!"

First, let us search the Scriptures, beginning with the Master's learning process quoted above. He does not indicate any necessary gap between understanding and acting. The tenor of his teaching points to a series—seeing, understanding and turning; or not seeing, not understanding, and not turning. The assumption is that men would turn if they understood.

In other places the Scriptures are more explicit. They emphasize over and over again, not only the absolute necessity of an understanding heart, but the direct and necessary connection between thinking and acting. The outer and the inner go together. What a man thinks, he will do; what a man thinks, he will become; this in general terms is the twofold aspect of the same law of thinking, taught both in the Bible and in science. As a man thinketh in his heart so is he; out of the heart are the issues of life; whatsoever things are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things; set your mind on things that are above; be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind; beholding His glory, we are changed into His image from glory to glory—are some of the emphases upon the power of thinking, not only to conform conduct, but also to transform character. To these might be added the insistence of Jesus upon the inner life as the real battle-ground, upon which moral and religious struggles are fought out, and man's eternal destiny is determined.

Because of Jesus' equal emphasis upon conduct, and the dwelling of all New Testament writers upon the same point, these texts can not be interpreted as teaching that if the heart is right, the outer act is still in jeopardy. Rather, we must look for some plain

and necessary connection between the two, which will explain the demand for both as fulfilling the requirements of a religion based upon full possession of the whole man and not merely a part of him; not alone his intellect concerned with correct doctrine; not merely his heart filled with useless, go-and-be-warmed sympathy; not merely his conduct, perfect though its etiquette may be when paying addresses in the courts of the Lord. Running through and connecting all of these is a relation to each other, which insures the transpiration of one another if the first is attained, a relation which very properly places the springs of the issues of life, not in mechanical inheritance, nor in material environment, but in the human heart.

The new psychology agrees with Scripture, and indicates precisely the mode of inciting voluntary action. It insists that man is fundamentally built for action. Every impression made upon him immediately produces an expression in the form of some muscular activity. Sometimes the activity lies wholly within the body and is therefore not noticeable by others. Sometimes it is external. But in all cases impression leads to expression. This is the so-called "psychological arc," the primary law of animal action. The law manifests itself in a thousand ways, many of them obvious when attention is called to them. If a window falls, or a shot rings out, or a sudden lightning flash cuts the air, people perceiving it involuntarily jump; if the odor of frying bacon wafts itself indolently through the window upon the summer breeze, each sensitive salivary gland responds to that impression with an appropriate watering of the mouth. A baby's eyes follow a moving light, and hardly anybody can keep his head from turning if he sees an unex-

pected movement from the corner of his eye. Some instinctive actions are fatally performed whenever the proper object is presented to them. Laughter, as we learned at school, is sometimes impossible to suppress; crying, likewise; few can stand tickling with perfect immobility and a sneeze is irrepressible. All these actions flow immediately upon the proper stimulations, and do not wait for any act of the will. And what is true with these actions is asserted to be true of all kinds of human actions, including those commonly called voluntary, or ideational, which are preceded in consciousness by some idea of an end or a purpose to be achieved by the action. These last deserve our special consideration.

If it is true that ideas inspire and direct actions, then at once it is seen how education which imparts ideas and ideals likewise controls action. Can it be done? Do ideas initiate action? "We may lay it down for certain," says Prof. William James, the leading representative of the new psychology, "that every representation of a movement awakens in some degree the actual movement which is its object and awakens it in a maximum degree, whenever it is not kept from doing it by some antagonistic representation present simultaneously to the mind." Herein is laid bare the doctrine of the immediate effect of ideas upon action, and therefore upon education, and upon human character. And herein is laid bare also the unlimited, direct and immediate power of the preacher of the gospel, whose function it is to instill into the minds of people the ideals of a religious life. Note that once an idea of an act or a course of action is by any means lodged in any mind so that there is present no antagonistic idea, then the resultant action flows out

immediately and inevitably. The whole power of the preacher, therefore, and of the religious educator, should be focused upon that one specific and vital task of fixing ideals of conduct in their hearers' minds. All else is secondary to this central purpose of that "foolishness of preaching" by which pagan Rome was brought to ruin and the whole world shown the way of salvation.

Opposed to the purpose of the preacher is, of course, the free will of the hearer, who may definitely, and obstinately, refuse entrance to any religious ideas. He may hear, he may understand; and then he may definitely and finally, to the destruction of his life and the perdition of his soul, reject. His past habits may grip him too firmly; his inherited incubus of desire may be too strong; his environment may drag him down; all these may be too much for the preacher to combat, but at least the point of the preacher's attack is defined; the citadel to be stormed stands out amid the outworks, moat, battlements and towers with perfect definiteness; and it is a citadel that can be stormed with the kind of offensive weapons in which the preacher, of all men, is peculiarly trained. He contends not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers in high places; he is opposing spiritual forces to spiritual forces. His whole mode of attack is educational.

Again, we may turn to common experiences of life, to scientific experiment and to psychological lore for an abundance of illustrations for this power of ideas. Common life exhibits it in a timid woman trying to cross the street with a baby-carriage. She waits till the idea of crossing seizes her mind; starts, sees dangers, gives fleeting attention to the idea "Go back!"

then, "Go on!" and flutters backward and forward in front of vehicles to the instant danger of her own life and the endangerment of the souls of every driver in a hurry. Vacillating conduct of this sort is always due to a play of serially conflicting ideas. Upon such a play of ideas, many times, has hung the destiny of nations, and the rise and fall of civilization.

Mind-reading, or muscle-reading, slate-writing, finding water with forked sticks, the pranks of the Ouija board, and the whole series of wonder-working powers, can all be resolved into this simple law of the impulsive force of ideas. Hypnotism, in all its phases, relies wholly upon the same power, and illustrates in a remarkable way the might of an unhindered idea to have its way with the individual under its spell. Persons, moved by a suggested idea, swim in imaginary waters; make out wills to strangers; stiffen their bodies so as to bear immense weights; dance when they never danced before in their lives; see through solid, opaque walls; hear at great distances; see letters of microscopic size; are blinded utterly to the presence of some objects and some persons; can not feel pain when told not to. Dr. Esdraile, of Calcutta, performed hundreds of operations upon patients without an anæsthetic. These and thousands of other examples of the profound and mysterious power somehow connected with ideas, make the working of this law in our every-day lives in each and every so-called voluntary act a matter past doubt. The power may be escaped by rejecting the idea; the power may be used for good or evil; the power itself may be the manifestation of some personality or personalities; of these items no man is sure. But of the existence of the power and the opportunity of using it beneficently for leading men and women

and children, either by the long process of constant suggestion, or by the more startling and sudden process of conversion into lives devoted to Jesus Christ and His kingdom, there can be no doubt. Ideas and action, ideals and conduct, this relationship is fixed and predetermined, and the one follows the other with almost fatal invariability.

Surely it must be inspiring to the minister of God, to the patient, and sometimes uncertain, Sunday-school teacher, to know that he is a coworker with God, who gives him access to a wondrous power. That power is always there. Like the rays of the ether ready to speak through the wireless transmitter; like the power of electricity here from the beginning of time; like the torrential falls of Niagara waiting only to be harnessed, converted and directed—so this mighty power lies ready to be used by the servants of God who will harness it to dominating personalities, transform it into precise and passionate pictures of the Saviour, and connect it, by the confident testimony of tongue and pen, with the lives of those ignorant of the saving power of Christ. Sometimes the power does not manifest itself immediately; the seed remains long dormant. The son of a rich American father, a waster and a wastrel, a derelict in an opium-den in far-away China, one night heard again the words of his long-dead Sunday-school teacher, her ideals for him, her hopes for his life, her prayers for his salvation, and they seized him in that moment with such power that he gradually rebuilt himself with the help of God into a decent man and a Christian. Dr. Lyman B. Sperry used to tell about an engineer on a passenger train one day passing a long freight train on the opposite track. Just as the engines passed each other

a couple of empty box-cars on the freight train jumped the track and toppled over in front of the speeding express. Not a moment intervened; the engineer of the express reached over, and, instead of shutting off the steam, threw his throttle wide open, with the result that the already flying engine leaped forward with a new spurt, cut through the freight cars and the train came to a stop on the other side without injury to any one. The passengers, unhurt, but shaken, crowded out of the cars, took in the situation and then a group crowded around the man at the throttle with expressions of gratitude and thanks for their lives. "How did you think of that?" one asked; "you had not a moment to act; how could you be so cool under that excitement and do the right thing in an instant?" "I did not think of it in an instant," replied the engineer, "for I have been thinking for the past three years that if ever I was caught in a place like that, I would not attempt to shut off steam, but I would pull the throttle wide open and cut through. When I was confronted with the situation, I did not think; it did itself!"

Lastly, a man will be what he thinks. Quotations we could give; illustrations from science could be culled; history would yield its quantum, and daily life would open its stores to the observing, and all would testify to this law. Hypnotism might be invoked to show how suggestion and auto-suggestion operate to affect, not only the mind and morals, but the body itself. Water, declared to be wine, makes a hypnotized drinker drunk; mustard plasters refuse to blister when ordered not to do so; imaginary porous plasters leave their marks upon the skin; cold water scalds; cold pencils, imagined to be hot irons, raise blisters;

all these seeming impossibilities have been, and are being, performed by scientists under laboratory conditions of the most exacting kind.

All the above-mentioned events are expressions of power—power somehow connected with ideas. These ideas not only operate, but they operate injuriously or beneficently as they convey good or bad meanings. Ideas are lodged in the minds of persons so affected by the ordinary means of communication; some people can be affected far more mightily than others; all can be affected to some degree. The effect depends upon the presence or absence, dominance or weakness of other ideas simultaneously in consciousness. Not even the church-member who regularly takes his Sunday nap in his pew can escape altogether. Professor Mosso, an Italian scientist, found a man who had been wounded in such a manner that a hole was left in his skull even after the edges of the wound entirely healed. Through that artificial orifice, Dr. Mosso attached an instrument resting upon the man's brain, and connected the instrument with electric wires, so that any brain change of the subject would be recorded upon a moving paper. When the man was sound asleep and some one opened his door, though he did not awaken, the indicator showed his brain was slightly affected. If his name was whispered, a greater impression was made; if his name was spoken out loud, it made a relatively startling impression though the man himself remained sound asleep. Be not discouraged, preacher and teacher; there is a real might in the "foolishness of preaching," though your auditors do not always seem to hear.

Some years ago an American stood with others in the Louvre, in Paris, gazing at a wonderful painting

of Christ. Something unique was there, something seeming to surpass human technique, so that that picture was always surrounded by its little crowd of worshippers. "I'd like to see the man that could paint like that," sighed the American. An ever-courteous Frenchman turned, and said, "You can see the artist any day; he is Herr Hoffman; his studio is near here," and he added the directions. The next morning the American called at the studio, found the door open, saw that no one was within, and entered. The walls all round were covered from floor to ceiling with studies and sketches and finished paintings of the Christ, which the visitor began to study. There was Jesus, the babe in his mother's arms; the boy of twelve in Jerusalem; the young man in the carpenter shop; Jesus baptized; the Master stilling the waves on Galilee; the loving Saviour raising the dead and opening the eyes of the blind and unstopping the ears of the deaf; the lonely Jesus fighting out his battle in Gethsemane; and, finally, the Saviour of humanity lifted up on dark Calvary for the sins of the world. The American so lost himself in these works that he did not notice he was near the door until he heard a step; the door opened, and for a moment the beholder thought he was confronted by the reincarnated Christ. It was an old man, it is true, with a long, white beard and silvery hair, but with something in his face that was in every one of those pictures. It was Herr Hoffman himself; at one time in his life a man who looked like other men, but who had caught a vision of his Lord and had spent his life transferring that vision to canvas. And through the years, as he had been pouring his soul into his task, the master Artist of all the world had reached down from

heaven an invisible hand and had carved in the lineaments of the painter's face the vision hidden in his heart. So we all, with unveiled faces beholding His image as in a mirror, are changed into His image from glory to glory.

This is the true Christian education, the content of which is epitomized by Paul in his victory cry, "I know Him." It will come by the law and the grace of God to all those who will see and hear, understand with their hearts, and allow the vision of the perfect Man to work His will in their conduct and their character. There need be no struggle, no agonizing, no battle with tears and groans; nothing but a complete following of the rules to hear and see, to attend the house of God, the unceasing prayer, the daily reading of the Word, the deep, quiet brooding under the Spirit; in short, the following faithfully of the blessed means to keep the image of Him, who transforms us by the renewing of our thought of Him, clear and clean before the inner eye.

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Mr. Welshimer has been president of the Ohio Christian Missionary Convention; president of the Efficiency Congress, Davenport, Ia.; twice president of the Doctrinal Congress, Cincinnati and St. Louis; is now a member of the Board of Trustees of Bethany College; a member of the Board of Trustees of the Clarke Fund, Cincinnati, and a director in the Ohio Christian Missionary Society.

Commencement Day Address

OUTLINE

Introduction—Story of Ahab's Theft of Naboth's Vineyard.

I. There can be success and happiness in life without great possessions.

II. Do you need another man's garden in order to have the opportunity for doing the worth-while things of life?

III. One of the greatest needs of to-day is the need of men who are giving themselves to the discovery of men.

WORK YOUR OWN GARDEN

Commencement Day Address by P. H. Welshimer

Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs.—1 Kings 21: 2.

A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.—Luke 12: 15.

Godliness, with contentment, is great gain.—1 Tim. 6: 6.

THIS is a fine time to take a serious look at life. Men have long been discussing the questions, "Whence came I?" "What am I?" and "Whither am I going?" We shall now consider another question, which deals with making life count.

We meet two classes of people: One class lives to make a living; the other, to make a life. Our happiness and success will depend largely upon the goal we place before us. The roads we travel contain both warnings of danger and evidences of safety ahead. Signs along the way proclaim the failures of some men who have preceded us and hold forth cheering notices of the success of others. If we have eyes with which to see and ears with which to hear, we can find abundant help in carrying forward our purpose to make life count.

The sketch of Ahab's life presented in First Kings is worthy of study, not because of any success attending him, but rather because he was a monumental fool—a man who did not know when he was well off. Here was a man whose life was wrapped up in things,

not thoughts. His happiness was dependent upon the external, rather than the internal. There was not enough in the man himself to give him any degree of comfort. He was a colossal example of covetousness. The happiness of his life consisted in the abundance of the things which he possessed. He had neither godliness nor contentment, and so gained nothing worth while.

And the man was rich. He was a king. He had as mean a wife as ever walked beside a man, and she was of his own choosing. Her name was Jezebel and she ruled the household. He had a summer palace down at Jezreel. A man named Naboth owned a vineyard which joined the palace grounds. As Ahab strutted through the palace yards he decided to secure from Naboth his beautiful vineyard, that it might be used for his own vegetable garden. He offered Naboth another vineyard and then proposed to purchase it with gold, but the vineyard was a precious heritage in the eyes of its owner. It had belonged to his fathers and was an old homestead, and he would neither trade nor sell.

There is something sacred about an old homestead, the place where one's fathers lived, where he was born, spent his childhood, was reared to manhood and where he calmly waits the coming of age. What memories cluster there! What magic in the words—"the old home." Blessed is the man who can spend all the years of his life at the old homestead, the man who has never learned the art of wandering and roaming afar. Naboth's old home was sacred to him and he would not sell.

Ahab, the rich king, was a spoiled child. Throwing himself across the bed, he refused to eat because

he could not have this vegetable garden. Thus the desire for the spot where he had taken a notion to raise potatoes, cabbage, garlic, onions and lettuce spoiled the program of his life. But Ahab is not the only man on the great stage of life who has quit because he could not have the things he most desired. There have been others also who have not learned how to rise above difficulties, to climb over obstacles. Herein lies the pathway to success.

But the past master in all heinous, fiendish acts soon appeared on the scene—Jezebel, with the bloody hand. She wrote letters, sealing them with the king's seal, commanding the elders of the city to proclaim a great day and place neighbor Naboth on high, and to secure two evil men who would bear false witness against him. The day was set, people turned out *en masse*, and Naboth was honored. But suddenly two men arose and accused him of having blasphemed God and having sworn against the king. He was immediately stoned to death, and Ahab took possession of the garden. But later the dogs, that licked up the blood of Naboth, likewise licked the blood that dripped from the floor of the chariot in which Ahab died.

From an upper room in the palace, at the command of Jehu, the eunuchs threw the screaming Jezebel to the ground beneath, and while Jehu ate his feast within those palace walls, the dogs tore the flesh from her bones. The garden was given to Ahab, but what a price he paid. And yet, as men to-day turn the pages of history and see the bitter ending of these two lives, do they profit by their example? In fancy we see written across the tombstones of Ahab and Jezebel the inscription, "They have done whom they could; but what's the use?"

What was the trouble with Ahab? Simply this—his happiness was not complete without the acquisition of this particular little, old vegetable garden upon which he had set his heart. Here is a great underlying principle which we do well to consider.

I. There can be success and happiness in life without great possessions.

Recently, at a banquet given in his honor in New York City, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said: "I don't envy my father his mother, for I have one just as good. I don't envy my father his wife, although she is a great woman; I have a wife just as good. I don't envy my father his children, for I have the best children in the world; but I do envy my father the opportunity and the necessity he had when a boy, of earning a fortune and making good in life." Yet the very thing that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., envied most in his father is the thing which every youth has and doesn't know it. John Halifax, gentleman, when questioned as to his purpose in life, said: "I hope to be like my father, a scholar and a gentleman; and if I get one foot on the ladder, I will climb." The purpose of the lad was his fortune. His vision was his life-preserver.

In a southern Ohio town there lives a man worth a million dollars. He is the wealthy man of the county. People passing his home admire his spacious lawns and his magnificent gardens. The men who dig in his mines envy him the luxury which he enjoys. When strangers visit that town, the home of this rich man becomes the point of interest. One day his seventeen-year-old lad, while skating, fell, striking the back of his head upon the ice, producing blindness. The rich father traveled from city to city with his blind boy,

endeavoring to find the skill which would bring the light to those sightless orbs, but his search was in vain. Looking upon his son one day, he said to a friend standing near: "If I could give sight back to that boy, I would cheerfully surrender every dollar I have in the world and to-morrow morning take my place in the mines, and with these hands dig with the men the remainder of my days. I would move from yon mansion on the hill to a humble cottage, and go forth in the morning with a dinner-pail on my arm, returning at night the happiest man in all the world."

And yet there are hundreds of men in that county, looking forth from their humble cottages, surrounded by their children that know the joy of health, who have never stopped to take an inventory of their riches, but who think the man on the hill is the rich man of the community. They are the rich ones and do not know it. And many of us are rich, but our riches do not consist in gardens stolen from our neighbors.

II. Do you need another man's garden in order to have the opportunity for doing the worth-while things of life?

Many a man thinks the other fellow's windows are golden and that the sun never casts its warm reflection upon his own, while the fellow who lives in the house with the golden windows watches yours and envies you their glory. The opportunity for making good is where you live; it is in your own town; you but need eyes with which to see it. "Distance lends enchantment." We are prone to think the big men all live a thousand miles away. It is a long ways to the Klondike, and the Klondike is wonderful. The place in which we live is dull, and the people are commonplace. Life here is humdrum. This is the way in which too

many people look upon their surroundings. "Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields, they are white unto the harvest." If you will make good, begin right here and now.

Some years ago three brothers at Strasburg, O., read of great stores in Philadelphia, New York City and Chicago, and decided they could have a great store in their little town of one thousand population. They laid their foundations; they advertised, and to-day Garver Brothers' store is known all over northern Ohio. Their store covers a town block, and people come for fifty miles by wagon, automobile and trolley to patronize it. They carry a stock of goods that would do credit to a city of a hundred thousand. It's a great department store, organized as systematically as Wanamaker's or Field's, all due to the genius of three boys who believed they could make good in their own garden, and they did.

A thousand cities to-day enjoy the blessings of a public library, through the munificence of Andrew Carnegie. Many a man says: "Mr. Carnegie's gift doesn't represent much. Had I his wealth, I too could build libraries." But would you do it? Are you as generous proportionately with what you have as was Mr. Carnegie? You are not measured by what you would do had you great possessions, but rather by what you are doing with what you have. When Andrew Carnegie was a lad, carrying telegrams about the city of Pittsburgh, he heard of an attorney in that city who had a library of four hundred volumes. On Saturday afternoons the attorney stayed at home, where he received poor boys of the city, lending them books and giving them good advice. One day little Andy Carnegie, barefooted, climbed the steps that led

to the good man's house, and, securing a book, began laying the foundations of his education. When he became a man of wealth, one of his first impulses was to be as great a blessing to the boys of the world as his benefactor, with four hundred volumes, had been to him. And, consequently, his libraries throughout the United States have been more numerous than the altars of Abraham. If you can not build a library for your city or community, perhaps you might at least lend a few books and thus help some worthy fellow up the ladder of life.

Every man owes something to his city. Are you helping to build yours? Are you looking toward its to-morrow, and helping to lay foundations that will endure? Milford, N. H., has an enterprising group of men who believe in their home town, and who plan and work for its upbuilding. They are not quitters, withdrawing from hard tasks because their town is not a metropolitan city with skyscrapers and great boulevards, but they believe in Milford. Recently the son of a physician in that town went to Dartmouth, to take up forestry as his life-work. The Milford group of enterprising men said: "The old doctor is growing older every day; we shall soon need his successor." So they wrote the son, laying the case before him, and urging him to prepare to assist the father in his old age, and later succeed him in caring for the health of their beloved town. The boy is to-day in Harvard Medical School planning to follow the suggestion of his fellow-townsmen.

In the same town is a little factory, upon which a hundred families depend for their daily bread. The owner and manager is growing old. To-morrow some one must take his place or the factory will be closed.

His son was in college, studying finance. The above-mentioned forward-looking coterie of enterprising citizens saw an opportunity to help their town, and besought the boy to come back, become an understudy of his father and later take charge of the factory. The boy is now studying the factory business, and when the hands of his father are palsied, the wheels of the factory will continue to move and the business will thrive.

All of this goes to demonstrate that the man with eyes need not seek other gardens in which to succeed. Let him dig in his own patch, and there he will find prosperity, contentment and happiness.

