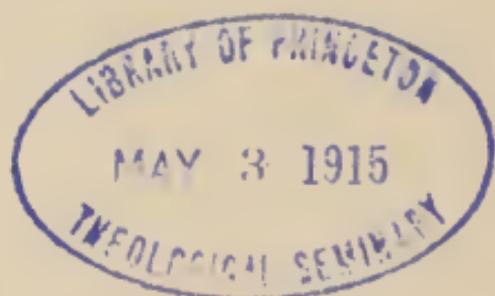


WESLEY AND WOOLMAN

NEWTON

MODERN MESSAGES



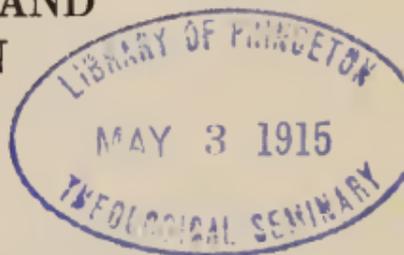
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Wesley and Woolman



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WESLEY AND
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AN APPRAISAL AND
COMPARISON

BY ✓
JOSEPH FORT NEWTON



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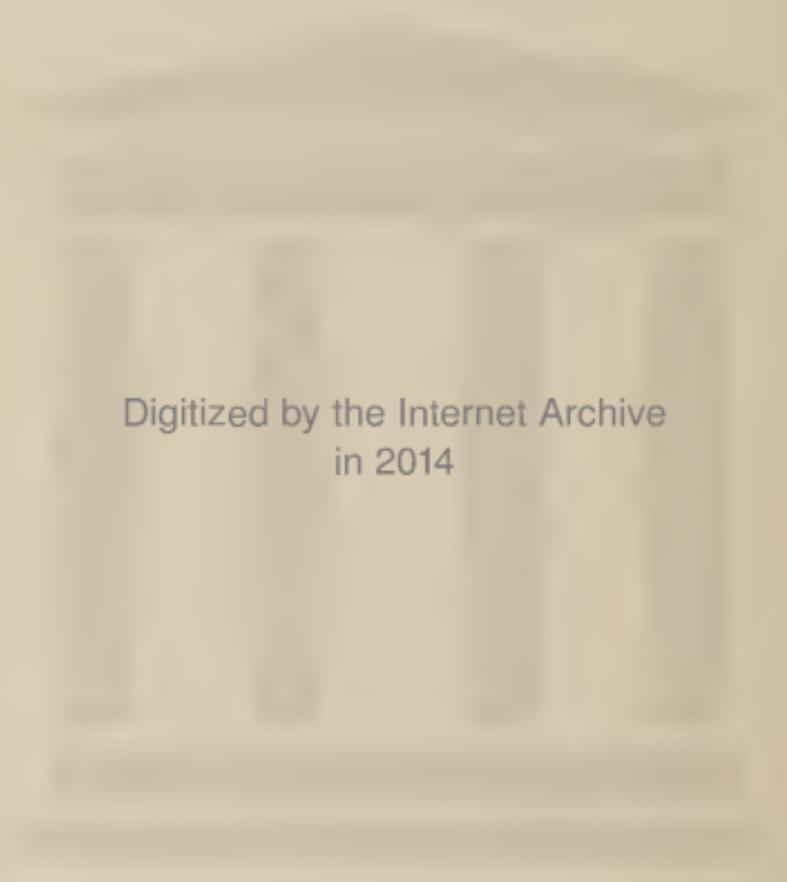
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JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

TO

DR. E. J. LOCKWOOD—REMEMBERING
HIS FIFTEEN YEARS OF FRUITFUL
MINISTRY IN CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
—WITH FRATERNAL REGARD AND
JOYOUS GOOD WILL. : : : : :

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FOREWORD

OF the three addresses which here appear as chapters, the last was suggested by the first two, and they are sent forth with the hope that they may do what they were sincerely meant to do—recall the church to the faith and vision of two of its noble leaders. If in the last chapter more emphasis is laid on Woolman than on Wesley, it is because the former is less widely known, and because he deserves to be reclaimed to the grateful and venerative memory of men of all faiths. Let us hope that, in an age of reasonless rationalism, the light from these high towers may serve to restore us to a religion which is a reasonable service, assured that if our age is to have a Burke or a Lincoln for the service of the state, it will

be wingless and alien to the sky if it does not also give us a Wesley or a Woolman for the life of the church.

J. F. N.

CHAPTER I

JOHN WESLEY, THE METHODIST

ON February 23, 1791, John Wesley preached his last sermon at Leatherhead. He took for his text the words: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near." Thus a great voice was hushed—a voice which they who heard entreated that it might speak to them forever. The next day he wrote his last letter, denouncing "the execrable villainy of slavery"; and on March 2 he died.

What a grand, shining, solitary figure! He was eighty-eight, and his long life, with its toils, its homelessness, its fatigues, its constant triumph in Christ, was finished. For many years he had lived in the second rest—that rest wherein the yoke of Christ is easy and his burden is

light. All spiritual pangs, all earthly cares were far in the past, and there was with him, as with his friend Fletcher, "a tranquillity in the blood of Christ which keeps the soul in its last hour, even as a garrison keeps a city." So he went home from a great life which he himself had described as "a few days in a strange land."

I

One can touch upon but a few aspects of that remarkable career in one hour. Much has been written about Wesley, and yet it cannot be said that we have a really great or satisfying book about him and his work. Somehow, the man is too big for any book. Time has tried Wesley severely, but its terrible testing has only made him a more towering figure, and to-day he is as worthy of the title of Saint as anyone who has been crowned with that distinction. During their life together, or at least the larger part of it, Charles

Wesley outtopped his brother, but in the perspective of the years it is not so. Indeed, the last years of the poet were disappointing and obstructed, contrasting painfully with the glory of his earlier years.

There was, in fact, a marked difference between the two men in temperament as well as in religious outlook. It has never been expounded at length, but it may be indicated in this way. In his hymn for midnight Charles Wesley describes himself as

Doubtful and insecure of bliss
Since death alone confirms me His;

and this note recurs in his song. Most of the great hymn writers, and especially those of the Middle Ages, were homesick for heaven. But Charles Wesley goes beyond any of them. There was, as Adam Clarke detected, a morbid element in his genius. For example, in his diary for August 13, 1744, he writes of a fu-

neral: "We were all in tears. Mine, I fear, flowed from envy and impatience of life. I felt throughout my soul that I would rather be in his condition than enjoy the whole of created good. The spirit at its departure had left marks of happiness upon the clay. No sight upon earth in my eyes is half so lovely."

