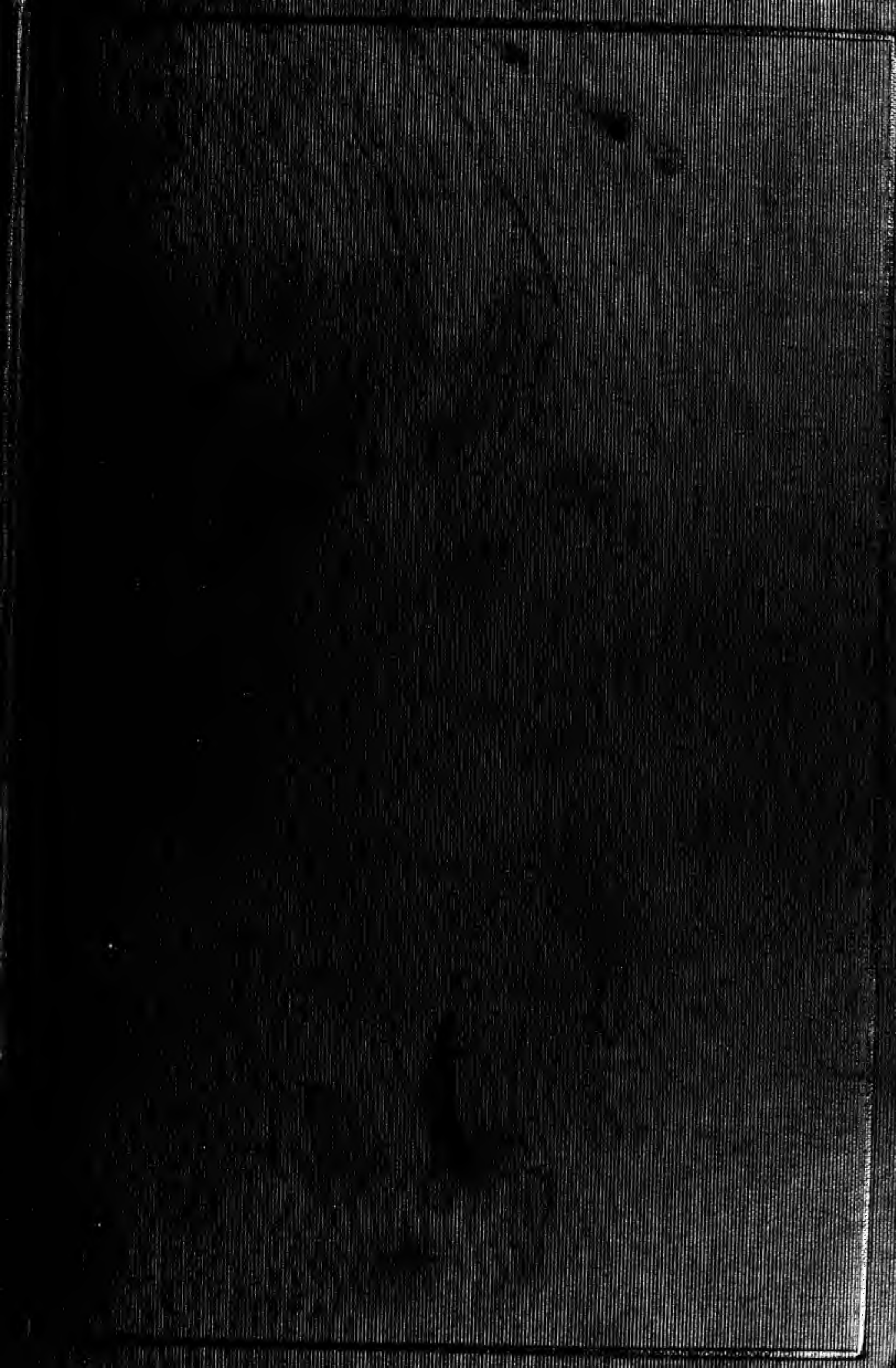

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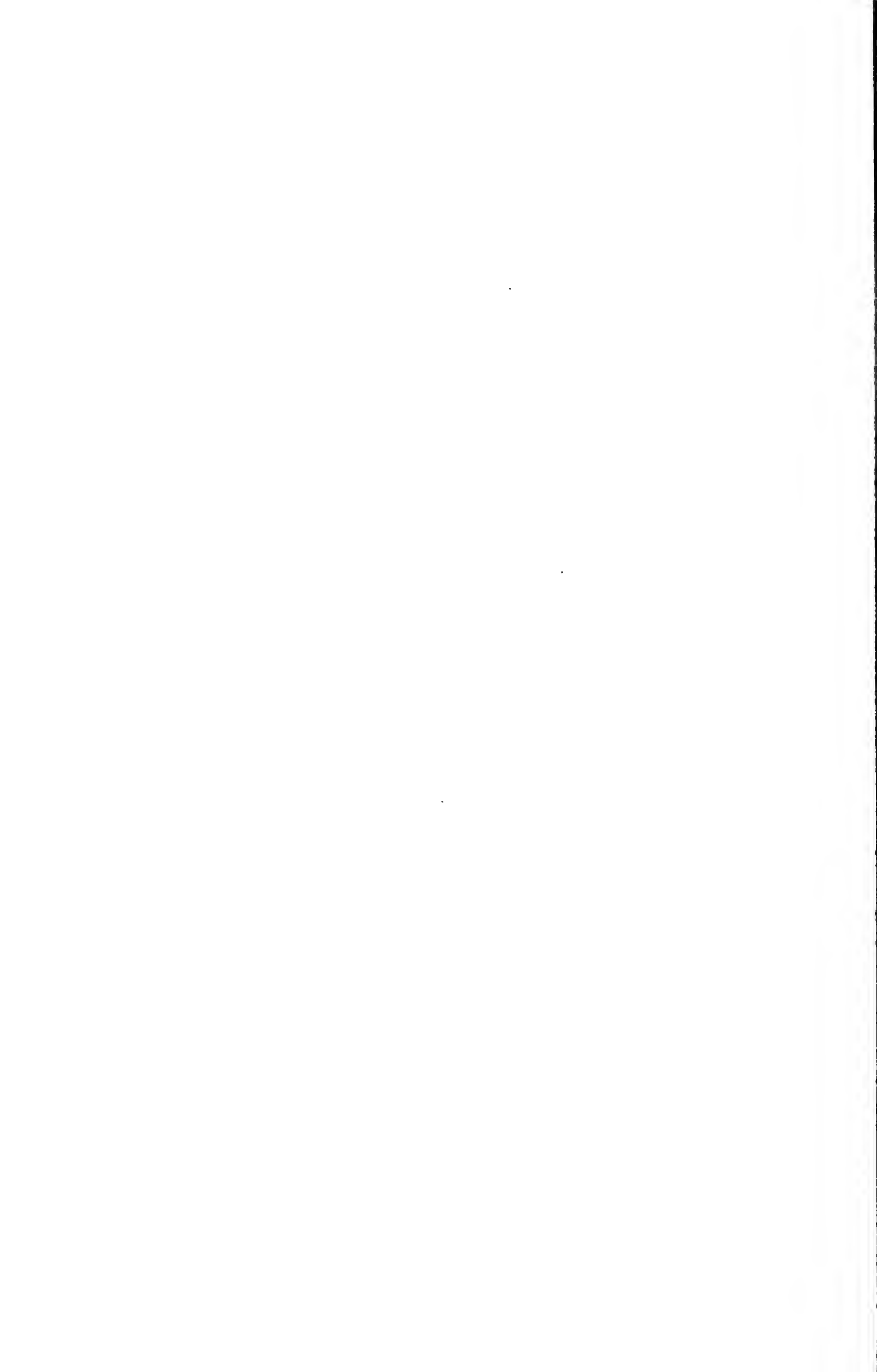

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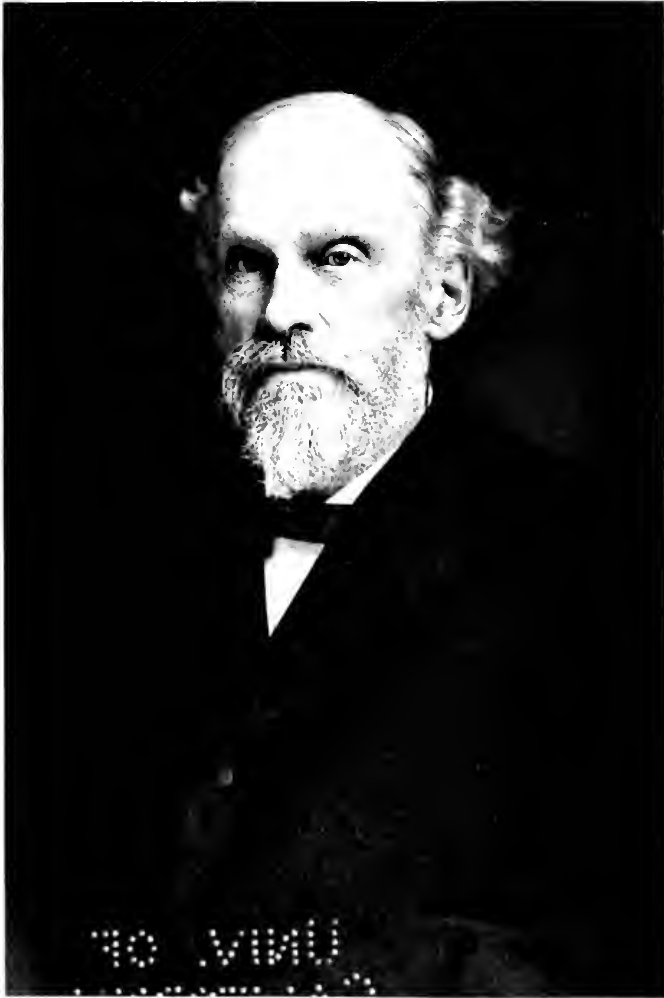

William N. Clarke.

WILLIAM NEWTON CLARKE

A BIOGRAPHY

WITH ADDITIONAL SKETCHES BY HIS FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1916

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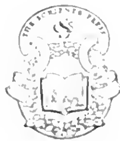

PREFACE

One who was quietly, yet widely, known as preacher, teacher and author, passed lately into the unseen world.

His books were widely read, not only by students and masters in theology, but by many other thoughtful men and women, for whom he had bridged the chasm between the past and the present, and had made the Christian faith possible in a time of doubt and transition.

The truth and charm of his first well-known work, *An Outline of Christian Theology*, was at once recognized, and each succeeding book met a hearty welcome from eager readers.

These books, quiet and clear in style, were evidently the utterances of one intent on his message and conveying it in the most direct and simple way; yet they seemed somehow alive with the personality of the writer, and many readers felt his magnetism so strongly that they wished to draw nearer to the man himself. From every direction letters expressive of keen interest and deep gratitude came to him from persons who knew only his work and his name.

Before he began to write books he had been a minister of the gospel, a preacher of singular earnestness and power. Later, he had been a teacher of theology. As a preacher he had the art of catching the attention of his auditors at once and of holding it. He saw his congregation as individuals, and the listener often felt as if he were being directly addressed. Something of this is apparent in his books, and without any effort to do so he established a personal relation with his readers. His beautiful spirit appeared in all

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that he wrote and awakened a warm response in many hearts. Some who never saw his face felt when he passed away that they had lost a personal friend.

Doctor Clarke was a quiet, home-loving man. He was never strong, and the most of his energy went into his work. His life was uneventful, and with the exception of seven years in Canada it was spent in country places. He was deeply interested in public affairs, and his opinions on social and political questions were clear and decided and freely expressed. He was in sympathy with all efforts for the removal of unjust and injurious conditions, and worked throughout his life for the uplifting of humanity, yet he was never prominent as the exponent of any movement or cause. In his case no materials existed for a stirring or picturesque biography. From first to last he kept the even tenor of his way, loving the work to which he was called, and doing it easily and with joy.

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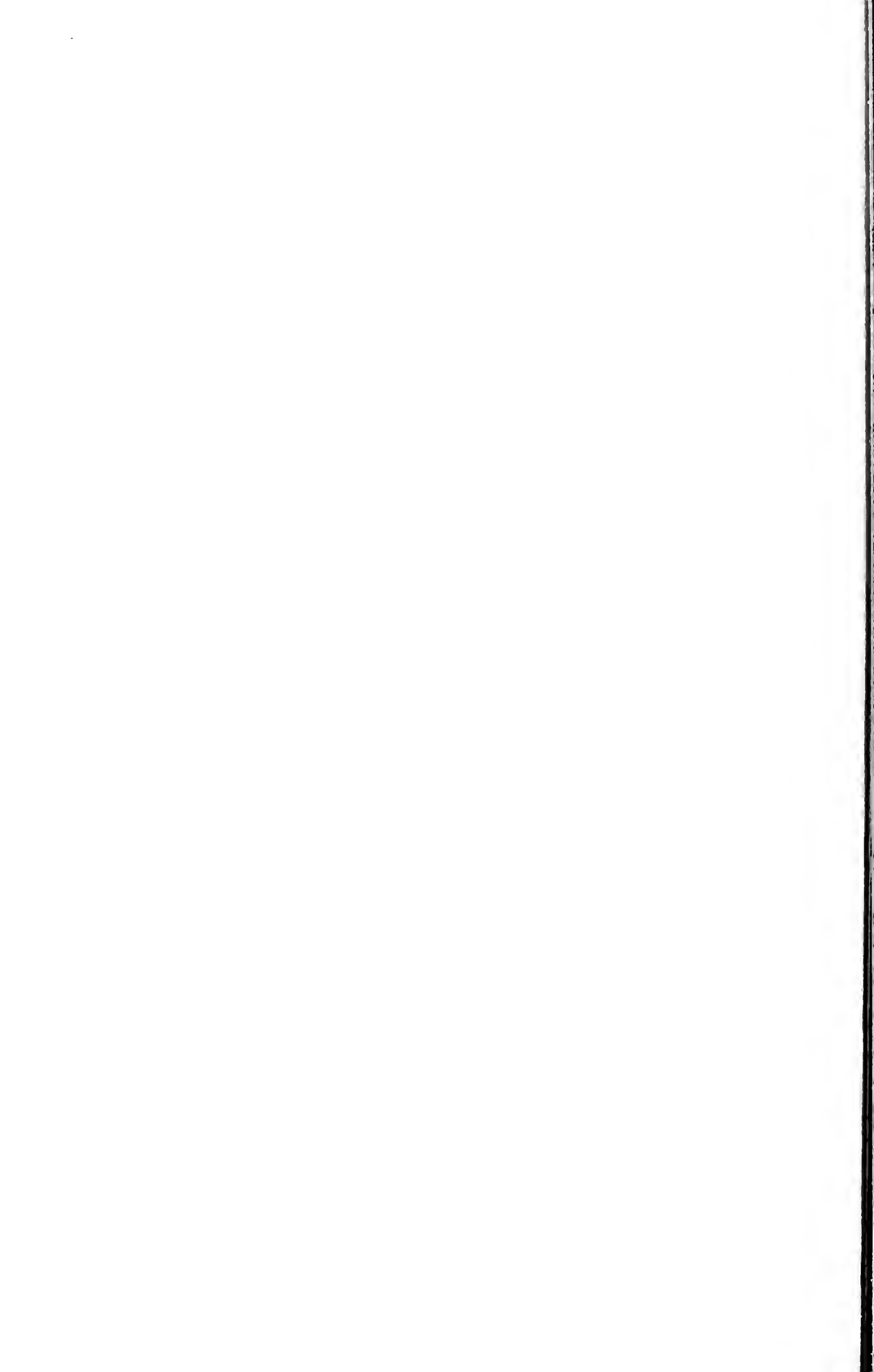
WILLIAM NEWTON CLARKE



WILLIAM NEWTON CLARKE

ANCESTRY AND EARLY LIFE

The writer of this biography of William Newton Clarke consented, with hesitation and dread, to undertake a difficult task, for the reason that no one else possessed the intimate knowledge requisite for a true account of that gentle and secluded life. This record shows the outward environment and sequence of events. Its account runs parallel with the story of his inner experiences and theological transitions told by himself in *Sixty Years with the Bible*, a book written, as he says, "in the single character of a student, lover, and user of the Bible," and in which no names of places and persons are given.

It seems best, at the outset, to correct a misstatement which has been widely published, to the effect that Clarke was of Scotch origin and came in his youth from Edinburgh to the United States. Scotland has given many theologians to the world, but Clarke was not one of them. He was as purely an American as it is possible to be. All of his hereditary lines run back into the early colonial period of New England. His ancestors were devout and heroic men of English birth, who expatriated themselves soon after Laud, with the approval of Charles I, began his efforts to turn back the Church of England toward the fold of Rome.

These men, severally, arrived at Massachusetts Bay before Winthrop, with him, or a few years later. None of them were Separatists at first, but all became such. Colonial rec-

ords show something of their part in the making of New England.

Clarke was born in a typical American village, there he spent his childhood and youth, and there he received that most important part of his education which determined his career.

He took his collegiate course and studied theology in the village of Hamilton, New York, and thither he returned in his full maturity to give his ripest work to the church and the theological seminary until the end of his life.

Whoever would understand American life as it was seventy years ago must know the American village of that time, which was the active centre of those religious and intellectual forces that shaped the lives of all and developed men and women who became leaders in the communities where they dwelt.

The best element in the life of cities was largely recruited from country places. The foreign element in even the older cities as yet was small. The majority of householders in the United States were tillers of the soil who lived independently upon their own land. For each farming community the centre of interest and of social life was the village, where the churchgoers met together and the voters held their town meetings. The village began its existence, usually, with a church or a schoolhouse, to which all other good and necessary things were gradually added. Here and there in some one of the larger villages of a group of townships might be found an academy or a good denominational school, where boys could be fitted for college and any who desired it had opportunity to gain a higher education than the common schools provided.

The American village was the creation of free, intelligent men and women whose needs and ideals it expressed. Village and villager thus in the New World became honorable words, knowing nothing of villeinage.

In *Oldtown Folks* Mrs. Stowe has depicted the life of a small New England village and has analyzed and explained

conditions as they were in such places toward the end of the eighteenth century and early in the nineteenth. In the preface she says:

"My object is to interpret to the world the New England life and character in that particular time of its history which may be called the seminal period. I would endeavor to show you New England in its seed-bed before the hot suns of modern progress had developed its sprouting germs into the great trees of to-day.

"New England has been to these United States what the Dorian hive was to Greece. It has always been a capital country to emigrate from, and North, South, East, and West have been populated largely from New England, so that the seed-bed of New England is the seed-bed of this great republic and of all that is likely to come of it."

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a strong impulse of migration westward. Astute men organized companies and obtained large grants of land which they sold to emigrants from New England. There was much rivalry among these companies and all had agents competing keenly for settlers to buy and occupy their lands. Thus the interior portions of New York and Pennsylvania were swiftly changed from vast wildernesses to prosperous farming regions dotted with villages.

The foundations of the village of Hamilton, New York, were laid in faith and prayer. The pioneers of the place were Samuel Payne and his wife, who came from New England in 1794, and his brother, Elisha Payne, who arrived with his family a year later. They had the distinct purpose of founding a village.

When Samuel Payne had felled the first tree upon the hillside, in the primeval forest of which his farm was a part, he knelt and consecrated himself and his estate to God. In 1827 he and his wife "gave their farm of one hundred and twenty-three acres to the Baptist Education Society to locate

there their theological institution. The whole was made over to the society by a warranty deed, they reserving to themselves the use of one-half of the farm during their lives."

No one knows the precise point where the first tree was felled, but it was within certain narrow limits near the college building first erected, which, restored and beautified, is still in use. Upon this historic spot a sun-dial, suitably inscribed, was placed by the graduating class of Colgate University in 1912, as a memorial to Samuel Payne and his wife, of whom it was said: "Her kindness to students in sickness or in need gave her the title of 'The Students' Mother.'"

No less devout, far-seeing, and steadfast were William Colgate and his wife, who were interested from its beginning in the theological school and in the college which was its necessary and inevitable outgrowth. Mr. James B. Colgate, their son, late in his life, in speaking of his parents, said that at the morning devotions of the family, led either by the father or the mother, there were always words of prayer for the school of sacred learning at Hamilton.

Elisha Payne, true to the traditions of his forefathers, after building his own log dwelling, proceeded next to build a schoolhouse. This schoolhouse was, no doubt, used also for religious meetings, as the church was not built until 1810.

Similar in spirit is the history of many an American village, founded by descendants of the early colonists of New England.

For a clear understanding of Clarke's ancestral heritage, of those family traditions and innate gifts that made him the man he was, one must revert to early colonial history in New England.