Eighteen years ago there moved into Canton a young man from a rural district, who had been a teacher in the country schools. A young, but growing, industry of the city gave him a position as timekeeper over a group of foreigners. When the whistle blew at quitting-time, every foreigner threw down his shovel and pick, and, like a child let loose from school, hied away to his home. The young schoolteacher discovered shortly that the company was losing much through the theft of tools. He suggested the building of a shed and the checking of all shovels and picks, so that every man would be held responsible for the implement he used. His company gave heed to his suggestion, and told him to do the checking. He came to work each morning an hour before the foreigners appeared and stayed when they had gone. He worked early and late without kicking about overtime. He was a second-mile man. He did the work because it needed to be done and because it would help his employer's business. He was neither a slacker nor a knocker, but performed well the duty that lay nearest.

His ears listened for orders and not for the whistle, and his eye sought his work instead of the clock. He worked and thought, and, as he thought, he climbed. To-day our timekeeper, in his early forties, is vice-president, general manager and treasurer of this industry, which employs eight thousand men. He was quite content to work in his own yard, but he toiled with a high motive and reached a high goal.

III. One of the greatest needs of to-day is the need of men who are giving themselves to the discovery of men.

Every community has its discouraged fellows. Life's road is lined with juniper-trees and each one has an Elijah beneath it. The fellow who most needs your help passes your door every day. He works in your field and your factory, attends the school in your town, and you call him by name, for you know him. A worth-while society wears the name, "The Boosters' Club," and it is an honor to be a member of that organization. Few men ever discover themselves, they have to be discovered; and to discover a man, a real man, means more to the world than the discovery of the North Pole.

When Daniel Webster entered college, a big, awkward country boy, and with fear and trembling and a homesick feeling climbed the steps leading into the college building, Rufus King met him, and, placing his hand on his shoulder, said: "Daniel, I know your father. Study hard and you will succeed." Years afterward, when Webster had risen to the zenith of his power, he said: "I can still feel the pressure of the hand of Rufus King upon my shoulder; I can still hear the words that fell from his lips." It was but a slight touch and a brief sentence, but Rufus

King helped to steady and to encourage the great Webster.

David Grayson, in his wanderings through the country studying the lives of the people, stopped one afternoon in springtime before a dilapidated house, on the porch of which sat a discouraged farmer. About that dooryard there played some boys, who, though young in years, were depressed with the gloom that had settled down over their father's life. Within the door there worked a woman, the wife and mother, who saw nothing before her but the clouds of despair. Every note that was sounded about that old, barren farm was a note of pessimism. David Grayson stood in the yard and lifted his eyes to the hills and to the arching skies that bent over all. He heard the songbirds' chorus, and, drinking in the beauty of the surrounding country, said, "Man, what a fine place in which to live!" To which the man replied, "Yes, a fine place in which to starve." Then Grayson perceived that the trouble lay not in the place, but in the man, for here was a discouraged farmer, who thought that wealth, ease, happiness and contentment lay beyond the hills in the noisy city. But two days spent with David Grayson, as he led that farmer and his boys through the orchard and into the fields, showing them how to break up the soil, to sow, to plant and to reap, were all that was necessary to throw the golden sunshine upon their windows and help them realize that they lived in one of the garden spots of the world. When David Grayson left, the farmer was in his field at work, and as he looked back from the distant hill, the little boys, who had walked with him a distance down the road, were waving their hands good-by, for into their lives

and the life of their home had come a man who had been willing to walk out of his way to show a discouraged family how to make a success of life. The world has no greater men than the men of the David Grayson spirit. They are royal souls, who, in passing, bless us as their shadows fall upon us. And, to a great degree, every man can be a David Grayson—if he will.

One hundred years ago, on a barren island five miles out in the sea from the Netherlands, there lived a band of pirates. The Netherlands Government commissioned a young attorney, twenty-one years of age, to become judge and mayor of the island, and to exterminate the pirates, thus protecting the lives of men who were cast ashore with the wreckage that came in from the sea. He cleaned up the island, went back over the channel and returned with his young wife, and there began his life's work of making the island a beautiful place in which to live. Year after year he planted trees. The barren island became a garden of beauty. Others of like tastes moved thither, and built their homes. To-day the ornithologists of the world go to that island to study the great variety of beautiful birds, of rare plumage and charming song. Into the home of that enterprising young man came seven children in thirteen years. One evening the mother gathered the children around the fireside, and told them the story of their father's life, of his ambition, his purpose, and she said, "Your father's endeavor is to make this island one of the best and most beautiful places in the world in which to live."

The children, in later years, left the family fireside. One became a great lawyer in South Africa and a leader in the Boer War; another became a law-

yer in the Netherlands; one became a minister; another, a minister's wife; one gave her life to the beautiful, but arduous, task of caring for the blind. Another, with his wife and two little boys, came to Brooklyn, N. Y., where in early manhood he died. His wife one day told the story of their grandfather's purpose and achievements to her two little boys, one of whom was Edward Bok—for thirty years editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and recognized as one of the most influential citizens of Philadelphia.

This lad knew the pangs of poverty, and early in life learned the art of doing good. He sold ice-water to the thirsty crowd on the street-cars in Brooklyn. He washed windows and wrapped up meat in the butcher shop for fifty cents a week. He picked up coal from the gutters in the streets of Brooklyn and carried it home for the mother to use in cooking their daily meal. He has probably done as much as any other man or group of men in beautifying America, through the editorial pages of his magazine. Two millions of homes have profited by his thoughtfulness and concern for the people of America. He began where he lived and set before him the ideal of his grandfather to make the world a better and a more beautiful place in which to live.

This Dutch boy from Holland had what Ahab had not. He learned contentment in being godly. He knew that thoughts were bigger than things, and that the life that counts most counts not because it is tied up to possessions, but because it spends itself in real helpfulness to humanity.

You may make the mistake of your life if you imagine that no one can become an eminent success except that one upon whom accidental fortune smiles. A

newsboy lived over a stable in London. He became apprenticed to a book-binder for seven years and toiled away at his monotonous task. He caught glimpses of paragraphs in books and read as he had opportunity. While binding the Encyclopedia Britannica, his eye fell upon the article "Electricity." He became interested, tried simple experiments, attracted attention by his earnestness, and was pointed out to Sir Humphrey Davy, who helped him to help himself. This boy, Michael Faraday, pushed his way along until Tyndall said of him: "He is the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen."

You live in a great world. Bigger and better opportunities never were laid before young people. In America you can be what you want to be if you want to be hard enough. We bring to you the challenge: The ladder is placed by the side of the wall, you have one foot upon it, it is up to you—will you climb?

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Mr. Combs has served as university preacher and lecturer at University of Chicago, Wesleyan University, University of Texas, Vanderbilt University, University of Kansas, Washington University and other educational institutions. He is the author of a number of books, and is an editorial writer of note.

Baccalaureate Sermon

OUTLINE

Introduction—"Life Is an Arrow."

I. Life Must Have a Mark.

1. Object, expression, not repression.
2. Wise choices and the grace of exclusion.
3. Largest development of highest self.

II. Life Must Have a Way.

1. Is any life a predestined failure?
2. Fatalism in present-day literature.
3. Life's way not blocked.

III. Life Must Have Aim and Power.

1. Great convictions.
2. Self-realization.
3. Duty.
4. The durable satisfactions of life.

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

Baccalaureate Sermon by George H. Combs

What is your life?—Jas. 4: 14.

WHAT, indeed! There are many answers, ancient and modern, and here's one:

“Life is an arrow; therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to draw the bow,
Then draw it to its head and let it go.”

Henry van Dyke, whose lines I have just quoted, is the author of a book called “Straight Sermons.” He is also a maker of straight verse—verse that arrow-like goes singing to the mark. Let us accept his simile then. Life is an arrow, and, like the arrow, must have an aim, must have a way traversable, must have power to send it straight and on.

I. Life must have a mark.

A ship without a port, a traveler without a destination, a builder without a plan, a runner without a goal, a marksman without a mark—that is tragedy.

What, then, is the aim of life? We are knocking here at a big gate and yet need not knock with timid hand. Life is no blind alley. It leads on by predestined path to a great goal, and that goal, casting aside all negative definitions, is the fullest possible realization of the highest self. The end of life is expression and not repression, self-realization and not self-denial.

Repressions, self-limitings, self-denials, are of value only as they make for higher realization. The athlete denies himself many bodily pleasures, but the merit is not in the denial; the merit is in the higher realizations. The scholar denies himself ease and pleasure, yet his reward is not in the sacrifice, but in the greater garnered wisdom. God wants a full life, not an empty life—a life whose lowest and whose topmost notes are alike resonant and full. If the devil is not in a vacuum, neither is God.

Here are we all at life's beginnings with definite potentialities, and our supreme concern is their education and development. To make the most of the life stuff given us is life's true aim. To unfold our native powers is our highest privilege.

This demands, at the very outset, the wisdom of choice and the grace of exclusion. We can not develop to their utmost stretch of possibilities all of life's gifts. If a man makes of his arm, his leg, all that can be made of the arm, the leg, he has time left for little else. To bring every organ and capability of the body to full-orbed development were a task too great for our short lives. To cultivate to its last inch of yielding richness a single faculty of the mind—memory, say—would eat up all the hours. Unable to bring all, we are shut up to selection, and choice must be of the best.

This, then, is the mark at which to aim life's arrows; the amplest, the largest development of the highest self—the sounding of the mountain notes with trumpet force and volume—the living of a full life whose fullness comes through Him who said, "I have come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

II. Life, though it have a mark, must also have a way.

A way hindered and barricaded, it may be, and yet traversable. Here the arrow simile does not hold altogether good. As the arrow speeds from the bow it meets with no resistance save that of the soft air, but life's arrows too often fall split and battered at the foot of an unyielding wall. Is it indeed like that? Is there ever an effectual hindering of a noble aim? Is any life aim foredoomed to failure? Is the way blocked?

If God has set before us all a single aim—the highest realization of the highest self—and then has thrust us into a universe where the aim can not be realized by all, then is he a partial God, and malignant too! If any life is a predestined failure (and not to send the arrow to the mark is a failure), then no sort of casuistry, of suppleness of preacher explanations, can justify the God of things as they are. To put into the heart of a man an instinct, and then provide no place in life for its realization, were unworthy a God who creates the instinct of the birds to fly and the fish to swim, and then provides the yielding atmosphere and supporting sea. The good God does not mock us so. Nor is there apology for a weak yielding to the present-day dolorous gospel of man's helplessness. The world grows aghast at the doctrines of exclusion and life-limitation, but accepts with apathetic complacency a darker gospel when whispered by the sibyl Fate.

It is undeniable that the shadow of fatalism rests on much of our present-day literature. The great Russian fiction, the Ibsen dramas, Thomas Hardy's novels—in the heart of all this work and these workers is

the sense of a pitiless, close-grappling, slowly choking Fate. Men are mere puppets, and an unseen force pulls the strings. The something that pulls the strings is *It*. *It* is blind. *It* has a marble heart. *It* hears no prayers. We think ourselves free and bravely flaunt the delusions of our liberty, but *It* chuckles in the darkness, knowing we are but slaves. We sit down at life's loom and with feverish fingers send the shuttle to and fro. But in the morrow's light we discern that *It* designed the pattern and shot it through and through with a hateful black. We are helpless. We are in the malignant grip of the past. The flower and the weed are no more surely nourished, and their beauty or ugliness predetermined by the soil in which they grow, than is man determined by the ancestral soil, mold of a thousand years, out of which he springs.

We are gripped, they say, by the things without. The towering brig is on ocean ways with all its canvas spread. Shall it droop its wings or shall it fly? That is as the *wind* determines. So on life's sea our boats lie idly rocking, or gloriously they sail on as the council of the winds shall decree.

Our freedom, we are further told, is but as the freedom of a drop of water in a glass tube.

False, false to the very core! Life's failures are not from without, but from within. The failure of Solomon was not in the past; the past was noble, heroic, filled with shepherds' songs and psalmists' prayers, trumpet-tongued in ethical appeal. The failure was within.

Life's way is not blocked. Tolstoi, in his "War and Peace," writing of Napoleon's disastrous Russian

campaign, says that the whole campaign was against Napoleon's will, that he wanted to invade England, that only a higher will pushed him on toward Moscow's flames. Was that higher will Kismet, Fate? It is not thus. The power behind Napoleon was Napoleon. It was through the force of his own genius, his own determination, that he climbed from the obscurity of Corsica to the eminence of Versailles. It was Napoleon, not Fate, that battered down Toulon, climbed the Alps, fought the battle of the Pyramids, and set high in the heavens his star of glory above the field of Austerlitz. It was Napoleon, not Fate, who, drunk with ambition, pitted his armies against God's almighty snows, blundered in reckonings and in orders on the field of Waterloo, and who at last in storm-girt Helena, his glory gone, out of his own baffled ambitions and keen remorse wove the winding-sheet for his own body, and sank self-slaughtered in a self-dugged grave.

III. Life must have an aim, must have power to send it on.

The great bow of Ulysses means nothing without Ulysses to bend it and send the arrow to the mark. The cleared course is mockery, the goal but tantalizing, without a force to send fast the feet straight on. The world's supreme need is power.

And how comes power? When John Ruskin, the great art critic and yet greater philosopher, looking with almost adoration upon a great cathedral, was asked by a friend why we do not build such great cathedrals now, he answered, "The men who built these cathedrals were men of great convictions." Here in a sentence is the philosophy of great living. All true greatness is rooted in great convictions. Lack-

ing such greatness, we build meanly, whether it be cathedral or character. As great convictions wax, men kindle into nobleness of thought and word and deed, and as great convictions wane, men shrivel into littleness in all their words and ways.

What, then, are the convictions that forward men in high enterprise? To begin, the conviction of an ageless, endless life. The characteristic of all Chinese pictures is their flatness, shallowness, fatal lackings of depth. The canvas is a mere surface thing without a single depth for the anchorage of a recollection. Now, human life, without those noble perspectives and subtle blends of light and shadow given by the sense of eternity, like the Chinese picture, lacks depth, interest and meaning. There is no possible greatness for evanescence. The thing that lives only for the hour, though it may not be without the hint of charm, can never powerfully stir the life. There can be no greatness without great dimensions, and if the life of the human stops at the yellow grave, in such meanness of dimensions can be found nothing truly great. Let the life of man be bounded by the threescore years and ten, and nothing truly heroic will spring from his hands or brain. The tombs of Egypt's kings are noble because they were constructed to last through the eternities and by those who dreamed that they should never die. The picture that is painted only for a day lives for but a day; the enduring pictures are those whose colors were mixed with the dream of eternity. The art that lasts was designed to last, and the artist who has not wrought for posterity will be forgotten by posterity. Only immortals will build immortal temples.

“Leave *now* to dogs and apes;
Man has forever.”

Only those who are rich with that consciousness can be great. The man who has “forever” can do an enduring work.

Again, self-realization is possible only to those to whom self-realization is a high end and not merely a procuring means. Virtue is its own reward. Work is its own reward. We all need to know that the good of work is not what it puts into our pockets, but into our characters. The wage is of less concern than the work. Life's tasks may or may not have money reward, but they all have character reward. The young man's chief concern should not be with what the task may yield in gold, but what it may yield in goodness. The toiler may be robbed of his money wage, but if he has wrought sincerely he can not be cheated out of his character reward. That which gets into the blood is of greater value than that which gets into the purse. Excellence needs no bonus of outside commendation. Life's fields are not strewn with gold nuggets to enrich outwardly, but with disciplines to enrich inwardly. The *summum bonum* is not in getting, but in being.

The highest reward of faith is faith; of truthfulness, truthfulness; of courage, courage. “The kingdom of heaven is within you.” Heaven is no merely extraneous and outside reward for right-doing, it is the intrinsic and inside necessity and complement of righteousness. Good thoughts, good words, good deeds are the seeds from which spring the trees of life. Let a man then come to the realization of his highest self, not to say, “Lord, now I am good; give me heaven as a reward,” but rather to say, “For the heaven Thou

hast permitted me to enter through my struggles, O Lord, I thank Thee." The tallest angel near the throne receives no higher wage than the coin of righteousness. Heaven's most bejeweled crown is the crown of character. Goodness is God.

Yet, though this profound truth should have its way with us, it by no means will crowd out that other world-old incentive, the call of Duty. Herein is the strength of a double call—the call of the work, the call of God. "Come up higher" is ever the call from above to our too low lives. It is your duty to make the most of yourself. You can not stop at mere salvation. You are not merely to seek to save the soul you have, but to save a soul that is worth the saving. What would you think of an athlete who cultures his body merely for the sake of saving it! He seeks not to conserve and save, but to enlarge and develop. The scholar at his books with no higher aim than the salvation of his mind from imbecility were a sorry spectacle. Nor less abject and contemptible the soul that seeks only the salvation of its little self. "Come up higher" is the insistent invitation. Through struggles and disciplines, cross-bearings and the bitterness of tears, strain towards a nobler, higher life. It is your duty.

This is a very antiquated gospel, I know. Duty, we are told, is a quiet, old-fashioned divinity and soon it shall be ejected from our modern Pantheons, that the more comely divinity, Persuasion, may take its place. "No man," said an advanced preacher not long ago, "can now make much of austere duty. The oughts and ought nots no longer speak convincingly. Sinai is a long way off. We must persuade man." Indeed! What a deliverance! Here impiety and im-

becility seem mixed in equal proportions. Analyze conscience as you will, and give it whatever physical origins you will in your flippant philosophies, the eternal granite truth abides, writ large in the constitution of the human soul as if in fire letters across the sky, that man, in this voice we call Duty, feels the impact of heavenly forces upon his soul, and only as he yields to the mighty urge comes the realization of his highest self.

The mighty movements that have convulsed the world have received their great inspiration from this supreme imperative. Whenever men have gone forward in any enterprise, moved by a great sense of duty, they have gone resistlessly. Let the human soul be mastered by the conviction that God wills that a work be done, and that soul is almost godlike in its strength.

“God wills it,” and before the gleaming crescent of the Moslem the degenerate Christians give coward way.

“God wills it,” and the Crusade rolls its lava flood against the walls of the Holy City.

“God wills it,” and the timid shepherd girl is transformed into the warrior maid against whose valiant leadership the English fling their strength in vain.

“God wills it,” and the obscure Cromwell is forged into a live thunderbolt of heaven to strike down kings and ancient wrongs.

Duty, an ineffectual voice? Beneath the sky of God there is no other voice so sovereign—no voice that speaks to our soul's soul.

“I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke and found that life was duty.”

Both the dream and the waking were true. The danger is in these days of smooth content that we shall close our eyes to the morning truth and forget that life is duty.

Duty is ever heroic, but it demands no impossibilities.

“So near is glory to our dust,
So close is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, ‘Thou must,’
The youth replies: ‘I can.’”

You can, you can. Mark you, I did not say you can do it easily, unstrivingly, but you can. It will take striving, battling. God in heaven only knows how fierce ofttimes, but you can do your duty.

“Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth’s smoothness rough.
Each sting that bids, nor sit, nor stand, but go.
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe.”

One other great conviction I mention: through self-realization are the durable satisfactions of life. This phrase, “the durable satisfactions of life,” coined by one of our college presidents, is well worth your remembering. Life, beyond question, has its pleasures along low levels. There is pleasure in drunkenness, else men would not get drunk; there is pleasure in debauchery, else men would not be debauchees; there is pleasure in money-getting, else men would not wear out their lives to get it. Let us admit that there is a pleasure to be found on the planes of mere animalism and of sin. If the devil’s bait were not good to taste, no soul would grab at the hook.

But while there are satisfactions here, they are not durable satisfactions. After passion has spent its force, after debauchery has had its fling, after animalism has sated itself, happiness dwells afar.

Even on the higher levels where is no curse of wrong, durable satisfactions are not found. The pleasures men get in money-making, in professional and business advancements, in "getting on," as we say, are not durable pleasures. Contemporary literature is choked with the sobs of disillusionment. But there are satisfactions in Christ's service that are durable. "Happy in Him?" Yes, and that happiness *stays*.

ROBERT E. ELMORE was born Jan. 9, 1878, at New Castle, Craig County, Va. He received his collegiate training at Milligan College, Milligan, Tenn.

He was minister of the church of Christ at Tazewell, Va., five years; at the First Church, Roanoke, Va., seven years; Walnut Hills Church, Cincinnati, O., eight years, and Phoenix, Ariz., one year. He is just entering upon his ministry with the church at Carlisle, Ky.

Independence Day Address

OUTLINE

I. Underlying the doctrine of human liberty is the grand conception of human worth.

II. With profound insight the founders of the republic traced the American ideal to divine revelation.

III. Our national unity is maintained and promoted by mutual service, which is the bond of perfectness.

IV. We miss the high summons if our hearts are set on material things.

THE AMERICAN IDEAL

Independence Day Address by R. E. Elmore

Honor all men.—1 Pet. 2: 17.

WHEN John Brashear, roller-mill workman and astronomer of Pittsburgh, affectionately known to the people as "Uncle John," was offered an honorary degree by the University of Pennsylvania with the request that he select the title, this plain philanthropist replied: "I do not know whether you confer such degree, but, if so, I would like the degree, Doctor of Humanity."

On presenting to the Continental Congress a resolution directing that the sessions be opened with daily prayers to almighty God, Benjamin Franklin said: "If a sparrow can not fall without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?"

A tablet marking the ruins of Jamestown, the cradle of the Republic, bears the inscription: "In honor of Chanco, the Christian Indian boy, whose warning saved the colony of Virginia from destruction in the massacre of 22nd Meh., 1622."

Lincoln at Gettysburg molded the sentiment in immortal language: "Our fathers brought forth upon this continent a nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Emerging from the heroic Colonial background, taking form in the covenant of constitutional govern-

ment, developing in strength and beauty through seven-score years of national history, the American ideal—*honor all men*—rises like a tower of universal hope, “bathed all in light, with open gates of gold.”

I.

Underlying the doctrines of human liberty is the grand conception of human worth. The Venus de Milo, though broken, is still priceless and immortal.

But the eyes of the multitudes have been holden. The veil of materialism covers the heart and obscures the greatness of human nature. Time and circumstance, the accident of birth or station, and degraded worldly standards, vitiate the popular judgment. “The greatest man I ever knew,” remarked an eminent journalist, “I indifferently passed, or feigned some condescension, and hesitated to know socially.” This is the most pitiable aspect of our fallen race. Few minds are willing to pay the price of investigation, of going behind external trappings and defying the social verdict in search of the invisible and timeless beauties of the soul of the common man. Lord Morley’s characterization of Voltaire describes the cult of unbelief: “He has no ear for the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice.” Content with hearsay evidences, we miss the essential glory of human life. “And hast thou not known me?” is man’s inarticulate cry to man.