Charles Wesley was an extraordinary genius. He was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of hymn writers; but his temperament was gloomy, and there were elements of danger in his experience. This morbid love of death dictated many of his lines, and while they have a certain fascination, they are not wholesome. It is a painful, indeed a perilous, attitude of soul. If you will alter one word in the lines just quoted, you will have the difference between Charles and John Wesley:

Doubtful and insecure of bliss
 Since faith alone confirms me His.

This change, I believe, has been made in the hymn book, and it sets the music to a finer, firmer key. By contrast, the soul of John Wesley was singularly serene, almost unpliant indeed, and unclouded by fogs of the spirit. He went through the world a pilgrim, for whom the only permanent realities were the divine life and the awakening of that life in the souls of men. These realities sufficed him. He knew what he was talking about when he spoke of God and the soul—knew the deep things, the strange paths, and the floods of great waters. In journeyings many, in labors abundant, in perils oft, he carried about with him everywhere the white rose of a blameless life and the pearl of peace. No legend of the old-time saints surpasses the heroism, the wonder, or the fruitfulness of his magnificent and ceaseless evangel.

II

On his personal side, John Wesley was a most fascinating man. Whether in a small company or a vast audience, he ruled men because he charmed them. He was born with "a tendency to God" and would have been a priest of faith, no doubt, had he lived in India—born to the love of God as to the love of his wonderful mother. From his father he inherited a restless activity, a poetic sensibility, and a gift of expression very rare. "Mind is from the mother," says Isaac Taylor; and from his mother Wesley received a firm will, a vivid apprehension of truth, a rich fund of common sense, a genius for command, a touch of humor—and a nameless grace of soul. All the children of the Epworth parsonage were very clever, but John was the son of his mother—who belongs with Monica and Matilda in the calendar of the saints.

He was a small man, standing only five

feet six inches in height, and slight of figure. Yet his muscles were as whipcords, his bones of steel, his nerves firm, without an ounce of useless flesh on his frame. As a human machine his body was well-nigh perfect, and he held it in complete command. He could go to sleep at will and wake up at the moment desired. Of iron endurance, his habits were simple to austerity, almost ascetic in fact, and he wasted no energy in worry, working with an industry which was half his genius. He tells us that he was never depressed for an hour in his life. Such a physique, always in working trim, is an object of envy, and without it he could not have done his work. He rode all over England, traveling in all almost a quarter of a million miles, mostly on horseback, speaking sometimes fifteen times a week.

Not less finely trained was his intellect. Neither subtle nor profound, his mind was acute, candid, comprehensive, at once

inquisitive and acquisitive. An adept in logical dexterity, keen in wit, swift in irony, he loved to argue. He was a prodigious student, reading books of all kinds, walking and riding—his saddle his study chair. He was a remarkable linguist. With his Moravian friends he talked German, to the Spanish Jews in Georgia he spoke Spanish, and to the prisoners at Knowle he talked French. Indeed, he may be said to have been a pioneer in the study of German in England. He read also Greek and Hebrew. An expert in philosophy, he was equally familiar with classical lore. Shakespeare he read and annotated. He studied the church Fathers, the Mystics, the Saints of the church universal, and edited editions of Thomas à Kempis, Bunyan, Baxter, Edwards, Rutherford, and Law. Minds as far apart as Swift and Milton won his love, though his literary estimates were often awry. He admired every kind

of ability, including that of Garrick, the actor. Always practical, no truth held his interest unless it could be applied. At Oxford, when the university was indifferent to science, he was making experiments in optics and devouring the writings of Franklin. He was a great talker, though Dr. Johnson grumbled that he was always too busy to stay and have the talk out.

As with body and mind, so with the inner life of the soul—Wesley was ever a Methodist. That is, he had a method of spiritual culture which he practiced faithfully, even rigidly, from the first. Hence the group of students at Oxford who followed his lead and became known as Methodists, and by some as the Holy Club. Their method included reading the Bible and books of divinity, meditation, prayer, fasting, visiting the sick, the poor, and those in prison. These things became fixed habits with Wesley. After

his conversion, and to the end, he kept up his austere discipline of soul, finding it useful in "the practice of salvation." He fasted every Friday all the year round, not that he attached any merit or magic to the habit, but because he found it an aid to the spiritual life. Here, as everywhere, he has much to teach us for the health of our spirits in an age self-indulgent and given to the worship of ease.

There are those who say that Wesley was not a genius, but they err. He had the three qualities which Emerson said are the tokens of supreme greatness—disinterestedness, courage, and practical capacity. There was in him, besides, a power of personality possessed by no one else known to me save Julius Cæsar and Napoleon. Quiet, soft-spoken, gentle in manner, he could overawe a ruffian. Time and time again he was assailed by angry mobs, seeking his life. Always he would walk out to meet the mob, shake hands

with its leader, and speak a few words to him. That was enough. The leader became his friend, and sometimes his follower, on the spot, and defied the mob to touch Wesley. Many such instances are recorded in his Journal, which, from being "a religious time-table, gradually broadens into a detailed, life-long autobiography." No one has ever explained this power. No one can. We may say that it was the charm of a great soul made effective by an iron will and a cool courage; but that is as far as we can go. It gave an almost uncanny power to his preaching. Men who came to mock at him were often seen falling as if smitten by an unseen hand. He spoke simply, calmly, plainly, without appeal to the emotions, and yet his audience would be wrought to frenzy. So much so that Whitefield chided him for it. Yet, try as he did, he could not prevent such things.

If we turn to the sermons of Wesley as delivered, they leave us perplexed as to the secret of his great influence over men. Lucid, logical, direct, always earnest, often eloquent, at once lofty and familiar, it must be said that they furnish us no key to his power. As William Watson said, there is nothing imaginative in their style, nothing to move the passions through the fancy, nothing gorgeous, nothing mystic. He might have added that they have little or nothing that could be called popular either in manner or in matter. How such sermons took such a hold upon the audiences of which we read in the Journal is a marvel. Put the famous sermon preached first at Saint Mary's, Oxford, and often afterward, alongside the sermon of Spurgeon on the same text, and the contrast is striking. As we read the two, Spurgeon has a richness and fullness of power to which Wesley does not come near. And yet

Wesley swayed men as Spurgeon never did—even as the winds sway the clouds. How explain it? There remains only the motto: “According to this time it shall be said, ‘What hath God wrought!’”

Such was the man who rode to and fro over England in the days of Walpole, preaching forty-two thousand sermons, organizing a religious rapture into a great reformation. He breathed upon the evils of his time with a fiery breath of purification. With the green grass for his pulpit and the blue sky for his sounding board, he seemed always in front of whatever was making for righteousness. So the mighty gospel won its way—among the tanners in Cornwall, the colliers in Kingswood, the drunkards of Moorfields, and the harlots of Drury Lane. What hath God not wrought!