In the nineteenth century every educated man was truly "the heir of all the ages," but this reconciling teacher, who seemed gifted with a sympathetic comprehension of every one's point of view, was in an especial manner the heir of the

seventeenth century which witnessed the revolution in England, the colonization of New England, and the fighting over again upon new territory of battle after battle for complete liberty of thought and speech. Perhaps he owed his catholicity to those diverse and antagonistic ancestors, whose theological and political differences, transmitted and modified from generation to generation, were harmonized in him.

North Brookfield, a town of Madison County, in the State of New York, received its earliest colonists from New England in the last decade of the eighteenth century. Among the first settlers was Absalom Miner, a descendant of Thomas Miner, who came from England with Winthrop on the *Arabella* in 1630. Thomas Miner was the son of Clement Miner, of Chew Magna, Somerset, head of the elder branch of a family, which had held an honorable place among the gentry of England for well toward three hundred years. Thomas Miner was associated with John Winthrop, Jr., in his early colonizing enterprises, and was a delegate to the general court from each of the several places in which he resided. He finally settled at Stonington, Connecticut, being one of the four original colonists of that place. Much that is interesting is known of Thomas Miner, and a large number of persons useful and honored in their place and time traced their ancestry to him. Among them the names most widely known are Adoniram Judson and Ulysses S. Grant.

Somewhat later the Clarke family, who were also of good English lineage, came from Rhode Island to North Brookfield. They were descended from Jeremiah Clarke, one of the nine heads of families who founded Newport and helped to create Rhode Island, the first really free commonwealth in the New World. Jeremiah Clarke was the second president of "Rhode Island Plantations" under the charter of 1644, which had been obtained by Roger Williams. The Clarke and the Miner families were of "the Baptist faith and order."

They were closely associated in all affairs of church and community, and there were three marriages between sons and daughters of Seth Miner and John Clarke.

The first alliance was that of William Clarke and Urania Miner, who were married March 21, 1830, at the homestead in Eaton, near Hamilton, to which the Miner family had removed a few years earlier.

William Clarke was a young man of recognized ability. He had a clear, comprehensive mind and an unusual degree of tact and practical wisdom. When, after a period of inner conflict, he ceased to resist his call to preach, he wished to fit himself for his work by the best education that he could gain. A school of theology had recently been founded at Hamilton, only a few miles distant. His soul thirsted to drink at that fountain, but his father, like many another good man of his day, held an old-fashioned prejudice against a "man-made ministry," and there were other obstacles in his way. So he went on tilling the soil, "improving his gift" meanwhile by preaching as he had opportunity and educating himself as best he could by independent study. He had a good command of English and a natural ease of expression, which under the influence of religious feeling became glowing eloquence. His unfailing good sense and kindly, cheerful nature endeared him to the neighbors who had known him all his life, and when the pastorate of the church in North Brookfield became vacant he was called to fill it. This call was conveyed in a letter of wonderful quality which reads like a passage from John Woolman. He accepted the call with solemn joy.

As a spiritual leader in the community of which he and his wife were a part, and which they well understood, he was useful and happy.

When a few years later a call to the church in Cazenovia came to this quiet, unambitious servant of God, he hesitated, with the self-distrust of a modest man. He and his wife were fully content with their lot and would have chosen to spend

their days in the place which had always been dear to them. Yet an inner monition forbade him to refuse this leading of Providence, as he felt it to be.

North Brookfield was a bit of New England, transplanted, but Cazenovia was different in its origin. The village library of Cazenovia is housed in an old residence on Albany Street. Its parlor is now the distributing-room of the library. There, above the mantel, hangs a painting that is an interesting reminder of the history of the town. It is a copy of an original portrait of Theophilus Cazenove (Theophile de Cazenove), which was presented by his grandson, Raoul de Cazenove, of Lyons. It shows a young man of aristocratic appearance with a pleasing face, fair complexion, light-brown hair in a queue, clad in a suit of pale-blue velvet. He does not look like a pioneer or explorer, nor was he such. He was, in his maturer years, the first agent in this country of the Holland Land Company. John Lincklaen (Jan van Lincklaen) was the explorer of the region and the founder of Cazenovia. He was born in Amsterdam in 1768, received his early education in Switzerland, entered the Dutch navy and attained the rank of lieutenant. In 1792 he emigrated to America. He was employed by the Holland Land Company, explored and surveyed some of their lands and was made their agent upon the retirement of Theophilus Cazenove, who became possessed of a tract of land bordering upon the lake, and in honor of whom the town was named.

A dignified colonial mansion was built in 1807–8 by John Lincklaen upon the upland beyond the foot of the lake, which facing northward, commands a fine view of the lake in its picturesque setting of varied shoreland. In the autumn of 1808 this new dwelling was occupied by the owner, his wife and their adopted son, the youngest brother of Mrs. Lincklaen, then about fifteen years of age, Jonathan Denise Ledyard, known in later years as General Ledyard. His son, Ledyard Lincklaen, Esq., a man of studious and literary

tastes, who made valuable contributions to knowledge of the geology of the region, inherited the name and the abode of John Lincklaen, which has always been the home of the daughter of Ledyard Lincklaen, Mrs. Charles S. Fairchild. This house of fine traditions has been kept externally as it was at first and, with its simple, restful lines, is one of the best examples now remaining of the colonial domestic architecture of the period to which it belongs.

John Lincklaen was a broad-minded, far-seeing, practical man and he began at once to make the site he had selected for a settlement habitable and attractive. "He laid out roads, built bridges, mills, and warehouses," and thus averted the chief privations and hardships of pioneer life. Also, he offered land to young householders upon liberal terms. Some Dutch names appear in the list of early settlers, although the larger number are of those familiar in the colonial annals of New England. The settlement began with this great advantage, that no one class or sect brought thither its own narrowness in sufficient strength to stamp its character upon the place.

The site of the village was well chosen. The beautiful lake of which the Indian name is Owahgena, forms its western boundary.

Lake Avenue intersects Albany Street, and running northward affords views of the lake along its entire length. Parallel, eastward, is Sullivan Street, now a place of pleasant, modern houses. Still farther east is Lincklaen Street, with something of an old-time air and a charm of its own, which like the others slowly ascends from Albany Street, and reaches the open country at the summit of the hill to surprise the newcomer with a fine and extended outlook northward and eastward.

The water of the lake, welling up from many springs, is clear and pure. Its outlet is a small stream which meets another stream near by. Together they become Chittenango

Creek, which flows rapidly down through a picturesque valley and makes a leap of a hundred and thirty-six feet from its rocky bed, through a gateway of cliffs, into the verdurous gorge below. Not even in the White Mountains is there a more charming cascade than Chittenango Falls.

The region around Cazenovia has a varied and singular attractiveness which every lover of nature feels but cannot easily define, and it is of unusual geological interest. Perryville Falls, not far away, on another stream now greatly devastated by the blasting away of limestone rocks filled with ancient marine fossils, was formerly very like Trenton Falls, having a similar approach along a natural gallery of rock, though on a smaller scale. Delphi Falls, a few miles westward, with its yellow-brown rocks, golden in the sun, has a unique beauty.

William Clarke removed to Cazenovia in the summer of 1835 and was cordially welcomed by the church, which had among its leaders some of the most truly excellent men and women in the village and upon the farms outside. Among these were the Litchfields, the Mitchells, the Beckwiths, and the Newtons.

The power of the new pastor as a preacher, his every-day goodness and friendliness, won for him the respect and goodwill of the entire community without regard to denominational differences, which were then much emphasized. His "wisdom in counsel" came to be highly valued, and his aid was often sought in settling differences which arose in neighboring churches.

The eldest child had died in North Brookfield. The second, Mary Eleanor, was born in 1839, and the third, William Newton in 1841 in the parsonage on Nelson Street. The second daughter, Delia Maria, was born in 1843 in the new parsonage on Lincklaen Street, which was almost under the shadow of the seminary, and very near the Baptist church.

The minister's salary was small and irregularly paid.

There were steadfast friends and generous givers in the church, but the majority had inherited the idea, which they were only slowly outgrowing, that a minister's service should be freely given without requital. The early preachers of the denomination, like Pardon Tillinghast, an ancestor of William Clarke, the early pastor of the First Baptist Church of Providence, Rhode Island, revolting against a state church and a tithe system, had preached the Word like the early apostles, without money and without price, and most of them, like Paul, had lived by the labor of their own hands. A "hireling ministry" was as abhorrent to the early Baptists as to the Quakers.

When there were three children to be cared for these parents felt the pinch of narrow means. Fortunately, both were good economists, and Mrs. Clarke's excellent early training stood her in good stead. The small income was made to suffice. "Plain living and high thinking" was their daily, blessed portion. Plain living, however, was not poor living. The things most important and necessary could be had. By wise management the family were well fed, well clad, and in that climate, arctic in winter, well warmed. But the mother had to work early and late while the children were young. The word servant did not exist in the vocabulary of that family, though sometimes, when the need was great, the old-time American "help" came to the mother's aid.

In *Sixty Years with the Bible*, Doctor Clarke writes thus of his parents:

"My father, a minister of the Gospel, was constantly in communion with the Book, though he talked little of his work. He was not a highly educated man, but he was a man of sweet reasonableness, and his theories of doctrine were tempered in application with a fine practical wisdom. I suppose he must have had some theory of inspiration, but he never made the value of the Bible depend upon it. He had no need of the theory for he was building upon the reality. There

was God's own message and for him and for my mother the Bible was the last word. She, reared in the godliness of an earlier day, carried the Bible in mind and heart. She was not always quoting it, but for guidance of her life and ours it was always with her.

"It is true that she was in unconscious bondage because the Bible brought her the spirit of Judaism, as well as the Christian faith, and not until old age did she come out into the liberty of the children of God, but with a willing loyalty she held the Bible as her law as well as the Christian faith. Reverence for it was learned from both parents. It was never a theme for jests and I grew up with almost a horror of joking on Biblical subjects. About the Bible there was a holy air which to us children was attractive, not repellent. Bible stories we easily learned, and they were true. We did not question as to whether they were easily believed or were worthy of God.

"I cannot remember when I could not read nor when the Bible was not in my hands for reading. My earliest remembrance of it brings up the picture of family worship. How clear it is and how calm and beautiful!"

The three children were nurtured tenderly and wisely. They had a quietly happy childhood in an atmosphere of family affection and reverent religion. The key-note of the life of the family was reality—everything that was said or done must ring true. One saying of the father has never been forgotten: "If a boy is obedient and truthful at the age of twelve he is half brought up."

This boy was naturally docile, reverent, and straightforward and responsive to the high ideals held up to him. He was always companionable, but he was not strong and agile enough to succeed in boyish sports. A severe illness when he was two years old left his right side partially paralyzed. For a time he was unable to walk or to use his right hand. Only the devoted, unremitting care of his mother brought him back to a normal physical condition. Naturally, the earliest playmates of this delicate boy were girls, his sisters and two neigh-

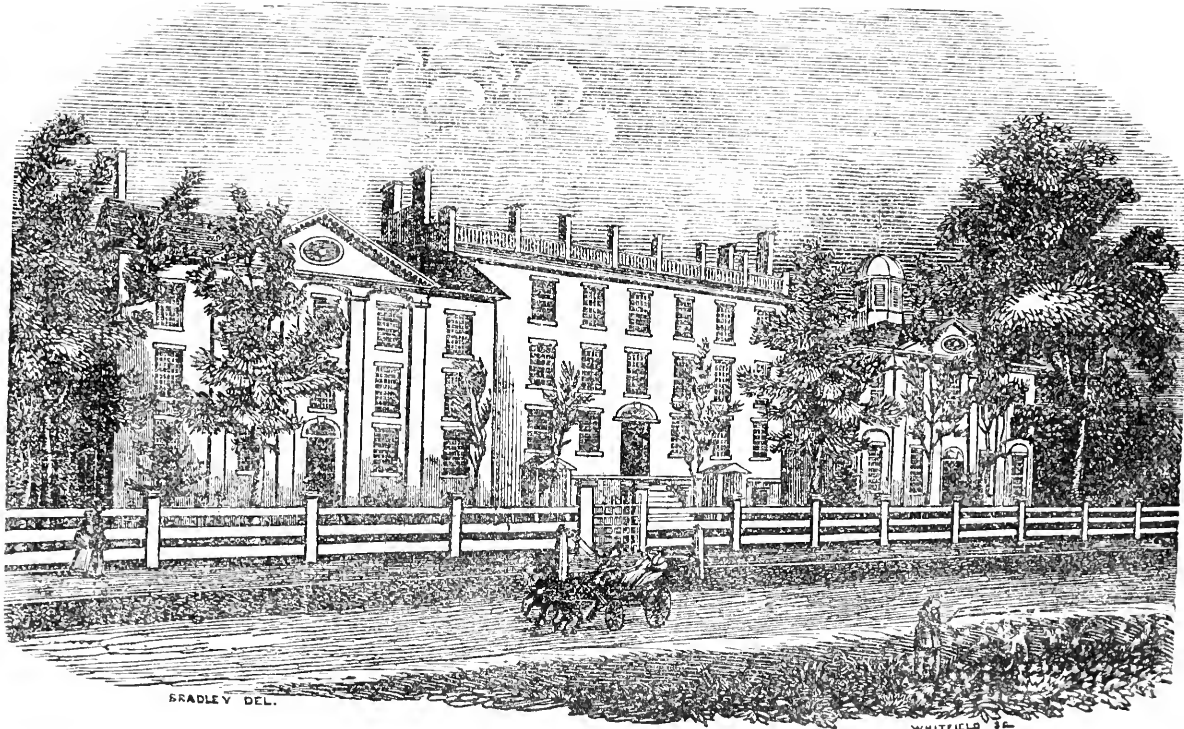
bors, Louise and Frances, who were much at home in the parsonage and the garden.

One of the books in which they all took delight was Mary Howitt's *Juvenile Days*, in which several of her other stories were included. This had been given to the youngest child as a reward for trying to be careful and helpful while her mother was seriously ill. After the difficult time was over her father took her to the bookstore and bade her choose whatever book she wished. *Juvenile Days* was her choice, and it became a favorite with the family and the neighborhood. The original binding had been worn out and the book had been rebound. The neat outside contrasted strangely with the inside. Every page was worn and bore the marks of having been read, as Louisa Alcott says of her own early favorites, "to an accompaniment of cookies, gingerbread, and apples."

In this friendly vicinage a genial interchange of good literature and other good things was kept up.

In the autumn of 1852, after fifteen years in Cazenovia, William Clarke accepted a call to a church in Whitesboro. There William, junior, settled down to regular school work, and it was soon evident that he had in him the stuff that makes a student. The seminary in Cazenovia was a better place for the Clarke children than any school in Whitesboro; and when the church in Cazenovia sent their former pastor an urgent appeal to return to them, the question was earnestly considered. The church in Whitesboro had been loyal and generous. While the pastor had ministered faithfully to them in spiritual things, they had ministered to him liberally in temporal things. To return to Cazenovia meant taking up heavy burdens again, but Cazenovia was home and the people were dear, and there was the excellent school for their children, and thither they returned.

The Oneida Conference Seminary was famous among denominational schools, which were then at the highest point



Cazenovia Seminary in 1846.

of their excellence and usefulness. It was one of several which had been established by the Methodist Episcopal Church. From the first, its teachers had been men and women of fine character who had left their impress upon their pupils and upon the community. As it was a coeducational school, much attention was given to music and art. In the early days of the seminary a well-trained foreign artist had taught drawing and painting and had so imbued his pupils with his ideals and standards that Cazenovia was rather unusual as to the interest in art diffused among the younger generation. Love of art nourished the love of nature. Artists began to visit Cazenovia, and thus the eyes of the residents were opened to the rarely beautiful scenery close at hand. The isolated little village developed year by year a distinction and attractiveness all its own.

In very modest homes in Cazenovia were persons of fascinating individuality and charm. To an impressionable newcomer who had the good fortune to be welcomed in some of these little white houses under great elms, the village life seemed wonderfully bright and amiable. At almost any social gathering, an impromptu tea or an elaborate entertainment, there might be good music—there was certain to be good conversation. People lived then in a leisurely fashion, they had time and opportunity to know their neighbors, and friendship, a plant which cannot be forced, could grow in its own natural way. On Lincklaen Street, with its green lawns and tall elms, dwelt several of the seminary faculty, and others were not far away. They lived like the ministers of the place on small salaries, and the wives of these men, like their neighbor in the parsonage, had to plan carefully and work untiringly, yet they filled their places with dignity and did their part in making the social life noble and beautiful.

The Baptist parsonage was a plain frame house with a garden at the back. The dwellings on either side were rather close to the parsonage, which, facing the north, had little sun-

shine in the rooms most used. Mrs. Clarke, who had been accustomed through all her early life to a broad outlook over a beautiful landscape, often felt depressed by the lack of space and light. There was, however, from the east windows of an upper room, at the back of the house, a pleasant view, across an interval to the hills beyond, and when the feeling of depression came over her, she would drop the task in hand for a little while and at one of those windows that looked toward the morning refresh her spirit with the breadth and beauty of meadow and hills.

Upon the return of the Clarke family to Cazenovia, Mary and William entered the seminary. At that time the most marked character upon the faculty was Ammi Bradford Hyde, a descendant of Elder William Brewster of the *Mayflower*. He was a brilliant man, distinguished especially as a linguist, but versatile in his abilities. Some stories of his precocity remind one of similar things recorded of Macaulay. In 1846 he was graduated from Wesleyan University. In the autumn of that year, when he was twenty years old, he entered Cazenovia Seminary as professor of languages. Under this stimulating teacher, Clarke studied Latin, Greek, and German.

There were other scholarly men and born educators in the seminary, and the atmosphere was full of hope and inspiration. Though William was chiefly interested in languages, he did not do badly in mathematics and he learned a little of several branches of science. Next, however, to his classical studies, that which aided him most in his development was his work in the Lyceum. The papers that he wrote and the debates in which he took part, with the habit gained thus early in life of swift, simultaneous thought and expression, made an invaluable part of his training.

Mrs. Stowe's description of "Cloudland," the scholarship and devotion of its teachers, and the eager responsiveness of its students, was a true picture of the Litchfield Academy in

her very early years. Cazenovia was "Cloudland" on a larger scale. There was a generous freedom as to choice of studies. Most of the students worked pleasurably at what they liked, with little regard to marks and examinations. No question had as yet arisen as to the desirability of coeducation. It had existed from the first in the public schools and in the numerous academies and had been the only possible way to reach and educate the youth of the land.

The school was avowedly and markedly religious, and its denominational character, while not obtrusive, was in nowise obscured. The warm and demonstrative qualities of Methodism characterized the place. Teachers worked fervently for the conversion of students and the upbuilding of all in the Christian life. Students from various denominations, meeting here upon common ground, found that they agreed as to essential points and that their differences were unimportant; so, insensibly, they grew more liberal. No one was permitted to be a sheep without a shepherd. All were expected to attend the churches to which they were accustomed, and if they were unattached they were taken into the Methodist fold. Leading members of the various churches in the village felt a certain responsibility for the young people who came to them, and exercised over them friendly care.

Doctor Clarke was invited to give an address at a semicentennial celebration of the Cazenovia Seminary in 1908. He was unable to be present, but he sent a letter from which extracts are given.

"COLGATE UNIVERSITY,
"HAMILTON, N. Y., June, 1908.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR BLAKESLEE:

"I am thankful for the invitation to stand as the representative of a past age, and recall the memories of fifty years, and only regret that I cannot present my remembrances in person. When I look back my memory goes beyond the half century and sees in 1854 a young boy, not quite thirteen years

old, living at home in Cazenovia, knocking at the door of the seminary. How puzzled the boy was—and not without reason. I had resolved to begin Latin and study arithmetic. But the two classes came at the same hour, and both were too large to be changed, so I was compelled to abandon one of them. The school gave no advice, and I let the arithmetic wait. One thing led to another, and in consequence of this accident the order and succession of my studies for four years went very strangely, and I was trained in a course such as no one else ever pursued since the world began. Perhaps it may have been just as well, but I am glad there is a better way now.

"That shows how much less regularly organized the school was than it has since become. There was a published course of study; there were two, in fact, a three-years' course and a five-years' course; but the five-years' course did not cut much of a figure outside of the catalogue. The school was larger than now, and was especially large in the winter terms. The chapel was crammed full. I can see the platform now. The teachers looked to us very solemn as they faced us, Professors Hyde and White, and Doctor Bannister first, and later Professor Andrews as principal. Professor Jackson sat in front of the organ with his flute and led the singing. During a part of my time I used to play the organ. I was interested in the throng, and knew all the boys by name, and many of the girls in every term. I remembered the changing crowd from term to term, and carried much of the school history in mind. The friendships were short-lived, many of them, but some lived long, and a few survive all these years.