Inhumanity is the rock on which mighty nations have been broken and ground to powder. It is the crude and hateful opinion of the materialist that might makes right, that the strong should prevail over the weak, that the fit must climb to dominion over the bodies of the unfit—this falsehood of the so-called

scientist, this doctrine of the unlearned educator, this philosophy of the cult of paganism—it is from this polluted fountain that all oppression flows. Moved by such spirit, a nation may rise to the peak of worldly power by the spoils of tyranny, by inhumanity to man; but disaster will at last overtake that people which sacrifices the human element and subordinates personality to property. Even Plato's ideal state, conceived in the atmosphere of the most enlightened nation of antiquity in the height of its splendor, proposed a government by elect souls who do no work while depending on craftsmen and slaves for all menial labor.

The progress of the race has waited upon those shining souls who lift all men above the price-labels of the marketplace; who value a man more than a sheep; who despise the sophistry of the self-seeker, be his brutality the soft voice of the conceited scholar or the iron hand of the pillaging warrior; who know that a human being is worth more than all the piled-up material riches of an empire, and who are willing to die for their faith. The thin, red line of liberty comes up unbroken through the centuries, traced by the sacrifice of the lonely martyrs, who chose death rather than the dishonor of oppression. Christiana and her children came to the scene of Christian's combat with Apollyon. "There are footprints on the path. Pilgrims have gone this way before us." "Look," said Greatheart, "did not I tell you? Here is some of your husband's blood upon these stones! Verily Christian did here play the man."

Says Mommsen: "The grandest system of civilization has its orbit and may complete its course; but not so the human race, to which, just when it seems

to have reached its goal, the old task is ever set anew with a wider range and with a deeper meaning."

The old task took its wider range and deeper meaning in the Declaration of Independence, whose good tidings of human worth and freedom we honor in our hearts to-day.

The nation has upheld its faith unstained and at utmost cost from Saratoga to Sedan. We hate war, but we hate tyranny more; we love peace, but we love righteousness more. Writing of the American soldiers' part in the battles of the final campaign against Kaiserism, a London editor said: "These troops, but newly trained, inheriting no long military tradition and molded by no iron-bound system, have overcome the pick of the German legions." These troops were sprung from a people trained in the school of self-government, inheriting the holy tradition of human rights, safeguarded under the majesty of equitable law and molded by the system which honors all men and which gives to the world its Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt.

The awe experienced by Bayard Taylor when first looking up at the colossal arch of marble and gold of St. Peter's must be felt by all true Americans when walking amid the splendors of the invisible temple of our national faith, whose foundation is the supreme valuation of man made in the image of God, whose corner-stone is freedom, and whose superstructure is the fellowship of righteousness and the fraternity of peace and good will. We feel exalted, ennobled. "Beings in the form we wear, planned the glorious edifice, and it seems that in godlike power and perseverance they were indeed but a little lower than the angels."

II.

With profound insight the founders of the Republic traced the American ideal to divine revelation, and, with precision, embodied in the national conscience their confession of faith in the Christian's God.

The author of the Declaration bore witness that "the God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time." Guarded with reverent care, sheltering the national tradition, the tower of the old Christian church at Jamestown is a perpetual monument of our people's faith in Jesus Christ—America's first and best statue of liberty. The compact framed by the Pilgrims before leaving the "Mayflower" declared that the voyage had been undertaken "for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith." According to the recital of the charter of William and Mary College, founded in Virginia in 1692, the institution was established "to the end that the church of Virginia may be furnished with a seminary of ministers of the gospel, and that the youth may be piously educated in good letters and manners, and that the Christian faith may be propagated among the Western Indians to the glory of almighty God." The Patrick Henry pew is marked in St. John's Church, Richmond, and that of Betsy Ross in old Christ Church, Philadelphia. Baneroft asserts that "every great American enterprise began from God." Washington prayed at Valley Forge. Before assuming the duties of the Presidency, to his friends at Springfield, Lincoln said: "Without the assistance of that divine Being who ever attended him (Washington), I can not succeed." Our Presidents

take the oath of office with their lips pressed upon the pages of the open Bible. To his fellow-citizens at Marion, President-elect Harding thus pledged his faith: "I want you to know that there is an individual who believes in the reconsecration of a religious republic. I have for my inheritance a Christian belief, and I have in my veins the blood of Christian parentage." In his inaugural he made this avowal: "I accept my part with singleness of purpose and humility of spirit, and implore the favor and guidance of God." Andrew Jackson affirmed that "the Bible is the rock on which the Republic rests." Grant exhorted his countrymen to "hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of their liberties."

The Christian Scriptures are the spring and root of human happiness and progress. It is here we find the ennobling doctrines of man's high origin, his god-like nature and his glorious destiny. "Honor all men" is the enlightened word of a once exclusive Jew now emancipated by Christian truth, truth incarnate in Jesus, the Son of God, the author of the parables of the prodigal son and the good Samaritan; whose beautiful words were fulfilled in benevolent deeds; who honored the lame and blind and halt, the broken and unfit and outcast; who stamped with divine worth the common man—the Redeemer and Liberator and Restorer of the fallen race.

The Pharisee forever hates the humanitarian. Cel-sus, to the end of time, will ridicule the advocate of spiritual values, who finds infinite possibilities and awakens infinite hope in the hearts of the lowly and obscure; but the Christ whom we adore keeps driving home the gospel of the sanctity of human life, the greatness of the soul.

By the great mountains the acacia forever burns, and from its inextinguishable flame God calls to him who has ears to hear and a heart to understand: "I will send thee that thou mayest bring forth my people." This is the faith of our fathers; this is America's holy faith.

III.

Our national unity rests upon the conception of the worth of the common man, expresses itself in freedom under the discipline of democratic rule and is maintained and promoted by mutual service, which is the bond of perfectness.

"Honor all men" flowers in ministry to all men. "I am among you as one who serves" is the self-revelation of Him whose humane teaching is woven into the fabric of the American ideal.

An ancient seer thus describes the ideal state: "They help every one his neighbor, and every one saith to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encourageth the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smiteth the anvil, saying of the soldering, It is good; and he fasteneth it with nails, that it should not be moved."

The principle of equal rights has been variously and happily applied, in the privilege of public trust, in our jurisprudence, in professional and industrial opportunity, and in religion, where freedom is granted to every man to worship God in accord with his conscience. Our duty is to carry the principle, as a working reality, more and more into every department of life. But parallel with equal rights must be applied the principle of co-operative service. The perfection and extension of this principle, in the experi-

ence of the entire citizenship, must be the concern of all. "Come and comfort me" was Burns' appeal to Cunningham. It is the common heart-cry of man to man. We must not, we can not, refuse to hear.

In an ancient Jewish city lived a man named Joseph. He became famous for helping people. One day some of his friends led this modest man to the front in a public assembly and invested him with knighthood. "Let him no longer be called Joseph, but Sir Barnabas," said they; "Barnabas the Encourager."

Ruthless self-interest is the law of the jungle. Competition, which sets at naught one's neighbor, is on the same level. We rise from the jungle life as we abandon the jungle law.

All men who have attained true eminence trace their success to the help which took its rise outside of themselves. Plutarch, the mild and humane philosopher, has left on record this testimony of all great souls: "Though fortune has, on many occasions, been favorable to me, yet I have no obligations to her so great as the enjoyment of my brother Timon's invariable friendship and kindness." "Greet Onesiphorus," said Paul, "for he oft refreshed me."

No dreamer can overcolor the prosperity and happiness in store for a nation true to this sacred view of life, a people who build each other up, who help forward one another worthily of God.

In that noble parchment, the Roman letter, Saul of Tarsus appropriately brings his stately argument to its climax, in the closing chapter, by the exhibit of a list of persons in whose hearts lived the great doctrine and in whose acts the great doctrine found avenues of practical expression—his friends, the

princely line of fellow-helpers. The personal notes conclude with a salutation from "Quartus the brother," a biography in three words, than which there is none nobler. A half-million words could not honor him more or reveal more glory to the discerning reader.

"Walking through a country churchyard last week," wrote Walter Bagehot, "I saw the most delightful epitaph I ever remember. It was simply this: 'George Phillip Tyson died Oct. 7, 1871. He was a helpful man.' This is the only epitaph I ever envied."

IV.

The privilege and responsibility of citizenship in a state which recognizes the principle—"honor all men"—can not be overemphasized. "The land we live in," said Grover Cleveland, "seems to be strong and active. But how fares the land that lives in us?"

We miss the high summons if our hearts are set mainly on material things. The inspiration of the American ideal is in the ends at which we aim—the larger inner life, the liberty of spirit, the happiness of the soul. The test is spiritual. How fares the land that lives in *us*?

"The first warning of Rome's ruin," said Gibbon, "was not in the hostile armies mobilizing against her, but in the feasting and boasting and riotous living in her vicious capital." America's worst foes are they of her own household who find no place for reverence, who hold the unspiritual estimate of human life and who follow the low-set purpose of self-seeking and personal profit to the disadvantage of their fellow-citizens.

“Let not the wise man [or nation] glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord who exerciseth mercy, judgment, and righteousness in the earth, for in these things I delight.” Worldly wisdom can not make a people great, nor might, nor riches, nor scientific knowledge, nor progress in letters and art, nor efficiency in politics and industry. A nation’s life consisteth not in an abundance of things. Is the Government God-fearing, are its institutions humane, do our social and economic relations proceed from a common conviction of human worth and kinship, and operate in behalf of the public weal? Browning profoundly observes that “love with defective knowledge is of more spiritual worth than knowledge with defective love,” which is another way of saying that mutual esteem and affection and service are worth more than all the accumulated knowledge and fine-spun worldly wisdom of all the theorists.

Theodore Roosevelt said: “After a certain, not very high, level of material well-being has been reached, then the things that really count in life are the things of the spirit. Factories and railways are good up to a certain point; but courage and endurance, love of wife and child, love of home and country, love of lover for sweetheart, love of beauty in man’s work and in nature, love and emulation of daring and of lofty endeavor, the homely workaday virtues and the heroic virtues—these are better still, and if they are lacking, no piled-up riches, no roaring, clanging industrialism, no feverish and many-sided activity, shall avail either the individual or the nation. I do not

undervalue these things of a nation's body; I only desire that they shall not make us forget that besides the nation's body there is also the nation's soul."

Americanization is a favorite term these days, but the trouble is the shallowness of its content to the popular mind. Naturalization papers do not make an American. The immigrant needs more than language-study and parrot-like knowledge of the Constitution. Free birth does not make an American. The homeborn need more than the soft inheritance of the rights of citizenship. To salute the flag, to buy Liberty bonds, to lustily sing "America" in the hour of the nation's distress—this is not conclusive evidence of patriotism. The deeper "hyphenism" is a thing of the soul, which not only expresses itself in divided national allegiance, but which represents itself in antagonism to the things for which the flag stands, and holds contempt for "the subtle thing that's spirit."

We are blind to the plainest lesson of history if we fail to see, in the rising tide of materialism, the nation's gravest peril. If we save our soul, we must fight, we must make war on the enemies within. The chief seat of danger, no doubt, is found in our schools and colleges where eighteenth century pedagogues plant the seeds of atheism, teach the jungle theory of life, and subordinate character to success. If, as Robert Louis Stevenson said, "mankind was never so happily inspired as when it built a cathedral," how degraded humanity must be when it damages a cathedral.

To value every man, to walk humbly before God, to live the life of service, to elevate the spiritual above the material—this is the American ideal.

It was the custom of a good man to daily enter the family gallery and stand reverently before the portraits of his forefathers. When his son attained the age of twelve, the lad was permitted to accompany his father into this holy place, and was advised to make the custom his own. "These are our noble ancestors," said he, "and their eyes watch over us. We can hear their voices still whispering to us, 'Keep fresh the honor of the family name.'"

Each recurring anniversary of the nation's independence should be the occasion of communion with its illustrious founders, and reaffirmation of the national principles and rededication of our lives to their perpetuity. The eyes of our forefathers watch over us. Their voices still whisper to us from the grave, "Keep fresh the honor of America's good name."

"Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death."

ZACHARY TAYLOR SWEENEY was born Feb. 10, 1849, at Liberty, Ky., and received his education at Scottsville Seminary in Illinois, four years; Eureka College, Ills., one year, and Asbury University, two years.

For twenty-seven years he was minister of the Columbus (Ind.) Church of Christ, and has been pastor emeritus twenty-three years.

Mr. Sweeney has held all the positions within the gift of his people up to the presidency of the National Convention. Was U. S. Consul-General at Constantinople for three years (1889-1891), appointed by President Harrison. His position carried with it that of judge of the U. S. District Court.

Was commissioner for the Ottoman Empire at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago; member of the Victoria Institute, London, and American Institute of Christian Philosophy, New York.

For a long time lyceum lecturer in the Ridpath Bureau, and contributor to popular magazines.

Labor Day Address

OUTLINE

Introduction—It is a great thing to be a man.

1. Man is more valuable than anything he has ever acquired.
2. Man is more valuable than anything he has ever organized.
3. Man is more valuable than anything he has ever achieved.
4. Institutions are valuable in such ratio as they minister to man.

Civil Government—The school, the church, society, business, labor, capital.

Patriotism—All are to be measured by the standard of service.

THE MAJESTY OF SERVICE

Labor Day Address by Z. T. Sweeney

Scripture Text.—Matt. 20: 20-28.

THE golden age of the human race will be that period of its existence when it renders the highest possible service to this world, and is best served by the material and spiritual forces which surround it. All philosophers and teachers unite in regarding man as the great object of all teaching, and the end of all endeavor. Even science accords with philosophy and religion when, in the person of Humboldt, it says, "All the world is but a platform upon which to erect manhood." As the century-plant toils patiently for ninety-nine long years that on the hundredth it may shoot up a spike of glory and burst into a spray of beauty and splendor, so the long train of ancient earth life dragged its way through the dust of ages primeval to find its flower and fruit in man, the youngest, but the noblest, of God's creative handiwork.

It is a great thing to be a man. I would rather be a man than to be the Atlantic Ocean. Kepler tells us that "man is the only one of God's creatures who can think His thoughts after Him." In the light of this reflection it is evident that if we are to have some conception of man before proceeding to his golden age, we must obtain it in some other way than to measure him by any material standard, or weigh

him in any material balance. You can only measure a man by himself. I institute a few comparisons for this purpose.

First, man is more valuable than anything he has ever acquired, and he is an acquisitive animal. He has been piling up all the time. It is characteristic of a rude and barbarous people that they measure a man more by what he has around him than what he has within him. A savage woman so fortunate as to have a half-dozen wristlets or anklets of brass or bone, puts on airs over her unfortunate sister that has none. Her civilized sister that is so highly favored as to have a sealskin and diamonds, puts on the same sort of airs over her less-favored sisters. Now, I am not criticizing sealskins and diamonds; they are all right in their place. I am only criticizing the airs of superiority affected by some weak-minded people who happen to creep into those things. Such people fail to realize that you can hang all that flummery upon a post, as easily as upon a woman, and add nothing whatever to the value of the post.

Edison tells us that he can make diamonds for five dollars a pound, but is too busy to engage in it. Some years ago I had a neighbor to die who, a half-minute before his death, was worth a million dollars. A half-minute after his death he was not worth ten cents a dozen tied up in bundles. He left this world a millionaire; he began eternity a tramp and a pauper. He could not take one of his ill-gotten dollars along with him; I presume if he could they would have all melted or burned up before they got very far along in the journey.

You can not set the stamp of your physical manhood; you have nothing to say as to the color of

your hair, your eyes or your complexion; but you have all to say as to whether you will be good or bad, true or false, and that is the matter for you to consider.

Second, man is more valuable than anything he has ever organized. Law, order, government, society and business have all sprung from the giant intellect and cunning fingers of this world's organizer, man. In the sunny defiles of Greece, this world of ours learned the lesson of human liberty; Rome, the great civilizer of the world, gave us the idea of fraternity; it was left to our own young Government to demonstrate for all the coming ages the everlasting equality of all men before the law. Not the equality of all men, for all men are not equal. I do not think the Creator designed all men to be equal. If he had, he would have distributed brains and environment in a far different ratio from what he has. But I do believe, and our Government has demonstrated, that every man should have the right to make himself the equal of every other man if he can.

I ask no favors on God's green earth over any man because of his race, religion or color. If a Chinaman, or Hebrew, or a Booker Washington can get ahead of me in the race of life, he is welcome to it, and the man who wants a handicap put upon any of his fellows is a coward and a weakling in life's great battle.

Third, man is more valuable than anything he has ever achieved. And here my brain begins to reel and my mind to stagger when I try to apprehend the achievements of the world's great magician, man. I am tired of the silly twaddle of some men and books, who talk and write about a man being a slave to blind forces. God never intended man to be a

slave to anything, or anybody for that matter. The first thing the Almighty ever said to a man was, "Have thou dominion," and that is not language to a slave. Did you ever try to comprehend what there is in that great commandment, "Have dominion over this earth"?

There is in it, first, this thought, "Pry into the secrets of nature and expound them." As a result, we have science. Second, "Lay hold of the forces of nature and employ them;" as a result, we have art. Third, "Take possession of the riches of nature and enjoy them;" as a result, we have culture. Now science, art and culture make up the unit of civilization, and the difference between man in his most deeply degraded and most highly civilized conditions lies exactly in the ratio in which he carries out this great primary command of his Creator. The charter of civilization is found in that command.

The savage will wander under the great dome of nature's mystery and majesty and never challenge it with a question; the civilized man is an eternal interrogation point. If the savage wants to cross a continent, he will take his hands and feet, and walk and swim and cross that continent in a twelvemonth; his civilized brother will ravage the mine of its ore, denude the forest of its oak, cage the water and the fire, make nature push and pull, and cross that same continent in four days. The savage woman will cover herself with a straw mat and live on roots and raw fish in the midst of nature's prodigality; her civilized sister will dress from every quarter of the globe, and "the world is compassed that a washerwoman may have her tea." I was very much impressed with a young lady, that I met some time ago, going down

into my old native State of Kentucky. I was not so much impressed with her beauty and culture (for she was beautiful and doubtless cultured) as I was with her toggery, her "get-up." She had on a silk dress; I imagined some worm over in China or Turkey dying for that. She had on a sealskin coat; I thought some seal up in the Pribolof Islands died for that. She had plumes on her bonnet; I imagined some ostrich hiding his head down in the sands of central Africa for that. She had on diamonds, and I thought of South Africa or Brazil furnishing them. She had a bird on her bonnet. I am glad that birds on bonnets are becoming rare to-day. I am glad the Legislatures of our progressive States have made it a crime for a woman to wear a bird on her bonnet. I hope that the Legislatures of the world will fall into line and protect our feathered songsters from such ruthless ravage.

This was not exactly a bird, either, but one of those things milliners make up to look like a bird. It was a lot of wings, claws, beaks and tails sewed together, and looked very much as though a bird might have lighted on her bonnet and exploded, and she had gathered the fragments and patched them together. This young lady was almost a walking menagerie, for she dressed from the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and the seals of the sea; and yet this is civilization as compared to her sister that lives on roots and raw fish, and covers herself with the straw mat.

I have piled up a few illustrations and comparisons in the threshold of this discourse, to impress upon your minds this one vital, living and throbbing thought, that man was not made for slavery, but sovereignty; man was made to have imperial dominion over every force, organization and institution on the

face of this earth. He will come into his golden age only when every force, organization and institution upon earth renders him the highest possible service, and he returns to this world the highest service of which he is capable. This is the fundamental thought of my discourse. Out of it spring a few reflections which I desire to present for your consideration.

I address myself primarily to the young people. I love to talk to young people, to those who yet face the sunrise with the shadows and sorrows of death behind them. Let me say to you, young ladies and gentlemen, as you stand before the parting ways in life, seeking a work and a ministry in this world, enter no profession, work at no trade, follow no calling which does not in some way or other minister to and serve the purposes of the great monarch, whom we call man. You will throw your life away if you break its alabaster box upon less than the head of God's man.

Man can make life a hard, cold game of grab; he can live to pile up dollars, acres, mortgages and bonds, and become a millionaire pretty easily, but at the end of that life if there has been no moral nor spiritual significance to it, it is not one whit superior to the life spent in piling up stone or lumber. If you will pardon a historic illustration of the value of life in its golden age, I will give you one with the latter part of which, at least, I was familiar. About eighty years ago a young man from Hagerstown, Md., made his way over the Allegheny Mountains and settled in the wild slashes of southeastern Indiana. He spent fifty years of his life teaching school for about thirty dollars a month and boarding around among the scholars, after the fashion of the day. He called the young boys around him, ragged, dirty, unkempt little fellows;

little Tom and Ad, Ol and Lew. That man poured out his life upon them. He instilled into them high ideals and lofty purposes. He taught them to be upright, honorable, manly and true. That old man died a few years ago in the city of Indianapolis, with a mortgage on his little home; he never accumulated three thousand dollars in all his busy life. He died unhonored and unsung by the great masses of the land, and there are not a dozen people who read this article that remember his name, or will recall it when I pronounce it, for I shall pronounce it with the reverence of a pupil for his master, the honored name of Samuel K. Hoshour.

But that old man lived long enough to see little "Ol" come out of his obscurity and rags, and stand in the Senate chamber of the United States as Oliver P. Morton, and make this great nation tremble with his words for human liberty; he also saw little "Tom" climb the dizzy ladder of fame, round by round, and sit down in the second highest chair in this nation, and the statue that adorns the forefront of Indiana's capitol to-day is in memory of little "Tom," Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States. If you want to follow the fortunes of little Lew, go to the bookstore and buy that immortal book, "Ben Hur," and Lew Wallace will join Addison C. Harris, the great minister and author, Oliver P. Morton, Thomas A. Hendricks and more than a hundred other distinguished Hoosiers in declaring that the foundations of their early manhood were laid by the little, old Hoosier schoolmaster, who taught his life out for thirty dollars a month and his board.

Young ladies and gentlemen, I would rather be a Samuel K. Hoshour, or one of the humblest school-

teachers in the State of Indiana, teaching young Hoosiers to grow up into honorable manhood and womanhood than to be a whole syndicate of promoters, coal and food manipulators and mortgage brokers. There is more glory in one life devoted to the human race than in a thousand devoted to mere personal ambition and the attainment of great wealth. What is true of the individual life is equally true of the organic life. When the Master said that "the Sabbath was made for man," He uttered a universal truth. Laws are for man, government, society, business, home; the church of God itself is for man, and each of these great institutions is valuable and only valuable in the ratio that it ministers to man here or hereafter. In the light of this thought, let us try some of the great institutions of civilization.