III

Lord Macaulay says that Wesley saved

England from something like a French Revolution by winning to Christ the men who would have led such a revolt. Religion seemed dying, or dead. The churches were empty, dirty, neglected, and falling into disrepair. If anyone mentioned religion, men laughed. So profound was the stupor that godly men openly despaired, and to many it seemed as if Christianity had waxed old, and was ready to perish. Bishop Butler, the one great thinker of that day, sat oppressed in his castle, with not a hope of surviving. He did not know that "there was a man sent from God, whose name was John," a mighty leader, aglow with white light, magnetic with moral sincerity, raised up for that hour.

When Butler died Wesley had finished fourteen years of his unparalleled apostolate, and within earshot of the Bishop's castle the Methodist colliers were singing their songs of joy. The sleep had been broken. The sun was up and the dew was

on the grass. But, alas! Butler, like Sidney Smith, was blind to the extraordinary visitation and work of God before his eyes. Sir Walter Scott saw, understood, and rejoiced. But Wesley was more than a great evangelist. He was a sagacious and skilled organizer for the practice of the religious life. No one denounced more fervently than he the enthusiasm which dies away in gray ashes, unapplied. After evangelization he knew there must be instruction, or all is in vain. Great as a kindler of the white flame, no one has ever planned more wisely to conserve and utilize it.

The machinery of Methodism was not made to order. It grew. Wesley ruled firmly, and his fine intelligence directed each movement and method to a definite end. For this task he was well equipped with rare executive abilities and an invincible will. He was, moreover, a great teacher of men, alike in theology and eth-

ics, and his instruction was rich and full. He insisted on the possibility of Christian perfection. He held the Sermon on the Mount to be gospel law, to be obeyed and lived. His teaching, for example, about money and its uses is sorely in need of emphasis in our day. He was not rich himself, but he gave away a fortune and died, as he had lived, without a purse. Thus, to his gospel of free grace he joined a high and stern morality, and, what is equally vital, a method of inner culture whereby men grew in grace. This last we have neglected too much and too long, and the results are visible all about us.

No sketch of Wesley must fail to take account of his labors as an adjuster of the intolerable destinies of the poor. He was a great democrat—despite his Tory proclivities in politics. While he revered intellect and character, purple and fine linen awed him not at all. He saw the human soul beneath the garb of a convict,

the rags of a beggar, the fustian of the laborer, and it was the souls of men that he sought as other men seek dollars. He applied the white light of the gospel to the slave trade, to the treatment of prisoners and of paupers, to the care of orphans and the abolition of vice. He would like, he said, "to join hands with God to help the poor man live." He stood forth a helper of the struggling, a champion of the weak, and an educator of the people in righteousness and well-being.

IV

If we would know the secret of all this tireless and benign industry, we must go back to May 24, 1738. "In the evening," writes Wesley, "I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart

through faith in Christ, *I felt my heart strangely warmed*. I felt that I did now trust Christ alone—that he had taken away my sins, even mine.” That is the secret; and that night is a great date in the story of England and of the world—for the most far-reaching issues are determined, not on red fields, but in the solitary places of the spirit.

Yet we must not misunderstand that strange warming of the heart which changed Wesley from a seeker to a finder, from a struggler to victor. It was less a conversion than a transfiguration. He was not a sinner turned into a good man, as has many times been the case. Far from it. He was a minister who had been a missionary—exact in morals, punctilious in ritual, rigid in self-denial, helpful to the needy, eager to serve God and “do a little good in the world.” But he had never found peace, and no man can do a great work without peace in his

heart. What, then, was the change wrought in Wesley? He tells us that he had been a slave; and now he was a son. He discovered the greatest of all truths—that God loved him, and the feeling of love cast out fear and filled his soul with a song of gladness. “Then I was sometimes, if not often, conquered. Now I am always conqueror.” From a timid servant he had become a son of the Most High—set free from bondage into the light and joy of a victorious life.

As he said in a letter: “If it were possible to shake the traditional evidence of Christianity; still he hath the *Eternal Evidence*—and every true believer has the witness in himself—which stands firm and unshaken.” In that sentence we have the key to the life of Wesley, and how he came to be so great a power in the world. Once hesitating, and morbidly afraid of death, there came a day when he attained to that sure knowledge of

which his father spoke so frequently on his deathbed: "The inward witness, son, the inward witness, this is the strongest proof of Christianity." When he arrived at this assurance his fears fled, his whole life took on a new aspect, and he became a mighty soldier for social righteousness—one of that worshiping and toiling host whose music is the joy and hope of the race.

Thereafter he judged men by this inner experience of the liberty of the gospel, and made it the test of fellowship. To me, this is his great meaning to the history of the church, and the wisest insight of his whole life. It is the secret too of his beautiful catholicity of soul, especially in his later years, which is a treasure forever. If men love God and serve him as sons, they may be friends and fellow workers, no matter how far apart they may be in theological point of view. Wesley saw that at last. He saw that

Whitefield and William Law—two shining souls—with whom he had differed, were one with him in the thing most worth while. Indeed, he made the great words of William Law his own: “Perhaps what the best heathens called Reason; and Solomon, Wisdom; Saint Paul, Grace in general; Saint John, Righteousness or Love; Luther, Faith; Fènelon, Virtue may be only different expressions for one and the same blessing—the light of Christ shining in different degrees under different dispensations. Why, then, so many words, and so little charity exercised among Christians about the particular term of a blessing experienced more or less by all righteous men!”

That is the true liberalism, and the only kind worthy of the name. “*If thy heart is as my heart, give me thy hand*”—that is the ground of Christian union. We do not want uniformity of opinion. It would be a curse. We want a unity of inner

experience of things immortal, and a variety of thought like the variety of a flower garden. Forever memorable was the letter of Wesley to the Bishop of Lincoln. What golden words are these! "Alas! my Lord, is this any time to persecute a man for the sake of conscience? I beseech you do as you would be done to. You are a man of sense; you are a man of learning; nay, I verily believe—what is of infinitely more value—you are a man of piety. *Then think and let think.*"

If the church had been willing to think and let think, what unspeakable woes would have been avoided! As Wesley said, "If we could once bring all our preachers to insist on these two points—Christ dying for us, and Christ reigning in us—we should shake the trembling gates of hell." Let the church return to this great Teacher and it will return to influence and power. With a rich, warm, mystical experience as the basis of its

fellowship and the center of its thought, allowing and inspiring the widest liberty of thought and inquiry, let it bring its light and power to the service of the great common people, as Wesley did—and a new day will dawn! May it come quickly and not too long delay!

V

How beautiful was the old age of Wesley! It was a great sunset, full of peace and prophecy, aglow with that mellow “old experience” of things eternal—like the oncoming evening and the star-crowned night. To be sure, he had been robbed of domestic happiness, partly by the action of others, and partly by his own unwisdom. But he was never sour, nor melancholy, nor envious. There too he was conqueror. He was never deeply rooted to the earth. He lived for the imperishable, not for the things that death makes valueless and which exist by pass-

ing away. He dreaded not pain, nor illness, nor death. The more one reads his life the more one is impressed with his detachment. At a great price he achieved his spiritual freedom, but his victory was complete.