"The vision of deepest interest to me in connection with school work looks in upon the little room over the principal's office where we met Professor Hyde. Some of the classes packed it full. There I was started in Latin, Greek, and German. There we had to do with a most fatherly, friendly man, a master of his languages, a teacher of individuals, a wit who brightened up his work, a living guide and an inspiring example. Much as I enjoyed the hours, I used to wonder that he took the time to tell so many stories and make us laugh so much. But later, when I realized what a killing number of hours he spent with his classes in that room, I judged that

perhaps he let in the wit in order to keep himself alive, and I did not blame him. After I had been out of his room for almost forty years I went out of my way one day in Colorado to call upon Professor Hyde and tell him what I thought of him, which I had never had an opportunity to do.

"The long mathematical rooms at the north end on Linck-laen Street witnessed the equally strong and faithful work of Professor White, continued till the very last days of his life. I know the place, for I did take the arithmetic after a while, and ended with surveying.

"As there was no fixed course in use, the graduating class was made up by collecting those who had done enough to equal the amount of the course as published. Now and then there was a graduate from the five-years' course, but there was none in our year. In 1858 there were twelve graduates, six young men and six young women. My sister Mary, older than I, who was a teacher in the seminary for a time, was among them. I was the youngest of the twelve.

"I have two visions of Professor Andrews as we called him then, Bishop Andrews in later years. I see him as he stood addressing us on our graduation day, July 15, 1858, in the old stone Methodist church with the platform between the front doors. Handsome, flashing, eloquent, he gave us wise counsel out of a warm heart, and bade us farewell. I see him again as I saw him for the last time, in New York, after he had lived a long life of high service—handsome still, but far more, a lovely presence, serious, dignified, graceful, beautiful in a ripe old age.

"I have sweet remembrances of the tender and beautiful religious revival that occurred in the spring of 1858, in my last term. My own religious experience then began, in meetings of the young men in the old western building, replaced by the present Callanan Hall. Very delightful are the memories of that time.

"Even now I can feel the inexpressibly tender solemnity of the Saturday evening class-meetings in the chapel, with Professor Hyde as leader, wise Christian counsellor that he was. Out of that same spring term of 1858 there came a rather formal document that lies before me now. It bears the signature of twenty-two young men, who have formed sacred ties of friendship while students in the seminary

(Oneida Conference Seminary we called it then), and are desirous of renewing and perpetuating the same. To this end they agree to appear in person at the seminary, in the town of Cazenovia and the State of New York, on the 6th day of July, 1864, and appoint ten of their number to address them on that day of their reunion. Topics for the addresses are assigned, schoolboy fashion: 'Success,' 'Harmony,' 'Government,' 'Object in Life,' etc., besides opening addresses, poem, and valedictory. Six years seemed a long time ahead, but the friendly assembling of ourselves seemed not too much to be accomplished by the mature men whom we expected then to be. Alas, we could not know that the greatest war of the century would be three-fourths fought through when the day arrived, or how much the appointed expounder of 'Events of the Past Six Years' would have to say. Nor could we foresee our personal destinies. We pledged our word and sacred honor to meet 'if life and health permit;' and yet there was no meeting on July 6, 1864.

"Here I must end. It is a pleasant, wholesome circle into which I look, for our life in the main was sweet and pure and honorable, and the school was a school of right living. The living God was training his children up to life. The review has been a pleasure to me, but it does not seem possible that I am gazing through a whole half century, so clearly do I see the scenes and forms and faces, and so freshly does the long-vanished life rise before my sight. As God was with the fathers, so may he be with the children, and may education here still be a healthful training for a faithful work.

"With the greetings of the past to the present, I am,

"Sincerely yours,

"William N. Clarke."

At an earlier time Charles Dudley Warner and Robert Ingersoll had been boys in Cazenovia and students in the seminary. Warner, after preparing at Cazenovia, entered Hamilton College at Clinton, New York, where he graduated. He always loved Cazenovia and sometimes came there to visit the friends of his youth. His coming was the signal for a general fête-making. Some of those he valued much

were quiet, unfashionable persons who were seldom seen at large or formal receptions, and those who entertained "Charlie" Warner used to take especial pains to bring these old friends to meet him.

Among American men of letters of his day there has been no more lovable example of "the gentle life" than Charles Dudley Warner; and the bright intelligence, the simple, yet exquisite, living in homes with which he was familiar, the devout atmosphere in church and school, the beautiful surroundings of the fine old village, where he spent the most impressionable years of his life, made a congenial environment for that charming spirit. Some who know and love his books find in them a flavor of Cazenovia, New Englander though he was by birth, and by residence through all his later years.

Robert Ingersoll was the son of a Cazenovia minister. The father spent only a few years in the village, was a clerical free-lance and was for a time the leader of the Free Church, a nondescript company made up chiefly of seceders from the long-established, steady-going churches of the place. Some of them were excellent persons who had become obsessed by one idea and felt aggrieved because that which seemed to them all-important was not sufficiently emphasized in the churches to which they belonged. Some could think of nothing but the evils of the liquor traffic, some believed that the Masonic Order was the most dangerous menace of the time, and some wished to hear of nothing but the sin of slave-holding. Some were merely discontented or erratic. This was the church which represented Christianity to Robert Ingersoll in his boyhood. There were benign idealists belonging to it, but the cranky, censorious elements were in the foreground. His mother, who was remembered as a noble woman, had died early. His father was morose and harsh, and he was one of several motherless children in a cheerless home. What wonder that his keen, clear mind, rejected

the dogmas that were forced upon him, or that, when he had become a popular orator, he held up to scorn and execration a caricature of the religion that he never understood?

In the autumn of 1858 Clarke entered college at Hamilton as a sophomore. He depicted the college life of his day and paid tribute to the men of his class upon its fiftieth anniversary in a charming address at commencement in June, 1912. His was the class of 1861 and a large proportion of his classmates enlisted in the Union Army at the first call to arms, several of whom laid down their lives early in the conflict. His close friend, Arthur Brooks, was one of the first to die. He was a son of the Reverend Walter Brooks, pastor of the Baptist Church in Hamilton, and this personal bereavement, for such it was to Clarke, affected him deeply. The Civil War, in which largely perished the flower of American youth, both North and South, was a long agony to every sensitive soul, and the experiences of those four years were the most profound and pervasive element in the education of the young men and young women of the time. Those who lived through it have carried in their inmost selves something which the younger generation cannot comprehend.

College life at that period was much the same throughout the land. The curriculum at Harvard and Yale was a trifle more exacting than in small and isolated colleges, but the classic tongues and higher mathematics could be studied anywhere, and also the chief modern languages. As to science, in most places students could make only a slight beginning.

Louis Agassiz and Asa Gray were doing pioneer work at Harvard and showing how to investigate. Of the new chemistry only vague foregleams had appeared to the most advanced workers. Personality counted for far more at that time than it counts for to-day, and some of the smaller colleges were blessed with great teachers. At Hamilton, Doctor Alexander Beebee gave his students good training in logic and something of philosophy. That remarkable linguist,

William I. Knapp, still a very young man, was teaching modern languages. Under him Clarke studied Spanish.

The good preparation that Clarke had gained at Cazenovia enabled him to carry his college work easily and gave him time for recreation, reading, and good fellowship. The latter he found chiefly and most keenly enjoyed among his confrères of the D. K. E. society. Secret societies were forbidden to exist at Madison University, as the college was then named, but the Mu chapter was created there with the aid of some members of that fraternity in Hamilton College at Clinton, not far away. Clarke, social and fun-loving, was one of the early members and entered heartily into the game of keeping up the secret meetings and eluding the college authorities, who soon began to suspect what was going on. The story of the early days of the Mu chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon—its apparent extinction, its resuscitation and precarious life while under the ban of professorial authority, its final triumph and open recognition and acceptance by the college faculty—was a lively episode in the student life of the time and made an amusing piece of college history.

At college Clarke made some lifelong friendships. Among those who entered college upon the same day with him was Newton Lloyd Andrews, who was made professor of Greek immediately after his graduation, and who, after fifty years of service still remains at his post as head of the department of Greek and lecturer on art. To him it fell to pay a beautiful tribute to his friend and colleague in an address to the students of Colgate University immediately after the death of Doctor Clarke became known.

Graduated with his class at the commencement in '61, Clarke entered the Hamilton Theological Seminary in the autumn of the same year and finished his theological course in the summer of '63. He was settled in Keene before he was twenty-two years old, but was not ordained until January 14, 1863.

Of this period in his life Doctor Clarke writes thus in *Sixty Years with the Bible:*

"Very early in the sixties, near the end of my college course, I pledged myself in spirit to the work of the Christian ministry, and before very long I was a student in a theological seminary.

"I had not been doing much with my Bible during my years in college, but turned to it with new enthusiasm under a new influence. This, happily, was the personal inspiration of a teacher.

"He was a good scholar, though I do not know that he was an extraordinarily great one. But I do know that he was a man of strong convictions, of a most beautiful devoutness, of absolute sincerity, and of perfectly unconquerable industry. His permanent physical condition was such as would have made many men idle and most men easy, but his holy resolution held him to an amount of work that put his students to perpetual shame. He did not affect every one as he affected me, but to me he was simply irresistible.

"His Christian character held my love and admiration, his scholarship commanded my respect, and his industry was contagious. What I could do I had to do while I was with him. His influence and example made me a Bible student. Our outfit of helps was pitifully meagre, but with such as we had I set myself to the work. He taught us the right use of commentaries and the like, insisting that whatever helps we might use, our conclusions as to the meaning must be in an honest sense our own. We must not shirk the responsibility of judging what our Bible means. I learned that lesson early, to my lifelong advantage. He made it impossible for me to shoulder off upon commentators my duty of understanding the Bible. One of his exhortations abides in memory: 'Let no word of man come between your soul and the pure word of God.'

"In such an atmosphere it naturally came to pass that I was a firm Biblicist. I remember how my feeling toward the Bible influenced my feeling about systematic theology. My teacher in that department was a man of different mould from my teacher in the Bible. He ranged more widely, he was more mystical in his view, and he was more of a philoso-

pher, thinking for himself and outreaching far and wide. One was searching in the Bible to discover the truth of God; the other was using truth that he had found there or anywhere else in the broad excursions of a reverently exploring spirit. To this speculative work of the theologian I felt deep objection because it was not Biblical enough; it was not built on proof-texts or buttressed by them as I thought it ought to be. It was too speculative, I thought, and grounded elsewhere than in the word of God. In this judgment I was sincere but I was wrong. The theologian was using Scripture as it had been assimilated by his mind and yielded him its teaching, a process that I could not then understand. The Bible inspired his theology; I thought it ought to dictate it. His method was legitimate and truly Christian, and to his large, uplifting influence I am indebted no less than to the influence that led me at first to be suspicious of it. In my day his teaching power was comparatively undeveloped, but in his later years he became a teacher of magnificent inspiration.

"Before the sixties were half spent I was settled in a quiet parish and using the Bible in the honest and blundering manner of a beginner in the ministry."

IN KEENE

In the pleasant old town of Keene, New Hampshire, where he had his first pastorate, Clarke lived a quiet, laborious life for six years. His congregation was made up partly of families living in the town and partly of country people, and he easily entered into a kind of pastoral work already familiar to him. After two years the parsonage became his home and his sister Mary came to be his companion, housekeeper, and parish helper. By her presence his life was enriched and brightened. He was by nature as far as possible from the self-centred recluse.

He has described his life, which left him not much time for recreation, in an address entitled, "Some Recent Aspects of the Ministry," given in 1904, in New York, before a ministerial association. It begins thus:

"The days come, the years pass, but how much they bring to us we do not know till afterward. I now know that I have lived over from one period, almost from one world into another. The calling of the ministry has not changed, but the relations and work of the ministry have changed immensely, far more than later comers upon the stage can know.

"For the sake of showing what the ministry is to-day, what a world it has to deal with, and what it has to do, I wish to mention some of the great new elements that have come into its field since my father preached my ordination sermon on the 14th of January, 1864.

"My parish was a small church in a New England county seat of four thousand people. A morning sermon, an afternoon sermon, a prayer-meeting in the evening, one on Wednesday evening, sometimes another in a dwelling on Friday evening, visiting my people, marrying, burying, and incidental service—this was my work. The only burning questions were those of the Civil War which was then upon us. New ideas of

church work, theological excitements, social questions in the modern sense—from these we were free.

"But I beg my brethren to note what has come to pass since then. Note first what entered into the daily work of the church and so of the minister. For several years I made the list of lessons for my Sunday-school. I have lived through the entire period of uniform Sunday-school lessons and of the development of the Sunday-school which has accompanied them. The importance of the Sunday-school has been multiplied manifold within my time. Of organizations within the church we had none except the Sewing Society and the Social Circle with its fortnightly gathering of people. Missionary societies for women have all come in since then. The earliest Baptist Women's Missionary Society was formed in my second parish, and I had the honor to have a hand in some of its earliest doings. Through these societies and by other means the women of our churches have come into a prominence that was totally unknown when I began.

"What is true of women is equally true of young people. It was well toward the middle of my forty years when the first Society of Christian Endeavor was formed. That entire movement of Christian Endeavor, denominational unions, junior societies, yes, and primary classes in Sunday-schools has swept into the life of our churches within my period. All institutional features in the church are also new. The institutional church was utterly unknown when I began, and the very conception of the calling of a church out of which it grew was yet in a great measure to be developed. Of course there was nothing akin to settlement work. There were institutions like the Five Points Mission and the Homes for Little Wanderers, and there were many good works, but the more recent methods of city work were waiting to be suggested by a set of ideas not yet developed. The modern Christian interest in sociology is a growth of my time. The idea of sociology as a science was as unknown as the name when I began. The whole conception has swept in upon us as a novelty within a little time. Equally new is the whole idea of training for lay workers in the church.

"Suggestions of pedagogical methods had not then struck religious work. As for evangelism, that problem has changed its form more than once within my time.

"The Salvation Army was still unknown. When I was ordained Mr. Moody was unknown. I first saw him two years later when he was becoming prominent as a local worker. I remember the change that came in with the Gospel Hymns. The great sweep of the Moody movement has come and gone, and the first generation of successors have run their course.

"The Northfield movement has followed with its kindred establishments scattered through the country.

"I well remember a conversation with Bishop Vincent when the Chautauqua movement was still young, in which he enthusiastically expounded to me the idea which it embodied. The Students' Volunteer movement in missions and the Students' Christian Associations have also come in since the beginning of my work.

"Agencies for doing good? A minister has more of them at his disposal over and over again than forty years ago. The list of additions is startling to me, who has seen it grow. But how to use them and how much they are really worth to him, which among them have lived their life and which have hold on the future—these are urgent questions for the minister to-day, and in their present form they are mainly questions new, unknown when my work began.

"Since I began my work the mental atmosphere in our part of the world has become permeated by the ideas that are represented by the name evolution. I do not refer to any special form of the scientific theory or of the philosophy which that name may suggest. I refer to the insweeping to the popular mind of the ideas and modes of thinking that are characteristic of the system.

"People are coming to think of things as ancient and yet as ever changing: as having grown to be what they are, one stage out of another, and as growing still.

"When I was ordained Darwin's *Origin of Species* had been published only five years, and the ideas that it suggested were scarcely even entering as vital forces into the American religious mind."

"Do not let your love of fun be a snare to you," was his mother's admonition to this beginner in the ministry, not yet twenty-two years of age, in a letter written soon after his set-

tlement in Keene. His time was so filled with study and parish work that very little fun was possible to him except that which bubbled up spontaneously from the well-spring within. If he sometimes missed the sparkling young life, in the midst of which he had always dwelt, he was aware of having the highest compensations. When in midsummer he took his vacation and was at home with his parents in Waterville, New York, to which place they had removed in the autumn of 1864, or with his sister and his old friends in Cazenovia, he was like a boy let out of school, brimming with the brightest and sweetest good-fellowship, ready to keep the ball in the air with any one in a lively game of badinage, and enjoying with the keenest zest the companionship of his friends.

Much that shows his essential self and foretokens his later development appears in letters to his future wife between the summer of 1866 when they first met in Cazenovia and the time of their marriage in September, 1869.

He writes without reserve of whatever he is thinking and doing. His love of nature is the background for all else. He gathers arbutus in early spring to send to his "cousin," as he calls her in the earlier letters, and describes the southward sloping hillside where it grew. He brings home bits of moss and lichen, hardy ferns and budding twigs, in late autumn and early spring, when there are no flowers, and arranges them in his own way to give a touch of living beauty to his study table. He drives over the shoulder of Monadnock on a bitter winter's day in obedience to some call of duty and does not fail to note the bleak grandeur of the outlook. Again, in the following summer, he goes over the same route with a party of friends, making an excursion to the summit of the mountain, and writes a charming description and record of impressions while all is fresh in his mind. He did not cease to notice pleasant things because they were familiar. The view from one of his study windows in Keene was an un-

failing source of delight to him. Again and again in those letters occur descriptions of this outlook as it appeared under all its changes of light and color as the seasons passed, on rainy or misty days, after a snowfall or when every bush and tree was beautiful with frostwork or sparkling with ice. No landscape painter ever studied a scene with truer or more loving eyes. An artist's journal of the round of the year might have been compiled from these descriptions.

His interest in all sorts of people comes out in those letters in which he tells many incidents of his parish work—pathetic, beautiful, and sometimes amusing.

Although he is a born student, he is not working for pleasure or scholarship, but so shapes his studies as to make them constantly serviceable to his people. He tells of his effort to induce the whole body of his parishioners to join with him in a course of systematic Scripture reading, while he aids and interests them by going over the same ground in a series of explanatory sermons covering the whole of the Bible. He is working steadily to master the New Testament in Greek, and as a means to that end he is comparing the original with Latin, German, and French translations. The Vulgate he does not find inspiring, but Luther's translation he feels to be a work of genius as well as of scholarship, which often flashes new light upon a passage. The French is useful, because it is modern in spirit and language, though inferior in strength and beauty to the King James version.

There is no public library accessible—town and village libraries were almost unheard of then—and he has to buy every book that he needs. Bit by bit he is gathering a library of excellent quality, books for his work and the more precious of English classics. Each time that he makes one of his infrequent trips to Boston he brings home a few books. In his letters he describes and exults over each one. A book new to him he reads at once and gives a concise review of it. Thus he tells of Stanley's *History of the Jewish Church*, which he

finds startlingly fresh and delightful. His copy of Bacon's *Essays* was one of these acquisitions and also a beautiful little copy of Milton's poems bound in red morocco and satisfying to the eye in every way, which he always kept in the study. He noticed instinctively the title-page, paper, type, binding —all of the externals of book-making—and was something of a connoisseur, yet he almost never bought an expensive book.

These letters shed a clear light upon a note-book, dated 1868, which contains much that is characteristic. Some passages reveal a deep searching of his own heart, some are suggested by his reading, some are reflections jotted down for use in preaching. There is a piece of theological reasoning growing out of the substitutionary theory of the death of Christ so much higher and deeper than that theory that it seems like the bud from which blossomed his latest utterances upon that theme. For one, who by feeling and choice was conservative, Clarke was then singularly modern in the attitude of his mind. He did not shrink from looking candidly at new ideas.

The writings of Augustine were fascinating and yet irritating to him. One of his new books was *Augustinianism and Pelagianism*, the reading of which evidently suggested a number of notes. At that time, to the ardent Biblical student, almost all theological differences seemed to grow out of exegetical questions. He thinks Augustine's exegesis very faulty and writes:

"It seems wonderful that such exegesis as he deemed allowable should have given him any sound knowledge whatever of the Scriptures. Some of the strength of his argument was dependent upon his small exegetical knowledge, and especially that which rested on Romans 5 : 12. His inability to enter into the spirit and language of the East also made him draw much more from apparently strong expressions in the Old Testament than was originally in them.

"The transmission of guilt, as Augustine held it, reduced to

a *reductio ad absurdum* in Emerson's note, 283 *seq.*, or better, it is a *reductio ad horrible.*"

Eleven pages in the note-book are given to Augustine and his polemic methods. Some years later he was similarly affected by reading the *Life of Jonathan Edwards.* In each case he was attracted by the man and repelled by his theology.

Doctor John H. Mason of the Theological Seminary in Rochester, New York, has contributed the following reminiscences:

"I remember well the young man on that Sunday of his first visit to Keene—tall, well formed, with hair and beard strikingly dark, with an eye which searched you and won you, and with a smile which made one his friend even before he had opened his lips in speech. The voice—that most persistent and unchanging gift of nature—was precisely the same voice with which he spoke to me the last time that I saw him, some two or three years ago.

"Naturally, I cannot pass upon the quality of the sermon, but I well remember the manner of its delivery, read from manuscript, as was the custom in that day. Yet there was a freedom of utterance and a kind of manly, straightforward statement and appeal which I have not forgotten. There was sparse gesticulation, as in later years, and the gestures were forceful rather than graceful.