I call your attention in the first place to that institution known as civil government. Civil government exists that it may minister to, and serve the purpose of, the individual, and its value is determined by the ratio in which it carries out that object. As Americans we are very proud of our Government, and justly so, but sometimes, I think, a little boastfully so. Often do we hear our orators and campaigners utter the statement that "we are the greatest nation on the face of this earth"; we listen to it and pat ourselves upon the breast and our neighbor upon the back, and thank God that we are not citizens of the "effete monarchies." Well, this statement is true; true in a far higher sense than many of these orators ever dream when uttering it, but it is not true as they utter it. The man who thinks the United States Government is the greatest and most powerful when measured by the foreign standards by which civil government

is gauged, is an ignoramus with regard to civil government.

No man, who has not witnessed the clocklike precision with which the strong governments of Europe regulate their internal affairs in times of peace, command united co-operation in times of war and rehabilitate themselves in days of reconstruction, is in position to make invidious comparisons. It would do us conceited Yankees a little good to get out and travel around the world, that we may have some appreciation of those civil governments that are backed by the power and dignity of long centuries of experience. The first standard by which governmental greatness has been measured in Europe is military strength, the second is that of naval power, and the third is religious expression. In both military and naval strength, the old countries have always excelled us, and even now, in spite of peace leagues and disarmament conferences, the European armies and navies are slowly, grimly and surely planning to come back. In religious expression the old countries have always surpassed us. Where are our magnificent cathedrals with spires pointing to the skies as in Europe? Where are our immense picture galleries, and galleries of sculpture teeming with the works of the old masters? And where are our ancient museums—hives of art—into which have been gathered the honey of the genius of centuries?

“But,” says one, “we have our great domain and our broad acres of territory.” Yes, my friend, and there are governments over there that control vast stretches of earth by the side of which we are but a patch. We may as well admit these things if we wish to be fair to the facts of history. And yet, in

spite of all that I have said, I do not hesitate to proclaim the fact that our type of patriotism, our intelligence and the thrift of our people form a wall of strength about us that is greater than that which the mere armies and navies of other nations can produce.

When Agesilaus was asked why Sparta had no walls, he replied: "She needs none; the concord of her citizens is her strength." It is related of Benjamin Franklin that when he was United States Minister at the Court of Versailles, he attended a great diplomatic banquet, at which the English Minister arose, and, lifting his cup, said, "Here's to England, the sun that shines for all the world;" the French Minister, coming in a good second, said, "Here's to France, the moon that shines wherever and whenever the sun does not;" when it came the turn of our Minister, Franklin arose and said with dignity, "Here's to the United States, the young Joshua who commands the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obey him;" and they do.

A few years ago when Grover Cleveland said to John Bull, "Go a little slowly down on the borders of Venezuela," John Bull called a halt; a few years later, when Theodore Roosevelt said to Germany, France and Italy combined, "You would better arbitrate with that little South American sister of ours," they arbitrated; when George Dewey said to Admiral Deitrick, commander of the Imperial German squadron in Manila Bay, "If you don't quit running this blockade and violating the laws of honorable warfare, I will sink every ship you have in this harbor; move off shore," down moved the Imperial squadron at the command of the little Yankee. Whenever America lifts her voice in command, the world "walks Spanish."

Now, why are we the greatest nation on the face of the earth? It is not because of our army, our navy, our territory, or our institutions of learning or devotion. I will tell you why, and tell it in the echo of the one thought of this address. The United States is the greatest and most powerful nation of this earth because everything in it is made to minister to and serve the purpose of the individual citizen. The Czar of Russia cared little how much vodka his subjects drank so he had an army and navy. The Sultan of Turkey recked little if his subjects lived on black bread and goat's milk cheese all their lives, if he had a full exchequer. In the United States we would not give the snap of our finger for a government that does not educate, elevate and expand the individual citizen. In many of the Old World countries it is "the people of the government, by the government and for the government;" with us it is, as Theodore Parker, of Boston, first uttered, Daniel Webster reiterated and Abraham Lincoln incarnated, "We are a government of the whole people, by the whole people and for the whole people." Our government is fitted, framed and organized to minister to the people in the highest degree. The makers of our government realized that man is essentially and by nature a thinker, a talker and an actor, and they framed this government to develop man along these three sides of his nature, and stimulate the highest possible freedom. They laid wide and deep the foundations of the little red schoolhouse, which became the greatest house on the American continent or any other. The playground of an American school is the greatest democratic platform in the world. Here little Patrick, whose father dug peat out of the bogs of Ireland; little Sandy, whose father

herded sheep upon the hills of Scotland; little Hans, whose father wore wooden shoes in Germany, and little Cuffy, whose father picked cotton bales in the fields of South Carolina, meet upon a common level. Here are taught the two most important lessons the human being can learn: first, to take care of his own rights, and, second, to respect the rights of others, and the boy who does not know these lessons will have them trounced into him on the playground of the American school.

It is with no little sadness that we watch the boarding up of the little, old-fashioned country schoolhouse, that is being displaced by the modern, centralized institution; but no one can ever board up the democratic spirit that has been fostered there and that will continue to be fostered in its more pretentious successors.

But man is also a talker, and, that he should have the right to express his thoughts, this Government is organized to insure the highest expression of them, and, as a symbol, we have the great printing-press, without censorship, without dictatorship, except the censorship and dictatorship of an enlightened public opinion.

As an expression of the right to act, we have a little old box, abused, kicked about and neglected, but representing the highest political freedom in the world—the ballot-box of an American election. In spite of all the abuses that have clustered around it, it is a great thing for an American freeman to cast an American ballot. These little ballots on election day fall over our land like snowflakes forming an avalanche of public opinion, that will sweep away faults, right wrongs and correct abuses.

It is these things, rather than armies, navies and picture galleries, that constitute our greatness, because they minister to and serve the wants of the individual man. As long as we are true to these great symbols of our power, this Government will stand because it ought to stand; but when we neglect these institutions, prostitute them, this Government will die, and it ought to die and be succeeded by a Government that will be true to these emblems of service.

Are there no danger signals before the American people? Are there no red lights to warn us of approaching evil? Here truth, honesty and patriotism compel us to say "Yes"; there are forces coiling themselves around these emblems of our greatness which, if left undisturbed, will work our ruin.

Are you aware of the fact that a sentiment is rapidly crystallizing in this country that, if it succeeds, will be the death-blow to all that the little red schoolhouse ever stood for? If you don't know it, you should know it. But I wish to speak guardedly here, lest I be misunderstood. I am not laying this charge at the feet of any great political party among us, neither am I charging it against any great religious denomination. I do not believe we have any religious denomination, as such, that has any such treasonable purpose in view. I desire to be fair with every man, though he may differ with me in politics or in religion. But there are vile men in all our parties, political or religious, secular or sacred, who, to accomplish their vile purposes, would put out the torch of enlightenment in our public schools.

I only lay that charge at the door of those who openly boast of their intention to destroy our schools. Not long since a great leader of thought discussing, in

one of the largest journals in the land, the destruction of our school system, said, "This is what we are coming to, no matter what the Constitution of the United States says about it." Benedict Arnold nor Jefferson Davis ever uttered more treasonable language against his country than that leader of public opinion, and he would not hesitate to fight against that liberty for which stands the American schoolhouse with the American flag waving over it. On this question all political parties should stand together, and pledge themselves to deliver the land thoroughly from men who stand over the schools to cast them out, thus showing sentiments at war with our Government and with civilization. I can only say that if there lives a man on the American continent whose sentiments are at war with the American flag waving over the American school, he had better readjust his sentiments so they will come into line with these institutions or take his sentiments back to the land from which he brought them; for the man or set of men who will lay leprous hands upon the American school will go down in the conflict they incite.

Let every American patriot, Republican or Democrat, Protestant or Catholic, line up and touch elbows in the determination to save the American public school, the hope of eighteen millions of our boys and girls, and the protecting angel of American freedom and patriotism.

Are you aware of the fact that there is a sentiment arising in this country that will ultimately destroy the second emblem of our power, the printing-press? As I said in the beginning, I believe that we have the best press on the face of this earth; I believe that most of the editors who sit in the sanctum are

as patriotic as the men upon our platforms, or in our pulpits for that matter; but it is a notable fact that we have men in the editorial chair who do not hesitate to prostitute the high function of journalism on the altar of party spirit; men who do not hesitate to dip their pens into wormwood and gall, and write slime and slander over the name of many a good man for no other reason than that he is a candidate on the other side of the political fence, and they will ruin him if they can. Such men ought to be dressed up *a la* zebra and sent to their State penal institution for a term, to learn that the reputation of their political opponents is sacred from libel.

Are you aware that a sentiment is rapidly organizing in this country having for its object the death-blow to the third emblem of our power, the ballot-box? While you are reading this discourse, there are men all over this land who are plotting treason against the American ballot and the American voter; men who call themselves "practical politicians," who think that the revenues of a great city, State or country are the legitimate plunder of men who are smart enough to organize and loot them. There is hardly a State in the Union that has not been disgraced with a political gang having for its object graft upon the revenues of the State or municipality. Such men do not like to see the average citizen in politics; the fewer men in politics, the better for them.

The average American citizen is so intent upon looking after his own business, profession or calling that he turns over the political machinery of the country to "the gang," "the bosses" and "the boys." I am a minister of the gospel and one that has politics. I do not ventilate my politics in print, but any man

can get my politics for the asking. I have not the least respect in the world for a preacher who gets so goody-goody that he hasn't any politics; such men are fit to be put in alcohol (or rather, I would say, some soft drink), and laid away in a museum. I do not believe that a preacher ever set a better example to his flock than by attending the primaries and helping to select delegates and to formulate platforms. President Harrison said, on one occasion, that "God Almighty never endowed any man or set of men with wisdom enough to frame laws that everybody could go off and leave," and this is what we have been doing for generations.

The patriotism of peace is no less valuable than the patriotism of war. There is as much patriotism in balloting and selecting good men and measures to rule in our land as there is in springing to the rescue of our flag in time of invasion or insurrection. The golden age of our Government will never come until the average American citizen realizes the importance and value of these great emblems of our power—a glorious heritage bequeathed to us by the men who reaped them on fields of suffering and bloodshed—and shall rise in his might to rescue these emblems from the greed of the spoiler and the trickster, and purify them for power and for service to the oncoming citizens of our Republic.

Again, I direct your attention to that institution known as business. Business is a great organization having for its object the service of all who engage in it, and its value as an organization may be gauged by the ratio in which it performs that service. Do the men in the business world realize that we are on the heels of a great business revolution? Forces that

should be pulling together like Siamese twins are pulling apart, turning their guns upon each other, and, unless prudent counsel and wise caution prevail, this country may be rent asunder by dissensions in the business world.

At one extreme we have the professional striker and labor agitator, paid to embroil capital and labor, if possible. He is a dangerous element in the business world and I have no excuse for him. At the other extreme is a no less dangerous character, the purse-proud millionaire aristocrat, who has accumulated great wealth through no particular merit of his own, but through business conditions which should not exist, and has forgotten that he is a brother to the rest of the human race. He attempts to use men as he would machines, until they begin to "rattle a little," and then throws them on the scrap-pile and secures others. Not long since a great manufacturer in this country said, speaking to his fellow-manufacturers: "The time has come when we must get the strongest men we can, work them as hard as we can and pay them as little as we can." Such a man is as great a menace to the business world as the vilest professional labor agitator could possibly be.

Between these two extremes lies the great body of honest employers who are willing to pay an honest wage for an honest day's work to an honest laborer willing to work an honest day for an honest wage. These honest classes are all endangered by the extremes of which I have spoken. What is the trouble with business? Instead of being a medium by which men serve and help one another, it has become a medium by which men prey upon one another. Victor Hugo would have settled this question for us a half-

century ago if we had heeded his advice. He tells us, "There are two problems connected with business; first, the problem of acquiring wealth; and, second, the problem of rightly distributing wealth." We have concentrated our energies so much upon the first problem that we have neglected the second problem entirely, but it is up to us for settlement to-day.

Strikes, lockouts and walkouts will never settle the question. They may clarify the atmosphere and define the right. I do not wish to be a pessimist upon this subject. I believe that the business troubles will be settled speedily and rightly; already I see the gleam of a coming day. This great country, which has grappled with and settled so many questions, will settle the question of capital and labor. My heart was greatly cheered sometime ago as I read a statement in a newspaper from the secretary of the Chicago City Street Railway Company, in which he said: "This company is beginning to learn that a large part of its capital stock lies in the welfare and contentment and prosperity of its employees." When these great corporations speak in that manner, it is the harbinger of peace. Honor to the great railway companies of the United States, many of which are now inaugurating pension systems by which the employee who has faithfully served the company for years may retire with an income sufficient to keep the wolf from the door the rest of his life.

I know a great corporation that employs six thousand operatives, and the business is built upon the principle of human brotherhood from the lowest mud-sill to the highest official. They have a great table around which thirty or forty men take lunch every day; half of these men represent the capital of the

company, the other half represent its labor, and no question is acted upon until both capital and labor have been heard from. For their employees they have all kinds of conveniences and accommodations, that show a keen interest in their welfare. They have boxes all around the factory over which are inscribed the words: "If our employees see how we may improve our methods, let them make suggestions and drop them into this box. Each suggestion that is adopted will be paid for." A young man having charge of their shipping department, sending out twenty-six thousand packages every month, wrote on a slip of paper: "You can make a better handle and save twelve inches of rope upon each package." The board of governors found that he was correct. They discovered that his suggestion would save them two thousand dollars in a year, and wrote a check to the young man for one thousand dollars, almost enough to buy him a little home, and they did not give him a red copper too much.

There are many such factories in the United States to-day, and they are doubling and trebling annually. Honor to the great Pennsylvania Scotchman, Andrew Carnegie! I am glad he went on giving away library buildings and church organs until he died a comparatively poor man, as he proclaimed it his intention to do. But when I go to western Pennsylvania, and see the great fires from the vast furnaces where Mr. Carnegie's employees earned their hundreds of millions; when I walk through those manufacturing towns and see the ill-paved streets, neglected fore yards and rear yards, the unsanitary conditions and the old red paint on each building where women are dying at thirty years of age and men are not living out half their

natural time because they are burning their lives out in front of those hot fires; when I see their children who look like half-starved little beggars in the streets—I could wish that Mr. Carnegie had given a few millions of dollars less for library buildings and church organs, and a few millions more to educating, refining and making comfortable the people who were turning his pig iron into gold for him.

I was at Vandergriff, Pa., sometime ago in the great sheet-steel works, where the company had done much for its employees in the way of building casinos, organizing libraries and reading-rooms to insure recreation as well as giving good wages. Shortly after my visit, there was a depression in the sheet-steel trade, and the company called the foremen together and said: "We can not continue running this factory at present prices;" the foremen called the operatives into a meeting and acquainted them with the situation; they immediately appointed a committee to draft a paper, making a voluntary reduction of 20 per cent. of their wages, and further said: "If this is not enough, there is a rubber on the end of the pencil accompanying this paper; rub out the reduction and make it more if necessary." That is the reply of honest labor to honest capital.

The settlement of the labor question will come when the employer realizes that under God he is the true servant of every man in his employ, that it is his privilege to make money through them and for them as well. The golden age of business will come when it becomes the great medium by which men through love serve one another.

In conclusion, fearing that I have missed some one, I wish to say that in the golden age of eternity, to

which home, church, society and State are bearing us, we will not be graded according to our wealth, our literary prestige, or our political pull; there it will be what we have done as the servants of God and his man that decides our eternal destiny. Righteousness will not be crowded into us by any sort of dynamics; glory shall not be draped upon us from without like a garment; they must spring up from within and grow through a life of service. Beautifully has the poetess taught this in her ode to the water-lily. Walking the river brink, and seeing a little lily burst from the waters and throw up its white petals to the sunshine, she lifted her thoughts in poetic fervor and said:

“O star on the breast of the river,
O marvel of bloom and of grace,
Did you fall right down from heaven,
Out of the sweetest place?

“You are as pure as the thoughts of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun.
Did you grow in the Radiant City,
My pure and holy one?”

“Nay, nay,” said the lily; “I fell not from heaven,
None gave me my saintly white;
I slowly grew in the darkness,
Down in the dreary night.

“From the ooze and slime of the river
I won my glory and grace.
White souls fall not, O my poet;
They rise to the highest place.”



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Mr. Tharp has traveled in parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, making special studies of Egypt and Palestine. In 1909 he conducted the largest communion service ever held. It was at the Centennial Convention of the Disciples of Christ held in Pittsburgh.

He has delivered many special addresses and lectures, and held a large number of evangelistic meetings.

Church Dedication Sermon

OUTLINE

Introductory Note—Texts.

I. Human Needs and the Measure of God's Supply.

1. Man has a gripping sense of poverty. Met by adoption into God's family.
2. Man has a bitter sense of bereavement. Met by the comforting assurance of immortality.
3. Man has a humiliating sense of his ignorance and limitations. Met by the promise that we shall know as we are known.
4. Man has a sad and suffering sense of sin. Met by opportunity for salvation.
5. Man has a depressing sense of smallness and unproductiveness of his service. Met by assurance that our good deeds are greater than they appear.

II. The Meaning of This House Is What It Shall Declare.

1. God should be worshiped by every responsible being in this community.
2. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together.
3. This is simply and only a church of Christ.
4. Where the Scriptures speak, this church will speak.
5. The whole world shall know the truth.

Dedicatory Responsive Service.

SUPERABUNDANT BENEFACTIONS AND SIGNIFICANT MONUMENTS

Church Dedication Sermon by Wallace Tharp

Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, that there may be food in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Mal. 3: 10.

What mean ye by these stones?—Josh. 4: 6.

NOTE: Upon the occasion of the dedication of a church building, two objectives are usually in the program. The first of these is the “setting apart,” in a holy or consecrated sense, of a building that is to be devoted to the worship of almighty God after the manner discovered in the New Testament.

The second one is the raising of money to satisfy all debts that may have accrued in the construction of the building.

The following sermon is designed to prepare the minds and hearts of the people to satisfy both these objectives; consequently, two texts, wholly unrelated to each other, have been chosen, and practically two themes are treated in the address.

The first part of the sermon that follows, that on “Superabundant Benefactions,” should prepare us for generous giving; and the second part, that on “Significant Monuments,” should supply the reasons for the existence of the building that is being dedicated.

FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD, MEN AND BRETHREN :

You have eminent examples and compelling reasons for making this a great and solemn and beautiful occasion. You are engaged in a tremendous and significant business. What you are doing to-day is for an "age on ages telling"; it is joining hands with God in bringing about His will on earth as it is done in heaven. Your minds and hearts should be very reverent and ready now to receive any word that God would speak to you. And He has spoken! The wonderful echoes of that voice will reach you in this hour; and what He says you should receive obediently, lovingly, and without questioning. Hear Him, as through the lips of Malachi, His prophet, He speaks to you to-day: "Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, that there may be food in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Our gracious Benefactor never equates His giving with our capacity for receiving. Abundant is God's own word. How He loves to use it! "I will abundantly pardon;" "abundantly able to save;" "I will administer unto you an abundant entrance" into His everlasting kingdom; and again, in this text, He discovers His overgenerous hand: "Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, and prove me now herewith, said Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

The proof of the truth of the challenge found in this text may be witnessed on every hand. All the

eyes of earth and heaven can not take in all the light that God has given; all the lungs of all the breathing creatures of God can not take in all the ozone and atmosphere with which God floods this universe; all the mouths of all the living creatures of this earth can not drink all the sparkling water that He pours forth from the fertile paps of earth's fountains. Despite the fact that man's heart, in its desires and longings, is one great void whose cavernous echo is ever "More," "More," whose sense of want is enormous and never satisfied, still our generous Father issues the challenge, "Prove me now, and see if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there will not be room enough to receive it."

Let us note *some of the common feelings of human needs and the measure of God's supply.*

First, we observe that man has a keen and gripping sense of *Poverty.*

The vast majority of the people of this world are poor, very poor; and they feel it keenly too. Jesus Himself said, "The poor ye have always with you." Now, what "windows of heaven" has God opened for the poor of this earth? Opened, and out of it poured a blessing so great that poverty is transformed into treasure and into wealth, so abundant that hearts can not contain it? Please understand, brethren, that God does not propose to meet this sense of want by pouring gold dollars or coin current of any kind into your hand. He has opened a finer and broader and more beautiful window than that. Through His grace, on the terms and conditions of the gospel of His dear Son, He has provided for each of us that we may be adopted into the family of the King of kings, and thus become an heir of God and a joint-heir with

Jesus Christ; an heir hereditary to all the holdings, the boundless and beautiful holdings, of the King.

“My Father is rich in houses and lands;
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands;
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full—He has riches untold.”

As a son or daughter of God you are an inheritor of all this. Ah! what heart can contain it? What mind grasp it? How much better it is than to give us titles to houses and lands and earthly goods! With these come sorrows, cares and litigations and, often, dissensions; with the other come joys unspeakable and full of glory. “I stood upon the banks of the river Po, and looked upon an Italian sky. I’d rather leave my boy ten thousand acres of sky and not one inch of land, than to leave him ten thousand acres of land and none of sky.”

Again, man has a keen and bitter sense of *Bereavement*.

Where is the heart that has not felt its sting? Death does sad things with us and ours, my friends.

“Death rides in every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind’s breath,
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!”

When the season of sadness settles upon you because of the death of one you loved; when the emptiness of the home haunts you like a hideous dream when you have returned home from the burying-place; when the

pain of the last good-by grips your heart until it aches and you cry aloud—under what “window of heaven” can you go and be flooded with a blessing that will soothe your sorrow and give you surcease from pain? There is such a window, and God opened it. When Whittier lost by death his favorite sister, he thought his heart would break. But sitting one day where he could see a portrait of his sister, he took up a pencil and wrote:

“And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old;
Safe in thine immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?”

Over against death, God has written the word “immortality.” And through this beautiful window flood the light and glory of all the hopes that fill and sweeten the human heart. Gazing through this window, with the eye of faith we can see the home of God, and in that home we see again the ones we lived with and lost, ransomed and redeemed, made happy in love and light and confronted with nothing that makes sighing, crying or dying—and all this forevermore.

Again, man has a keen and humiliating sense of his *Ignorance and Limitations*.

This is particularly true of those who are wisest and know the most. We have accomplished much, very much, in the continent of knowledge. We have catalogued and scientifically arranged much that is to be known about our world, our race, and its experiences; the water, air and sky. But our volume of knowledge, compared with the vast libraries of things to be known, leaves us with a bitter sense of ignorance and of the limitations that are necessarily ours.