What a picture was that at Kingswood when, at the age of eighty-one, he preached under the shade of great trees which he himself had planted, to the children and grandchildren of his old disciples, who had long passed away. Of like kind was that scene at Bolton, after the death of Charles Wesley, when the old man gave out the hymn, "Come, O Thou Traveler Unknown." When he tried to read the lines,

My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee,

his voice broke, and he sat down, hid his face in his hands, and wept. Shortly afterward he visited his friend, the widow of Fletcher, and she wrote that his soul was

“far more sunk in God, and such an unction attends his words that each sermon was indeed spirit and life.” His last uttered desire was that his friends should scatter broadcast a sermon he had just written on the *Love of God!* Such lives make our earth a sacred place. They touch one to wistfulness, and set one thinking as to the investment of his own power of light and leading here among men.

In the solemn aisle of Westminster Abbey—that great temple of Silence and Reconciliation—you will find the busts of John and Charles Wesley, near that of Isaac Watts. Three great sayings of the evangelist, statesman, reformer, and saint are there—one, full of breadth, “I look on all the world as my parish”; one, full of death-defying hope, “God buries his workmen, but continues his work”; another, the last words of his life, “The best of all is, God is with us!”

CHAPTER II

JOHN WOOLMAN, THE QUAKER

I

IF one wishes to take a long journey into a quaint and strange place, let him dip into the Journal of George Fox. It is like a little rusty gate which opens right into the heart of the seventeenth century, so that when we go in by it we find ourselves pilgrims with the quiet old Quaker in the oddest kind of England. What an England it was!—hot-blooded, undignified, fantastic, and in many ways inconsequent.

Ecclesiastically the country was in chaos. The pulpits of the Episcopacy were filled with Puritan preachers. All sorts of queer sects flourished, some of them small enough to be called insects. A kind of nominal toleration was in vogue,

and all the land, good, bad, and indifferent, was eager for religious argument. Everywhere, in church, in market place, and in courthouse, the wordy warfare went on. Men used Bible texts as clubs wherewith to belabor each other, which is ever a sure sign that religious life is at a low ebb.

George Fox, born eight years after the death of Shakespeare, was the son of a weaver, and early apprenticed as a shoemaker. Unlearned in the schools, he was a man of great ability, "religious, inward, still, and keenly observing." Brooding much over the state of religion in his day, he felt the stirrings of the Spirit of God within him to proclaim the gospel of the Inner Light as superior, though not necessarily opposed, to the authority of church and Bible. In 1643 he set forth on his great black horse "to declare the day of the Lord," and many adventures befell him. Truly, he was an

arresting figure, and his service to the liberty of faith and the reality of the inner life of the Spirit entitled him to high honor.

Now, that immovable old Friend said some keen things about our religious ancestors, but, like the soldier who saw him assailed by a mob, we are ready to say, "Sir, I see you are a man." He never took the bark off his words, and they were sometimes a bit rough. He called all churches steeple-houses, and all preachers priests and hirelings. Naturally, this did not add to his popularity among the clergy, and, as he insisted on speaking out in meeting, he spent much time in jail. When he appeared in a village the clergy would assemble with their Bibles and attack him with arguments. He never lost his temper; he left that to his opponents; and when he got the best of the argument—as he usually did—they would pound him first with their

Bibles, and then with fists and sticks. Next day he would appear in the village again, to the amazement of all, who thereupon gave him respectful attention.

After that there was nothing to do but to bring him up before the magistrate, where another argument usually took place. Fox outwitted the bench as well as the pulpit, and it was in one of these parleys with Justice Bennett, when he "bid the judge tremble at the word of the Lord," that he was first called, in mockery, a Quaker. What a scene was that before Judge Glynne, then Chief Justice of England! Fox was brought in and uttered his usual gentle blessing, "Peace be among you."

"What be these you have brought into the Court?" asked the Judge of the jailer. Then turning to the prisoners he said, "Why do you not put off your hats?"

"Where did any magistrate, king, or judge, from Moses to Daniel, command

any to put off their hats? Where does the law of England command any such thing? Show me that law," asked Fox with that imperturbable serenity so exasperating to his foes.

"Take him away, prevaricator, I'll ferk him," cried the Judge, hot with anger, his face as red as a berry in a bush. So Fox went away to jail. After a while the Judge thought he had an argument that would silence the prisoner, and had Fox brought into court again.

"Come," said the Judge to the prisoner, "where had they hats from Moses to Daniel; come, answer me: I have you fast now."

"Thou mayest read in the third of Daniel that the three children were put into the fiery furnace with their coats, their hose, and their hats on," said Fox, quietly.

"Take him away, Jailer!" cried the Judge, more angry than ever. Fox was

led away and thrust among thieves, where he was kept a great while.

None the less, between spells in jail the old Friend went about his mission and won many followers, who were filled with an ardent zeal to convert others. Some of them went to the West Indies, to America, to Jerusalem, to Malta; and Mary Fisher—for women were also among their preachers—went to Smyrna and Greece, and even sought audience with the Sultan. Everywhere they suffered bitter persecution. Not until 1689, the year before Fox died, did England grant them toleration. Carlyle has left us unforgettable pictures of the interviews between Fox and Cromwell, and how each strong man hailed the other instantly. Fox had no notion of forming a separate sect, believing that his truth would conquer the church, as it seems well-nigh to have done. Yet his followers naturally drew together and formed a church in 1666.

“I was sent,” said the gentle Quaker, “by the divine Power and Spirit of God to bring people off from their own ways to Christ, the new and living way, and from their churches, which men had made and gathered to the Church of God, the General Assembly written in heaven. . . . And I was to bring the people that they might know the pure religion, might visit the fatherless, the widows, and strangers, and keep themselves from the spots of the world.”

Happily, such teaching is now far wider than the Society of Friends; in the heart of it, it is as wide as the world. The England of George Fox has passed away, and much that was distinctive of early Quakerism has passed away also. For us, the name “Quaker” evokes visions of drab cloth, silver-gray heads, and old-fashioned speech, of fragrant lives and sweet deeds of charity, and faces benign in their serenity and

goodness. In their revolt from external form and their plea for more inwardness, and therefore for more reality, in the religious life, Fox and his followers helped forward the cause of faith and the higher life.