"The pastorate began at once and continued for six years until the call to the pastorate of the church at Newton Center, Massachusetts, took him away from Keene. The hazy reminiscences of boyhood are of small value in the retrospect of time, but the verdict of history has already been rendered upon those years in the Christian ministry. No better proof of the quality of the work done in Keene could be cited than in the call to Newton Center.

"That a church which comprised within its congregation the professors and students of our venerable New England Theological Seminary should venture to call a young man of twenty-seven to its pulpit was an extraordinary circumstance. It could only mean that Mr. Clarke's ministry at Keene had been one of studious devotion and of high ideals.

What I best remember is the affection which our pastor awakened among the young people and especially among the children of the parish. He drew us not only to himself but also to his Saviour, and the day which stands out above all others to me was that first Sunday in September, in the first year of his pastorate, when he led a group of four or five of us children down into the shining waters of the Ashuelot and buried us with our Lord in baptism.

"The old church on Winter Street, now supplanted by a more modern structure, will always be associated in my mind with the ministry of Mr. Clarke. I was fond of watching for his entrance on Sunday morning, and as a boy I especially enjoyed the long, sweeping stride with which he marched past our pew and into the pulpit. In the pulpit there was a peculiar gentleness and reverence of manner, and he read the Scripture as if it were the very word of God.

"The pastor was an inmate of our house for several months, and it was here that we really came to know him. Those who have known him well in later years have invariably remarked upon the charm of his personality; that the members of our household early discovered. In his relations with the parish he maintained a dignity, some might call it a reserve, which retarded the progress of friendship, but in the familiarity of the home life he unbent, and all the rich stores of his mind and heart were ours.

"I was beginning in a halting way the study of Latin, and I recall the wonder with which I looked upon a man who could take up my Latin books and translate them as if they were written in his own tongue. With Greek it was much the same, for even at that time he had made great progress toward the mastery of the tongue which he used so freely in after years. Some time afterward, when he was no longer a member of the household, he consented to take two of us boys in the high school through some special course in Latin. It was a great privilege to us to be admitted to the sacred precincts of our pastor's study, and there perhaps more than elsewhere was generated that love of books which has followed us down the years. He may have served as a private tutor in his college days, but if not, I dare say this little class was the first which he really taught, so it is good to remember the enthusiasm, the accuracy, the patience, the humor, and

the general illumination with which he taught us and which were so marked characteristics of his teaching when his whole life had been surrendered to that high calling. He set before us noble ideals of scholarship and awakened within us earnest aspirations for the higher intellectual life."

NEWTON CENTER

In May, 1869, Clarke became pastor of the old pioneer Baptist Church in Newton Center, Massachusetts. On September 1, the same year, we were married at my home, Waverly, Pennsylvania, by Clarke's father, the Reverend William Clarke, and we were soon established in the Langley cottage. Samuel Langley and Emily Montague Pierpont, his wife, were an original, independent, highly interesting pair if one may judge from the reminiscences regarding them which survived among their neighbors. They had built this cottage and occupied it during their last years. Later it had been the home of their daughter, Mrs. Goodrich. It was a picturesque little abode, and she had beautified the place by her artistic arrangement of lawn and drive, rustic work and borders with flowers and shaded walks. The house stood at a pleasant distance from the street and was screened by a tall hedge of arbor vitæ which bordered the front of the estate. Along the west side, on Chase Street, ran a low wall of the worn and rounded stones of the region, adorned with Virginia creeper, clematis, and trailing brambles. At the back of the house was a grassy slope with fruit-trees and a long, rustic arbor covered with grape-vines, following the curve of a path which it shaded. The cottage had a pleasant veranda extending along three sides to which French windows gave access from the parlor and from the sitting-room, which had a bay window at the south end. This room became the minister's study.

This cottage has a special interest on account of its association with the brothers, Samuel Pierpont and John W. Langley, who became eminent scientists, known for their far-seeing pioneer work. As boys they spent a part of their sum-

mer vacations with their grandparents, and they fitted up a workshop in the barn at the east end of the place, where they exercised their mechanical and scientific aptitudes. In that workshop they made a telescope, and their cousin, Miss Julia Faunce, who became Mrs. Stackpole, remembered being carried one morning by the boys across the dewy grass that she might look through their telescope.

The old barn, still in use, was upon the verge of the wild, and a clump of sassafras of pungent odor and flavor, with other pleasant woodland things, grew in a thicket beside the barn.

Perhaps the Langley cottage was, in its way, an epitome of Newton Center, which although it had become suburban (it was only eight miles from Boston) with a large number of householders, who went and came daily to and from the city, still retained many characteristics of the country village. Side by side stood modern houses, occupied by families from the city, and old-fashioned houses with old-fashioned people in them.

The narrow highway in front of the Langley cottage, a little farther eastward, resolved itself into a secluded country road, passing along a stretch of rough, wild land on the north, covered with young oaks, blueberry-bushes and other wild things, among which rose here and there a huge granite boulder. On the south side was a piece of marshy lowland full of luxuriant growths, a most fascinating spot for a child or a naturalist, and beyond was a long border of woodland. After passing the corner beyond the cottage there was only one dwelling for nearly a mile and then one suddenly came upon a primitive settlement where a colony of German laborers had established themselves in habitations not much larger than the boulders with which they shared the ground. This was Thompsonville, and here was a small brown chapel belonging to the Baptist Society of Newton Center, where a Sunday-school was kept up for these immigrants and their children, and where preaching services and prayer-meetings were held.

The people were very poor and had seized thankfully upon this spot where the waste land was cheap. They were proud to own their little homes for which they had toiled hard, and they came to love the chapel with all that it stood for. The mission had been undertaken and was carried on from purely Christian motives, but it had a social and economic value which appeared later.

The drives all through the Newtons were delightful. There were a few broad avenues bordered here and there by spacious estates, some of which were triumphs of the landscape-gardener's art. A few of these estates were so old that the elms and maples had attained their maximum growth, and many were perfect specimens of their kind, set in lawns almost as rich and velvety as one sees in old England. Forty years ago the trees and shrubs showed a health and luxuriance that does not appear to-day. At that time the insectivorous birds were still numerous and doing their beneficent work.

No less attractive were the many narrow and ancient roads, leading in every direction and crisscrossing in an irregular network. These by-roads were adorned with natural hedges of shrubs and trees growing irregularly on either side of old stone walls or lichen-covered fences, over which trailed clematis and brambles. Here and there stood a slender white birch, and the tangles were all alive with birds.

It seemed strange to find so much wild land and so many fields once tilled that had reverted to nature, but thus it was, and the few farms still occupied were falling, one by one, into the possession of Irish or German immigrants. The industrial and social changes were already well advanced that have now transformed this old colonial region into something that those who knew it forty years ago cannot recognize.

Newton (Newtown) had been settled very early, and many descendants of the original colonists were to be found bearing the names of their ancestors, and in some instances living

in houses built more than a century earlier. Plain in dress, homely of speech, hard-working tillers of the soil they loved, steadfast as granite in their convictions, these old-fashioned men and women were to the minister among the most interesting of his parishioners. The Stone neighborhood at Oak Hill was typical. The chief of the clan, good Deacon Stone, dwelling in his old age, loved and honored, among his younger kinsfolk, with his stalwart frame, his fine head, his strong, weather-beaten face, once seen could never be forgotten. He was somewhat stern in manner, but to his frail little wife, sweet-faced and gentle, he was chivalry and tenderness personified.

The pastor was always welcome in their home. There would be a little talk about the affairs of the church, the state of religion, the persons ill or in trouble, and then all would kneel in earnest prayer. When the pastor took leave he was always dismissed with fatherly words of encouragement and benediction.

Newton Center was one of the oldest of the eleven villages in the town of Newton. In order to avoid annexation to Boston the town had recently obtained a city charter. It was a unique, interesting rural city. The people were as nearly a homogeneous community as could be found in the vicinity of a great commercial centre. The majority bore old New England names and their ideas and ways were decidedly of the New England type.

Newton Center was high and healthful and near enough to Boston in that day of few and slow trains to be a convenient place of residence for professional men and men of business. Some who had gained wealth and position lived outside the village upon pleasant estates, some were struggling for success, and some were with difficulty making a living. Already there was a sense of feverish haste in the atmosphere, but no one could anticipate the wild rush of to-day in commercial and social life.

The teachers in the school of theology were an important element in the life of the place. The churchgoing people who made a large majority of the inhabitants were about equally divided between the Baptists and the Congregationalists, whose church was often mentioned as the "Orthodox," so fresh was still the memory of the schism in the established church of New England which resulted in the division of congregations into Unitarian and Orthodox.

Very friendly and pleasant relations existed among the members of the two churches. Denominational differences were seldom mentioned, and only a few in either church seemed to regard these differences as important.

Doctor Furber, the pastor of the Congregational Church, one of the truest and most modest of men, gave the Baptist pastor, at his coming, a cordial welcome and was ever his friend. Doctor Stearns, Clarke's predecessor, who had become professor of Old Testament interpretation in Newton Institution, a man of bright, incisive, poetic mind and magnetic power in the pulpit, was kind and genial toward his successor.

Doctor S. F. Smith, an earlier pastor, of world-wide fame, the author of glowing hymns other than "America," still had his home in Newton Center. He was a man of scholarly tastes, one of that famous Harvard class of 1829 immortalized by Oliver Wendell Holmes. At that day he was chiefly interested in linguistic studies and hymnology. Mrs. Smith, with her fair and rosy complexion, her fine, strong face, her white curls touched with pale gold, soft and flossy like those of a little child, in the harmonious setting of her own home made a beautiful picture and seemed the very genius of hospitality. Madame Smith, her mother, bright, alert, active, doing fine needlework when she was past eighty, interested in everybody and everything, was a marvel. Her husband, Doctor Hezekiah Smith, a man of note in his day, had been the friend and classmate at Princeton of Doctor Manning,

and had given him efficient aid in the founding of Brown University. He had served as one of Washington's chaplains and had entertained Washington in his home. Upon special occasions, at Thanksgiving, Christmas, or family anniversaries, one was offered tea or coffee from the same precious cups that had been used upon that great occasion. Everything thus associated with the father of his country had been treasured in the family. Mrs. Smith was the child of her father's old age and it seemed to bring the period of the Revolution very near to know that she and her mother were thus closely linked to it.

Another family with which the friendship was close and lasting was that of George S. Dexter. Mrs. Dexter was a daughter of the Reverend Duncan Dunbar, a Scotch minister who had emigrated with his family to America. He was a noble, large-hearted man and a remarkable preacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter had taken the new pastor into their home when he first went to Newton, and during the first months of his pastorate he had been their guest. Their affectionate interest in him, and his love for them and their family, never failed.

In the Dexter home one now and then met other descendants of Duncan Dunbar. They were vivid, versatile, warmly magnetic personalities—every one. Mrs. Chaplin was a frequent contributor to religious periodicals. Her daughter Christine, afterward Mrs. Brush, was a captivating girl of many gifts and a devoted daughter and sister. Whatever she attempted she did easily and well. Once in a while, in her busy life, she would happen to write a poem or a prose article that was certain to be welcomed by one of the best magazines. One of the most impressive of her poems, which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, was entitled, "And There Shall Be No More Sea." Perhaps the most widely read of all that she wrote was that witty little tale, "The Colonel's Opera Cloak," published in the "No Name" series.

There was also a happy intimacy with Doctor and Mrs. Hovey and their children. Portrait sketches of Doctor Hovey and of Professor Gould are given in *Sixty Years with the Bible*, from which only brief passages can be quoted here:

"I must not fail to mention certain personal influences that were upon me in those years. Earliest among them, and latest, too, was that of the theologian to whom I looked up, almost as to a father. Older than I by a score of years, he received me from the first into a warm friendship which remained unaltered to the end of his days. As soon as I knew him I was attracted by the sweetness of his spirit and also by his candor, his patience, and his well-balanced judgment. I did not always agree with him, but in all his work I knew him as the truest of men."

Of Professor Gould he says:

"The man of my own age who was nearest to me was teacher of New Testament interpretation. He was a man of immense force, keen of intellect, deep-seeing and far-seeing. By patient concentration he developed a rare exegetical sense and became a very remarkable interpreter of the Scriptures. Many a single passage and many a large meaning have I worked out with him, and my permanent indebtedness to him is very great."

The early associations of Professor Gould and Mrs. Gould had been with Old Cambridge, and he was a Harvard man. He had served his country as an officer of the Union Army in the Civil War. They mingled pleasantly with different social circles and perhaps touched the life of the day at points more various than any other family of his parish with which Clarke had an every-day intimacy. The atmosphere of their house was stirring and stimulating, and among their guests one might now and then meet persons awake to the import of certain religious and social problems that had already risen above the horizon and which are looming up to-day in astounding magnitude.

It was, however, a time of hope and fearless enterprise in every direction, and a spirit of optimism ruled. It cannot be denied that in Newton, side by side with all that springs from real enlightenment and a prosperity in many cases wisely and generously used, there was not a little of that stolid satisfaction in material things, that avoidance of the things of the intellect and the spirit, and that imperturbable trust in riches which Matthew Arnold summed up in the word Philistinism. Then, as now, Goliath posing as David, fully understood, yet easily tolerated, was no uncommon figure. With this confusing and demoralizing force every teacher of religion and ethics had to reckon.

In the autumn of 1869 William Clarke and his wife made a visit to their son. Upon the second Sunday after their arrival the father preached at the morning service and touched the hearts of all who listened. This was his text: "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him."

The sermon was as old-fashioned, simple, and beautiful, and as everlastingly true and convincing as a living passage from Bunyan or Jeremy Taylor.

It was an utterance that belonged to all time and so was felt to be absolutely timely at that hour. He began by depicting the tenderness and humility of the penitent soul, spoke from a full heart of the new-found peace and chastened joy that comes with a sense of forgiveness and reconciliation to God, and then of the impulse of loving obedience that awakens in the soul that has become aware of its sonship to God and its brotherhood with Christ. He entreated his hearers to recall that early experience if it had been forgotten or had become dim, to consecrate themselves anew to God and to live thenceforth in the spirit of Christ. The congregation listened in a deep hush, with the sense of a great presence upon them. When the service was over and the preacher stood with his son at the foot of the pulpit stairs, there was a movement toward them, from every side, of one and another

coming to grasp his hand and to thank him for the blessing that had come to them in his message. Even now, after the lapse of many years, a few faces in the eager group that gathered around this true servant of God come clearly to the memory of one who was a deeply interested listener and looker-on.

Doctor Ripley's delicate face, which could sometimes be as stern as a Roman mask, was softened and radiant. Dear Madame Dexter's was tremulous with emotion. There was Doctor Warren, the veteran secretary of the Missionary Union, a great man and a great preacher, warmly greeting his brother in the ministry.

In the congregation were some who recognized in this unveiling of a soul endowed with that simplicity which is eternal wisdom, the same spirit which had attracted them at first to their pastor and were thereafter more closely drawn to him.

The first visit of William Clarke to Newton Center was also his last. In the spring of 1871 he was called to his eternal home.

Clarke hitherto had never questioned the tenets of his denomination. The position he occupied was his by inheritance and by acceptance after he was able to judge for himself. He held to a mitigated form of Calvinism and believed baptism by immersion to have been the method used by the early church, which expressed in its symbolism a vital truth. Restricted communion was its inevitable corollary. The whole question had been exhaustively discussed by able and learned reasoners, again and again, and he agreed with the conclusions which tallied with his own early training.

Nor did he hesitate over any point in the confession of faith that had been adopted long before by the church in Newton Center, although he saw that it ought to be revised and modified. This confession was very carefully revised a few years later, during his pastorate, and many changes were made.

From the time that he entered the School of Theology at Hamilton he had been an eager student of the Bible, and especially of New Testament exegesis. Through the six years in Keene he had worked conscientiously and ardently, and in Newton he kept on in the same line under the added stimulus of daily contact with teachers in the seminary. He tried to keep pace with all advances in actual knowledge of the Bible, using always the best texts and the best aids that could be had. He was not much affected by the destructive criticism at that time nearing its culmination in Germany. He was repelled by the spirit of Strauss, then the most prominent scholar and critic of the radical group, and not until after the coming of Harnack did he find himself deeply interested in any of the more modern theologians of Germany. In truth, his theology with its modifications and profound changes as the years passed was always his own, as purely the product of his own experience, study, and reflection as was possible to an open-minded man who read somewhat widely.

Ever clear in memory is a picture of the study in the Langley cottage. Between windows reaching to the floor stood a desk and bookcase, and there the earnest student used to sit, with his constant companion, the Greek New Testament, open beside him, his cherished Bengel's *Gnomon* close at hand, Meyer's *Commentary*, then the latest and best, and other books of reference within easy reach.

There was in the study a little old-fashioned melodeon of a style long since superseded by larger and noisier instruments. This had been his dear companion and friend almost from childhood. He confided to it unutterable things, and it responded with ready sympathy. Often he would leave his writing and sit down at the melodeon. Perhaps he would play some of the many church tunes that he knew, perhaps some tender or lofty passage from an oratorio, perhaps some emotion or revelation in the depths of his soul, inexpressible save in music, would utter itself in poignant strains.

He was as far as possible from being outwardly methodical. He never laid out his time according to any schedule, yet his innate orderliness enabled him to do whatever was to be done without hurry or worry. Two sermons were sure to be ready for the Sunday services, though often one was wholly written on Saturday. On Monday morning he usually went to Boston to attend the weekly ministers' meeting and the monthly meeting of a theological club. He liked to drop in at the missionary rooms at Tremont Temple or at some bookstore, so Monday was really Boston day. On Tuesday morning after this bit of a change he started, refreshed, upon the work of the week before him. He worked at his desk during the morning hours, when he was fresh and fit, if he could, yet since a pastor, with innumerable calls upon his time, must work as he can, he was not disturbed even if the morning proved to be a series of interruptions. He turned easily from one thing to another, and as he had great power of concentration he accomplished much without loss of time.

He had not given much attention to philosophy, but if questioned he would have replied that his philosophy was that of common sense. He had accepted the system of thought regarding the problem of existence generally taught in American colleges—of which Doctor McCosh, at Princeton, was at that time a distinguished exponent. He might well have applied to himself the saying of Joubert: "That part of my head which is made to take in things that are not clear is very narrow." He could not, as yet, sympathize with the exclamation of Edward Irving: "I like to see a great idea looming up through the mist!"

He had a passion for rectitude of thought and definiteness of statement. There was little in his sermons of that touch and go and general suggestiveness that is delightful to many minds. Each point was clearly and strongly stated, the sermon was delivered with a characteristic momentum, and the effect was convincing, although the argument was underlying

and implied, never obtrusive. His strength was, however, not chiefly intellectual. A pervasive glow that came from the preacher's inmost self was the secret of his power. That he was essentially a mystic was one of the things that he learned latest about himself. His philosophy, like his theology, changed profoundly though very gradually, as he advanced in life.

In Keene he had been overburdened in every way because, although his people were generous and loyal, there were few in the church who had the ability and the training to take any part of the parish work off his hands. The Newton Center church was rich in men and women accustomed to work with and for the pastor. Also the members of the theological faculty stood ready to help him at any time by preaching. He now had leisure for more reading and broader study, and the library of Newton Institution was close at hand. He resumed his studies in the field of church history with a mind mature enough to make such work vital and fruitful. His reading in this line and his sampling of the church fathers, early and late, provided much food for thought at that period and later.

While in Keene he had become acquainted with *The Vicarious Sacrifice* of Horace Bushnell, but in his busy and weary life he had not found opportunity to do it justice. Not long after his settlement at Newton a professor in the seminary came one day into his study and began to talk of what was uppermost in his mind. He had been reading *The Vicarious Sacrifice* and was about to write a review in which he took issue with the author. He pointed out what he regarded as the fatal error of the book and gave an outline of the arguments by which he proposed to refute this heresy.

A few days later Clarke returned from the seminary library bringing *The Vicarious Sacrifice*, and went through it with critical and yet sympathetic interest. He looked at the argument candidly from the author's point of view and felt the power of the book without assenting to it. The genius

and personality of the author impressed him more than his teaching, yet Clarke could never afterward see the doctrine of the atonement in precisely the same light as before.

The two men were very unlike. Bushnell was sure of himself, ardent, forceful, actively interested in a great variety of things, secular and religious. Clarke was quiet, contemplative, distrustful of himself, and so limited by his lack of physical strength that he needed to give the greater part of his energy to his daily work. There was in his nature an outreaching, wistful tenderness, especially toward older men whom he looked up to and revered, which would have appealed irresistibly to Bushnell. If the two had ever met they must have loved each other, and Clarke might have become the disciple of Bushnell. As it was, he was never the disciple of any man.