What "window of heaven" has God opened to meet man's longing here? I do not mean to have you hope that God will, in some mysterious way, lead you along the path of definitions or of answers to all the speculations and anxious questions that have tested and tantalized you in your struggle for knowledge. He has done something finer and more glorious still. To me, there is no sweeter promise in all the gospel of our Lord than this: "We shall know even as we are known." With what wild welcome, too, I read that we shall "learn lessons that pass knowledge" and learn them from Him of whom Paul spoke when he said: "O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." How my heart has longed for answers to some questions that have confronted me as I have lived and moved among men; and how it thrills me when the hope fills my heart that

"The answers are somewhere,
Safe and fair,
Beyond the stars and the starlit air,
For men and women and Robin Adair."

What heart of man can contain the fullness of the blessing that pours through the window God has opened here!

Furthermore, man has a sad and suffering sense of *Sin*.

Not only of his personal sin, but of the sins of a whole world. Even a casual glance at the men and women of to-day will discover a piteous spectacle of sin. And just at this time the world seems to have gone on a mad, wild, riotous debauch. At no time could the question be asked with a more sure and positive answer—"Does sin abound?" And when we remember that

“Sorrow follows wrong,
As echo follows song,
On, on, on, on,”

we are led up to the reason for man's sad and suffering sense of sin. Nothing in all this world is so hateful to God as sin; and nothing has so cursed this earth and saddened man. It brought death into this world “with all our woe and loss of Eden.” It sowed the prolific seeds of sorrow and suffering in the hearts of men. It placed thorns amid our flowers, and weeds and briars and thistles in our earth. It bars the doors of heaven and happiness against those who are exercised therein, and it set on fire the fuel of hell. And when it had made wreck and ruin of men and of man's earth, it reached its potential hand up to the right hand of God and made it necessary to send down to this sin-cursed earth His eternal companion, and incarnate Him in the weak and suffering flesh of man and subject Him to all of man's temptations. Indeed, the sweep, grip and consequences of sin are immeasurable, indescribable, unpicturable and appalling, and its power, deceitfulness and damning cunning are riotously active to-day.

What “window of heaven” has God thrown open that can measure to and overcome so fearful and terrible a condition as this? Let Him answer: “Does sin abound? grace doth much more abound.” Over against man's measureless sin God places His immeasurable love and His willingness to forgive. “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.” “I will remember them against you no more for ever.” A fountain has been opened in Israel for the cleansing of the nations.

“There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.”

When I think of the great Jehovah forming the worlds, setting on fire the suns, writing the silent and potential and unerring laws which the material universe obeys, marking out the pathways of the planets and writing the music they sing as they march on their way, I am filled with amazement, admiration and wonder; but, when I think of Him laying under tribute the boundless resources of His love, wisdom and power to develop into glorious perfection a plan by which His poor, deluded, miserable, fallen and sinful children might be forgiven, cleansed, redeemed and beatified, I am filled with hope, joy, gratitude and love, and have no room to hold all the fullness of such blessing. No wonder Paul speaks of Jesus as God’s “unspeakable gift.” What tongue could tell, what feeble words express, the beauty, glory, joy, hope and sweetness of the salvation from the guilt and consequences of sin, brought to us through Him!

“Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the sky a parchment made;
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade—
To write the love of God for man
Would drain that ocean dry;
Nor would that scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.”

Love so unmerited, unsolicited and eternal as God’s love for us surely obligates us to Him in a measure we can never fill. But we should do our best to love Him with all there is within us.

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.”

In dedicating this house of worship to-day, with what joy and generosity should you give of yourselves, your service, and your substance!

Once again, and finally, on this part of my theme: Man has a depressing sense of the *smallness and unproductiveness of his service*, even when it is rendered with the most sincere and earnest diligence.

The task God has set for us is so great! Sometimes we feel like pigmies, with tiny pickaxes, digging at Himalayan or Rocky Mountain ranges. The recent “World Survey” discovered to us the immensity of the task we have yet to perform, to even begin the fulfilling of the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven. Sixteen hundred millions of human beings on this earth, only one-third of whom have ever heard of heaven, much less of the “windows” God has “opened” in heaven! And when you know of the paganism, idolatry, false religions and unspeakable sins that enslave and doom them, to say nothing of the miserable half-heartedness, hypocrisy, sectarianism and unfaithfulness of those who do profess to know and love God, the task bulks so large and dreadful that the value of only one man’s work seems so small and insignificant that the thought settles upon him with desperate discouragement.

What “window of heaven” has God opened here that will fill us with a blessing so great that we shall have no room to contain it?

Permit me to assure you that God has provided for this very thing most abundantly. He has so arranged

it in His wonderful economy that our deeds are often infinitely greater than they appear upon the face of them. Witness the "widow's mite." Apparently so small a deed, but in reality that act has inspired more gifts for the treasury of our Lord than the gifts of Rockefeller, Peabody, Frick and Carnegie combined. "A cup of cold water given in my name shall not lose its reward." One kind act of a Christian girl changed the whole course of the life of Jerry McAuley from a drunken sot to a potential witness for Jesus. His missions go round the world to-day like a golden girdle. "A kindly word, fitly spoken, is like an apple of gold in a basket of silver." No labor is vain or unproductive if it be done "in the Lord." To the puny action of our weak arm, God joins His omnipotence, and the act that we sometimes judge to be so small and unresponsive moves mountains. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me," says Paul. And besides all this, we have God's own declaration. "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him."

I confidently anticipate a complete victory over this world. A glad and glorious time when God's kingdom shall cover this earth as the waters cover the beds of the seas. A time when He shall "have the heathen for his inheritance" from the "rivers to the ends of the earth." When the "Holy City" shall be upon this earth and there shall be "a new heaven and a new earth," and God's will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

Through the "open windows" of heaven pour, with superabundant fullness, all these blessings, and so much more that we have not room enough to receive them. Long ago would this golden age of glory and vic-

tory have been accomplished, if only we had, in good faith, accepted His challenge and put Him to the test. Be it spoken to our shame, we, only, have failed! Shall we continue to hinder the full coming of His kingdom? Or shall we solemnly vow to-day that we will meet the conditions He has laid down for us to observe, and address ourselves to the task with renewed diligence, stouter hearts and brighter hopes? "Men of action, clear the way!"

Brethren, you have builded a house of worship, and are "setting it apart" unto God, in a holy way, to-day. "What mean ye by these stones?" What does this monument—this church building—signify?

The twelve stones taken from the midst of the Jordan were builded by Joshua into a rough and sturdy monument, greater by far than the mighty Egyptian Pyramids and infinitely more significant to the children of Israel. That monument of stones became one ceaseless, impassioned, eloquent oration, reciting to them and their children, and to their children's children, the history of Israel's delivery from bondage, their toilsome and wonderful journey in the wilderness, their possession of the promised land and the presence and help of Jehovah's great and gracious hand in it all. So, too, should this building—this "monument" you have erected—be an eloquent orator, declaring in no uncertain terms what was in your minds and hearts when you builded it.

"What mean ye by these stones?"

If you were intelligent in your purpose, and were advised by the word of God, you mean by "these stones" to declare your faith in some of the most wonderful and beautiful and enduring facts and

truths that were ever presented to human intelligence and human love—facts and truths that demand our faith in them and our practical regard. And, if you were thus intelligent and were thus advised, this building will be eloquent in its proclamation of those facts and truths, and of your loyalty and devotion to them.

Let us note some of the things this building should declare:

First of all, it will say, in clear, solemn and unmistakable terms, "God should be worshiped by every responsible being in this community."

And it should say this because God has said it. Upon a slab of rock sliced from the basaltic side of Sinai, God wrote, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." And by that same hand, in His own wonderful way, He has engraved that same sentence upon the tablets of the hearts of some of us. The world is holding too lightly that solemn command. Even those who profess to believe and accept it are not held in the grip of the awfulness, solemnity and splendor of it, as they should be.

This building will ever be saying, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." If you will pause here as you pass by, unless your ears are dulled by doubt or disloyalty, you will hear a voice saying unto you, "Come hither, and do your devotions after the manner prescribed for you in the New Testament of my dear Son, your Saviour." And ceaselessly and lovingly will this voice call until you come, or until you can not hear.

Continuing, this "building" will say, "I am standing here simply and only as a church of Christ!"

And this, because Jesus said, "On this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not pre-

vail against it." Jesus builded no other church. Into the great spiritual superstructure builded on the foundation of the confessed truth that "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God," He fits the "living stones" that are prepared by His workmen; and this building declares that it will be the altar and worshiping-place of all such of these "living stones" as dwell in this community.

Furthermore, this "monument" you have builded will proceed to declare, "Where the Scriptures speak, I will speak; and where the Scriptures are silent, I will be silent." And it will be very earnest and eloquent when it makes this declaration, because these who builded this "monument" believe that we have God's word in the sacred Scriptures—the blessed Bible. Indeed, if we have not His word here, then we have no "sure word." And, who besides God can speak authoritatively concerning salvation? He saves, and He only can declare the character and conditions of salvation. He is the One to be worshiped, and who but Him can declare the manner, method and character of that worship? "What must I do to be saved?" Let Him answer, and let no one else dare to answer.

Furthermore, this "monument" will declare, "The whole world should know the truth, because it will make men free; and it is the duty of all Christians to go into all the world and preach the truth so that men may be made free." Jesus said: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the age."

You mean, therefore, "by these stones," by this building, that you who worship here will do your best to see the terms of Jesus' commission carried out to its last demand. Nor will you be satisfied until Jesus be preached to the last man in the last land.

Furthermore, and finally, this "building" will be ever saying, "All of God's people should be one." Three times did Jesus pray, "That they may be one, Father."

The saddest and most tragic spectacle on this earth, and the very greatest sin on earth, is the divided condition of the church of the living God. I maintain that any one who purposefully creates and perpetuates divisions in the body of Christ is a greater sinner in the sight of God than the man who thrust the spear into the side of the crucified Lord.

So, then, this "monument" will ever plead with all those who love the Lord, urging them to be one. Not one upon any common denominator that may be wrought out for fractional Christianity, by the genius of man; but one on the plan laid down by our Saviour in the new testament of His blood. *Being* what He tells us to be; *believing* what He tells us to believe; *doing* what He tells us to do—these only, and the *oneness* for which He prayed will come.

With right good grace can you give such a building to God to-day; and with full confidence in His willingness to receive it and use it to His own glory, you may surrender it to Him.

Accept it, Father, and dwell in it, and cause it to be so precious to the hearts of those who worship here, that in their lives they shall bear the evidences of having been often with Thee here. In Jesus' name and for His sake, we pray. Amen!

DEDICATORY RESPONSIVE SERVICE.

(ADAPTED FROM ISAAC ERRETT.)

The people will stand and join in the responses:

Minister—We set apart this house to the worship of the living and true God, and to the service of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Congregation—We devote it to the preaching of the gospel of the grace of God for the conversion of sinners, and to the education of Christians in a knowledge of spiritual truth, in all the activities of Christian life.

Minister—Here shall the incense of prayer and praise ascend to God. Here shall the ordinances of the Lord's house be sacredly observed.

Congregation—Here shall the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever, be sounded out for the salvation of the perishing, and shine as a perpetual light to guide God's pilgrims through the night of time to the land of everlasting light.

Minister—Here may children of sin and sorrow find a refuge from despair and ruin, and Christians a harbor to which they can resort when the tempest is high, and be safe.

Congregation—May no discordant note of strife ever be heard within these walls, no unholy spirit of pride or worldliness find entrance here.

Minister—And may God graciously accept this offering of a house in his name—an offering made by grateful hearts and willing hands—and bless every heart that shares in this gift.

Congregation—May multitudes here be born to God, so that when all these here to-day shall have gone to their eternal home, others will take up the service until Jesus comes, and all His are gathered home.

Minister—To the glory of God, our Father, by whose favor we have builded; to the honor of Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the living God and our Saviour; to the praise of the Holy Spirit, source of life and light—

Congregation—We dedicate this house.

Minister—For worship in prayer and song; for the ministry of the Word; for the observance of the holy ordinances—

Congregation—We dedicate this house.

Minister—To the sanctification of the family; to the training and nurture of childhood; to the inspiration of youth and the salvation of all—

Congregation—We dedicate this house.

Minister—To the help of the needy; to the promotion of brotherhood; to the extension of the kingdom through the whole wide world—

Congregation—We dedicate this house.

All Together—And now “establish thou the work of our hands upon us. Yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it. And to thy blessed name, O God, whose we are, and whom we serve, be honor and glory everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

HUGH McLELLAN was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and received his grammar-school education in Melbourne, Australia. Later he attended Transylvania College, where he received the B.A. and M.A. degrees. He has held three pastorates—six years with the church of Christ, Shelbyville, Ky.; ten years with the church at Richmond, Ky., and eleven years with the church at San Antonio, Tex., where his ministry continues at this writing.

Mr. McLellan is on the editorial staff of the San Antonio "Express." He preached the convention sermon at the Louisville National Convention, and has a sermon in the "Living Pulpit."

Church Anniversary Sermon

OUTLINE

Introduction.—Story of Jacob's flight and return.

I. What Has the Past Year Meant to Ourselves?

1. Financially.
2. In numbers.
3. In grace.

II. What Has Our Past Year Meant to Others?

1. A real church is a missionary institution.
 - (1) In foreign lands.
 - (2) In home lands.

III. A Time for Reconsecration.

1. How can we succeed without God?
2. Sincere consecration will solve our problems.

Conclusion.—Remembrance of those who have passed beyond.

THEN AND NOW

Church Anniversary Sermon by Hugh McLellan

For with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two companies.—Gen. 32: 10.

WHEN Jacob fled from his home, spurred on in haste by the anger of a deceived father and a robbed brother, he passed in his flight one of the fords of Jordan. As he said, he passed it with his staff. All he had was the stick within his hand. The past was full of terror and the future full of uncertainty. Still he was rich, for he carried in his heart the memory of the bestowed blessing, and through the birth-right he had become the priest and mediator between God and his people. Also he had the memory of a vision, the sweetest dream of all the ages, and he could construct again in thought the golden ladder, and again summon the troops of angels. His material assets consisted of a wooden stick, but his spiritual assets were a blessing, an office and an experience.

When he returned to the Jordan after his years with Laban, he was in a different case. God had blessed him abundantly and his family was a tribe. His flocks and herds moved in vast numbers over the desert; his servants were numerous as the servants of a king. The blessing had worked. It was without boast and with profound reverence to God that, standing again at the ford of other days, he said, "I passed

over this Jordan with my staff; and now I am become two companies.”

It was a time for retrospection, for meditation, and for resolve. The return to the Jordan marked the moment for a review of the past and a resolve for the future. Indeed, it was on the foundations of the past that he built his plans for the future. The crossing of the river again was the suggestive occasion for memories and resolves. And this is true with all of us. The anniversaries of critical experiences create in us exalted moods—moods of great gratitude and moods of high purpose. He is a dull man who can return in place or time to a life crisis and not rise in gratitude or resolve nearer to God. In such a moment we stand on a ridge in the way of life. The past stretches back, seen from this height in true perspective; the future is hidden around the mountains, but as goodness and mercy followed us in the way we have come, so shall they “follow us all the days of our life.”

Such a moment is this to which we have returned—a moment full of meaning to this congregation. This is our anniversary; it is a Jordan of time rather than of place. Once more we stand at the moment of our small beginnings, the days of our staff; and, like Jacob, we have become two bands. It is a time for retrospection, for introspection and for purpose. It is not a time for idle boasting or hypocritical self-commendation, all of which would but weaken our hands for future tasks and cloud the path for our feet.

That we should rejoice in past success in God's work is natural and proper, but the glory is His, whose we are, whom we serve. That this band of disciples surrounds this altar, our Ebenezer, is but proof that “hitherto the Lord hath helped us,” and that we

have been "kept by the power of God." An anniversary which leaves God out is but a "tinkling brass and clanging cymbal." Adjusting our hearts thus to a proper recognition of God, we can now take up some questions which naturally arise at every church anniversary.

I. What has the past year meant to ourselves?

To Jacob the return to the Jordan meant the difference between a staff and two bands. We, too, can rejoice that the past year has not been unfruitful. Knowing well that it is not the mission of any congregation to make itself materially important, it is still a matter for congratulation and gratitude that we are stronger as a group than we were a year ago. And this is seen in three ways.

1. *Financially.* We all remember the struggles of the past when we were a feeble folk. When those, who passed, mocked like Sanballat, and wondered what this feeble group would do. There were days when the only way in which the Lord's work was kept moving was by the sacrifices of a faithful few. Debt hung like a millstone around our neck, and expenses loomed like high mountains in our path. We thank God that to-day we can look the world in the face, and point to an honorable discharge of our obligations. And it must not be forgotten that a congregation, like an individual, has a name to keep. The world is closely scrutinizing us, and, in the fundamentals of honesty and integrity, we are judged of all men.

So it is with a reasonable pride that we point to a year's record in which this church has stood up to all its obligations and has earned the respect of right-thinking people. In this experience we have learned

again the great truth that he who sows sparingly shall reap sparingly, and he who sows bountifully shall reap bountifully. The greatest reaping of joy and satisfaction comes to those in this congregation who in the darker days sacrificed. Theirs now is the joy and victory, and God pours into their bosoms an overflowing blessing.

2. *In numbers.* Numerically we are a stronger congregation than we were a year ago. This building is rich in the traditions of souls born into the kingdom. The church has seen the power of the simple gospel working the great change in the lives of men and women. Our ears have heard men confess with the mouth the Sonship of Christ, and our eyes have seen them buried with their Lord in the waters of baptism. And this to the Christian is his richest experience. He lives over again his own conversion in the conversion of others.

Indeed, the high moments, after all, in the last year were not those of paid debts or big offerings, but of the great congregation in gospel revival, the fervid appeal, the welling song of invitation, and the walking to the front of those who came to Christ. These were the scenes that stirred our hearts and these give us joy to-day. And would not this anniversary be meaningless were it otherwise? The living church is always an evangelical church, always a gospel church, always a witness for Christ and His truth. Back of the living church is the undying commission of the Master, and He is "with us" only as we carry out its terms. The church may have many functions, but one is chief. It is the herald of the kingdom. It is the voice in the wilderness. It is the moving lip

through which the Spirit calls to sinners. If it is not this, it is nothing.

3. *In grace.* Well might we ask ourselves in this anniversary if we have "grown in grace." A year older should see us a year better. Have we moved up from the milk of the Word to the strong meat? These questions reveal a profound necessity which is laid on the church that it grow in grace. To be older and not nearer to God is like walking in a circle; it is motion without progress. The great function of teaching is laid on the church with the same imperative as that of preaching. The truth within this Bible on the desk is still chained and powerless unless it has entered our lives.

As we look back over the year we rejoice in the growth of the Bible school. Here the church may function as the teacher of the Word upon minds ready to receive. It is regrettable that not all the members of the church are engaged in this service. To know Christ ought to mean that we teach Him. Never before has the way been so open for this service. The work is organized, the literature is abundant and available, schools of methods instruct us in the art, and millions of young people wait on our words. A church which is not definitely and seriously engaged in teaching the will of God has little to celebrate in any anniversary. We put the emphasis on this teaching function because it is the secret of growth. A Christian can no more grow without the Word than a man can grow without food. It will be found that the weak and sickly are those who have substituted the husks of man's wisdom for the bread of life. This growth in grace is seen in the maturing holiness and the strengthening faith of the congrega-

tion. We rejoice in our strength, and in our numbers, but we rejoice rather in the fact that we live closer to God than we did one year ago.

II. What has our past year meant to others?

Apart from the financial, numerical and spiritual growth of the congregation itself there is the broadening work to be considered on the outside. A congregation may become big in size and small in spirit. A true congregation of Christ is always awake to its duties to the whole world. Its horizon is not limited to its own church walls.

In a word, a real church is a missionary institution, full of the missionary spirit, and glowing with missionary zeal. The church at Antioch, where the disciples first received the divine name, still stands as an example to all Christian churches in its action in choosing out Paul and Barnabas with John Mark, and later Silas, and laying hands on them and sending them out to preach the gospel in heathen lands. There is nothing more apostolic than the missionary enterprise. An unmissionary church is neither Scriptural nor humane. It has no favor with God or man. It is an anomaly in the world.

In any anniversary of a church one of the highest experiences should be the report of the work of the church among the heathen. If the church is represented by an actual missionary, his presence at the anniversary would mean more than anything else. If that may not be, then his report should be read. In this anniversary it is a matter of congratulation that we hold hands with a missionary across the seas, and that through him we are preaching the gospel to those who sit in darkness. The question that should arise in our hearts to-day is, "Are we fully represented

there?" Does one missionary on the foreign field measure our spirit and ability, or are we keeping back "part of the price"? Let us hope that when the next anniversary arrives we shall be able to report another field occupied in the name of Christ and of this congregation.

In addition, it is a matter for congratulation that our missionary zeal recognizes the importance of preaching the truth in the homeland. A Christian America is itself a missionary influence in the world, and it should be our aim to save our own land for Christ that through it the world may see what God hath wrought. In addressing ourselves to this work, we should remember that America needs the simple gospel. Like the Laodiceans, the people of the United States are rich and increased in goods, and think they have need of nothing, but, like the Laodiceans, in the true riches they are naked and blind. Our country needs the unadulterated gospel of Christ to save its soul. Being saved, it becomes a base of operations for the salvation of the whole world. This saving work is in circles. First the individual, then the family, then the city or community, then our own land, then the whole world. The ever-widening waves of gospel truth should not rest until they wash up against the shores of the farthest land.

III. A time for reconsecration.

Benjamin Franklin, when speaking before the Constitutional Convention, urging that the convention ask divine guidance in its deliberations, said: "If it be true that a sparrow can not fall without His notice, how can it be that an empire shall rise without His aid?" It was a word fitly spoken. We would do well to ponder it, and in this anniversary ask, "How

can we succeed without God?" We have indicated that this anniversary is a season for recapitulation; it is more a season of reconsecration. We set the watch in vain if we watch without Him; we build the walls in vain if we lay a stone without Him. On this occasion this church should open its soul to God. If He enters our lives, we must succeed. We shall be the speaking mouth, but He shall be the voice; we shall be the moving hand, but He shall be the strength; we shall be the visible body, but He shall be the life.

The apostolic power shall be ours only as the apostolic indwelling of the Spirit is ours. We ought to be able to give the apostolic secret of the victorious life, "I live, yet not I, for Christ liveth in me." It was said of Stephen's persecutors that "they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit with which he spake." And this wisdom and this spirit were of God. Our own wisdom and our own spirit are easily resisted, but the Spirit of God in us is mighty and will prevail. So let us open our hearts to the Spirit of God, that as we move forward from this anniversary day we may do so in His wisdom and power.