II

Quakers came early to our shores, but even here they were not very kindly received. So dense was the cloud of prejudice in those "good old days" that these gentle folk were held to be dangerous. Four of them, Mary Dyer being one, were hanged on Boston Common—think of it! They settled in West Jersey under Fenwick, and in Pennsylvania under Penn, and no influence has been a greater blessing to our national life. When the old Quaker laid off his drab coat and picked up his ax, he laid the foundation of some of the best things among us. A quietist in faith, he has been nobly active in all good things, from the days of Penn to Lundy

and Lincoln, and from the songs of Whittier to the service of Jane Addams.

Into this tradition of sweet piety and earnest endeavor John Woolman was born in West Jersey, in 1720, and the record of his beautiful life, as he has left it in his Journal, is a precious legacy. "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," said Charles Lamb, who more than once in his essays speaks in praise of this saintly man. There is, in truth, a rare beauty in the writings of Woolman, an exquisite sweetness and purity of spirit. He was no master of high literary art, and his Journal, like that of Wesley, makes such use of Bible words and phrases as to blur, at times, his own individuality of style. Yet it is a golden book, and style was the last thing he thought of. No one can read it without feeling that here was a citizen of the kingdom of heaven, a man whose only ambition was to know the will of God and to do it.

Only a humble tailor, as Jacob Behman was a cobbler, yet he was a man mighty in gentleness, and if some unseen hand were to write the history of his influence, what a testimony it would be!

“I have often felt a motion of love to leave some hints in writing of my experiences of the goodness of God,” runs the first line of his Journal. That was the keynote of his life of benign industry in the cause of liberty, righteousness, simplicity, and peace. His religion, which was his life, may be summed up in the word “love.” He held the faith, so little acted upon, that God is Love, and that to live with him in “inward stillness of heart and happy humility,” working out his loving Spirit in our lives, is the whole duty of man and the highest wisdom. He thought of humanity as a pantheist thinks of God, identifying himself with his fellows in their sorrows, and, vicariously, in their sins. He had the humanistic temper-

ament which made him an heir to all the woes of man and beast. His pity was a spring always flowing. Like Francis of Assisi, he felt a kinship with all breathing things, and his charity knew no limits. Only rarely do such men appear upon earth, and surely no purer or sweeter soul has walked in this New World.

With what artless grace of simple words Woolman tells the story of his life, leaving out many things lest he too much exalt himself! Here are brief pictures of Quaker life in the old Jersey home, with its dignity, its simplicity, its refinement alike of habit and of faith. As a boy he once killed a mother-robin by accident, and the horror of it haunted him for days, sending him to his knees to beg the forgiveness of God. A discourtesy to his mother cast a shadow over him for weeks, afflicting him sorely. Delightful it is to read of his religious experiences in those early years, particularly at the time of his

adolescence. Here is a passage to ponder, if so that we may feel a like regret when we say more than is required of us: "One day, being under a strong exercise of spirit, I stood up and said some words in meeting; but not keeping close to the divine opening, I said more than was required of me. Being soon sensible of my error, I was afflicted in mind some weeks, without any light or comfort, even to that degree that I could not take satisfaction in anything."

Woolman was one of the first to see and feel the horror of slavery, and much of his life was spent in inducing the Quakers to abjure it. So we find him journeying to and fro, working at his trade as a tailor to pay his way, from one Yearly Meeting of Friends to another, all the way from New England to the Carolinas. He had not the vehemence of an agitator, but spoke, rather, in sorrowful remonstrance against an evil which weighed heavily upon

his soul by night and day. He moved among men as an embodied conscience. Yet he was so gentle, so gracious, so lovingly wise withal that men could not be offended even when he probed them most deeply. It was largely through his influence and labors that the Friends repudiated slavery. Once at least it was granted him to see, in a rapt and prophetic vision, the fulfillment of his dream. Toward the end of his life he saw "The day of the Lord approaching when the man who is most wise in human policy shall be the greatest fool; and the arm that is mighty to support injustice shall be broken in pieces; the enemies of the righteous shall make a terrible rattle, and shall mightily torment one another; for He that is omnipotent is rising up to judgment, and will plead the cause of the oppressed; and He commanded me to open the vision."

Whittier, in a note on this passage,

says that some may regard these as the words of a distempered imagination, but that those who have eyes will see their explanation in the Civil War. At times the simple words of the simple Woolman took on a lofty and stately demeanor, and marched with majestic tread. Take these lines, which are the noblest in the Journal, written shortly after his vision of victory: "The place of prayer is a precious habitation; for I now saw that the prayers of the saints were precious incense; and a trumpet was given me that I might sound forth this language; that the children might hear it and be invited together to this precious habitation, where the prayers of the saints, as sweet incense, arise before the throne of God and the Lamb. I saw this habitation to be safe—to be inwardly quiet when there were great stirrings and commotions in the world. Prayer, at this day, in pure resignation, is a precious place; the trumpet is sounded; the call

goes forth to the church that she gather to the place of pure inward prayer; and her habitation is safe."

III

Woolman took to wife Sarah Ellis, a sweet girl who was at once devoted and devout, and lived in a tiny whitewashed cottage on Rancocas Creek in West Jersey. There, amid his apple trees which he planted and cultivated, he was most happy, what time he was not going to and fro spreading his gospel of purity and pity. It was an humble abode, but he was content. He regarded agriculture as the business most conducive to moral and physical health, and was wont to say that "if the leadings of the Spirit were more attended to, more people would be engaged in the sweet employment of husbandry, where labor is agreeable and healthful." He did not condemn honest wealth, but saw that luxury rots men and deforms women.

From his little farm he looked out with a mingled feeling of wonder and sorrow upon the fret and unrest of the world, and especially was he grieved to see luxury overgrowing the early simplicity of his own religious society. He regarded the merely rich man with unfeigned pity. With none of his scorn, he yet had all the feeling of Thoreau for men who went about bowed down with the weight of broad acres and great houses on their backs. Near the end of his life he went to England on a religious errand, traveling in steerage, despite the protest of his friends, rather than endure the luxury of the cabin. There he saw the hardship of the life of the sailor, and it haunted him to the end. A storm came up midsea, and for a time all seemed lost, but Woolman, inwardly still, went about among the panic-stricken company giving words of cheer. It reminds one of a like day in the life of Fox when his ship was pursued

by pirates, "but there was a spirit in her that could not be taken."

Arriving in England almost ill, Woolman was coolly received at first, but later was given warm welcome among Friends. During the four months of his stay he went to many places, wrote several essays, and labored abundantly but somewhat sorrowfully. On all sides he saw the intimate connection between luxury and oppression, and the burden of the laboring poor lay dark upon his sensitive spirit. He would not ride on stagecoaches because of the harsh treatment of the horses. In his lonely wanderings in the rural districts and in the manufacturing towns he saw one class eager and greedy for gain, while the many were physically and morally degraded. It broke his heart, and his health and vitality failed. At York he fell ill with smallpox, and after a few days' suffering died in 1772.