In *Representative Modern Preachers,* Doctor Lewis C. Brastow says:

"Doctor Bushnell was a theologian and has left behind him a theology sufficiently distinctive to bear his name. It is a curious turn in the course of events that our theological institutions, as a sort of defense of the Christian faith, should to-day be expounding the theology of a man who spent his life in enlarging theology and who denied that anything like a system of theology is possible."

Of Clarke throughout his whole career it might have been said, as Brastow said of Bushnell:

"He had no theology that he could not preach, and he believed in none that could not and should not be translated from the realm of thought into the realm of life."

In *Sixty Years with the Bible,* Clarke tells simply and dispassionately the story of his progress from inherited belief to a faith wholly his own. In chapter IV he says:

"During the entire decade of the Seventies I was neighbor and pastor to a theological seminary. It would naturally

be expected that such a period in a young man's life would provide an important chapter in the story of his relations with the Bible, and in my case so it did. Under various influences the story developed very gradually, perhaps more gradually than logically, but it advanced to results for which I am profoundly grateful. I was aware of this period largely as a period of harvest from my earlier life, but afterward I knew it to be more truly a seed time."

The story of Clarke's life at Newton might be concluded fitly by free quotations from *Sixty Years with the Bible* if space could be given to them. From page 109 to the end of the Seventies is told the story of the manner in which he was led to make an independent study of the doctrine of the atonement, and the results at which he arrived are indicated. Of this experience he says:

"For months I was held to my task by a power from which there was no escape—from which indeed I had no desire to escape. It was a great experience; for now, under an impulse that I knew to be from God, my best powers were for the first time grappling with the primal moral facts of existence. I had been handling divine realities all my years, but never until now had I been under such strong and joyful constraint in dealing with them. Such labor could not be in vain in the Lord, and to me it was richly fruitful."

His broader and deeper study of the Bible, as he asserts, was that which brought to him a conception of the meaning of the central doctrine of the Christian faith which was in every sense his own. He had found a satisfactory reality. He had felt since the hour of his conversion that the heart of God was truly the heart of a father, and the goodness and love of God had always glowed in his sermons. His preaching had become less and less doctrinal as years went on, more and more vital and practical. In those later years whatever might be the text—and the preaching did not lack variety—there stood, luminous in the background, the first and great commandment, and the second which is like unto it.

The new theology had not yet received its name—a misleading one—but it was on the way, and in Newton Center it had arrived. It was impossible that all of the older parishioners should listen Sunday after Sunday to Clarke's preaching without missing a literalism in doctrinal statement that was dear to them or that others should fail to resent the ethical demands that were made so gently yet so insistently. There was dissatisfaction and irritation here and there. Clarke had now spent nearly eleven difficult years at Newton Center. Evidently the time was at hand for a change. Sure of that leading of which he had ever been aware, he waited quietly for a door to open. A request came that he should visit a church in Montreal, Canada. This opportunity for a new work in a field very unlike anything that he had known before was strongly attractive to him. He went to Montreal, became interested in the church and the place, and a few weeks later was installed as pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church.

IN CANADA

An all-day's journey northward in early spring through a wintry landscape that grew more snowy, hour by hour; then evening and darkness; then a stop at a small station near Montreal, where a merry-faced, eager youth entered, glanced along the car and straightway approached a surprised woman, introduced himself, and explained that he was playing a small joke upon Doctor Clarke and a number of friends. They were at the Montreal depot awaiting my arrival on the train from Boston, and he wished himself to be the first to meet and greet me. There was a burst of hearty laughter when I appeared escorted by this young knight, and the group of kindly strangers were strangers no more.

The big sleigh, warm with fur robes, to which we were led, the bright streets, the rows of substantial stone dwellings, the much snow everywhere, the low sleighs, some of them beautiful and drawn by spirited horses, suggesting familiar pictures of Russian scenes, and finally the house in Durocher Street where we were guests—all was new and exhilarating. Our Lady of the Snows greeted the newcomer with a radiant smile. This first glimpse of Montreal and of the cordial, impulsive, outspoken people who had asked Clarke to become their pastor remained a vivid memory.

What could he do but enter this door which had opened so widely and so hospitably? Nevertheless, he wished his wife to see something of the place and the people before a question so momentous was decided. Americans in Canada were sometimes misfits. Two months later we were dwelling in our own home at 219 Peel Street, a little below Sherbrooke.

The house was light, cheerful, and well arranged. A small room at the back of the hall, opening upon a veranda, already generously fitted with shelves, was taken for the library, and one on the second floor, opening upon a balcony over the front porch, was suitable for a study. Opposite was a large field used by a riding-master as a training-school for his pupils and his horses. He was an expert—perhaps a genius—in his line, and there were interesting activities presented upon this field.

Not far away, upon Sherbrooke Street, was McGill University with its pleasant garden, of which we had the freedom. From Sherbrooke the intersecting streets ran steeply up Mount Royal, where there were shady forest paths and a cherished city park which grew more attractive year by year. Upon Mount Royal several points afforded beautiful views, especially over the St. Lawrence River and beyond.

The nucleus of the Olivet Baptist Church was a body of earnest Christian workers, some of whom were persons of superior character and intelligence who had separated from the First Church a few years before. From the outset they had engaged in work of an evangelistic and missionary type, of which, in this the principal port of Canada, there was abundant need. They had gathered a singularly mixed congregation made up of persons from many parts of the world. Among the original members and leaders of the church were Scotch and English elements about equal in numbers and strength, persons of marked individuality and decided opinions, who differed upon some points and were always keen for an argument; who, however, worked marvellously well together in religious and philanthropic enterprises. Several American families had been added to the church and were among its most efficient workers. Some of the parishioners were well-to-do though none could be called rich, and the majority were of narrow means. They were as a body surprisingly liberal and the finances of the church, with which

the pastor was never troubled, were, apparently, well managed.

Clarke had been interested from his boyhood in the Grande Ligne Mission founded by Madame Feller, a devout Swiss lady of extraordinary gifts, and he was pleased to find the leaders in the First Church and the Olivet working strongly side by side for this useful mission, to which he at once gave himself ardently. He already knew and honored the Reverend Theodore Lefleur, pastor of the French Baptist Church in Montreal, who was himself one of the finest of the first fruits of the religious and educational work of this mission which has aided much in the higher development of French-Canadian youth.

A kind welcome was given to the newcomer by the ministers of various denominations who stood close together in a city where Protestants were largely outnumbered by French Catholics, the ruling force in religious and civil affairs. Among ministers and laymen throughout the city Clarke found congenial and stimulating companionship, and made some friendships that were permanent. Montreal, a small city, was, nevertheless, cosmopolitan, and its social life had much variety and charm. After a time he became a member of a club made up of professional men, men of affairs, of letters, and of science, which had been organized for the promotion of good understanding and good-fellowship. This opportunity for a broader and more intimate knowledge of men of many minds and pursuits widely diverse, was valued the more because the intellectual associations of Clarke had hitherto been almost exclusively theological and he keenly enjoyed attending occasionally, as he was able, meetings of this club, at which good papers upon topics far apart from theology were read and discussed.

In this interesting city, where one might hear the country folks on the street speaking the old French of their forefathers and the educated and elegant using the purest French

of Paris, and to which drifted representatives of almost every civilized country, were opportunities to learn something of all classes and conditions of men. To a man with open eyes and a sympathetic heart it was a new and enlarging experience.

Of his life in Montreal Clarke wrote thus in *Sixty Years with the Bible:*

"At the very beginning of the eighties a great change came to all my mental operations through a change in the scene of my work. From my pastorate of the seventies I went to another which was as unlike it as possible in the conditions of life and thought. I carried myself with me, and all my past, but no man could be the same in two places. Any man would be changed by such a transfer; that is, to speak after the manner of the operation of God, he would be developed, the new atmosphere stimulating in some new manner the growth of his mind. In my case, changes began at once. For one thing, I immediately threw off the practise of reading sermons. That is to say, I threw it off as a regular practise from the very first day in my new field, and my bondage to it, such as it was, fell away. I wrote and read when I chose, and preached in all ways between that and purely extemporaneous work. This emancipation the spirit of the new environment brought me, and evidently this was an exercise of freedom that tended to the enlargement of freedom. This in general was the characteristic of the new life upon which I now entered, that I found greater liberty in my mental and spiritual movements than before. I stood as a freer man. I can see plainly now that the experience which I have just narrated had been leading me straight out into the larger place in which I found myself; but I did not understand it so well then.

"I was not designing any new methods in the use of the Bible, but expected simply to go on using it as I had done hitherto. At first I was doing no special work with it, except in preaching. But in preaching I felt the new liberty and exaltation. Utterance was more and more a delight. With this new joy came naturally a fresh enjoyment in the wealth of the Scriptures. Never more than in those days have I enjoyed bringing out of the treasury things new and old, and at

no period have I found larger things in the treasury to be brought forth. But though I was not planning new methods with the Bible, I was using them. It was impossible that my experience in searching out the atonement should be without immediate and valuable fruit in my ordinary work. In preaching now it was impossible that I should refrain from using the Bible as I had discovered my right to use it then. The bygone conditions could never be restored. I was handling the Bible now more personally, more as myself, and more as if I had a right to handle it. I still practised exegesis with undiminished fidelity, but the process was further removed from my sermonizing than before. My message was not so directly borrowed from the Bible as in former years and was more suggested or inspired by it. Not the sight of my eyes upon the page, so much as the experience of mind and heart with its truths, was placing it at my disposal. Around me were many who seemed to reverence the Bible more for what it was than for what it contained; but for my part I was prizing it now for what it contained, and was using my Christian liberty, as manfully as I might, to make its spiritual message clear, unhampered, and effective.

"It scarcely need be added that my theology was changing meanwhile, for neither the outcome nor the method of my work on the atonement could allow it to stand unaltered, and in the new atmosphere of liberty I was certain to advance, the process of change consisting mainly in this same thing, that I was taking up the great truths of revelation, and using them for myself as truths, and following them to their application and result in doctrine, and allowing them to assimilate whatever could live with them and expel whatever could not. This I conceive to be the right way to form one's doctrinal conceptions. This revolutionary and reconstructive work, which is the proper work of truth as it is in Jesus, was taking a place in my life that it had not held before. The time was a period of enlargement to me, and of enlargement that I felt to be normal to a child of God. The experience was defective enough through fault and weakness of my own, but it was a genuine experience of growth into more abundant life. And if I were to give it a name, I should call it a passing over from traditionalism to reality.

"Now it was that the revised New Testament appeared.

The first copy of it that I saw was sent to me by a religious newspaper, to be read and reported upon. I welcomed it with all my heart, and used it in public worship from the first Sunday. One of my men, seeing it in my hand on that first Sunday morning, said: 'I hate that.' But I was able to convince him that he had not hated wisely or understood the book that he hated. How glad I was when it came! I remembered back into the days when revision of King James Bible was discussed among American Christians, and recalled the bitterness of opposition—opposition grounded largely in failure to understand the fact that the Bible is a translated book, and still more in that reverence for the familiar words which sprang from belief in verbal inspiration. I had had my hereditary hesitations about revision, but they were long since vanished. And now, when I was barely in middle age, the prejudice against revision had already been so far overcome that the book was actually in my hands, issued with splendid backing on both sides of the Atlantic. Doubtless it was not perfect, and it had still to win its way, but the beginning of improvement had been made, the new conditions had been established, and the good result was sure. Now, I said to myself, those things that I had known to be true about many a passage, but which the people could not know except through explanations which they might deem pedantic, and destructive, too, could be known to all readers. Now, when this book had won its way, the thoughts of the Bible would be more independent of the words: there was some chance that people who hung upon the very words of Scripture might come to glory in the preciousness of the very thoughts and the very truths. Now was doomed that narrow reverence for the very words which gathered around the impossible doctrine of verbal inspiration. For the coming of this book was only a part of the great movement of the age toward making the Bible and Christ and divine religion more real to people, a movement in which I with joy would bear my little part. When the revised Old Testament appeared, four years later, there was less of thrill and glow in the reception of it, but the welcome was the same in principle. The Bible was now more ready to my hand for the uses to which I was called to put it. I grasped the revision as a better weapon for the warfare of the Lord."

He had a very busy life in those days. The American Baptist publication society was bringing out a *Bible Commentary* to which he was to contribute a volume upon the Gospel of Mark. For some months the nervous clicking of the typewriter, which he had learned to use when he began work upon the commentary, could be heard during the morning hours. In the afternoon he was usually engaged in parish work. His sermons came largely out of his daily experience and were all the better for that. The commentary was finished in 1881, submitted to the committee of the publication society for examination, approved and published, and the first edition was in use before the responsible heads of the society became aware, through protests from here and there, that a number of conservative persons were finding it to be heretical. A curious correspondence ensued between Clarke and the secretary of the society, with the result that in the next edition, together with the author's interpretation of the eschatological teachings and implications of the thirteenth chapter of Mark, there appeared an alternative view contributed by his honored friend, Doctor Hovey. Then and later, the two scholars agreed to disagree in the most amicable spirit.

Montreal during the colder months was delightful to those who had plenty of food, fuel, and furs, and the fame of its winter sports, at that time unique but since widely emulated, was world-wide. Even those who did not indulge in these pleasures felt the stimulus of the keen clear air and shared sympathetically in the gayety around them. But the winters were long and there were many offsets and drawbacks to the gayety. The poor had a hard struggle with the rigorous climate and most persons of moderate means could feelingly re-echo the exclamation of a city pastor with a large family: "We burn up in winter all that we can save in summer!"

An exploitation on a large scale of the winter attractions of Montreal occurred in 1883. Then the first ice palace was

built. It was in the form of a mediæval castle, and when illuminated from within by white electric lights it seemed as if shapen by invisible agencies from a vast moonstone, and the effect was indescribably charming.

There were dangers due to the vast accumulations of snow and ice, and there were many steep inclines on the streets where it was difficult for the unaccustomed to keep their footing, and sometimes fatal accidents were caused by the falling of snow and ice from roofs that were seldom cleared. When the snow melted streets and sidewalks were impassable in places. Spring in Montreal was the sad season of sickness and death. Then a Pandora's box of dire diseases flew open.

Strangely enough the summers were hot, and the lightest clothing was donned, with amusingly languorous airs, by loyal Montrealers, who loved to call attention to the lavish kindness of Mother Nature to favored Canada in respect of climate, and were fain to exploit their heat as well as their cold.

In the winter of 1883, in descending the stone steps of a house where he had been calling, Clarke slipped on an icy place, fell, and injured his knee. He was taken home at once and the best surgical aid was given, but the injury was one that could not be perfectly repaired. He was confined to his bed and to his room for many weeks, and when he was at last able, after using crutches, to walk with only a cane it was evident that he must always remain partially crippled and that parish work would thenceforth be difficult. While he was adjusting his thoughts to this new situation the professorship of New Testament interpretation in the Baptist Theological School in Toronto was offered to him and accepted. This was an instance of the way in which, without anxious thought or effort of his own, he was so led at each turning-point in his life that he could not be long in doubt as to the next step. Not without grief to pastor and people was this change made, but all could see that it was

necessary and right. The breaking up was swiftly accomplished, the farewells were said, and after several brief visits at other places and a longer stay at Kennebunkport, Maine, where the Stackpole family were spending vacation, and there were other friends, we spent a fortnight in Cazenovia, and from there went to our new home.

In a diary used for occasional records of events and reflections the following entry was made when the packing of household goods for removal was going on and various manuscripts were being destroyed:

"*July* 17, 1883. What to do with old sermons. Feeling runs very strongly against them as against things that have lived their little day and done all that they will ever do. They seem like fossils without the scientific interest that made them worth preserving.

"But what if you look into old sermons and find them full of new theology? Written, too, when you had no idea of new theology and supposed it to be all as sound and ancient as any theologian could wish. Some of the sermons of 1869, September to December, look like that, and on a sudden there springs up a kind of fondness for them and a desire to save them in a spirit of self-vindication. Not that they develop anything fresh or modern, in modern forms, but they innocently enunciate principles that would lead out into the new country. If the lines were projected then, without my knowing it, no wonder that they have been followed since.

"Some truths are here, too, that I thought I had not been preaching until recently; truths that have lately grown vital and practical, but which I did not know that I had so long ago uttered. It is a peculiar sensation to find the living truth young in the mind already existing in an earlier time.

"It was then the preaching of youth, simplicity, unsophisticated thought: it afterward came to be the preaching of maturer and more intelligent thinking, into which the old truth had returned with its place and relations more clearly apprehended. I suppose that meanwhile the truth was never absent: but it was in a kind of retirement, waiting to come forth in forms better suited to usefulness.

"*August* 8. A pause in the record, but not much in the nature of a pause in fact. The house torn up, the goods packed and sent away, farewell to Montreal and the ending of a pastor's life: all those have intervened. Then four days in the White Mountains and now Kennebunkport. No time for record when the most is going on.

"Yet this has not been so eventful a time inwardly as outwardly. There has been little of agitation in the changes. No heart-burnings, no heart-breakings, little strong strain upon the heart-strings. There was no reason why the change, if it was to be made, should not be made quickly; and so it was. Real regrets, but no rebellion: no such clinging on any one's part as to make it sorely painful: as easy a departure as any one could have. No one speeded, but no one retarded the parting friend. All the deep agitation that did occur was earlier, not in the going but in the decision to go, and it was over before this record was begun.

"*August* 26. As peaceful a Sabbath morning as ever dawned upon the earth. God speed the coming of Sabbaths to all mankind. The greater part of the human race as yet knows nothing of them, and to many who do know of them they represent denial rather than permission, cessation of the necessary and chosen routine rather than freedom for a necessary and chosen privilege. Sabbaths must come in with the coming more abundantly of the life that Christ brings, for they are the best breathing time of that life. So the prayer for Sabbaths is 'Thy Kingdom Come.'

"This is the last day of the resting time in Kennebunkport. It has not been the ideal resting time in all respects—the sea has been too far off, not constantly in sight or hearing, yet no vacation could have been more graciously provided with what was essential to the purpose of the time. Never was a man partly helpless, really dependent on others for the movements that were necessary for the regaining of normal strength, better provided for. Two friends at hand with boats have kept the means of exercise and pleasure perpetually near. Without any excess of exertion and with affectionate help at hand in all that was to be done, it has been possible and easy to do enough, and as much as strength allowed, and to obtain a good benefit from the time.

"*Toronto, September* 23. It seems natural to look back on the pause in work, the interval between two lives.

"Four days in the White Mountains: three weeks in Kennebunkport, four days in Boston, four days in Newton Centre. Two weeks in Cazenovia, including two days at Hamilton: that is the outline.

"A sweet and most loving reunion at Cazenovia of all of us who remain—a happy season together, whose very happiness, more than any words of remembrance that were spoken, revived the memory of a true home in early years."

A little before the opening of the Theological School we reached Toronto and were guests for a fortnight or more in the home of Doctor John H. Castle, the president, who with Mrs. Castle showed us the utmost kindness at that time and ever afterward.

After a dreary and futile experience in seeking a suitable boarding-place, and in house-hunting, we took a student's suite of three rooms in MacMaster Hall, furnished them with our own belongings, and there we remained during the first seminary year, which was short, as the Divinity School closed early in order to give the students a long vacation for missionary work and the supplying of churches.

The following paragraph from a letter dated November 5, 1883, shows a woman's view of their new environment:

"As for the city and the surroundings into which we have fallen—the city is extremely pleasant, looking, as some one has said, like an overgrown village. A large proportion of the houses are detached, with pretty grass plots in front, and some are surrounded with beautiful grounds. It is emphatically a city of homes, and although it has not the historical interest or the vivid picturesqueness of Montreal, it is, I believe, a better place in which to dwell."

After a time we found a newly built house in a good location, at the corner of Huntley and Selby Streets, a little below Bloor and only a short distance from Sherbourne, where a street-car line made every part of the city accessible, and

65 Huntley Street was our home while we remained in Toronto. It was near Rosedale, an open, park-like region, where as yet there were only a few residences. It was a pleasant walk along Bloor Street to MacMaster Hall, and Castle, who lived on Sherbourne Street, used often to pick up Clarke at his own door, and the two friends had much intimate conversation during their morning walk to the Divinity School. Quite unlike in some respects, both were gifted with the same broad humanity and serenity of spirit, and were apt to view things in the same light.

"*June* 15, 1884. Commencement at Hamilton, New York, 20th to Cazenovia, 22nd to Waverly. 27th the fall that has cost me the use of my right elbow. End of August back to Toronto. September 28th, in our own home."