This kind of consecration will solve all the difficulties and problems confronting us in the year ahead. If we are consecrated, so are our money, our time, our energy, our talents and our wills. There are no financial or missionary problems unsolved by a consecrated congregation. In giving itself it gives all. If the subjective problem is solved, the objective problem ceases to exist. The giants which the spies saw in Canaan were mere men distorted by cowardice. There were no giants to Joshua and Caleb. Canaan lies before us, and we are well able to go up and possess the land.

Conclusion. It would be a sad mistake if in this anniversary we failed to remember those who were with us one year ago, but are not here to-day. Some of those who worked with us, and bore the heat and burden of the day, have entered into rest. So is this congregation represented in heaven. And this teaches us that with each anniversary we, too, are nearing the temple which is eternal in the heavens. The church which we now see is a meeting-place and a parting-place. The tides flow in, then flow out. It is like the story told of the old Arab who, one day at evening, after traveling across the desert, came to a pretentious building on the edge of an oasis. He tethered his camel at the gate and went into the hall, and, spreading his carpet, lay down to rest. Soon a noble-looking Arab entered and demanded of the traveler what he was doing in the king's palace. The Arab replied that he took the building for a caravansary. "No," said the other, "it is the king's palace, and I am the king." The traveler then asked the king how long he had lived there; and he told him. He then asked who lived in it before he did. He answered, "My father." "And who before him?" "His father," and so on back through many generations. "Then," asked the traveler, "who shall live here after you?" "My son," he answered. "And after him?" "His son, and so on down to the end of time." "Well," said the traveler, "any house which receives and sends out such a continuous succession of guests is not a palace, but a caravansary." Such in one aspect is the church with its passing congregations. We come into this sweet fellowship only to pass out sooner or later into the fellowship on high. These anniversaries reveal the silent movement of these tides of life, and the names

of those who have rolled up the carpet and moved away beyond the horizon are in our hearts. If it be that people come and go through this church, we should see to it that while they rest thus in the earthly caravansary, they are touched with grace to fit them for the eternal home.

WILMER R. WALKER was born at Brooks, Ia., July 5, 1869, and received his education at Ada, O.; Angola, Ind.; Hiram, O., and Columbia, New York.

For two years he was minister of the church of Christ at Chardon, O.; three years at Martinsburg, O.; twelve years at Killbuck, O., and since 1920 has been with the Indianota Church at Columbus, O.

Mr. Walker was delegate from Holmes County to the fourth Constitutional Convention of the State of Ohio in 1912.

From 1913 to 1916 he was a teacher in the Phillips Bible Institute, Canton, O., and from 1916 to 1919 a teacher of the New Testament in Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.

Ministers' Ordination Sermon

OUTLINE

Introduction.

I. Preach the Word.

1. It needs no recasting.
2. Avoid undigested theories.

II. Preach So as to Bring Repentance.

1. Preach sin's punishment as eternal.
2. Tell despairing souls of God's love.

III. Preach Positively and Constructively.

1. To do this you must live what you preach.
2. You must preach to save the world.
3. You must preach the straight gospel.

IV. Forget Not Your Study Habits.

1. Study nature.
2. Study men.
3. Study the times.
4. Study God's word.
5. Be teachers as well as students.

V. Remember the Reward of the Faithful Minister.

1. The nature of your work is a reward.
2. You will be spared the temptations of the rich.
3. Your social life will be a joy.
4. The knowledge that you are helping is compensation.

PREACH THE WORD

*Ministers' Ordination Sermon by W. R. Walker**

Scripture—1 Tim. 4: 6-16; 2 Tim. 4: 1-5; Tit. 2: 7, 8.

MY Brethren: I am to speak to you of the solemn, but blessed, responsibilities and opportunities offered in the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

My inability to speak with the wisdom befitting the occasion is perhaps more than compensated by the interest manifested by this large congregation assembled at this early hour to participate in these holy moments of consecrated dedication.

Sufficient justification for the program of the morning may be found, should Scriptural precedent for it be questioned. Special, solemn, prayerful services grace and dignify the important moment when young men are formally sent forth as ambassadors for Christ by a church great in its historic traditions, devotion and loyalty to the revealed will of Jesus Christ.

Bethany Memorial Church has consented to lay its hands of blessing and approval upon you because it has confidence that you will honor your holy calling. Proof of your ministry has already been produced. You have brought some wave sheaves as an evidence of your skill in harvesting souls for the kingdom.

* Delivered, Bethany, W. Va., June 1, 1917, at 6 A. M.

This has been required that we might not violate the Pauline injunction to "lay hands suddenly upon no man."

The lofty sentiment of your motto, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," is suggestive of high ideals and Christlike spirit. The prayers and heartfelt benedictions of the congregation thus honoring you will ever be an unfailing source of help and encouragement when passing through the trials and discouragements incident to a life of ministering.

Let me first direct your attention to the message we entrust to you. You are to *preach the Word*.

This means that you are limited to the same Word which Jesus and his apostles preached, the Word able to make men wise unto salvation, the Holy Bible, the only infallible teaching God has given to men. The spiritual epochs of the church have always been those in which the gospel has been preached in fidelity, and with convincing power. The message for a lost world remains the same through all generations. That which condemns men to-day condemned the first pair in Eden. The sinners, priests and rulers in Jerusalem sinned just as men sin now. Human passions, hopes, fears, joys, sorrows and needs have not changed through the centuries, but are the same as those that ruled in the hearts of Jesus' auditors nineteen hundred years ago. That which meets the deepest needs of life in one age is certain to meet them in every age.

Therefore, your message requires no recasting. It is not new, but we hope it will be delivered with a new power. Proclaim it as if anointed with an unction from on high. Preach Christ as living and regnant. Make him a personality throbbing with life, felt

in the hearts of those to whom you minister. John Brown, of Haddington, once preached before the skeptical scientist, David Hume. Hume went away saying, "That is the man for me; he means what he says; he speaks as if Jesus were at his elbow." I tell you, brethren, Jesus *is* at the elbow of every one worthy of Him, whose supreme desire is to proclaim His gospel in its purity and simplicity.

Preach Him as the world's only Saviour, the only one with authority to forgive sin. "And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved." The salvation taught in the New Testament as coming through Jesus Christ is the forgiveness of sin. It is not a field for philosophic speculation, nor is it entirely a matter of character. It is a simple doctrine if taught as inspired men presented it; preach it with full assurance that you have the authority of Jesus Himself for your message.

You have here avowed your faith in the Bible as God's inspired word. In your student life you have examined the evidences on which this faith is based, and found them convincing beyond doubt. Now, preach the Bible as if you believe it. Most of the indifference so noticeable to-day in many quarters is due to a lack of faith in the old Book. Much present-day preaching, even, has lost its note of assurance. The questioning attitude of the university which boasts that its chief function is to raise doubts is being introduced into the pulpit with a resultant loss of faith in the eternal verities. A certain brand of criticism is offering us stones of humanitarian philosophy and "evoluted" eclecticism in religion, but we are hungering for the bread of revelation from God. Do not

imagine that your people either desire or need philosophic vagaries. They need the word of life.

Trouble not the people with undigested theories, nor predigested tabloids of scientific, speculative dogmatism. There is so much golden truth, tested in the crucible of experience, tried in the fire of application, that there is no occasion for proclaiming untried and unproven theories which may contain much dross of error. With the stone of fact hurled from the sling of confident faith, you can smite unbelief as it hides behind the shield of science, falsely so called.

Your own studies, leading you into many fields and familiarizing you with substitute religions, may tempt you to offer some of your discoveries instead of the plain gospel story. Yield not to such temptation. No one will be fed with that kind of ministering, and the only thing satisfied by it will be your own vanity.

Preach so as to weaken no one's faith. Even an imperfect faith is superior to doubt. Doubts are fiends ruled by the same law as other demons, thriving on attention, starving if not fed and fondly coddled. The normal state of every heart is one of belief rather than doubt. Make it clear in your preaching that the presumption is always against doubt. It is scarcity of argument or questionable testimony that makes a position doubtful. Otherwise it would be in the position occupied by faith. When compelled to go into the miasmatic lowlands of doubt, dread, despair, where duty may occasionally call you, tarry no longer than necessary to drain the infected region. Return speedily to the healthful highlands of faith and trust. It is courageous to enter plague-smitten districts to carry help, but foolhardy to abide there.

Preach so as to bring men to repentance. Repentance is what men most need to-day. A new crusade in the spirit of John the Baptist is necessary to save the age. Men laugh at sin instead of fearing it. They toy with it instead of hating it. They view it through reversed telescope, then deny both its magnitude and hideousness. They are so blinded by the smoke of their sacrifices, offered upon altars of materialism and commercialism, that they can not see that what God requires is justice, mercy and a contrite spirit. Self, not Jehovah, is their god, and success rather than service their pole-star.

Hesitate not to preach sin's punishment as eternal. Even if some have eliminated hell from their scheme of things, it has not been eliminated from God's word. Destructive critics may expurgate it from their eclectic bible, but that can not change the Bible whose truth shall never become falsehood. The certainty of future retribution must be proclaimed to touch certain natures.

Perhaps the goodness of God may move more people, so neglect not that, but rather magnify it as your ability permits. There are always prodigals whose hearts will be melted by a portrayal of potential forgiveness in the Father's heart. Let despairing souls hear of God's love and self-righteous ones of his justice and mercy.

Preach positively and constructively. Guard against becoming mere rebukers and critics. Your experience with frail humanity will tempt you to depend too much, perhaps, upon the plucking-up process. Jesus' teaching is that evil is to be remedied not so much by denunciation as by the growth of a new spirit. "You must be born again" is still the law of

regeneration and admission to Christ's kingdom. A heart with new ideals implanted is safer than one with old ideals uprooted. Your work is a hundred times more positive than negative. That is what makes it difficult. Little talent and weak energy are sufficient to pull down; the gravity of inertia performs most of such labor. But to construct, re-create, requires ability, skill, hard work and perseverance.

A most vital truth is now suggested. Your word of teaching must be energized by incarnation. It was so with Jesus. He began "both to do and to teach." The latter without the former would not have saved a single soul, even Jesus being powerless to work a miracle of that sort. How imperative, then, that his present-day representatives should live the life they expect of others. A chief reason why the spoken message produces so much more fruit than the written one is that it is illustrated in the person of the preacher. If the minister does not live his own teaching, he is sounding brass and clanging cymbal.

You are to be living epistles. Right or wrong, the world will look to you for leadership in living, and will study more closely what you do than what you say. The flock of God has been ravaged by wolves in sheep's clothing often enough to be wary. Live much with God in prayer and meditation on His word that the peculiar temptations of the preacher may be overcome.

The very intimacy of your association with the people will necessitate constant watchfulness and guarding, that it lead you not into temptation's power.

A word on the urgency of your ministry. You are to preach to save the world. This has been af-

firmed before, but its importance requires special emphasis.

A gospel of salvation necessarily implies a lost state. If there is no hell, there is most certainly no heaven; the one necessitates the other. The gospel of Christ, which we to-day send you forth to preach with our sanction, will accomplish in the fullest sense the salvation of all who accept it. What an honor to be assigned a part with God in the remaking of marred images of his likeness.

It is soul-thrilling to come to the kingdom for such a time as this. It requires no magic vision to see that we are in a period when a new age is being born, nor oracular powers to forecast the next decade or two as startlingly eventful. Another millennium is rolling round. The cloud of augury heralding its character has both a dark and bright side. The dark reveals that we have been walking on a very thin crust of civilization over a molten sea of barbarism. The political and industrial eruptions have become almost a constant roar. Smoke of threat and lava of destruction are belching out of furnaces of malice and hate in unregenerate hearts. The red glare of materialistic commercialism makes lurid the plain of human activity. Priests of Mammon are parading their heartless god with brazen and thunderous acclaim. Why all this, when leaders in this unholy riot are flattering Jesus by prating the Sermon on the Mount? They are publicly lauding Him and His teachings to blind us to the fact that they are privately trampling them underfoot. The German philosophy of the power of might (the legitimate child of modern evolutionary teaching) has supplanted the New Testament doctrine that greatness consists in humility, purity, righteousness, service. It is

time that men be made to understand that it is impossible to sow a theory of God's being chained, rendered helpless by his own laws through the operation of which the "fittest" survive, without reaping the harvest of ruthlessness, lust, contempt for contract, and all that has gone with German culture.

That which illumines the bright side of the cloud is the fact that multitudes are being filled with horror at the effects of the cold-blooded commercialism of the age, and are beginning to see the cause of the world's bitterness, hate and infidelity. They are trying the quack remedies of communism because its title spells brotherhood, and acclaiming every theory that promises peace. What a day for the preacher of the gospel of peace on earth, good will among men! What an opportunity to show the inefficiency of the plans of selfish men, and the effectiveness of Jesus' plan on unselfish service. What a time for men who, like Jonah, hesitate not to declare the fall of a nation that will not repent, and bring sinners to their knees in penitential confession. The real saviors of the times are the preachers courageous enough to rebuke sin wherever found. Men that fearlessly rebuke the rich who oppress and the poor who defraud. Who show that life consists in what it *is*, not in what it *has*. You must pull the bit on those who would recklessly rush to the charge, and use the spur on those who lag or are indifferent to the battle raging about them. Show that the only way to pluck the world out of the abyss is to put God on the throne.

Never have such burdens been laid on men's shoulders, but never have backs been so able to bear them. Not only does God temper the wind to the shorn lamb, He also suits the burden to the back that is to

bear it. The intricate and complicated life of what has been called Christian civilization appalls us, and, were it not for our faith in God, would dishearten. But everywhere men are turning to the Bible with new interest and hope that it may furnish solution to our problems. The inevitable result of honest study of this sort is to deepen their faith in the program of Jesus as all-sufficient to meet every need of men.

Forget not your study habits. Linger frequently in any field of study where Christ Himself tarried. Nature, God's unwritten Bible, will wonderfully enrich your illustrative possessions. Fields and flowers, birds and bees, may provide more helpful sermonic material than the philosophic wisdom of Plato. Facts of science (not often its theoretic speculation) will also serve you well in bringing lessons to the people to whom you minister. The God who inspired the Book established every law of nature, and they will always harmonize, and, at times, illumine each other.

Be students of men. It is axiomatic that a knowledge of those whom you would serve is imperative if you would minister efficiently. The depths of your own soul will be the best text-book in the study of man, for the motives and thought methods of the race are one.

You will need to keep in touch with the currents of social and religious thought also. Some new phases of life and duty will be presented for your consideration. Most of that which will pose as new, upon examination will be found to be old philosophy or theory relabeled. You must be able to read discerningly in order to winnow the wheat of fact from the chaff of assumption.

First, last, always, study the Bible. Paul exhorts Timothy "to give heed to reading, to exhortation, to teaching." Again he is urged, "Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth." Our New Testament provides you a larger library than Timothy had. Its fathomless wisdom, its correct appraisal of the human heart, its admonitions, its instruction in righteousness, its satisfying promises, its simple profundity, will constantly astonish and delight you, bringing new assurance that it is in a most unique and peculiar sense God's word.

How marvelous its completeness in moral content. It contains less than half the material of a metropolitan Sunday paper, yet in nineteen centuries no new moral truth has been discovered.

You are to be teachers as well as students. This is a reason for being a growing student. There is little crowding in the ranks of real teachers of the holy Book.

Here is a field worthy of your best endeavor, and fruitful beyond your highest hopes. This Word will never return void. Somewhere it will enrich and save the life of one lost.

I have a conviction that we are entering a period in which the work of teaching will be restored to its New Testament prominence. As ministers, you will need to lead in this. There is a false liberalism abroad of which you must beware. It asks the surrender of vital New Testament teaching to what it is pleased to call expedient practice of Christian union. On the plea of charity, it would alter the divine terms of membership in Christ's church. The true minister will be neither less nor more charitable than the New Testament warrants.

The Christian world is groping for a platform for Christian union, and many are the bases suggested. Few who are doing what they think to be pioneer work in this matter appreciate the fact that the New Testament itself provides the only basis on which permanent union can be consummated. You will have a coveted opportunity to present that basis when periods of discussion on this subject occur. You can, and you should, conscientiously agree to stand with every follower of Christ on that platform. In the meantime, you should desire and cultivate the largest possible fellowship with all believers in Christ, consistent with absolute loyalty to Him.

Your success will depend much upon the faithfulness with which you discharge your pastoral duties. The good Shepherd gave his life for the sheep. So must you. Unless that is literally true, yours will not be a *ministry*. Faithful serving will be fully compensated in that day when the Lord knights you as a member of the Order of Basin and Towel.

In closing, I direct your attention to the reward of the faithful minister. Your labor itself will be its own best remuneration. No wage is so satisfying as the peace and joy growing out of a consciousness that you are laboring together with God, in a partnership where both profits and losses will be mutually shared. When humiliated by apparent failure, the Lord will halve your burden by helping bear your disappointment. When elated with success, he will double your joy by sharing it.

There should be some relief in the knowledge that you will be spared the temptations of the rich. Your salary will be much less than you might have by employing your talent otherwise, and it is well that it is

so. The church can never afford to offer inducements to men who are worldly-minded, ambitious or greedy, no matter what their intellectual equipment. To do so would invite spiritual stagnation or death. The scanty monetary reward automatically sifts out such as are not consecrated, and no better plan can be devised. You will not measure your life by the standards others use. It will not be rich in earthly possessions, but rich in things moth and rust can not corrupt nor thieves steal; namely, gratitude, respect, love from those you serve. You will be admitted to the inner life of people where few are permitted to enter. You will be with them in their joys. At the banquet, family reunion, social circle, you will be an honored guest.

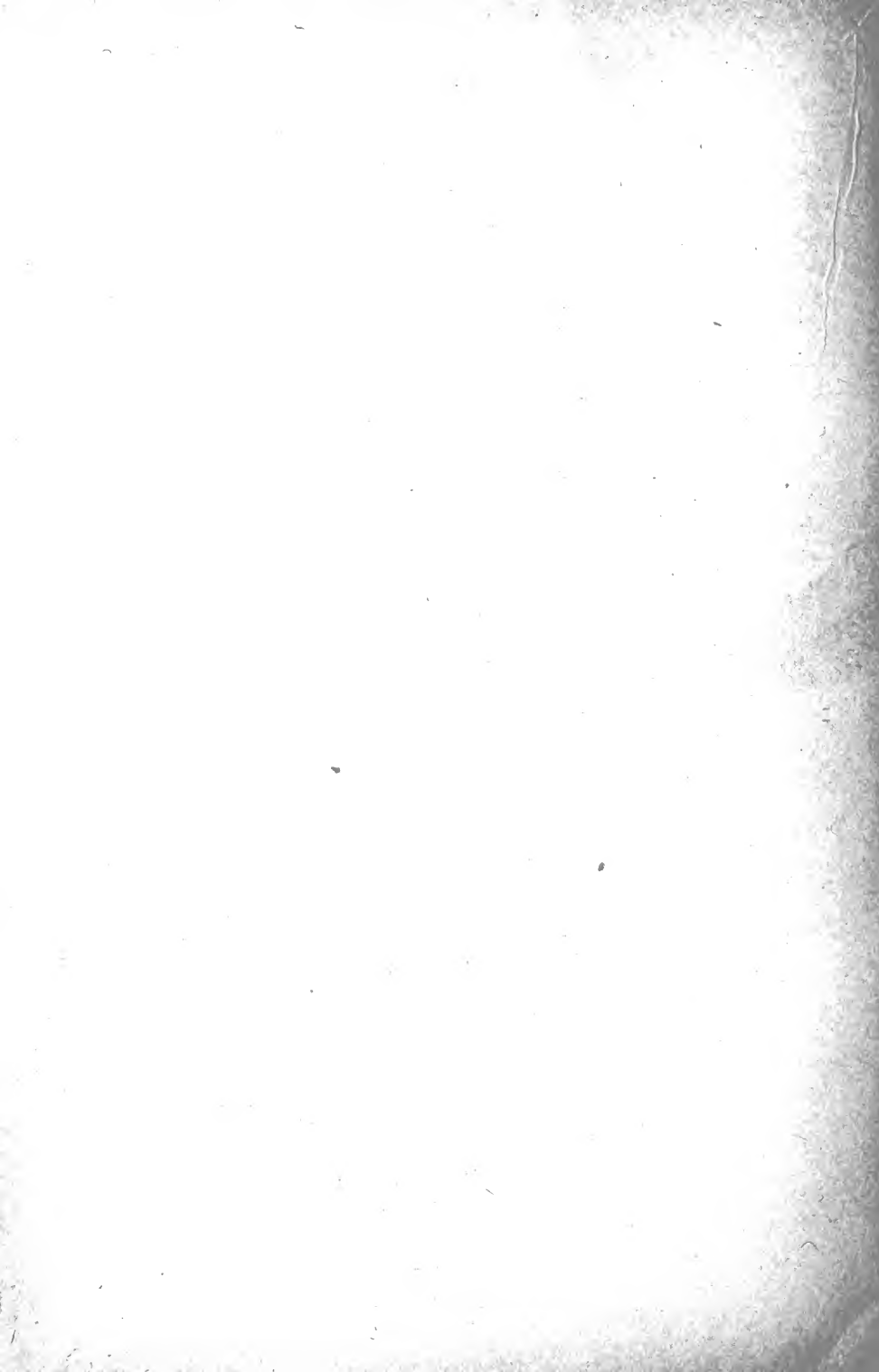
In many homes where the intimacy of the family group is broken to admit just one outsider, the preacher is the one for whom the door swings wide. At the wedding, where united hearts are sealed, you will be invited to throw the mantle of religious approval over the founding of a new home.

Yours will be the privilege of sharing the deepest sorrows with those to whom you minister. This experience may sadden, but it can wonderfully bless. You will learn the hidden meaning of the proverb that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.

When erring, careless members of the family are to be won back to Christ, when financial disaster drives its shaft of gloom and despondency, when the pall of death settles slowly or the sudden storm of tragedy breaks, yours will be the supreme joy of drawing forth, from the fountains of revealed truth, things new and old, that will heal hearts, quiet fears,

renew courage, strengthen faith, rekindle hope. What a wonderful, blessed, rich life you may have!

My prayer for you is that you may so labor that when nature's warning voices announce the approach of the life that is life indeed, you shall be able to find a true minister's joy in saying with Paul: "I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me at that day, and not to me only, but also to all them that have loved his appearing."