His death was beautiful with "inward

stillness," as befitted his life. Words of prayer and praise and resignation to the will of God were always on his lips. Never in his life did he offer prayers for special personal favors, but always for the universal well-being. He was, to use his own words, so mixed with his fellows in their misery that he did not consider himself a separate being. In his last prayer, beautiful beyond any words save his own, he remembered "my fellow creatures separated from the divine harmony." It closed with the words, "Thy will, O Father, be done." His last words, written down with great difficulty, were: "I believe my being here is in the wisdom of Christ; I know not as to life or death." That was all, and that was enough both for wisdom and for faith.

IV

Of the Quakers we may say in the words of Woolman: "I found no narrowness respecting sects and opinions, but

believed that sincere, upright-hearted people, in every society, who truly love God, were accepted of him." So we find him writing of Thomas à Kempis and John Huss as friends and fellow lovers of one God and Father. He made his own the great saying of Penn, so dear to the heart of Lincoln, that the meek, the just, the pious, the devout, are everywhere of one religion, and that when death hath taken off the masks of flesh they will know and love one another. Of that invisible church of the Spirit, to which all good men belong, and which overarches all sects, Woolman, like Fox and Whittier, was a God-illuminated prophet.

Indeed, if one would know the genius of the Quaker, and the depth of his "silent worship," one must go far back and high up. Quietism has been the quest of the greatest souls of the Christian centuries, and the achievement of a few. That passage is the Confessions of Saint Augustine

—perhaps the greatest passage outside the Bible—in which he describes his “one moment of knowledge,” is a perfect description of the vision of Fox and the Quakers. All down the ages one can trace this quest, now through Teresa and Molinos, now through Fox and Fènelon—a stream of sweetness and earnestness, of quietness and confidence, flowing down to our own Emerson, whose secret was “a holy and wise silence in which God dwells.” When Emerson was last in England, the author of “Mark Rutherford” asked him who were his chief friends in America. He replied, “I find many among the Quakers.”

There is nothing in this faith akin to such benumbing quietism as we find in the *Bhagavad Gita*, which describes the ideal man as one who lives quiet-eyed and serene, passionless and unperplexed, too high for gladness, grief, or fear. God forbid! That is not victory; it is indifference. Had

Lincoln attained to such stainless, untroubled calm, would slavery have been destroyed? Never! Nor would the Quakers have been among his most loyal and heroic helpers. No; it does not take refuge in indifference, but, rather, in the holy habitation of prayer, where, as Woolman said, there is safety, consolation, and conquest, and where we may learn the meaning of the words spoken of old: "*Be still and know that I am God.*"

CHAPTER III

WESLEY AND WOOLMAN

THERE are classic men as there are classic books. A classic man is one who, though deeply rooted in the soil of his age and speaking to its problems, has, nevertheless, by virtue of the depth and clarity of his insight, a message to the times following. Wesley and Woolman are classic men, examples alike of saintliness of character and fruitfulness in social service; and it is believed that they have somewhat to say to the sorely tried church of today.

Such men form a part of that perpetual revelation which the Eternal is making of Himself to humanity; and it behooves us who are ill at ease in our low estate of spiritual power to study their high, heroic lives. Their value to us in these days is the testimony they make

clear and persuasive of the reality of the living Christ, and his power to revive the church and lead it to victorious achievement. Change has come over the world since the time when Wesley and Woolman labored, the meaning and direction of which, even still, are hard to know—a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of centuries have been broken up; old things have passed away, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to their vanished world. Nevertheless, because they had to do with things timeless and eternal, they may have speech with us.

I

There are men still young, as we now reckon age, whose lives have covered the whole period of the advent and advance of the science of sociology. Comte coined the word in 1857, and ten years later Karl Marx sent forth his volume, *Das Capital*, which has become the sacred book

of Socialism—though perhaps the members of that cult read their scriptures as little as the followers of other faiths read theirs. At the same time science was winning its way, flushed with power, radical, irreverent, unveiling the lucid and wise order of the world under the sway of law; and the personal God of our fathers seemed to fade into a vast, vague, impersonal Power. Democracy too made itself felt, leveling down while lifting up, declaring the voice of the people to be the voice of God, proclaiming the end of the Rule of Force and the coming of the Rule of Numbers. Life became every year more intricate, as men were drawn closer together under the gray smoke-cloud of industrialism, and were more and more moved as one man by common impulses and aims.

Forces such as these, and others of a sort similar, have made this the Age of the Crowd. Never were human bodies so

jostled and jammed; never were human souls so much alone. We are in the midst of the collective despotism predicted forty years ago. Reliance is being increasingly put upon coercion of the will by external pressure, as if public opinion, law, or the tyranny of the Many had become the modern evangel. Men move in masses. Often they huddle together in a way to suggest weakness rather than strength, for not all of the spirit of fraternity in our day is born of faith in a Divine Father. Some of it, strangely enough, is due to a loss of faith in the highest appeals. Unable or unwilling to be alone, men crowd together, seeking escape in fellowship—and naturally so, if God be only a cold, bare Infinitude! There is another side to modern life—its passion for reality, its humane pity, its fruitful idealism; but it has a dual aspect.

At any rate, the word “social,” whether we attach an “ism” to it or not, is the

great word of our time. We think in terms of the mass, under the sense of a vast solidarity, and "loyalty to the beloved community" was recently declared by Josiah Royce to be the essence and aspiration of religion. As men are crowded together they more and more realize that together they must reach the heights or sink to the depths. Such is the trend of the age, and its results not only upon our ways of thinking, but upon faith and character as well, are obvious to any student of modern life.

Once religion was all a personal matter. "The simple question is," cried Newman in his agony at Littlemore, "can I be saved in the English Church? Am I in safety were I to die to-night?" With the old Puritan it was the same—is my calling and election sure? How strange and far off those fears seem to men who live in a universe where not even an atom is ever lost! Such questions are now held

to betray a selfish, if not morbid, concern for personal safety. No; the point of view has shifted from the old emphasis upon personal piety to a demand for social justice and service. The Christian of to-day, instead of fleeing from the City of Destruction, like the Bunyan pilgrim, is called upon to save the city. Our theologians, once so talkative about abstract propositions, are now busy trying to divine how the "social mind" acts, and what it thinks—though it is not yet clear that the social mind is anything more than a metaphor. Surely, he is a poor prophet, and no poet at all, who does not feel the thrill and promise of this social mysticism in its eager, aspiring quest for right. Yet it must be plain that such a tendency may easily sweep us too far into another extreme, if, indeed, it has not already done so.