Much is summed up in the few words which refer to the accident by which Clarke was now doubly disabled. In going down the stairs in the house where we were staying, at Waverly, my old home, he had slipped and fallen, striking his right elbow, which was shattered. It was before the day of X-ray examinations and the daring and brilliant surgery now possible. The result of such skill and care as could be given was an imperfect flexion of the elbow-joint and a consequent disuse of certain muscles. Some movements of the arm were ever afterward less free and some were impossible. He could never again tie his own cravat or even handle his knife and fork as before. Physically hampered at every turn, he bore this new limitation of his powers with quiet heroism, well knowing how much it meant, as the fall was without doubt due to his weak and stiffened knee, and this fact was ominous.

As soon as he had recovered a little from the first shock of the accident he began to write with his left hand, and pathetic indeed seemed the first scrawls which he sent to his friends, although he jested easily about the discreditable appearance

of these epistles. One of them came to light recently in a package of letters to his friend Stackpole, which after his death had been returned to the writer, and it recalled with painful sharpness the whole train of accidents distributed through the years that followed that fateful slip in Montreal. After that not a single year passed without some mishap, slight or serious, due to the lame, uncertain knee.

The following extracts from a diary and note-book show something of Clarke's thinking during the last months of his stay in Toronto.

"*January* 1, 1887. Believing the Bible was once held practically as more vital to religion than loving and trusting Christ, it was thought a part of religion to believe that Ruth married Boaz.

"*January* 3. Read on train Lessing's *Nathan the Wise.* Awkward translation, disappointing. A lesson of religious toleration is the main moral of the play, but it is taught in forms that have only an artificial hold upon the mind and upon the ordinary conscience.

"*January* 9. A life enriched with what our Lord calls life eternal.

"*January* 17. Address to young people's association of Bloor Street church on the Glory of God in the Starry Heavens.

"The vast suggestiveness of the thought of dark worlds. If a God greater than so great a universe is unthinkable, much more so is so great a universe without a greater God. The one is simply too great for us to think; the latter is absurd.

"*January* 18. We think we are suffering with Christ when some one is coming after us with a persecuting spirit. So we may be, but more truly yet are we suffering with Christ when we are going after some one, at all cost, with saving love.

"*January* 19. Changes are coming as fast as the age can healthily bear them, and in some things faster. The spirit of change is in the air and there is little need of putting one's strength to the work of change. If we can help to keep the air itself sweet and pure, that will be a better service.

"*January* 23. Two ways of preaching; to talk about great things and to utter them. To tell of the nature of true Christian appeal and to make it. The former is easy, the latter hard. The former may seem to render patience superfluous by going at once to the point. But the point is not really reached and the appearance of swift success is misleading. The latter is the only successful way.

"*March* 6. God's gift of heartiness.

"*April* 1. In morals, religion, theology, nothing that is artificial is true. What is artificial may contain much truth and may approach more or less closely to the truth; but in so far as it is artificial it bears the marks of human labor and invention, the sign of effort in discovering and devising, and lacks the simplicity and naturalness that will finally be found in truth. To God all that is true must be simple and unlabored, free of invention and special application. To say that something is true is to say that it cannot be otherwise: whereas whatever is artificial can be other than it is and would be better for being simpler."

THE YEARS AT HAMILTON

"Semper aut discere, aut docere, aut scribere, dulce habui."—BEDE.

IN the spring of 1887 Clarke was called to the pastorate of the church in Hamilton, New York, which had been made vacant in the summer of 1886 by the death of his friend, Stephen H. Stackpole.

His seven years in Montreal and Toronto had been busy and fruitful. His experience in Canada had broadened his outlook and furthered the development of his powers, but he had begun to feel a yearning for his own country, and this call could not be resisted.

Among the first to meet him with a cordial welcome were some of his old teachers. Dodge was now president of the university. Andrews was at the head of the department of Greek. Taylor, a later friend, was already known among educators as a mathematician. Brooks, a man of deep insight and flashing genius, who had been pastor of the church during Clarke's student days, was now teaching biology in the university, and a rare teacher he made.

Beebee and Harvey were still in the theological seminary. Maynard, who had come later, had the chair of church history. In charge of the Semitic department was Burnham, who was a student at Newton when Clarke began his work there.

Nathaniel Schmidt, a young man of unusual linguistic attainments and acumen as a critic, was soon added to the Semitic department. He remained at Hamilton until 1896, when he was called to take charge of a kindred department in Cornell University.

Another notable addition to the university faculty was

Albert Perry Brigham, now widely known as a geologist and geographer.

The village was still charmingly old-fashioned, the typical secluded seat of the country college. Very sweet and peaceful everything seemed after the seven years of city life.

This was the outward aspect during the lovely weeks of early summer. It was not long before the inherent tragedy of human existence began to unveil itself. The village, with the region around it, is an epitome of the experiences that rack or rejoice humanity. One does not need to dwell in the city to know life in all its depth and poignancy. Within the boundaries of this new field of labor almost every kind of evil-doing had been enacted, and, on the other hand, every noble trait of human nature had been shown.

Country people know each other and know of all that is happening, and the tug of sympathy upon one's heart is no less incessant than in the city. The demands upon the pastor of this country church and his opportunities for service were unlimited.

In the church were some of his own kindred and many others whom he already knew. The settlement in Hamilton was indeed a home-coming. Nothing could have been happier for a man of his temperament who clung instinctively to old associations and old ties, and very happy he was, though often heavily burdened through all the time of his pastorate. In those days the people generally, young and old, went to church. His congregation, of which the students made a large part, was stimulating and inspiring. The best and highest that he could give met an eager response.

The daily life of the people, very like that of his native place, which was only a few miles away, he entered into with understanding and sympathy. There, as elsewhere, he soon won the confidence and love of the young people, and his influence lives on in those who were children and youth at that time.

The social life had a distinctive charm. In that small out-of-the-way place were fine minds and delightful personalities. There were those whom to meet was as the friendly clash of flint and steel, and there were dwellings where one felt at home from the first hour and always.

His power as a preacher was now fully developed. In his last sermon in Montreal, believing that he was bidding farewell to the ministry, he had poured out his soul in lofty eulogium upon his office and the work that he was leaving, and had exclaimed with passion which thrilled the audience: "The pulpit has been to me as a throne!"

To that throne he had now returned and he felt an inexpressible joy in his calling and his work. He loved every part of it. His lameness was a serious limitation upon his ability to do many things required of a settled pastor. He walked a good deal, but he could not take the vigorous exercise that he needed. There was driving to visit parishioners upon the hills and in the valleys, and whatever took him out-of-doors was good, yet his study-table held him for too many hours in the day. Youthful always in spirit, he was rapidly growing old in body. At forty-seven years of age he looked long past fifty. Men older than he took him to be their senior.

Suddenly he was taken out of the pastorate and placed in the chair of theology. The death of Doctor Dodge, January 5, 1890, made his place vacant in the seminary, and his colleagues requested the church to release Clarke from a part of his duties in order that he might finish the year of teaching in theology. A sorrowful consent was given, for every one foresaw the result. At the university commencement in June he was urged to accept an election to the professorship in theology, and he consented.

He had often congratulated himself while he was teaching New Testament interpretation that he did not have to teach theology. The great problems with which the theolo-

gian has to deal had long been before him. He had faced them many times in his study and he had not hesitated to give utterance in his sermons to any truth that he plainly saw, but there were doctrinal points upon which he was not decided. He did not need to "preach his doubts," but things held in abeyance while he was seeking fuller light would have to be discussed in a classroom. Why should he, a lover of peace, leave the pastorate to enter upon a lifelong warfare? Every argument seemed in favor of his remaining where he was, but in his inmost self he felt a constraining necessity to enter the door that was set open before him.

When the autumn term opened he began the work for which the whole tenor and experience of his previous years had been preparing him. In carrying along the unfinished work of the year before he had used the text-book prepared by Doctor Dodge, but the supply of these books had been exhausted, and in any case he must do his work in his own way. So he wrote and manifolded day by day, and gave his students, piece by piece, the course in theology as it took shape in his mind. This he did for several years.

In February of 1890 in walking along an icy pavement I had fallen and had broken my hip. The injury, too lightly regarded and wrongly diagnosed, was only understood a month later and the expert treatment given then came too late. A long train of painful results followed, with a general physical decline so serious that the physician advised a winter in a mild climate. By an exchange of time with a colleague in the seminary, Clarke was enabled to spend three months in 1892 in California. We went to Los Angeles, where we were met by my nephew and my niece, already there in search of health, and together we occupied a house in a pleasant locality. The experiences of the winter were interesting and the climate proved beneficial to all. During the following year I was able to remain at home, but a second more alarming failure of health followed, and at the

beginning of December, 1893, we were again in California, after spending two months at Colorado Springs. Having heard of Pomona as a good place for quiet people, we tried Pomona and the Palomares Hotel for a week and decided to spend the winter there. It was early in the season and the Palomares was almost empty of guests, so the manager gave these first comers the most delightful room in the house. It had a large window facing the east, a bay window looking upon the lawn and northward, and a fireplace. The east window gave a wonderful view of the valley and the mountains. Far away rose San Bernardino and San Jacinto, looking like near companions, though each stood solitary and magnificent in its own expanse of desert. San Jacinto with its colossal architectural forms, at morning and evening resplendent in light and color, seemed like Jerusalem the Golden. Farther north the Cucamonga Range ran in a northwesterly direction, reaching the sea near Santa Barbara. These mountains lay in the sunshine all day long, catching the first rosy tints of morning, changing in light and hue as the hours advanced, and glorious at eventide. For two months the travellers had been watching Pike's Peak, which lies westward from Colorado Springs, and, rich in color early in the day, loses the glory of sunshine and is sombre in the afternoon.

For comfort was the fireplace, much used morning and evening, and for order an ample closet. Clarke added a typewriter and its table and a small bookcase to the equipments of the room. Some adornments came out of trunks, and there we were in a little home of our own that was always pleasant to remember.

Clarke settled down happily to the revision of his work in theology and carried it to completion. In Pomona we stayed from the 2d of December to the middle of April. A comfortable buggy and a good horse were found at one of the stables, and long mornings were spent in driving over the

country with little regard to roads, which were mere wheel tracks running every way through the sage-brush, and in exploring the canyons. From a cottage at San Dimas, where we sometimes stopped, was a most entrancing view of the Cucamonga Range.

There was something new to see each day as the season advanced and vegetation awoke from its brief winter sleep and unfolded leaves and flowers. Many incidents, delightful at the time, were treasured in memory. We were driving one day along the entrance of a canyon, where in an open space stood three large, live-oaks with wide-spreading branches that held masses of mistletoe which had grown into great green balls. As we approached we heard a purling and rippling music and saw that the trees were alive with larks. Each was piping quite independently of the others, and the effect of this rain of sweet notes was something like the singing of a mountain brook rippling over stones and falling here and there in tiny cascades.

We sat for a long time listening to this strange music, knowing well that it was a unique episode in our life. We never heard the like again.

There was a tiny, sparkling mountain stream which we loved and often visited in the steep, shady canyon that was its home. We used to greet it joyously with "Good morning, little stream," as it came singing and dancing to meet us like a friendly mountain sprite.

"*Carpe diem*" was our motto, and there were days of glorious sunshine when to be out beneath the open sky of the South, cloudless, deeply, wonderfully blue and far away, was almost too much joy. We came to know some of the ranchers in their rose-covered cottages, set in the green and gold of orange-groves, and sometimes we would stop and sit for a while on a veranda, chatting with our new acquaintances, and thus these days of health-seeking were touched with human interest and sympathy. Most of the families on those

small ranches had come from distant homes for the sake of some one's health, and pathetic histories were sometimes told.

Friendly relations early grew up with the townspeople. After Clarke had preached once, the pastors of one and another church asked for his aid, and so it came to pass that during his stay in Pomona he preached to almost every congregation in the town. He became interested in Pomona College, then in its early youth.

Here are a few extracts from Clarke's diary:

"*December* 2. (His birthday). Left the train at North Pomona and were brought to the Palomares at Pomona. Letter writing by both in the afternoon, sitting bareheaded on the veranda, on the shady side.

"*December* 15. Obtained a Remington typewriter on rental after vainly working with a borrowed caligraph a few days. Afternoon drive to Lordsburg and to Mr. Howland's olive orchard where we saw the making of olive oil. Reading in Lowell's poems.

"*December* 30. One of the finest of days. Drive forenoon to Mr. Firey's ranch, oranges from the trees. Each day at work on my *Theology*.

"*January* 26. A fine day at home, afternoon walk, 6 pages. Have read this week in the *Naturalist in La Plata* and, aloud, Miss Dougall's *What Necessity Knows*. Pages finished in *Theology*, 130."

The book mentioned was the latest of a succession of fine and curiously original novels, which had a double interest for us by reason of a valued friendship with the Dougall family in Montreal.

Clarke's diary of this period, beginning July 17, 1893, and ending May 24, 1894, upon our arrival at home, recalls everything so vividly that it has been difficult to write briefly of those months in California. At the end of the diary is a list of dates and places of preaching by which it appears that he gave eight sermons in Colorado Springs, and twenty-three during the five months and a half in Pomona and also several

addresses. This was work by the way. The real business of the time was rest and health-seeking for two, yet the *Theology* was wholly rewritten, sent to the press in sections, corrected and finished except the final revision of page proofs, which was done at home. It was printed for the author, not published, by the University Press at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and began to be used by the students at the opening of the fall term in 1894. Clarke sent copies of it to his most intimate friends and to some others modern in spirit, who, he had reason to believe, would give it a welcome.

The book made friends for its author of those who had been strangers before, and letters of cordial appreciation came from all who had received it. Through these early readers the book became known to one and another of kindred sympathies, and pastors and teachers began to apply to the author for copies. The writer of this memoir has examined a copy of the *Outline*, which bears significant and touching marks. It was used during that first year by a student who is now a teacher in the Theological Seminary of Colgate University. Upon the title-page, by request, the author had written his name. Upon the blank page opposite is the following quotation:

> "The spiritual reality that constitutes the heart of Christianity is a divine, holy life in the soul of man, making him a new creature in holy love and godliness."

Scattered through the book are sayings of the teacher jotted down upon the margins of the pages under discussion, as they flashed forth in the classroom. Some pages are bordered on every side with those quotations of apt, incisive, luminous utterances. Other students marked their copies of the text-book in a similar way. If all those hasty notes were gathered together a volume could be made of rich, epigrammatic expressions upon the highest themes.

During the winter of 1898 Clarke made a careful revision

of the book and it was published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Offered now to the public, it at once attracted attention and soon became widely known.

The following paragraph, from a review by Doctor Marcus Dods, seems almost too familiar to be used here, yet it expresses better than any other the surprise and delight of many readers:

"Has it ever happened to any of our readers to take up a work on systematic theology with the familiar divisions, God, Man, Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Church, the Last Things, and open it with a sigh of weariness and dread, and find himself fascinated and enthralled and compelled to read on to the last word? Let any one who craves a new experience of this kind procure Doctor Clarke's *Outline*."

The following extracts are from Chapter VIII of the life of Bishop Edward Gayer Andrews, by Francis J. McConnell:

"According to the bishop's own statement, the turning of a new corner in his thinking came with the publication of Professor William Newton Clarke's *Outline of Christian Theology*, in 1898. Bishop Andrews had had some acquaintance with Professor Clarke in early days at Cazenovia, and the personal interest in the professor led to the reading of the book. Perhaps a knowledge of the character of the author predisposed the bishop to a favorable attitude. In any case, the book, by the symmetry of its method and the charm of its spirit, influenced the bishop profoundly. The following are extracts from correspondence which passed between the bishop and Professor Clarke:

"New York, March 27, 1899.

"Professor W. N. Clarke,

"*My Dear Brother:* Though holding through many past years a very pleasant remembrance of yourself and of your most estimable father, mother, and sister, I had in my many movements through the country lost sight of yourself and your work.

"But last summer, being in the study of a young minister, I found that he had read with great pleasure and profit *An Outline of Christian Theology*, by Professor W. N. Clarke, of Colgate University. . . . I bought the volume and during the summer vacation read and reread it with great interest and with thankfulness for this new and most admirable setting of Christian truth.

"My wife also has read it with equal pleasure and also my daughter, Mrs. Ingraham. . . . And I have often recommended it to ministers who seemed to be in a posture and of a quality of mind likely to be profited by it.

"I may be permitted to say, without fear of suspicion that I attempt flattery, that a nobler combination of freedom and conservatism, of clear intellectual processes with the sweetness and fervor of devoutness, of strength of material with grace of form, has rarely or never come to my library.

"I am greatly pleased to think that I knew in his early years the author, and among other things to note in this case how the godly home of a pastor has yielded such admirable fruit.

"Sincerely yours,

"EDWARD G. ANDREWS."

Professor Clarke replied in a letter largely personal, from which the following excerpts are made:

"HAMILTON, N. Y., March 30, 1899.

"*My dear Bishop Andrews:* Your letter was equally surprising and delightful. That you should enjoy and approve my book could not fail to gladden me, and that you should take time to tell me of it, and welcome me so warmly to your circle of thought and friendly feeling—how can I fail to thank you lovingly for this? You have always been a fixed point for admiration and approval in my mind, and I have thought with constant pleasure of your strong and honorable service in a laborious office for the good of the church.

"I have been preaching most of my life, and in 1890, most unexpectedly, I found myself teaching theology—the last thing I had ever looked forward to doing. But it has been a perpetual delight and an unspeakable privilege. The book is the outcome. I printed it privately in 1894, and in 1898 I

revised and published it, as you know. It seems to be doing good, for I am constantly hearing of it in unexpected quarters as welcome. Bishop Vincent became interested in it in the earlier form and commended it here and there. . . . I seem to have spoken somehow to the unuttered thoughts of many, and that is the surest way to get a hearing. . . .

"Sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM N. CLARKE."

During all the years in Hamilton it was a source of happiness to Clarke that he was near Cazenovia, where his younger sister, Mrs. Goff, had always remained. She was the wife of a self-sacrificing, untiring country physician, whose life she shared with wonderful comprehension and sympathy.

Mrs. William Clarke had her home with her daughter. She was a typical gentlewoman of the old school, and such were even then becoming few. She had always at hand some piece ot useful needlework or knitting, and yet she seemed to be at leisure at any time for the casual visitor or for one of the household. She was immaculate in person and attire, wearing old-fashioned caps of snowy muslin or lace and folds of the same soft fabric about her neck. Devout in habit, dignified in mien and speech, she grew more beautiful in her declining years. In 1887, when Clarke went to Hamilton, she was in her eightieth year, very frail in body, yet mentally strong and bright. She passed away May 6, 1888.

There were two children in the home, Robert Judson and Marian Ruth. Robert Goff entered Colgate University and spent four years in the home of his uncle. He graduated in 1902. Marian became the wife of Theodore Hanford Pond, son of Theodore S. Pond, missionary in Syria under the American Board, and later in Venezuela. Robert was married March 22, 1904, to Sarah Humphrey Wells, daughter of W. Delos Wells and Sarah Humphrey Torrey, and granddaughter of Doctor David Torrey, a former pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Cazenovia. Their only son

is thus the great grandson of two pastors, settled long over churches in Cazenovia, who were typical of their time and of their respective denominations, and both eminently useful in the community they served. Many old colonial lines of descent converge in that quiet home in Cazenovia, where the best traditions of an excellent inheritance are honored and cherished.

Miss Mary, Clarke's devoted older sister, and good comrade always, after retiring from her work in Boston as secretary-treasurer of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, spent some time in Hamilton. She was married in September, 1896, to her long-time friend and associate, Doctor J. N. Murdock, foreign secretary of the Baptist Missionary Union, who lived only a few months. After his death she returned to her brother's home and spent there the brief remainder of her life. Her death was on July 3, 1897.

In the summer of 1899 Clarke was one of the lecturers in the Harvard Summer School of Theology. The work given there was published under the title, *Can I Believe in God the Father.* Later in the same year he gave the Levering Lectures at Johns Hopkins University, and those lectures made a book called, *What Shall We Think of Christianity?* In addition to his work in theology, Clarke gave several elective courses to his students. There was one in Christian Missions, one in Comparative Religions, one in Ethics, and one in Apologetics. These courses were given in alternation, two in each year. Out of the first grew *A Study in Christian Missions,* published in 1900, which has been widely read and used as a text-book. Clarke's interest in foreign missions might be said to be an inheritance, yet it was deeply personal, unsectarian, and practical. He had always known missionaries and came early to have missionaries among his friends. His residence in Newton enlarged the number of these. Hamilton, from the first, had been a training-school and home of missionaries. After he became a

teacher of theology, and year by year one or more of his students joined the army of workers on the foreign field, his knowledge of missions became even more intimate.

He felt the need of a course in comparative religion for all, and especially for those who were to be missionaries. His work in this department he gathered up for his students in a typewritten and manifolded monograph, entitled "The Great Religions on the Great Questions." He never planned to publish this, yet it has decided value.