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He was minister of the church of Christ at Midway, Ky., four years; professor of English in Transylvania six years, and has been minister of the Broadway Church, Lexington, Ky., thirty years.

Mr. Collis served as trustee of the College of the Bible at Lexington thirty years, and was chairman of the board twenty-five years. He was curator in Transylvania College twenty-five years, and a trustee of Hamilton College for thirty years.

For thirty-five years he has been a trustee of the Kentucky Female Orphan School at Midway, and president of the board for twenty-five years.

Thanksgiving Day Sermon

OUTLINE

Introduction.

I. If Unthankfulness to Man Is Despicable, What Shall We Say of Unthankfulness to God?

1. This is the greatest sin of the heathen world.
2. From the heathen world God took out a people for Himself.

II. If Men Were Called upon to Thank God in Former Dispensations, How Much More Should They Do So Now?

1. Think of the country God prepared for us.
2. Think of the people He prepared to compose this nation.
3. Think of the principles set forth by our great first Congress.
4. Think of our religious liberty and our blessings from God's word.

III. How Shall We Rightly Give Thanks and Show Our Gratitude?

1. In our worship.
2. By a thank-offering.
3. By helping the needy.

IV. What Does the Right Giving of Thanks Do for the Giver?

1. Gratitude expands the soul.
2. Ingratitude shrivels and debases.

V. What Is the Outcome of the Grateful Life?

Victory and glory forever.

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS

Thanksgiving Day Sermon by Mark Collis

In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus to you-ward.—1 Thess. 5: 18.

WHAT trait of character is more beautiful than gratitude? What baser than ingratitude?

“Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be made.”

Ingratitude means unthankfulness.

I. If unthankfulness to man is so despicable, what shall we say of unthankfulness to God?

1. This, Paul says (Rom. 1:21), is the greatest sin of the heathen world. He tells how God revealed Himself to the heathen, even His everlasting power and divinity, so that they are without excuse, because that knowing God they glorified Him not as God, neither gave thanks. The climax of this wickedness was unthankfulness. Ingratitude is heathenish.

2. From the heathen world God took out a people for his own possession. He revealed Himself to them as He had not done to other peoples. With a mighty hand He delivered them from their oppressors. For forty years He manifested Himself to them in the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night,

while He fed them with angels' food. He led them on with increasing blessings. Recounting those blessings in his farewell address, Moses said:

“The Lord alone did lead them,
And there was no strange God with them.
He made them to ride on the high places of the earth
And they did eat the increase of the field:
He made them to suck honey out of the rock
And oil out of the flinty rock:
Butter of kine and milk of sheep,
With fat of lambs,
And rams of the breed of Bashan and goats,
With the fat of kidneys of wheat;
And of the blood of the grape did they drink wine.”

Now they are about to enter the land promised to their fathers, “a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, and thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones were iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.” Having enjoyed such wonderful blessing in the past, and now about to enter into the enjoyment of blessings still more wonderful, one would think the hearts of those people would have overflowed with gratitude, but as Moses looked upon them, he said:

“Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked.
They waxed fat, they grew thick, they became sleek,
They forsook God who made them,
And lightly esteemed the Rock of their salvation.”

As I read those words I imagine I can hear the old man who for forty years had patiently borne with the unbelief and the ingratitude of the people whom

he addressed. He compared them to fat bulls that had been pampered and had grown sleek, and never thought of the hand that fed them and groomed them and gave them a place where they could lie down in safety. What scorn there must have been in his voice as he uttered those words! Who was it that had thus grown fat and sleek? Jeshurun. Who was Jeshurun? Jeshurun means righteous. They were not a heathen people, but a people who professed to know God, and to worship and to serve him. But they were ungrateful.

Still God led these people, who did not thank Him, into the land of Canaan. He kept His covenant with them. There they inhabited cities that they builded not, dwelt in houses filled with all good things that they filled not, drank of cisterns which they digged not, ate of trees and vineyards which they planted not—yet they forgot God. And he said through Isaiah, “The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master’s crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.” And through Hosea He said, “She did not know that I gave her corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplied her silver and her gold, which she prepared for Baal.” The blessings that God bestowed, devoted to that beastly heathen god! What a prostitution of noble gifts! Is it not repeated in Christian lands?

But all did not bow the knee to Baal. In contrast with the words of condemnation uttered through prophetic lips, the Psalmist exultingly sings: “O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Remember his marvellous works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth.”

II. If men were called upon to thank God for His gifts in former dispensations, how much more should we call upon our souls and all that is within us to bless and magnify His holy name in these times and in this land where God is pouring out upon us blessings in such rich profusion! We sing "Count your blessings, name them one by one," but that is impossible. They are innumerable. Some of them are so rare and wonderful, and we are so dull and stupid, that we can not recognize them. But let us think of those that we can number. Truly God has not dealt with any people as he has with us.

Think of this good land which He prepared for us. In the ages past, He lifted up a great chain of mountains as a backbone for our continent from which slopes half the arable land of the world, then He traced mighty river systems and scooped out broad lakes till He had made a way for five-sixths of the fresh water of the globe, then He laid away under this soil unparalleled wealth of oil and gas and coal and iron and precious metals. Through uncounted millenniums the great Architect toiled to prepare a fit place for our nation.

Then He prepared a people to compose this nation. Who were they? The men and women from whom sprang those who were worthy to lift the torch of liberty to enlighten the world. They came from among men and women who had felt the thrill of that new life which was born from the revival of learning and the Protestant Reformation. From these people God picked the sturdy Pilgrim Fathers to found the New England colonies. From brave, liberty-loving Holland He brought men that were needed to found New Amsterdam; Quakers and the choicest

souls of Germany He brought to cultivate the fertile fields of Pennsylvania; high-born Loyalists with their chivalry and culture He brought to be the great planters of Virginia; the noblest hearts of France, longing for religious toleration and the right to think for themselves and to act as their consciences dictated, He brought to people the Carolinas. From the offspring of these varied types assembled the first Congress to decide the great principles for which this nation was to stand. Some one has said, "That Congress was composed of the finest body of men ever gathered in the history of the world."

From the day on which that Congress adjourned, the mighty hand of infinite wisdom and goodness has been over this nation in divine benediction. Our land has had its days of adversity; at times it seemed as if the nation would be torn asunder because of policies that seemed irreconcilable. But out of these conflicts God led us into times of peace and prosperity.

To-day safe investments are available; conscientious labor is rewarded; luxuries are possible to the many, while few are without the necessities of life; the unfortunates are provided for in wisely managed institutions sustained by the generosity of a philanthropic people; education from the common schools to the university is accessible to all. More is being done to-day in this land of ours for the physical, intellectual and moral good of the people than ever before. We have driven out the diabolical liquor traffic, never to return; by the enfranchisement of woman, we have put the ballot into the hand of the most moral, the most independent, and, some would say, the most intelligent element of our nation. Truly we can say, "God has not dealt so with any other people."

But there are blessings as far transcending those which we have enumerated as the heavens transcend the earth. We live in a land where the influence of the Bible is shed on every side; every individual feels it; every institution is affected by it; it is the chief cause of our prosperity and happiness, the bulwark of our liberty, the guaranty of our future national welfare, the foundation of our progress, the anchorage of our destiny.

It is the Bible that makes God known to us as our Creator, Preserver and bountiful Benefactor; who watches over us as individuals so that not a hair of our head can fall to the ground without His knowledge; who has appointed the bounds of our nation, and who, if we permit Him, will preside over its councils so that we may know the meaning of that Old Testament beatitude, "Happy is that people whose God is Jehovah."

Still more wonderfully does the Bible reveal God to us in Christ Jesus, our Saviour and our Lord, through whom so many enjoy the blessings of pardon and of adoption into the family of God, becoming heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ to an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away. In anticipation of this inheritance, the Holy Spirit is bestowed upon us; He is called in the Scripture the earnest of our future possession; He takes our inarticulate groanings and presents them as intercessions at the throne of grace; He witnesses with our spirits that we are the children of God, and through Him we are able to bring forth those beautiful fruits of righteousness that adorn the Christian life. Language can not express the value of these spiritual blessings which God has bestowed upon us in Christ Jesus.

These blessings are general so far as God's children are concerned. They are enjoyed by all who have named the name of Christ. But every one has his own peculiar blessing, some special joy or deliverance. Perhaps chief of all we should think of that help that came to us in time of trouble, or the good that we were conscious of receiving from what we thought at the time would break our hearts. Did it not prove to be one of the greatest blessings of our lives, when the thorn tormented us, to hear God's voice saying, "My grace is sufficient for you, my strength is made perfect in your weakness"? And we learned how to cast our care upon God, knowing that He careth for us, and we came to know that all things work together for our good because we love Him, and are called according to His purpose.

So among our blessings we give a prominent place to our afflictions because they wean our affections from the things that are seen to the things that are not seen, give us a fineness of character that can come in no other way, and lead us to that happy place where we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; where the sun shall not smite us, but where the Lamb shall lead us to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

I have mentioned but a few of the blessings which the Father of lights has bestowed upon us, but surely they are sufficient to cause us to acknowledge that it is "a good thing to give thanks to Jehovah."

III. How shall we give thanks to Jehovah? How shall we bless His name?

1. In our worship. The Psalms that David wrote to be sung in the temple services were full of thanksgiving. How the hearts of the worshipers must have

thrilled as they heard the full chorus singing with jubilant strains, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Still more should our hearts be thrilled as we think of the blessings which God has bestowed upon us, far surpassing those enjoyed by Israel of old, and as we sing such songs as

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise."

Our prayers should be made up largely of thanksgiving. The apostle says: "In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." "Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving." "In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." Let us cry like suppliants at the throne of grace, but let us not fail to bring the sacrifice of praise to God, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to Him who is the giver of every good and every perfect gift.

2. The Jews expressed their gratitude to God by a thank-offering. We must do the same. The thank-offering of the Jew was a lamb slain and laid upon the altar. The thank-offering which we bring is far more precious than that of the Jew. The apostle says, "I beseech you therefore by the mercies of God" (then it is a thank-offering) "that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." This means that the whole body is to be devoted to God—the head to devise plans for His honor, the heart to be aflame

with holy passion, the hands to do His will, the feet to run cheerfully in the way of obedience, so that, no matter what we do, it shall be for the glory of God! This is thanksgiving, and what is thanksgiving but practical thanksgiving?

3. Again it is said, "To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifice God is well pleased." So when we minister to the needy, when we visit the widow and the orphan in their affliction, we are presenting an acceptable sacrifice to the giver of every blessing, not a sin-offering, but a thank-offering, than which no offering is more acceptable.

IV. What does this do for the individual who thus expresses his gratitude to God?

1. It brings a blessing that can come in no other way. It means enlargement of soul. An ingrate can not be happy. Ten lepers came to Christ. They were all healed on their way to the priest. Only one returned to give glory to God; to give thanks to Him that had cleansed him of his loathsome disease. In his grateful heart he received a blessing greater than his cleansing. So it is with us when we thank God for the blessings that we receive.

"Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That takes those gifts with joy."

2. But ingratitude! How it debases! Read Romans 1 and learn the awful degradations into which men fell because of their ingratitude. They became vain in their reasonings. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God for the likeness of corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and creeping

things. For which cause God gave them up in the lusts of their hearts to uncleanness, unto vile passions, so that they received in their hearts that recompense that was their due.

We have an example of the fruits of ingratitude in Nebuchadnezzar. God gave him greatness and glory and majesty, but he was unthankful. Then he was driven from the sons of men; his heart was made like the beasts, his dwelling was with the wild asses, he was fed with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven. What a picture! Just as graphic would be the picture of any man to-day who descends to the low and animal plane of ingratitude.

What is hell? The abode of ungrateful souls. Paul's picture of those who did not give God thanks is of men going down, *down*, DOWN, till they get lower than the beasts in their vile passions. You find what he says in Romans 1. In this sermon I have not quoted the worst. Read it for yourself. How awful is the revelation which the apostle makes! It teaches us that ungrateful souls slip down little by little till they find themselves in utter darkness, where there are weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Oh, friends, if we have been unthankful, let us repent, let us cry unto God for forgiveness, and let us resolve that we shall, as long as we live, continue to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

V. But what is the outcome of a grateful life? Listen! John says: "I saw, and behold, a great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation and of *all* tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God who sitteth on

the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels were standing round about the throne, and *about* the elders and the four living creatures; and they fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, *be* unto our God for ever and ever. Amen. And the four and twenty elders, who sit before God on their thrones, fell upon their faces and worshipped God, saying, We give thee thanks, O Lord God, the Almighty, who art and who wast; because thou hast taken thy great power, and didst reign." So heaven is a place of thanksgiving. There the redeemed, whose robes are washed white in the blood of the Lamb, who have come up out of great tribulation, who have laid aside the sword of conflict and have taken up the palm of victory, form an innumerable company; each one of them has seized a harp of thanksgiving and they are all engaged in a sublime anthem of praise; while the angels, folding their wings in silence, listen to such a song as they have never learned to sing. The spirit of heaven is the spirit of thanksgiving, and he who has most thanksgiving in his heart has most of heaven in his life.

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At Bethany he received both the A.B. and A.M. degrees. He was minister of the church of Christ at New Cumberland, W. Va., 1900-1902; Wilkinsburg, Pittsburgh, Pa., 1902-1906; East Orange, N. J., 1906-1912; High Street Church, Akron, O., 1912 to present time.

Mr. Wells was a member of the Board of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society for five years; a member of the Board of the Ohio Christian Missionary Society, 1920 and 1921, and a member of the first Executive Committee of the United Christian Missionary Society.

Wedding Anniversary Sermon

OUTLINE

Introduction.—The fundamental institution of our civilization is the home, and marriage is its basis.

I. Marriage Is a Partnership.

1. The man is the maker of the living.
2. The woman is the maker of the home.

II. Some Don'ts for Husbands.

1. Don't treat your partner as though she were your slave.
2. Don't assume the right of being treasurer in the new partnership.
3. Don't fail to deliver the goods according to the sample.

III. Some Don'ts for Wives.

1. Don't neglect your home.
2. Don't be extravagant.
3. Don't live with relatives if you can avoid it.

THE HOME PARTNERSHIP

Wedding Anniversary Sermon by L. N. D. Wells

Husbands, love your wives. . . . Wives, reverence your husbands.—Eph. 5: 22, 25.

HUSBANDS, love your wives.” “Wives, reverence your husbands.” Such is the substance of Paul’s teaching in Eph. 5:22-33. In order that this double injunction may be carried out, wives must be lovable and husbands must be worthy of reverence.

The fundamental institution of our civilization is the home. None other has such influence. No other institution means so much for the weal or woe of the human race. There is a well-nigh universal desire, both on the part of the man and the woman, for their own home. If one is not happy in his home, he can not find happiness anywhere.

“Home is not merely four square walls,
Though hung with pictures finely gilded;
Home is where affection dwells,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.”

There is only one foundation upon which a happy home can rest—and that foundation is love. There are marriages for convenience, for position, for wealth and for social advantage. When such a marriage is contemplated, our caution would be “*Don’t!*” Love—and love alone—can create the atmosphere of that sanctuary which we call home.

The ladies' aid society asked an old bachelor to speak at their social function, on the subject "Woman! Without her, man would be a savage." When the hour arrived he arose, and said: "The ladies have furnished my theme for this evening. The wording of it runs, 'Woman without her man, would be a savage.'" He wondered why they smiled. It is true he had altered the meaning by his change of punctuation, but I am sure there is much truth in both of the statements. God felt that Adam was not complete without his helpmate—and God ought to know.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto man is woman;
While she bends him she obeys him,
While she leads him yet she follows;
Useless each without the other."

I. Marriage Is a Partnership.

I wish, in this sermon, to emphasize the fact that marriage is a partnership. I shall then define the duties and add some don'ts.

"I take thee to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I pledge thee my troth."

No more sacred pledge has ever passed the lips of any man in the sealing of an earthly contract. If marriage is not a partnership, then there are no partnerships in life. In this sacred partnership there is

1. *The man, the maker of the living.* It is his part to support the home, to maintain his wife and babies, to plan, to work, to toil for others, to spend his life in service for her whom he has selected from all the

noble women of the world, to be her constant companion in joy or sorrow, to be such a father to her children as the children can honor, and to be the stay and support of her life. This, my friends, is not an effort at romantic idealism; it is a plain statement of plain truth. If it is a dream, then as a dream it has been the inspiration for life's most heroic service. Ponder well your promises, and, above all things else in life, keep faith with her.

The husband is the house-band. He must keep the home together, provide the family shelter, food, clothing, and keep in comfort the sacred place where the physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual culture of the next generation must be provided. Surely such a task is worthy of man's best effort. This is a busy world. Competition is tremendously keen. Our modern life is complex and strenuous, and, in order to accomplish the tasks incident to the maintenance of a home, a man needs a clear brain and a strong body. As nearly as possible, he should be free from petty annoyances and always able to approach his daily tasks with full mental vigor. This can only be done when things are right at home.

2. *The woman, the maker of the home.* The wife must be a helpmeet. Not merely a housekeeper, but a home-maker, and there is every difference in the world between these two. The most important thing about a home is not the house, nor is it the furnishing; it is not gilded pictures and upholstered divans, nor velvet carpets and magnificent draperies. The vital thing is an atmosphere. Yes, I like to think that the woman's sphere is in the creation of an atmosphere. In this atmosphere the husband finds his relaxation and his joy; his daily recreation for the

tasks and toil of another day amidst the busy whirl of this commercial age. In this atmosphere the children love to play, and in it their characters are molded for useful citizenship in years to be. The wife must be the inspiration for her husband. He must achieve for her. Her faith in him must be the well-spring of his effort, and, because of her, he must not fail.

There are many things that are vital, things without which this atmosphere can not be maintained. The house must be orderly and clean. It should be light and cheerful. Much fresh air must be supplied, and every appointment should speak real comfort. This does not necessarily mean extravagance. The wife must learn to make a real home on whatever income her husband can provide, and with that income she must be content.

I have little patience with those who speak of the limited sphere of woman. Her sphere is well-nigh limitless. God places in her arms an infant race. It is hers to form and fashion, to mold and model the generation of the days to come. She has just been given the ballot, but long ago God gave to her the boy; momentous compliment—the greatest in the history of men.

II. Some Don'ts for Husbands.

1. *Don't treat your partner as though she were your slave.* Remember that in the formation of that sacred partnership she placed her all. She sacrificed a home filled with the material comforts in which she had been cradled and cultured and nurtured, in which she had been loved and shielded and protected. She sacrificed a rich reality for that which she hoped you could provide. I believe that it is not exaggera-

tion to say that 90 per cent. of the women who marry, step out of father's home into a less comfortable and convenient house. I have united in marriage more than two thousand couples in the last nine years, and by far the larger number of them have taken but temporary quarters in a few rooms. Remember, she sacrificed because she loved and trusted you. You are less than a real man if you forget that love or betray that trust. She is your partner—not your slave.

2. *Don't assume the right of being treasurer in the new partnership.* She has an equal right in the funds of this new firm. Imagine, if you can, a business partnership in which two parties place their available capital. The business prospers, but, without agreement, one assumes the responsibility for handling all the funds. He banks the money and checks it out without conference or consultation. For the barest necessities of life, the other partner must come to him and ask for funds. In feeling at least, reduced to beggary, humiliated beyond measure, always uncertain as to whether or not his frugal request will be granted. I ask you, as a man, how long would such a partnership be tolerated? My friends, this illustration is not an overdraft. Millions of partners in that most sacred of partnerships—noble women, wives and mothers—submit to such an enforced arrangement without complaint. I know no greater tribute to the power of true love than this submission, but it is not right. Give to her an allowance that is entirely adequate for her many needs, or, better still, bank the income in a joint account, and, if she is a worthy woman, she will suffer want rather than betray your confidence and trust. If the funds are too mea-

ger for a bank account, share the meagerness equally, and plan for better days ahead.

3. *Don't fail to deliver the goods according to the sample.* Some time ago I purchased a suit of clothes from a traveling salesman. He displayed a splendid line of samples. I selected a very beautiful piece, and ordered the suit, which was to be made to my measure, and delivered within three weeks. What was my surprise, about a month later, to receive a suit of inferior workmanship, poorer and lighter quality, and of an entirely different shade! Upon comparing the material with the sample, which I had kept, my "righteous indignation" was aroused and forthwith the suit went back. Suppose you were to purchase an Oriental rug of beautiful design, and find, upon delivery, that they had sent to you the cheapest imitation. Recently I heard a woman tell her husband that he was not even distantly related to the man she thought she married. How courteous and thoughtful he once was! How graceful and how kind! How considerate of her comfort and her pleasure! Her slightest wish was his supreme law. Think of the flowers and the candy and the love tokens! Ah, yes! But you must remember that these were in the courtship days. My brother! why not deliver the goods according to the sample? These things, and a million other little courtesies, must not be forgotten. If you forget them, you have been deceiving her.

III. Some Don'ts for Wives.

1. *Don't neglect your home.* The home is woman's throne. Here she reigns as queen, and here she must be queenly. No social success imaginable is sufficient recompense for the neglect of the home. The card-case and the automobile must not displace the needle

and the baby-carriage. Women, happy in and entirely dedicated to the domestic art, are the crying need of our generation. Nothing can do more to check moral decline and social degeneracy than for our wives and mothers to dedicate themselves to the creation of a right home atmosphere and fully appreciate the exalted privilege, the high responsibility, and the incalculable influence of true motherhood.

2. *Don't be extravagant.* Whatever happens, live within your means. Every young couple should make it the unalterable rule to save some money from each pay. Remember that expenses will increase with the growing family, and that it is easier to save your means with a family of two than it will be with three or five. Then, too, if we do not form the thrift habit in our early married life, it is probable that later it will be necessary for the children to sacrifice their higher education and miss the largest usefulness in life. Again, there is, perhaps, no more prolific source of domestic infelicity than the consciousness that one can not get ahead. A growing bank account is the best insurance policy for domestic happiness.

3. *Don't live with relatives, if you can avoid it.* How many are the homes that have come to ruin because of the sympathetic comfort and ill-advised advice of relatives or friends! For instance, there is a difference of opinion between the newly-weds, perhaps a discussion, maybe an unkind word with ruffled feelings and copious tears. She may refuse the good-by kiss. With heavy heart he leaves the home mentally incapacitated for his best work that day. Then the inevitable happens. She confides in mother, the mother love responds with sympathy and comfort, and in the light of this she feels that she really has been wronged.