With all this passion for humanity, this demand for social salvation, every live

man must be in deep sympathy. It is magnificent—this call to clean up the world and set the social order right. It is heroic—this faith that ills long held to be necessary evils, if not inevitable parts of the human order, need not and must not continue to be. It is prophetic—this sense of human society as a family, and the effort to apply the truths of the Sermon on the Mount to political and economic relations. The heaven possible to men here, and the hells of vice and misery that burn around us, these occupy the thoughts of men to-day, as they come to think in terms of social duty and hope. And yet, with no desire to cool this social ardor, but with a wish to conserve it, deepen it, and direct it, we must keep our poise between the peril of extremes, and lay equal emphasis upon the quality of the units of the social order.

II

Notwithstanding the current stress upon things social, it is still true that religion is the most intimate and personal of all human concerns. God does not call men *en masse*, or by groups, but, in the ancient word of Isaiah, "*I have called thee by thy name,*"—not that we may render less social service, but vastly more. Indeed, the crowning glory of man, and the basis of all valid social idealism, is that we are not numbered prisoners in the endless lockstep march of blind Fate. Unless this truth be kept vividly in mind, the worth of the soul and the sanctity of human difference will be erased in the general blur. Admit that the old individualism was imperfect, it could not have been so bad as it would be for all to be reduced to the dead level of a herd.

Obeisance to the divinity of mere numbers is a superstition. Massed ignorance never yet has made wisdom. Crowds with-

out vision, throngs without the leadership of spiritual faith, multitudes without character are a terror and a plague. An assembly of idiots is depressing; its size is its shame. No doubt a remedy for many of the ills of democracy is more democracy, but democracy itself must be saved from itself. Have we not heard of late that "our whole life and mind to-day is saturated with the slow, upward infiltration of a new spirit—that of an emancipated, atheistic democracy?"¹ Obviously, the shifting of the accent of religion from personal piety to social activity, in so far as it results in what Harnack calls "an acute secularizing of Christianity," cannot cope with the new spirit. Only a saint with the blended qualities of a Cromwell and a Francis of Assisi can stem such a tide.

Moreover, no man has ever rendered any vital service to his kind, social or

¹Winds of Doctrine, by Santayana.

otherwise, who was not able, if need be, to stand alone against the mass. Call the names of the great soldiers of social righteousness, from Luther to Lincoln, and it will be found that they were "friends of God," drawing their strength and valor from hidden springs. Of this truth Wesley and Woolman were shining witnesses. If they were crusaders in action, they were first quietists in faith and experience. The "place of prayer," as Woolman called it, was ever for them what the Joyous Gard in the *Morte d'Arthur* was to Sir Lancelot—a stronghold of quiet whence they issued forth to rescue those that were oppressed, and to do knightly deeds. They were still, strong men who lived in the faith that they were "never less alone than when alone," and by that power they wrought heroically and hopefully.

There are none to deny that we must press forward toward righteousness—that

we must hunger and thirst after a collective life that is just and merciful and pure; but it becomes clearer every year that the ideal state cannot be approached, much less reached, save through the help of Another than ourselves. Even so radical a thinker as H. G. Wells—and he is a thinker of no common order—restless, penetrating, subtle, forecasting, full of self-questionings, and, at times, of all-questionings, seems to be finding his way to the fact that it is not enough to “rally the good in the depth of thyself,” but that we need God—even if we cannot realize his presence. Hear him, in *The Passionate Friends*: “There are no valid arguments against a great-spirited Socialism but this, that people will not. Indolence, greed, meanness of spirit, the aggressiveness of authority, and, above all, jealousy—these are the real obstacles to those brave, large reconstructions, those profitable abnegations and brotherly feats of

generosity that will yet turn human life—of which our individual lives are but momentary parts—into a glad, beautiful, and triumphant cooperation all around this sunlit world.”

Just so; but are there not other things than those named that stand in the way? What is it that so tragically delays the march of man toward that better social order whereof our poets dream and our young men see visions? Our age is full of schemes of every kind for the reform and betterment of mankind. Why do they not succeed? Some of them may fail because they are ill-considered, in that they expect too much of human nature and do not take due account of the stubborn facts of life. But even the wisest plan fails to accomplish a tithe of what its advocates labor and pray to bring about. Why is it so? Because there are not enough men fine enough of soul, large enough of sympathy, and pure enough of

heart to make the dream come true! One reads the words of Wells, so vivid with prophetic idealism, and the saying of Christ comes to mind: "*Ye must be born again.*"

III

The problem of our day, as of every other day since the church began her morning march in the world—only it is felt to be more pressing in our time—is the problem of the church and the street. When the church forgets the street, or neglects it, religion becomes a hollow formalism or a dead respectability, and life in the street becomes a hideous scramble where heart treads on heart. By the same token, every revival of faith, every return of Pentecostal vision and power, has witnessed a return of the church to the street. There is not an exception—unless it be the Oxford Movement under Newman, which was more a reaction than a revival. Indeed, the secret

of the early church, as Deissmann has so clearly shown, was that it came down to the man in the street, offering him hope. Its appeal was hardly heard in high places, but it was gladly heard in the mean streets. It was so in the days of Francis of Assisi in "the Galilee of Italy." It was so under Eckhart and Tauler, under Luther and Fox. What means the cry for social service to-day, if it be not that the church is aware that she has lived too far from the street where the feet of men are often weary, and where traps are set to catch the loose steps of the wandering? Have not Wesley and Woolman somewhat to teach us here? They too led a smug and indolent church out of doors into the street, even into the byways and hedges, as ever the Mystics have done.

For they were mystics, albeit Wesley was slow to admit his affinity with mysticism, and at times was wont to be a keen

critic of its excesses. At one time he was intolerant of Quietism, from which his movement was, on one side, lineally descended. Yet we find him editing the writings of Madame Guyon, who was a follower of Molinos, and in turn a teacher of Fènelon; and he was right in saying that his break with Zinzendorf was largely a dispute about words. As for Woolman, he was of the company of those who are led by the Shepherd of Souls, and who partake of the Sacrament of Sorrow from the hand of the Master himself. More is unuttered than uttered in his simple writings—he so feared the fluency that goes beyond fact—yet underneath the austere restraint of his style one may read an inner experience akin to that of Bunyan or Pascal. In the phrase of the Friends after his death, he “underwent many deep baptisms”; how deep, his Journal shows. Daringly radical, he was divinely gentle. Grown gray with grief for the woes of

mankind, he yet kept always "an inward stillness and happy humility of heart."

William James would have classed Wesley with the "tough-minded" perhaps, and Woolman with the "tender-minded." No matter; they were both *practical mystics*, and their vision led them into the places of need, into the haunts of the lowly and the lonely, in heroic and dedicated service. The issues they confronted were surprisingly modern, and they saw them—especially Woolman saw them—with a lucidity which allowed no evasions. Perhaps, as is now the fashion to say, their method was too individualistic—though the evil which Woolman fought all his life was the social horror of slavery, and he set the society of Friends against it. This is true: their sense of human solidarity, and their feeling of complicity in the common social guilt, were profound. At least it must be said that they opened the door of the church leading into the street; and

if Wesley redeemed England from impending revolution, Woolman liberated a spirit which overthrew slavery in America.