In the summer of 1900 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Yale University. From New Haven he went to Haverford College to give an address at a Friends' Summer School of Theology.

For me, lameness and lack of strength made journeying difficult and I seldom attended large meetings, but I felt a strong desire to go to this one because I had long been aware that my deepest beliefs and affinities were those of the Friends. I went with Clarke to New York, and while he diverged to New Haven I kept on to Philadelphia. At Haverford I had a new and charming experience among the Friends.

"What is thy first name?" was asked at once in the gentle voice of one who had kept the plain language and the plain garb, and the newcomer, introduced as Emily Clarke, was addressed thus during her stay in Haverford, and quite fell in love with her own name from hearing it so sweetly spoken. Quite proudly she acted as cicerone for her husband when he appeared among strangers who were already her friends. Among those whom he knew were Doctor J. Rendel Harris and Doctor Barton. Among those met for the first time were J. Wilhelm Rowntree, Miss Irene Ashby, the Cadbury family, Madame Nitobe, the American wife of that eminent Japanese scholar and educator, Doctor Inazo Nitobe, several of the Garrett family, and also various members of the faculties of Haverford and Bryn Mawr. There were earnest men and women from distant parts of the country and from near

by, drawn to Haverford upon a spiritual rather than an intellectual quest. Not least among the impressive experiences was a Friends' meeting at the end, a silent waiting with passive minds and receptive hearts for the breath of the Spirit, broken once or twice by a few words or a prayer, and ending with prayer and thanksgiving.

Clarke's address on "The Work of Christ for Our Salvation," simplicity and clearness itself in thought and expression, was a piece of work as noteworthy as anything he ever produced. It was a closely condensed study in church history and theology. The much-mooted question as to his actual belief regarding the atonement is there plainly and briefly answered. For this reason it is to be regretted that it has never been published in this country. It appeared in *Present Day Papers*, a small periodical, of which J. Wilhelm Rowntree was the editor, circulating chiefly among English Friends.

This address, given in the chapel of Haverford College, met with a highly intelligent and cordial response from that earnest audience.

In 1901 he gave, at Oberlin, an address, entitled "Huxley and Phillips Brooks," which he repeated a little later before the alumni at the university commencement at Hamilton. It was published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* and some reprints were distributed here and there, but it was never widely known in the United States, although it made a profound impression upon those who heard it or read it. It was published in England by Allenson and made an attractive little book.

In the summer of 1901 Clarke received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Chicago. In August we went abroad for the first and only time. We had both been for years in precarious health, and would not have regarded this year of journeying as possible had not my two nieces been at that time resident abroad. One, Mrs. John-

ston, was the wife of a Presbyterian minister in Dublin, the other, Mrs. George, was the wife of a Scotch Canadian, living temporarily in England.

The voyage on the little old *Germanic*, stanch still, despite several almost fatal mishaps in the past, was very pleasant. There was a good deal of wind, but the weather was clear most of the time. We were both good sailors and did not mind the tossing and rolling that sent some of the passengers to their staterooms. We were on deck nearly all the time and were much the better for those long days in the bracing sea air.

Clarke kept a journal during his stay abroad, and this is the first entry.

"1901, 15 *August*, 8 P. M. Disembarked from the *Germanic*, Liverpool low-lying, Birkenhead arched, with the glow of a lovely sunset upon it. Off for London at 8.40. Arrived at 12.40 A. M.

"16. Euston Hotel in a room graced with the English air and sense of comfort. To Richmond with Grace (Mrs. George) at midday. Drive across town, first glimpse of Westminster Abbey and the houses of Parliament, St. Paul's cathedral, and many lesser places familiar. Placed at Richmond in a typical English house with characteristic quality in every part and outlook.

"17. Two walks in Richmond, one through the trade streets, and one to the Terrace Gardens which overlook the Thames, and to the entrance of Richmond Park, where we sat long and talked, watching the people. At last a ramble alone through lawns and alleys. Quaint and characteristic scenes all day. English architecture and street making. The ancient parish church at Richmond, part of it four hundred years old, beside a lane. Queen Elizabeth's almshouse and Bishop Deppo's almshouse of the seventeenth century. A dissenting chapel, small, obscure. The winding Thames dotted with boats seen afar from the lovely terrace above.

"*Sunday*, 18. To London for morning service at St. Paul's. A noble and impressive place with long, unbroken vistas. The service scarcely audible at all, the music fine. The ser-

mon of Prebendary Tucker heard rather better, though not well—an earnest sermon but in the familiar phrases and remote from life. To the audience, largely of strangers, the whole can have meant almost nothing beyond the form. Their faces showed it, they could not hear, and most of them were wholly detached. Home to Richmond by bus, a long and wearisome ride in the heat, yet interesting in many parts, through streets and regions long known by name.

"*Monday, August* 19. Afternoon at Westminster Abbey. The sense of ancientness, the splendor of architecture, the impression of vastness, the fulness of detail, the building-in of reverence, the feeling of association with the noble army of the great and good and useful, the innumerable reminders of past endeavor and struggle and of vanished forms and practises, the ghostly return of life long faded. The wonderfulness of the existence of such a building. We saw the greater part of the items that are described, but only in rather hasty fashion, but it was unspeakably uplifting and satisfying.

"23. At Egham, thirteen miles up the Thames near to Windsor, where the F. family have a house three hundred years old and perhaps older, with a typical English garden, perhaps as old as the house. There the free, cheerful, hospitable life of an English household into which we have been welcomed for the day. Afternoon on the Thames—boating—quiet beauty everywhere. We walked across the plain of Runnymede, we had tea in the boat against Magna Charta Island. There stood an ancient fir-tree. In the Fordham garden an ancient maple.

"'An Englishman's house is his castle.' House walled in, the beauty invisible from without, as far from the outside world as if it were miles away."

Seven weeks were spent in Richmond with Mr. and Mrs. George, and under their guidance very much more was seen in London and in the surrounding region than could possibly have been attempted had we been alone. There were the pleasant house and garden to return to, the summer-house where tea was made in pleasant weather, and the cheerful fireside on cool evenings.

On the 20th of September we bade adieu to Richmond and went to Oxford.

The reading again of this diary makes it difficult to write briefly of the year abroad. Memory fills these brief daily notes with visions of life and color. How impossible to give a readable outline of the weeks in Oxford, so crowded were they with vivid impressions! Only very sparingly can one even quote from the diary, so small a space in the memorial can be given to his recreations in the story of Dr. Clarke's life. Yet no one knew better how to play than he, or could be a better playmate.

The charm of those seven weeks in Oxford can never be told. It may be suggested by a few excerpts from the diary.

"22. *Sunday.* A glorious day throughout after the rain. Morning services at the church of St. Mary the Virgin, associated with memories of Cranmer, Newman, and many more. Service and sermon by Mr. Lake, a curate whom I afterward met most pleasantly. Then a walk with E. through the region above the church. Later another walk with E. through the region below High Street as far as Christ church meadows. Beauty beyond expression in the fine light about Merton College chapel and Corpus Christi, especially the view of Merton looking north, from the walk known as the grove. Then alone to the service at five o'clock in the cathedral at Christ church. A little time to look about the place which is extremely fine. Evening service with good music, without sermon. A full, great day.

"23. *Morning.* Engaged lodgings at 98 St. Aldate's Street, and afterward moved into them. Two large rooms well furnished, just opposite the north of Christ church buildings and Bishop Randall's garden, with a clear view of St. Mary's spire from the front window. A little ramble afternoon with a look in at Merton, seeing the fine chapel and the ancient library."

Life at the hotel had not been such as we preferred, and lodgings in St. Freda's Hall seemed almost homelike. It was near enough for convenience to all of the older colleges and

churches. We went to the market every morning—that wonderful Oxford market—and our meals were neatly served in our own sitting-room.

Christ church and Christ church meadows were so near that we soon knew them well. We used to walk along the Isis to Magdalen, and in those soft autumnal days the shadows and colors were full of alluring mystery. We came to know and love the old colleges and gardens.

At Oxford, Clarke began work upon *The Christian Doctrine of God* in the International Theological Library Series. He went sometimes into Doctor Sanday's classroom and became acquainted with a few scholars in the various colleges.

An entry in the diary notes the coming of Mr. and Mrs. George, who spent a fortnight with us at St. Freda's Hall. They had a tandem-bicycle and did some exploring of the region around Oxford, returning with reports of things really worth making an effort to see. One evening they brought an enthusiastic account of Abingdon, which the uncle and aunt must surely see. Comfortable, four-wheeled vehicles for two persons appear to be almost non-existent in England, but a horse and trap was engaged, with some misgivings, and on the next morning we set forth, with the young folks attending on their tandem. Abingdon was beautiful, interesting, and surely worth seeing, but we never wished to try a trap again.

There were delightful rambles in and around Oxford which the entries in the diary recall vividly. On the 20th of October the nephew and niece returned to London and were sadly missed. The year was waning, the weather grew dull, there was less of outdoor life for them. It was time to be turning southward.

Clarke did some work upon the book, but the beauty and inexhaustible interest of Oxford so dominated his mind that writing was difficult, and he gave it up.

A visit to Cambridge had been planned, but the fogs and the chill led us to defer it. Upon the 7th of November we

returned to London, where Mr. and Mrs. George were now established for the winter, and were with them in Kensington. My sister, who had been visiting our niece in Dublin, was also there, and she was our travelling companion on the Continent.

On the 16th we crossed the Channel to Calais and arrived in Paris the same evening, going directly to a pension, not far from the Bois de Boulogne, where rooms had been engaged for us by Richard Atwater, a Quaker cousin of Clarke, who with his family lived near by. The Atwater home was genial and attractive and the young people, who were students at the Sorbonne, were no less kind and helpful than Mr. and Mrs. Atwater to this party of three semi-invalids, at whose service the whole family placed their knowledge of Paris, and thus enabled us to see and do much that would otherwise have been impossible.

A former college student at Hamilton, Mr. Clarence Butler, an artist then resident in Paris, came at once with his wife to greet us with offers of all possible aid. Mr. and Mrs. George came to Paris for the holiday season, and thus we were surrounded with affectionate care during our entire stay.

Upon the morning of January 2 our nephew and niece accompanied us to the Gare de Lyon and sped us on our southward way. We had been ambitious as to our itinerary and had meant to stop at Arles and at Carcassonne, but our courage waned under the weariness of a long journey and we saw not Arles nor Carcassonne but kept tamely on to Avignon, which was indeed well worth the seeing. From Avignon we went to Marseilles on the evening of the 4th and upon the 5th saw the first inspiring view of the Mediterranean. Upon the 6th we were off for Hyères. It was a radiant day, and Clarke gives in the diary a page of vivid description to the journey. At Hyères we settled down for a restful stay at the Hotel des Isles d'Or, in a room looking straight to the sea and the Golden Islands. The repute of Hyères as having the

mildest climate of any resort along the Riviera, a *mélange* of romantic history and legendary lore absorbed in early youth by one of the party, together with interest in the recent achievements of the *Félibres*, had led us to Hyères, and we were richly repaid. One is tempted to give a page or two from the diary.

"*January* 7. Another glorious day after a cool and brilliant night. A great day for walking for us. Morning through the old town of Hyères on the steep hillside. A mediæval town evidently altered not very much for ages: steep, narrow streets, ancient dark houses now but thinly peopled, but all cleanness itself in comparison with Marseilles and Avignon. Prominent on the slope is the St. Paul church of the twelfth century. It stands high up from the land below with a square tower, and on the top is an open, iron frame. Beside it is an open place from which there is a fine outlook. Here, too, is the ancient iron cross, the story of which is given in a book by Anna Mary Howitt—her ancient legend tells, but whether history knows I am not sure. The inscription says it was erected by the magistrates of the first city of the Isles of Gold. Then we climbed a little farther up the hill and came home by another way. After luncheon we went out again. The back ground of Hyères is a hill, said to rise eight hundred and seventy feet, steep, splendidly rocky, crowned by remains of ancient fortifications. We started without definite purpose, but finally made our way by road and path around the hill, our way near the top skirting the way of the old defenses. Part of the way it was a climb over stony paths. Splendid outlooks all along upon plain and sea and rocky hills, the clear air beautifying all. There is a fine round tower built out of a rock, and there are several square towers, less well-preserved but rising finely. The hill is partly wooded and the lovely foliage contrasts beautifully with the rocks. There is a way within the ruins, but we were content with our labors and did not undertake that. It was a charming walk, one of the finest that we have ever made together and the hardest that we have had since the days of our lameness; not so very long in measurement, but a real walk for travellers."

In the vicinity of Hyères we saw for the first time large fields of narcissus, violets, and other spring flowers, grown for the Paris and London flower markets. One day we came upon an old-fashioned pottery where two men were busy, one shaping flower-pots rapidly upon a wheel kept in motion by one foot while both hands were busy in modelling the clay. We fell into conversation with the man at the wheel and he, seeing that we were genuinely interested, shaped a vase or two in graceful classic forms which showed an innate sense of beauty, together with traditions derived from Greek art. Then we remembered that all along the Riviera there had existed Greek colonies in early times, and that many of the people must be of Greek descent, as indeed, their faces indicated.

Flowers, and oranges, chiefly tangerines, fresh from the trees, were brought to the hotel every morning, and the bright air, the deep blue sky, the sea and the rocky heights were all suggestive of the only other southern climate we knew, California, but how unlike were the associations! Entry in the diary of January 10 closes thus:

> "Last night and to-day writing was resumed, first since leaving Oxford. As to the history of Hyères, it is said that a Roman settlement here bore the name of Castrum Aracarum. Query, whether the name Hyères is a corruption of this. It looks likely."

A book of dear remembrances might easily be written about Hyères, a quiet, gentle, remarkable little town which made one desire to stay on indefinitely and learn to know some of the people met day by day in walking or driving, at the churches and the little public library. In the latter place was shown with pride perhaps the most beautiful collection of butterflies in the world, for, strange to say, Hyères seems to possess a peculiar attraction for butterflies, which find their way thither from many distant points and are fated to enrich

that rare collection. There was also a collection of birds of Provence.

Again, more than a page of the diary is given to the account of a second visit of exploration to the alluring ruin on the hill which proved to be as interesting within as without.

Upon the 21st we regretfully bade adieu to Hyères and went to St. Raphael by the South of France Railway which follows the coast-line somewhat closely, affording varied and charming views. The journal depicts St. Raphael, Valeriano, and the ruins of Fréjus, and a drive along the shore where lines of strong-armed fishermen were drawing in their nets.

St. Raphael was interesting but not the place for our party to settle down in. On the 29th we went to Nice, a place too well known to linger upon here.

From Nice to Genoa, and from Genoa to Pisa. All felt the unique charm of Pisa and would willingly have stayed longer. From Pisa to Rome, and from Rome to Naples, where we settled down placidly at Parker's Hotel resolved to see things in leisurely fashion, even though that should mean seeing comparatively little. After rain and chill in Rome and on the southward journey, the travellers awoke to bright sunshine in Naples and with something of the joyousness they had felt at Hyères. Seeing a little each day, in the end we had seen much without haste or overexertion.

Clarke did a good deal of walking alone, and the diary shows how keenly alive to the picturesque, the comic, the pathetic, in the passing show, was this sympathetic looker-on.

We had planned to go to Sicily, but the time never came when all of the three had courage and enterprise to undertake the journey. We thought we could go to Capri any pleasant day, but we saw Capri only as it appeared, ever alluring, in the glamour of distance. We went to La Cava intending to take the trip to Pæstum, but at La Cava we learned how much of effort and fatigue that journey would entail, and so we gave up Pæstum. From La Cava we made the

carriage journey to Amalfi upon a heavenly day when sky and sea were at their bluest and the mountain cascades, leaping down the gorges, were at their fullest and brightest. The glory and the joy of that journey were too wonderful for words. We stayed at the old monastery and felt all the charm of the place, so well known, so often described. We had little rooms that had been cells of monks and sat beneath the starlit sky in a balcony far above the sea with the white town gleaming dimly in the distance and the sea murmuring softly below. It was like an idyllic dream.

The drive from Amalfi to Sorrento was beautiful, the stay in Sorrento full of interest, and the drive to Castellammare a new delight.

After seven weeks in Naples our party turned northward upon a summer-like day when all was beautiful.

"The mountain scenery, the abbey upon Monte Cassino, Aquino, the home of Thomas, a beautifully placed town on a rounded hill, many other towns picturesquely situated. Ruined castles appeared on the heights here and there. It was a most lovely journey and we grudged the latter part of it to the night. Very different from the going to Naples in the rain."

We reached Rome on the 13th, and the entries in the diary recall clearly all that filled the days between the 13th and the 26th.

Rome is so vast, so varied, so overpowering that the memory of it is chaotic and wearying, but the clear, well-arranged account of each day's doings, given in the diary, is pleasant reading.

"The most interesting object noted on the way to Florence is 'Orvieto, a great natural fortress, picturesque and beautiful.' The first hotel, though it faces the Arno, is not right, but the party soon found out the Villa Trollope which suits better."

From our front window we look out into a walled garden opposite, where nightingales sing, and up the street, to Fiesole. Florence is restful after Rome, the weather is spring-like and we go about freely. The Villa Trollope was once the home of the Trollope family, and the room is shown in which George Eliot wrote *Romola*. It is a cheerful house in a pleasant, airy situation that seems healthful. We take life easily and see a great deal.

From Florence to Venice and thence to Milan and on to Lucerne, to Heidelberg and down the Rhine, to Brussels and Ostend and across to England, through the fields of Kent, green and blossoming, to London, to Manchester to see Doctor Maclaren, to Cambridge, where we had glimpses of certain colleges and were under the delightful tutelage of Doctor J. Rendel Harris, across the fen country, on a misty, glimmering day, where we seemed to be pursuing the wraith of Hereward, to Ely, which gave us wonderful things to remember! To Dublin, the home of our niece, where we spent a fortnight full of interest and charm, then to Belfast for Glasgow. We had a long-cherished dream of seeing Iona, but in Glasgow it rained as if it would rain forever. Columba's Isle remained unvisited, and through the dimness of pouring rain we sped on to Edinburgh, where the sky cleared and we saw much. From Edinburgh, southward through green hills dotted with flocks, to the Lake country, a little stay at Windermere, a few hours at Grasmere, to Chester, to Liverpool, and then the homeward voyage.

In June, 1902, Clarke was again in his own home on the college hill. The trip abroad, although it had been for the most part without hurry or excessive fatigue, and had been a mentally enriching experience, had not improved his health, and while devoting himself as fully as ever to his work in theology he declined the many invitations that he received to give addresses, to preach, or to aid in summer schools. The seminary, the church, the village which had been the

scene of his happiest pastorate—to these he still gave himself freely. *The Christian Doctrine of God*, which would require the utmost exercise of his mature powers, was yet to be written. The beginning made at Oxford, and some further work done at odd times while he was abroad, did not satisfy him. He threw it aside and began anew, using a different method. This book was always in mind and he worked upon it from time to time as he was able. It was a gradual growth. He had little strength and looked so ill that his friends were shocked and alarmed, but he made light of his disabilities, remaining at home through the bitter winters of 1902 and 1903. In 1903 he began to rally and to look like his old self. Even during those difficult years no one—not even those nearest to him, ever heard him complain of overwork. His active mind supplied energy for his frail body and kept him up. The only pieces of outside work, of especial interest, dated in 1903, are two addresses, one given before the Missionary Society of Andover Theological Seminary, called "The Young Minister's Outlook," and the Dudleian lecture at Harvard University given in the Phillips Brooks House, of which the subject is always "Revealed Religion."

The two long winters at home in a severe climate, which kept me a house prisoner, prevented Clarke from taking the open-air exercise that he needed, as his lameness made him liable to slip and fall whenever the ground was icy. It was certain that we must seek a milder region for the winter of 1904. We fixed upon Pinebluff, a small, quiet place, near Pinehurst, North Carolina, which we already knew. Clarke had engaged to give a course of lectures before the Divinity School of Yale University, in April, 1905, and he wished to be able to work without interruption. My nephew with his wife and little daughter were already there, and Clarke took the cottage next to theirs, so we had beside us young kinsfolk and helpers, and life in both cottages was thus made easier and happier. The winter was excep-

tionally cold, there were several slight snowfalls and one snow-storm followed by rain and freezing which made the streets so icy that for several days Clarke did not venture out. Yet we were in the mild, middle South, and the sandy soil was dry and warm beneath our feet nearly all the time. For the most part we lived with open doors and windows, and our cottage had a little porch where we could sit in the sun or in the shade. In and around Pinebluff there were pleasant walks, there were fine, vigorous young pines to look at, and old, gnarled, picturesque ones, and although the cottage was primitive and inconvenient and the household service poor and uncertain, the climate seemed to be good for all and we grew stronger from week to week.