The breach is widened, and when he returns they quarrel, and thus they leave the peaceful harbor and launch upon a troubled sea. No, my friends, as man and wife sail out together they do not need anything so much as they need an open sea. If given plenty of sea room, the chances are that they will unitedly weather the severest storm. Above all things, when difficulties come, brook no interference from relatives or friends.

And, finally, let me say to both, be cheerful, be happy, count your blessings, and thank God, remembering that nothing ever yet brought larger returns than kindness, consideration and love.

“If with pleasure you are viewing any work your wife is doing;
If you like her or you love her, tell her now;
Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration,
And she lies with snowy lilies o'er her brow;
For no matter how you shout it, she won't really care about it;
She won't know how many teardrops you have shed.
If you think some praise is due her, now's the time to tell it
to her,
For she can not read her tombstone when she's dead.

“More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and
sunny,
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.
If she earns your praise, bestow it; if you love her, let her know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said.
Do not wait till life is over and she's underneath the clover,
For she can not read her tombstone when she's dead.”

EDWIN W. THORNTON was born on a farm near West Middleburg, Logan County, O., Aug. 20, 1863, and was educated in the common schools of Zanesfield, O.; Prof. J. W. Carter's school at Waverly, Mo.; the Missouri State University at Columbia, Mo., and the Bible College of the Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Thornton preached his first sermon in the church of Christ at Knobnoster, Mo.; served the church at Holden, Mo., for a short time as supply, and then accepted his first pastorate with the church at Paola, Kan. Afterward he preached in Lathrop and Carrollton, Mo.; Fort Smith, Ark.; Kansas City, Mo.; Mayfield, Ky.; Pittsburgh and Waynesburg, Pa., and Long Beach and Los Angeles, Calif. Since 1910 he has been editor-in-chief of the lesson literature published by The Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, O., spending one and a half years of the time with the West Side Church, Newark, O.

Home-coming Day Address

OUTLINE

- I. Centripetal Home Forces that Center in the Home Itself.**
 1. Family affection that makes each member of the family to love the home.
 2. Family loyalty that impels each member to protect the home.
 3. Family faith that inspires all to dedicate the home to God.

- II. Centrifugal Home Forces that Reach to the "Uttermost Part of the Earth."**
 1. A radiating hospitality that blesses every home guest.
 2. A constructive enthusiasm that backs every community interest.
 3. An upbuilding patriotism that supports every national ideal.
 4. An outreaching Christian sympathy that extends to the rim of the world.

HOME DYNAMICS

Home-coming Day Address by E. W. Thornton

Scripture.—“Beginning from Jerusalem” (Luke 24:47).
Used not as a text to be expounded; but as a phrase furnishing
an idea.

FRRIENDS, we are here to-day in answer to the call of memories. Back of your kindly invitations there have been silent spiritual appeals even more powerful. Every year the memory refrain of “Home, Sweet Home,” has been mutely sung by the autumn leaves, the winter snows, the spring flowers and the summer rains, so that with Coates Kinney we can all say:

“Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreary fancies into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into woof,
As we listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.”

The memory of the old, shaded house, whose restful doorway once framed mother’s presence; the memory of cool paths through the dewy grasses of mornings long gone; the memory of the white-branched, love-marked beeches on the hill slope, where young vows were once made; the memory of the sweet-toned bell that sang its peaceful summons to worshipers no longer here—these, and like memories, have been the urge that has reinforced your written invitations, and we are gathered again in the old home community.

To those of us who in childhood moved away from this hallowed spot there are many changes noticeable. We sense the pathetic absence of old landmarks as well

as loved faces. We feel the jar of ultra newness as certain "improvements" obtrude themselves in the place of the bygone things we fain would see again. There is a noisy garage standing where the melody of the blacksmith's anvil used to be made; there is a debonair public library covering the playground of the old brick schoolhouse; there is a brazen-fronted "movie" theater within the walls of the little meeting-house that once sent forth the quavering cadences of common-meter hymns. The sacred things of yesterday are unable to hold their own against the profane things of to-day. Yes, and it is barely possible that to those of us who have been away, the pull of the old home attic has been as great as the pull of your anticipated welcome; for to the attic the quaint outgrown things of years ago have found their decrepit way. Where else are the worn, split-bottomed chairs, the settee, the andirons and the tongs? Where is the old Dutch oven that used to hover over the fireplace while from beneath its ample lid there came forth odors that have never been equaled before nor since? Where are the horn-handled knives, the two-pronged forks, the pewter castor—and where are the frazzled remains of the once glorious fly-brush made of peacock feathers? Where is the long-spindled, corded bedstead, on which the fat straw-tick supported the fatter feather bed, inviting disappearance and oblivion? One by one in limping procession they have passed up the attic stairs.

But why should it make any difference what becomes of the rubbish of former generations? Why not make kindling-wood of grandmother's spinning-wheel and wreckage of grandfather's clock? The real answer explains our presence here to-day, and furnishes the theme of this address. As in nature there are forces

that throw off from the center, and forces that draw in toward the center, so in human relationships there are heart forces that are concentric and heart forces that are eccentric.

I. There are centripetal home forces that center in the home itself. Since the beginning of history and the dawn of tradition Jacobs have been returning to Hebron, and Naomis have been going back to Bethlehem. From the corners of the earth men and women yield to the irresistible pull of home, and make pilgrimages to the scenes of their childhood. Is this the mere accident of custom, or is it not rather the subtle working of primordial impulses designed to preserve the integrity of the home, whence come the forces that move mankind, and weld the world to God? It is in the home that the family is builded, and it is in the family that the race is shaped. Let us therefore make brief inventory of the home's centripetal forces in the order of their importance.

1. *Family affection, that makes each member of the family love the home.* No one ever loved a house for the sake of the house itself, or loved a tree or rock because of the inherent loveableness of rocks and trees. We love objects and places only as they are inseparably associated with somebody, and it is the somebody that we love, not the places and objects. Bring down from the attic a certain moth-eaten, rickety chair. It is battered and unsightly, patched and tottery, yet we look at it through tears, and touch it with loving fingers. Are our hearts stirred because we love rusted tacks, ragged burlap or worm-eaten wood? No, not that. It is because mother sat there, or father sat there, or baby sat there. It is because some loved one sat there who was so much a part of ourselves as to affect the very

wellsprings of our life purposes and conduct. All the finer sentiments that make life worth living—sympathy, kindness, forgiveness, considerateness, solicitude—are but different expressions of love. They are facets of the one diamond, and it is in the light of home that these facets are shaped to reveal their true luster. The home is the source of the formative influences that lead to human betterment. Whatever dwarfs the homing instinct blights humanity at its core, and whatever nurtures it helps to give the world a sound heart. What is the real offence of the man who profiteers in home necessities, house rents and home-building materials? Is it simply the grabbing of an unfair profit? No. That is bad enough, but the real offence is in the strangulation of the homing instinct. The profiteer is a home strangler.

And apropos of home strangling, is it not barely possible that the modern woman needs to strengthen her appreciation of the divineness of her prerogative as a home-maker? There are certain theorists who, under the seductive plea of "larger liberty," would reduce the home to a communistic garage, and turn the community's children over to the town council to be mothered. More than any one else it is the mother, the wife, the woman, who makes the home to be home. There are not enough men in the United States to make a home without the presence of a woman to give it the right atmosphere. The family is love's supreme institution; the home is the family's nesting-place; woman is the soul of the home; therefore every home-making woman is at the very fountain of the world's welfare and happiness. Let no woman who has either heart or brains be guilty of dallying with any theory of "emancipation" that calls home a treadmill, and

brands housework as drudgery. "Housekeeping is only the shell of a woman's business," home-making is its heart. Does the daily grind become irksome? Doubtless it does. But how much of a price is irksomeness when it pays for the privilege of being associated with almighty God in the work of molding and lifting the race!

"The purple of her regal robe,
The crown of regal worth,
She wears who sways in gentleness
The scepter of her hearth."

2. *Family loyalty, that impels each member to protect the home.* Based upon family affection, and growing out of it, is a second centripetal home force that draws the members of the household into a league of home protection and defence. It inclines each to stand up for the rest, and bands them all together in a common determination to preserve the family integrity. Most men, as Rauschenbusch says, toil early and late "with little else in mind except to maintain their homes." Most women spend two-thirds of their lives in a routine of sacrifice and self-repression in the interest of home. Most children therefore grow up imbibing from the atmosphere of their surroundings a home loyalty that is interwoven with every fiber of their being. When conditions are such as to make this loyalty impossible, home is not home. Note the quickness of the average man to resent insult to his family. Note the swiftness of the mother as she springs to the defence of her children. Note the boasting of the boy as he relates the prowess of his dad. Note the pride of the girl as she describes the accomplishments of her mother. This centripetal loyalty must mean something. Jacob Riis says "that one of the direct enemies of the

home is the slum." It is the enemy of the home because it breeds ignorance, disease and crime; and, where there is nothing to love that is loveable, and nothing to be loyal to that is worthy, the human being sinks to the level of the brute. Slum life, hotel life, tramp life, society life, or any other life that interferes with the normal growth of home, love and loyalty, is inimical to the highest interests of humanity.

3. *Family faith, that inspires all to dedicate the home to God.* This third centripetal force is not found in every home, but it is found in all homes where family ideals are at their best. In material wealth, conveniences and scientific contrivances, we who are here to-day are away in advance of our forefathers. They knew nothing about wireless telegraphy, electric lighting, telephones, aeroplanes and automobiles, but they knew God better than we know Him. When our great-grandparents settled this community they endured hardships and privations of which we have never dreamed; their education was limited and unpedagogical; they never heard of Biblical criticism, and knew nothing of the "two Isaiahs"; but they knew their Bibles, and in practically every Christian home there was family worship. Out in the fields grandfather read the New Testament while the horses rested, and in the house grandmother laid the good Book in a convenient place where she might pause occasionally for a precious glimpse as she went about her homely tasks. The utter simplicity of their unclouded faith made spiritual giants of those pioneers, and as one by one they have fallen with age about us, we have felt ourselves to be like underbrush in the presence of passing monarchs of the forest. Theirs was the day when mothers taught their children to memorize the word of God, so that from a

babe each member of the family grew up, like Timothy, knowing the sacred writings which were able to make them "wise unto salvation." Since then there has been a gradual infusion of materialistic, pagan philosophy into the minds of those of our sons and daughters who have sat at the feet of imported professors, and these sons and daughters have come home from college spiritually negated for the rest of their lives. The home is throwing up the job of Bible training; the public school can not undertake it because "there are too many kinds of people to please"; the college is disposed to consider the sources of Biblical data as somewhat "hypothetical," and the university, to its own satisfaction, at least, has analyzed the Bible into nothingness. Even in "church school" circles some of us, with unpracticed tongue, have begun to stammer in academic phrase, hoping to convey the impression that we are in touch with higher learning, but often getting unexpected results. The son of a leader in city Sunday-school work was asked if his school taught the pupils to memorize Scripture. "Naw," he said, "we don't have any of that memory stuff; we study religious education." Shades of the apostles, preserve us!

No school or other organization of learning can do for children and young people what the Christian home can do. The three centripetal forces—love, loyalty and faith—are primarily home forces. They center in the home. There they are given and there they are received. But if the home center is satisfied simply to centralize, it soon becomes a *dead* center. When the old Jerusalem church was becoming content to remain in Jerusalem, it was providentially "scattered abroad." Home forces can not remain at home. They are expended within the home that they may be expanded

beyond, and every Christian family circle becomes a miniature Jerusalem through:

II. Centrifugal home forces that reach to the "uttermost part of the earth." This is a great vision we are trying to get before us—a vision of home as the place where, under divine benediction, all the best powers of the soul may grow, expand and shape themselves for the job of making the world sweeter and better. Among the humblest of these outgoing influences is:

1. *A radiating hospitality that blesses every home guest.*

“There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
 In the place of their self-content;
 There are souls like stars, that dwell apart
 In a fellowless firmament;
 There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
 Where highways never ran.
 But let me live by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.”

And, after all, what is it that gives to the roadside home that indescribable air of hospitable hominess that is so delightful to us? Is it fine furniture, tapestries and gold? No, for we have sat at firesides where the light flickered over threadbare rugs and pathetically faded chairs, and have sensed the presence of a rich contentment that no money could buy. Is it an abundance of delectable food prepared with the skill of a chef, and served in elegant taste? No, for we remember having sat at a rickety kitchen table, on which there was nothing but hot corn pone and sweet milk served *a la* any old way, and we had the time of our life. A warm good will glowing in the hearts of home folk, and expressing itself in unselfish cordiality—that, and that alone, speeds the parting guest, and gives joy to the guest who tarries. In fact, we sometimes feel that

an excess of modern conveniences interferes with hospitality's radiation, so to speak. Pressing a button and installing a thermostat may result in light and heat, but human solicitude is not turned on that way.

Permit me to paint a memory picture. The old farm home stood on the hill by the side of the ridge road, its gable windows overlooking the near-distant village, where chimney-tops signaled one another hospitably. The air was clear and cold, and the fields and woods were wrapped in the mantle of God Almighty's white. In the farmhouse on the hill every room was alive with excited anticipation as scurrying feet and hurrying hands wrought magic in the happy preparation of the home-coming Thanksgiving dinner. Grandmother sat in her invalid chair where her dear, reminiscent eyes could see a little way down the road, and grandfather potttered around doing unnecessary things with an air of great concern. Under the direction of younger members of the household the finishing touches were being given here and there, and then the folks began to come. In threes, in sevens, in twos, in fives, they stormed the blessed old front porch, some crying, others laughing, and all talking at once. Shall we attempt to describe that dinner? No, there are points of effort beyond which the vocabulary of mortals becomes anemic and feeble. Suffice it to say that the longest dining-table was too short, and had to be supplemented by a table from the kitchen. The longest table-cloth was not long enough, and had to be helped out. Chairs were assembled from all over the place, and "Webster's Unabridged" and the big family Bible were called upon to assist in elevating the younger generation. The only high-chair was given over to the youngest baby, who forthwith became the center of

attention, and the happy meal that had begun with grandfather's "blessing" closed with the tearful hope that the circle might remain unbroken for another year.

Every man who goes forth into the world with such a picture in his heart has with him both a guardian angel and an angel of conquest over evil. But these centrifugal home forces, like circles, grow wider as they leave the center, and there is next:

2. *A constructive enthusiasm that backs every community interest.* The genuine home spirit, being unselfish, is essentially missionary. Its virtues begin at home, but they can not stay there. It forms friendships that link home with home until an interlocked group of homes becomes a community, or a family of families, so that whatever blesses the community prospers each citizen, and whatever injures any individual cripples the community. Unwillingness or inability to see this in homes that are mere stay places, or worse, is responsible for the lack of a community conscience, which lack, in turn, is responsible for the retardation of all that's good. The entire burden of community betterment rests upon the homes that get back of everything that is right, and array themselves against everything that is wrong. May God have pity upon the spawning sources of those supine inhabitants who take greedy advantage of every civic improvement, but take no constructive interest in, and contribute nothing to, the public welfare. After the smashing of windows, robbery, looting and assault that took place during the strike of the Boston police force, the *Transcript* had this to say: "Boston is reaping what she has sown. She is ascertaining that among large masses of her population no foundation of religion and character has been laid to which can be spiked a morality that will

work." The foundations of religion and character are laid in Christian homes. Out from them must go the intelligence that seeks the community's good through all constructive religious, social, educational, political, commercial, civic and philanthropic organization, and no community life can even offer its families protection from the lust of the despoiler until men make home the object of their chiefest solicitude, and women consider home-making the supreme privilege of womanhood. In a material sense Christian citizenship "requires the subordination of private interests to the public good," but in a spiritual sense the civic righteousness of a community never rises above the moral and religious ideals of the homes that compose it.

It can not be said too frequently that the Christian home is the chief support of the church of our Lord, and is the supporting background of all community movements and institutions identified with the public weal. Out from a home atmosphere of sunny devoutness a child goes naturally into the wider joy of the Master's kingdom. Out from a home atmosphere where books are loved he goes happily into the wider fields of knowledge. This is why the memory of school-days softens our eyes, and brings a reminiscent smile, and we love the poet who wrote:

"The rich air is sweet with the breath of September,
The sumach is staining the hedges with red;
Soft rests on the hill-slopes the light we remember,
The glory of days that so long ago fled—
When, brown-cheeked and ruddy,
Blithe-hearted and free,
The summons to study
We answered with glee.
Listen, oh! listen once more to the swell
Of the masterful, merry Academy bell."

But let us follow again the still widening circles of the home's centrifugal influences and we shall see:

3. *An upbuilding patriotism that supports every national ideal.* When the World War began, we citizens of the United States felt ourselves to be merely long-distance spectators of a quarrel that was none of our business. We had no notion of entering the conflict. We had been cultivating the ideals of peace. We even did not believe in war. But later, when unbridled ruthlessness broke loose in Europe, seeking utterly to "crush the spirit of all free peoples," and force upon the world the doctrine that "might makes right," our Government decided that national honor made it necessary for us to leap into the fray and help the Allies. From the capitol at Washington a direct appeal to patriotism was sped across the threshold of the homes of America, and, like magic, the nation arose to the rescue. Now, what national ideal were we supporting? Simply this—we were upholding the traditions of our great-visioned forefathers who saw more in American patriotism than a mere willingness to fight when attacked. Around their firesides they dedicated themselves to their beloved America, and in their assemblies they dedicated their beloved America to almighty God and to the defence of eternal righteousness and justice.

Under modern conditions we are in danger of losing this lofty ideal. Hordes of strangers from all over the world have swarmed into our cities, scattering godlessness and un-American conceptions of life and conduct. New York, for instance, is a city of cities. Within her corporate limits there are teeming populations that neither speak our language nor understand one another. In the light of this fact, we scarcely

know how to resent the unfeeling sneer that "the statue of Liberty was designed by a Dago and presented to the United States by the French to enlighten the Irish immigrant on his way to Dutch New York." The children of these foreign folk are, many of them, keen-minded and eager to learn. They are capable of catching the true spirit of our Republic, but the transforming democracy of the unecclasiasticised religion of Jesus Christ is the only power that can make their perfect Americanization a fact.

An American girl was in conversation with a titled Englishman who was inclined to snobbishness. He said: "The stripes in your American flag make it look like a stick of cheap candy, don't you know." "Yes," she flashed, "there is some resemblance; it makes everybody sick who tries to lick it." Very gleefully and properly we shout our approval of this platform story, but, friends, we must not forget that American patriotism means more than exultation over victories. No type of patriotism is ideally American except Christian patriotism. The founders of our Republic were men and women whose supreme aim was to dedicate it to the promotion of the Christian religion. We have always been classed among the Christian nations of the world. The Supreme Court of the United States has declared that we are a Christian nation. The charters of the early colonies formally asserted the fact. Within one hundred years after the landing at Jamestown three colleges were founded: Harvard, William and Mary, and Yale. They were all dedicated to the propagation of Christian righteousness. The national observance of Christmas and Thanksgiving Day has continuously proclaimed to the world that we are a Christian nation. So indisputa-

ble is this fact; so plainly has it been written into our national history; so essentially has it been wrought into our national institutions and breathed into our very life—that an American home, to be patriotic in the highest sense, must be Christian. Deliberate godlessness is treason to the “Stars and Stripes,” and no atheist can be one hundred per cent. American.

The final and already anticipated centrifugal force emanating from the home is:

4. *An out-reaching Christian sympathy that extends to the rim of the world.* A Christian nation can not do otherwise than disseminate Christianity. In the very nature of things the religion of Jesus Christ has to be given in order to be kept. From the home, through the church, its radiating power is divinely designed to go out and out until it touches the borders of human habitations. In the necessary effort to reach and warm the chilled heart of the last man lies the power that keeps the home fires burning. Such is the ideal. Such the divine plan. But how well are we qualified to carry it out? Investigation shows that half the children and youth of our own country are not reached by any organized religious educational influence whatever. Multiplied thousands of children from polyglot and unenlightened birth-springs are streaming into the current of to-morrow's citizenship while an inadequate number of Bible schools are devoting thirty minutes a week to the work of focusing the sun rays of the Christian religion upon the turbid tide. Can this “spiritual illiteracy,” this pauperism of soul, go on forever without cumulative and retroactive disaster? Can a misasmatic marsh forever be left undrained without menace to the dwellers on the heights? The mayor of a great city once re-

fused to inspect and clean up the slums. His daughter bought an expensive coat from a fashionable modiste, who let out a part of the work to a less fashionable tailor, who sub-let some of the rougher sewing to a tenement seamstress. After wearing the garment a few times, the young girl sickened and died of a terrible contagion. The tenement had struck back. Extending the argument, can any American Christian home afford not to cultivate a world vision? Somehow, sometime, the "uttermost part of the earth" will strike back unless our Lord's commission is carried out, beginning at the Jerusalem of each Christian fire-side and reaching to the world's horizon.

That, and that alone, which can save our country from the crumbling disintegration that has befallen the nations of antiquity, is the continuous infusion of the spiritual ideals of the Christian religion into our home and national life. These spiritual ideals include a redemptive interest in all "the people that sit in darkness." In saving others we save ourselves, and in neglecting ourselves we lose the rest. Sectarianism and liberalism have been equally shortsighted in failing to see that the New Testament church solves the problem of universal brotherhood by simply consisting of the total number of individuals who, through implicit obedience to the divine will, are united with and living in Jesus Christ, and so constitute the "family of God." The sectarian spirit can not make disciples of all the nations because the nations do not care to be enmeshed in fifty-seven varieties of ecclesiastical harness. The spirit of liberalism can not "go into all the world and preach the gospel," because, unless it can first get its feet placed somewhere, it can not even start. Our heterogeneous population puts us in racial touch

with the world, but the world can never be touched spiritually through a heterogeneous gospel. Josiah Strong said: "The supreme need of the world is a real God; not the *great perhaps*, but the *great I am*." If this be true, then, in the very nature of things, the preparation to meet the world's need must begin in the warm firelight of the world's homes.

Friends, those of you who have stayed here in the old home community are the custodians of the material things associated with the childhood of us all. It is your privilege daily to look upon scenes the very absence from which oftentimes makes the rest of us sick at heart. Once more we home-comers scatter to our newer places of interest, carrying added memories of your graciousness. Once more we leave to you the care of the old home that is so rich in associations. Once more from the hill-road we shall look back upon the homes of friends who are here, and upon the near-by peaceful abiding-place of loved ones that are gone, and say "good-by till we meet again."

"The clouds are round us and the snow-drifts thicken.
O, Thou dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night; our tardy footsteps quicken;
At evening bring us home."



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