IV

Of their social teaching we cannot study here in detail. Economic analysis of the modern sort we do not expect in their writings; and yet, as enemies of slavery, they saw through that evil to the larger question beyond—the degradation and exploitation of labor. Greed and the wish for ease seemed to them roots of all evil. Woolman in his little essays on Labor and Caution to the Rich, and Wesley in his exposition of the Sermon on the Mount, utter with equal eloquence the same solemn warning. At eighty-seven Wesley was still burdened with the fear that money was corrupting his people. How his words flash before us to-day: “How is it possible for a rich man to grow richer without denying the Lord that bought

him? Yet how can any man who has already the necessaries of life gain or aim at more and be guiltless? 'Lay not up,' saith our Lord, 'treasures upon earth.' If, in spite of this, you do and will lay up money or things which moth or rust may corrupt, or thieves break through and steal; if you will add house to house or field to field—why do you call yourself a Christian? You do not obey Jesus Christ. Why do you name yourself by his name? 'Why call ye me Lord, Lord,' saith he himself, 'and *do* not the things that I say?' "

There are many passages to the same import in the pages of Woolman, only he wrote with a sense of deep compassion toward his fellow-creatures "involved in customs, grown up in the wisdom of this world, which is foolishness with God." In his social insight and passion he was a precursor of Ruskin and Tolstoy, and in his sympathy too, as when he cried: "O,

may the wealthy consider the poor! May those who have plenty lay these things to heart!" Dear John Woolman! the weight of human misery and "the evil custom of the world" lay upon him at times like the millions of tons of water on a diver in the sea who is climbing to the surface, which he despairs of reaching with brain and body intact! Yet was he a forerunner of that social imagination which will at last make the Golden Rule not a dream but a necessity; of the world now filling up with men who cannot be happy while others are miserable, and who are haunted by the shivering shapes of the poor when they sit down to feast! His life was founded upon Love. That love made him suffer, as love always does, and it was therefore that "he was as a nerve o'er which do creep the else unfelt oppressions of the earth." Still, he knew deep joy also, as all must who, like him, "live under the cross and simply follow the operations of truth"—

for there may be peace where there is little ease.

Indeed, the whole life of Woolman was a struggle for personal piety against a sense of social sin. Often it carried him to strange extremes, and all his sagacity was needed to save him from fanaticism. Tainted money he would not take. Food cooked by the hands of slaves he could not eat. He could not sit still and ride when the horses were lashed by brutal drivers. Any form of cruelty or injustice afflicted him with "bowedness of spirit," and often made him ill of body. He could not bear to profit, or to see others profit, by the painful or degrading labor of his fellows. More than once he touches on the problem of dangerous trades, and he clearly saw the fallacy of the old idea that the production of luxuries relieves economic distress. So one might go on through his pages, including his essays on wealth and wages, and the fifth chapter of his Word

of Remembrance, in which he gave beautiful prophecy of the principle of social settlement. A man of divine pity, he forefelt the fashion of things to be, prophetic in his sorrow not less than in his vision.

Though less sensitive of heart, Wesley was of like spirit, and the impetus of his labors ramified everywhither. As Isaac Taylor said, he furnished "the starting point of our modern religious history in all that is characteristic of the present time." Fruitful was the impulse he gave to education, both national and technical—and religious too, for he extended the work of Robert Raikes. In starting the work of Silas Todd, the Foundry teacher, he anticipated the holy labor of John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler. He visited prisons and ameliorated the lot of prisoners before John Howard; and his work among the miners bears fruit even to this day. And yet, in this long list, the greatest labor of his life was that through

him the gospel was once more preached to the poor!

V

What is sainthood? It is spiritual health, humane sympathy, and moral thoughtfulness. As Arnold of Rugby said, "It is the inquiring love of truth sustained by devoted love of goodness." It is wholesome, because it is holy. It is practice, not theory; consecration, not perfection; a condition of character, not a theological definition. It is the kinship in willing and feeling of the spirit of man with the spirit of Christ, who was the will and heart of God made flesh. Now as of old, the hope of the church lies in her saints. When all apologetics fail to halt the proud concourse of the world, it is the saints who heal the wounds of humanity and turn the wandering multitudes from fruitless quest to the abiding realities.

Newman reflected upon the church of

his birth that she had failed to produce saints. Capable of much, she was wanting here. Bishops, theologians, exegetists, ecclesiastics she could and did afford; but saints, no. The challenge which Newman flung down, however far from true in respect of the English Church, we are bound to take up for ourselves. If the church of to-day cannot grow saints, she will be helpless against the incoming tide of "an emancipated, atheistic, international democracy." Nor can she do much to help forward the race toward those profitable social abnegations, those brotherly feats of generosity and fellowship that will turn human life into a glad cooperation all round this sunlit world.

Wesley and Woolman were saints of the most high God. If they were with us to-day, no doubt the form of their lives would be different, but their faith and spirit would be the same. They would not expect from sociology what no sociology,

however scientific, can ever give. Their first concern would be for a vivid and profound personal relation to God. Detached from minor entanglements, they would prove, with the pure of all ages, that the frontiers of the life of man are not the stronghold. But they would know that from the Mount of Vision to the multitude in need is but a step, and they would continually take it, mediating between the vigil of the night and the burden of the day, knowing that vision and service are partners. As of old, they would see the sins of society in the light of the cross, and discern in the turbid ebb and flow of misery about them the sinful soul, not only of society, but of each of us—Christ crucified afresh, and we assisting in his impalement; we pressing the thorns upon his brow. Woolman, especially, would feel, to the piercing of brain and nerve, the injustice, the suffering, the separation which our social con-

ditions impose. But his hope of healing would be in Christ as mediated through a tender, tactful, compelling human ministry.

When the power of reclaiming the lost dies within the church it ceases to be the church. It may remain a useful institution, though it may very easily become a mischievous one. When that power remains, whatever else may be wanting, it may still be said that the tabernacle of God is with men. By devoting her power to reclaiming and nurturing the souls of men, and by refining and exalting their social relations, the church is doing fundamental work in behalf of all high enterprises—a work without which no cause, however holy, can win. By as much as she succeeds, every noble cause succeeds. If she fails? Often the church has failed, by folly or default, and then her Master has come again—as he has been coming all down the centuries—giving a new date

to history and a new impetus to humanity. In the furnace fires of every revolution there has been seen a form like unto the Son of man! He is with us to-day in these new and changed times, as he was with Wesley and Woolman—nearer, it often seems, than he has ever been since he walked in Galilee.

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