The lectures for Yale were written easily—spun wholly from inward resources. Clarke had with him almost no books except the Bible and the Greek Testament, and he needed nothing else. These lectures on "The Use of the Scriptures in Theology" made a small book which appeared soon after they were given. In *The Modern Pulpit,* by Doctor Lewis O. Brastow, of the Yale Divinity School, published in 1906, the author gives his impressions of Doctor Clarke. After commending the *Outline of Christian Theology* he goes on to say: "His *Use of the Scriptures in Theology* is even more valuable, if possible, to ministers and laymen alike. It is a greatly needed and most valuable contribution to a difficult and supremely important subject, and in its skill and courage is successful to a degree that seemingly would have been impossible to any other theological teacher in the country."

Of Clarke as teacher and preacher he says:

"One of the most successful teachers of doctrinal theology in this country is the Reverend Professor William N. Clarke, D.D. But the preacher is behind the lecturer. No intelligent person can have listened to his lectures without recognizing this. Those twenty-three years of pastoral ex-

perience, chiefly in exceptionally intelligent communities in the United States, have been richly tributary to his work as teacher of doctrinal theology. On the other hand, it is equally evident to those who have heard him preach as well as lecture that his preaching is proportionally tributary to his teaching. His power of lucid statement, his skill in representing occult theologic thought in readily apprehensible terms, and his straightforwardness and courageous sincerity are qualities that are prominent in this most interesting and convincing of theological teachers in our day.

"All those qualities that have given him eminence as a teacher he carries into the pulpit, and he is not less interesting and successful as a preacher. His discourses are always thoughtful, frequently striking, and fresh in suggestiveness, readily apprehended, orderly in method, practical in aim, and pungent and direct in statement. They have the carrying power of the preacher's sincerity, fearlessness, and frankness. In a straightforward, colloquial, unimpassioned, prevailingly reflective, serious, and sincere manner, wholly without oratorical arts or affectations of oratorical style, he speaks straight on."

Clarke had preached in the university chapel at Yale, and Brastow had no doubt heard him elsewhere, but if he had listened to one of his sermons at Hamilton or to such preaching as he gave in the little church at Pinebluff, or wherever his help was needed, he would have omitted that word "unimpassioned." A constant characteristic of his sermons in places where he felt at home and knew his audience was the glow of feeling which pervaded them. His sermons were alive with strong and noble thought and often rushed swiftly forward in "impassioned and passion-moving utterance"—to use one of his own rich phrases. He knew the heights and depths of emotion, and sudden raptures of illumination, of the great preacher.

The teacher did not forget his students after they had gone out into the world. He knew where each one was and wished to know what he was doing. In September, 1905, he

sent out the following letter, and few things ever gave him more pleasure than the answers he received from far and near.

"Dear Pupil and Friend:

"Forgive me for sending you a printed letter. My excuse is that I am seeking information from my students generally, and have neither strength nor time for the personal letter that I should so gladly write to each.

"I should be glad to know your judgment as to some of the conditions in which religious work is done at present. Do you find religious interest among the people? If so, of what kind is it? In what parts or aspects of Christian truth are the best people in the church interested? Is there a high sense of the glory of the Christian faith and life? Are the people outside the churches thinking of religious subjects? and if they are, of what? Do you meet many persons, or any, to whom any religious or theological questions are of absorbing interest? Do you find religious consolation sought and welcomed in time of trouble? Do you find the ethical questions of life brought into connection with religion? Are struggles of conscience frequent? Do you see in the young people a religious interest that gives promise of strength in the church hereafter? Is the best and most religious work that you can do reasonably welcome in the church and in the community? Do you discover any new forms of religious interest, or manifestations of religious activity? Do you observe any growth of Christian principle or life outside of the church?

"Not that I wish to catechise you on all these points: these questions indicate the field in which I desire information, and anything that your experience may lead you to write me, at your convenience, upon any of them will be welcome to an old friend, who is less in touch than you with the active world.

"With a greeting as cordial as if it were written with my own hand or uttered face to face, I am,

"Sincerely yours,

"Hamilton, N. Y., September, 1905."

By an exchange of time with a colleague Doctor Clarke was enabled for several years to compress his work in theol-

ogy and his electives within the limits of the spring and fall terms. He made few journeys except to and from the South, and was content to spend the summer vacations chiefly at home. His house on the college hill looked out upon a broad view over the valley, of which he never tired. A visit of a few days was made now and then at the home of his sister, in Cazenovia, where some old friends still remained, or at my native place in Pennsylvania, and sometimes we went to Boston, but both were for the most part kept at home by lameness and lack of strength. Our chief recreation, as in youth, so in those years of decline, was found in driving, especially along the less-frequented roads. When we struck into one of the shady bypaths, often Clarke would uncover his head with a joyous abandon, as if surrendering his whole being to earth, air, and sky. No one ever felt a more spontaneous and full delight in nature. He was not precisely far-sighted, but he had excellent normal vision. Through all his life he had been garnering "the harvest of a quiet eye." The flight of a bobolink over a June meadow and its ecstatic song, the grace of an elm beside a stream, a clump of elder in its milk-white bloom, a tall mullein by the roadside—these familiar things never lost their charm. There were places where we always stopped. One was a bridge over the little river near Poolville, which gave enchanting views, up-stream and down. There was another bridge over the outlet of a clear, spring-fed pond from which comes Hamilton's bountiful supply of water. Upon one side of the way was a remnant of woodland, the refuge of many birds. Upon the other one could look down into the bright stream and follow its course a little way. The chief charm of this stream was its melodiousness. We could have lingered there for hours to listen. Sometimes we tried to discover which tiny waterfall, or obstructing stone, or curve in the brook making an eddy gave voice to some distinguishable note among the "little sharps and trebles" or silvery trills against the background of soft

murmuring. After our return from the South each year we would wait and watch for that day in May that was perfect for an "apple-blossom drive" over the hills and among old orchards. There was another much-loved drive in early autumn toward Eaton, past the site of Underhill Cottage the childhood home of Fanny Forrester, whose early writings charmed the grandparents of some of the young folks of to-day. Near that point is a broad, meadowy lowland, with goldenrod, asters, and Joe Pye weed. Our wedding-day, September 1, we used to celebrate by a drive if sky and air were propitious.

About the middle of September the seminary opened, and from that time until the midwinter vacation Clarke was steadily at work and using his strength to its utmost limit. Indoor life and winter cold had told upon the health of both, and we decided to go to a really warm climate. At the beginning of 1906 we were in Florida. In furnished rooms where something of home life was possible, we kept house in a small way. Charmed by the mild and delightful climate, we thought it best to end uncertainty and make a winter home in De Land. Without much ado we purchased a lot on the Boulevard, north of the college, and arranged for the building of a small house during the summer.

We were at home for the opening of the spring term, and the summer and autumn passed in the usual quiet way. Our chief excitement had been directing, from afar, the building of the Florida house, which was yet not ready to be occupied when we reached De Land, about the beginning of 1907. Waiting only for the most necessary rooms to be habitable, we took possession at the earliest day, hoping to hasten the completion of the whole, and this plan proved effective. The winter was so warm and bright, most of the time, that we might almost have lived in a tent, and our picnicky style of housekeeping during the few weeks that it was necessary was not unpleasant. Stimulated by the presence and over-

sight of the owners, the builder spurred his workmen on, and at last we found ourselves in full possession of our little home which we had planned ourselves. It faced the east, and its longest extension was on the south side. It had a double veranda across the front, and the upper one proved the most delightful feature of the house. For the rest, all was convenient, cheerful, and homelike. When it was time to go North we felt thankful in the prospect of returning, year by year, to our own abode.

But before our return to the North, Clarke, whose serious lameness had given him many a fall, was injured again by a fall, occasioned by the thoughtlessness of a workman in leaving an obstacle where it was sure to be stumbled over. His already disabled right arm bore the brunt of the blow and was again broken and bruised in such a way as to cause a partial paralysis of the forearm and hand. He rallied heroically and in a few days was writing cheerful letters with his left hand. A month later we made the homeward journey. Under skilful treatment the injured arm slowly improved, the severed nerve repaired itself, and the paralyzed muscles gradually came to life, yet the right arm and hand were never quite as useful as before this second injury.

Another quiet summer passed with much of happiness in fruitful work, the society of friends, and the never-failing joy in natural things which the home on the hill, with each window looking out upon some beautiful object, made possible at every moment in the day. The most satisfying thing upon which the eyes could rest, except the view up the valley, was a large elm upon the green slope of the president's lawn, just far enough away to show in full perfection against its background of turf and sky. A more graceful tree never grew. It was a joy forever, changing with the changing mood of wind and sky and the round of the year, yet keeping always its individual loveliness. Its serene charm seemed in natural affinity with the serene soul that lived in its presence year after

year and who cared now for no more active vacation than his veranda and an occasional drive could give.

In the autumn Clarke had a sudden and alarming illness and it seemed as if his work had come to an end, but his great reserve of recuperative power brought him up, and he was able to go to Florida when the time came. His sister, Mrs. Goff, always brave and cheerful, accompanied us, and remained during the winter. Life in a mild climate very soon brought Clarke back to sufficient strength to resume his ordinary life except that he was forbidden to preach or speak at all in public. He worked, however, upon *The Christian Doctrine of God* and upon an elective course which he was to give his students during the spring term, walked each day as usual, and now and then took the family for a drive among the orange-groves and the pines.

One of his great resources in De Land was the library of Stetson University which he passed daily. It had some of the best periodicals, and its reference department was good. He looked in at the library nearly every day and was always welcome.

We had neighbors now in a new house a little farther north, which had been built for Mrs. Hyde who lived there with her daughters, Miss Hyde and Mrs. Peek, and her grandson, Medwin Peek. Mrs. Hyde was a sister-in-law of Doctor Ammi Hyde, the loved and revered teacher of Clarke when he was a boy in Cazenovia. This fact had led to a pleasant acquaintance and then to a cordial friendship between the families now living side by side. With Professor Frost, a kind friend, on the south side and the Hyde family on the north, the dwellers in the cottage between felt finely supported.

There were other neighbors and friends, loyal and dear, at the university and scattered through the town. These friends at the time of direst need sprang with instant sympathy and personal grief to the aid of the one who was

suddenly left alone, and did everything when she could do nothing.

The winter of 1907–8 passed very quietly. Upon his return home Clarke found himself stronger and he did his full amount of work during the spring term. Yet he had warnings that he must either do less or cease altogether from work, and at the meeting of the trustees of Colgate University at commencement he offered his resignation from the chair of theology. It was accepted and another position was created for him and offered with the understanding that he should attempt only as much work as he felt fully able to do. It was, in effect, a kindly retiring of the veteran upon half pay.

The summer of 1908 was a trying time, as we were both ill, week after week, until the weeks grew into months. The struggle of both at the same time with serious illness would have been utterly depressing but for Clarke's cheerful nature and unfailing trust in God. Eternal things were more real to him than the things of time. Those hard weeks and months were lived through, and in December we were again in De Land.

There, at last, Clarke finished *The Christian Doctrine of God*. He sent the work for criticism to the American editor of the series to which it belonged, The International Theological Library, and received a most appreciative letter. "You have written a great and noble book," wrote Doctor Briggs, with other cordial expressions. This book, the ripe fruit of a lifetime of thought and experience, was the culmination of Clarke's work in theology. He had feared at times that he should never finish it, nor could he have finished it if he had not resigned the chair of theology and thus become free to give more time and strength to this large work. It was published in May, 1909.

This book had overshadowed and commanded him for ten years, as any great task does for which one has little time. He began at once upon another book, which he wrote *con amore* and rapidly. Indeed he had only to put pen to

paper and let the story flow which lived so clearly in his memory. *Sixty Years with the Bible* was written in De Land and appeared in September, 1909.

The year 1908 was saddened for Clarke by the lingering illness and death of his friend of many years, Doctor George E. Merrill, who had been president of Colgate University since 1899.

The president's house and Clarke's were separated only by a quiet road and two green lawns, and each was wholly at home on the other's domain. The friendship begun at Newton Center, where Merrill took his course in theology, had lived through all the intervening years, and during the presidency of Doctor Merrill, with their close association, the relation between those two pure, refined, scholarly men grew more intimate and dear.

During the winter of 1909–10 the quiet round of life in De Land went on as usual. Doctor Clarke had now as actual duties only the work for his classes in ethics and apologetics, but he did not cease to do his utmost and his best. Into these subjects he went more deeply. There was taking form in his mind a book which should embody the results of his lifelong study and practical application of the ethical teachings of Jesus. This book was written a year later.

The summer of 1910 he spent quietly at home, except for one brief journey. He was called to New York to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology, conferred upon him by Columbia University.

He had met with another serious accident in the spring of 1910, having fallen, in an inexplicable way, close beside his own house in De Land, and his already badly crippled arm was bruised and sprained, though not broken. The shock and discouragement of this injury told upon him, although he soon recovered from the immediate effect. His lameness and his ill-fated right arm limited his activities far more than any one understood except those who knew him intimately.

Even to them he did not talk of his disabilities. He was so liable to fall unless he watched his steps very carefully that it was not safe for him to take a journey alone. Hamilton and its environs, and chiefly his own study and veranda, held him with a short tether, yet he was always cheerful. His daily trip to the village, his books, his writing, his piano, the visits of friends, the beautiful environment of his home were enough. From youth to age he never knew what ennui meant. He always felt that his life was rich and full.

Even the accidents that befell him seemed to make a deeper impression upon his wife than upon himself, though he doubtless had forebodings that he did not express. She came to fear and even to expect that one day a fall would be fatal, and this fear began to seem almost like a presentiment and really cast a shadow upon her life. Also, the long journeys to and from Florida were increasingly wearisome to this pair of invalids and we became convinced that it would be wise to change our winter abode to some place easily accessible in the middle South, although the thought of giving up our pleasant little house and leaving our friends in DeLand was painful to us. We had looked in vain at Augusta and Aiken for a suitable place, so we resolved to try Columbia, South Carolina, where there was a friend in the person of Doctor Mitchell who was then president of the University of South Carolina. Perhaps in Columbia we might find what we needed.

However, in December, 1910, we went to Florida as usual. During the winter Clarke gained slowly but surely in health and he ventured to preach two or three times. He worked steadily upon his book, *The Ideal of Jesus*, and so was happily occupied. We planned to make a détour upon the homeward journey and go to Columbia, but Clarke was slightly ill when we neared the junction where we should change, so it seemed wise to go through to New York.

All through the summer of 1911 Clarke was in somewhat

better health and went about a little more freely. He preached several times in the village churches, and at the university commencement, when the semicentennial of his class occurred, he gave the alumni address, in which he depicted the college as it was at his entrance, his classmates, the outlook of the Civil War, the men who enlisted, the heroes who gave their lives, and the spirit of college life half a century before. He poured out his heart in that vivid, tender, sparkling address, which charmed every listener. During the commencement season he seemed to have renewed his youth. He was inexpressibly happy to be doing things once more.

He was invited to give an address at the Divinity School of Yale University in November, and did so. The visit at New Haven was a fresh inspiration to him.

A fortnight was spent with our niece in New York, which included Thanksgiving and Doctor Clarke's seventieth birthday, December 2. A little later we started on our journey southward and, according to our plan, stopped at Columbia.

Doctor Mitchell was our kind helper in the search for a house and put us in the way of finding whatever might possibly serve our purpose, but there was then no small house and no apartment even that suited our needs. We did not despair but promised ourselves to look again at Columbia upon our return in the spring. We seemed destined to spend another winter in De Land, so thither we would go and be content.

After a slow, exhausting journey in heat and dust, we reached De Land upon the evening of a summer-like day. The little house had never seemed more homelike and inviting, and we were thankful and happy to be safely there.

The next morning, eager to be at work, Doctor Clarke had his typewriter unpacked and placed upon its stand beside the study table, together with a pile of typewritten papers containing the work in apologetics which he had given

to his class during the fall term, upon the general topic of belief, beginning with its lowest forms, ascending by successive steps, and culminating at the highest, wholly in the spiritual realm and self-evidencing. A fruit of this work had been the address, "Immortality a Study of Belief," that he had recently given at Yale. He intended to use this material in a book which should be his final work. He wrote almost every morning, and being at work made him very happy. Several times when his wife entered the study he looked up at her with a joyous expression on his face, blended with a half-deprecating amusement at his own boyish delight, and said: "This is going to be a book by and by." Alas! that book was destined never to be.

THE LAST DAY

Sunday, January 14, was cold and clear. Doctor Clarke did not feel ill but he had not quite his usual strength and he decided to remain at home. He spent the morning quietly alone in the study.

Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, friends who had lifelong associations with Hamilton, and who were near neighbors for the winter, came to dine. Doctor Clarke was cheerful, as were all the little company of four, at the table and in the study, where they sat afterward. There was no forewarning that a thunderbolt from a clear sky was to shatter that peaceful home before the day was spent. When the guests were gone Clarke and his wife sat together, one by the fireside and one at his writing-table, conversing and reading a little. At that serene hour it seemed as if life might flow on in the same way forever, though both were ill and frail and there had been many a warning that the time of parting could not be far away. By and by they heard the whistle of the train, bringing the mail from the North, and soon Clarke started for his evening walk to the post-office.

It began to be chilly and the fire was dying, so more wood was added and the room made warm and bright. The wife sat alone in the house, under no shadow of dread, happier than usual, listening to catch the first, faint tapping of a lame man's cane upon the sidewalk and to hear it grow near and more distinct. He came in somewhat tired, but bright, as always, with letters which he read aloud. There was a little talk suggested by the letters and especially by one, which was very characteristic, from Doctor Crane, an old friend. Then he asked: "Would you like to have me read to you?" He took up the *Life of Louis Pasteur*, a recent Christmas gift.

They had been reading the book, bit by bit, and had reached, and read a part of, the seventh chapter, which tells of the crushing of France by Germany in 1870, a chapter packed full of the endurance, anguish, and despair of Pasteur's heroic soul and not to be read without deep feeling. The reader paused from time to time at some great point, or as he was checked by an exclamation from the listener. With Pasteur they lived through that heartrending drama and when the chapter ended the spell was not broken at once.

Suddenly, a little later, came the stunning blow. While his wife was absent from him briefly, Clarke fell from the back veranda. When she returned and he was not in the house she felt an instant alarm. She found him lying at the foot of the steps. He spoke reassuringly in a clear, strong voice, but the shock, or some injury, proved fatal in a few moments.

Let the story end with the glorious hope expressed in his own poem, dear to many hearts, in the spirit of which he had long been living:

"Gone they tell me is youth,
Gone is the strength of my life;
Nothing remains but decline,
Nothing but age and decay.

Not so: I am God's little child,
Only beginning to live,
Coming the days of my prime,
Coming the strength of my life,
Coming the vision of God,
Coming my bloom and my power."

Amen.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

All around him Patmos lies
Who hath spirit-gifted eyes,
Who his happy sight can suit
To the great and the minute;
Doubt not that he holds in view
A new earth and heavens new;
Doubt not but his ear doth catch
Strains nor voice nor reed can match.
Many a silver, sphery note
Shall within his hearing float.

All around him Patmos lies
Who hath spirit-gifted eyes;
He need not far remove,
He need not the times reprove,
Who would hold perpetual lease
Of an isle in seas of peace."

—Edith M. Thomas.

To those who knew him in the intimacy of his home it seems strange that one so spontaneous, free, and natural could ever need to be explained, yet Doctor Clarke was something of a puzzle to various persons of temperament and training unlike his own. His close friends and those of his own household understood that he was what he was and did what he did by virtue of his innate gifts. He was born not made.

While he was an industrious worker all his life, he was never an anxious toiler. His mind was habitually alert and active but he could not go beyond his physical limitations. When his day's work was over he slept like a child and awoke in the morning refreshed and ready to begin anew.

When in sincere humility he spoke of himself as a "plodder" he was sometimes misunderstood. At the time when he

entered the ministry, "a firm Biblicist" and a young man of scholarly tastes and aptitudes with an old-fashioned training in "the humanities," it seemed to him a prime necessity to become a good exegete. He spent so much time over his exegetical studies, as he narrates in *Sixty Years With the Bible*, that it is not strange if in his later years it seemed to him in looking back that he had spent the best part of his life in close, plodding study of the Bible. To sit at his table pondering and judging as to the correct reading and exact meaning of single texts and longer passages of Scripture was not the occupation best suited to his naturally constructive, swiftly working mind. Yet he never regretted the time spent in exegetical work. It was important and necessary, and it gave him the best possible preparation for the crowning work of his life—the teaching of theology.

There was in him a rare and happy blending of the ideal and the practical. He had also a sympathetic understanding of human needs and the breadth and glory of his horizon did not prevent him from taking note of important things in the immediate foreground. It was these qualities which enabled him in his books, as in his teaching, to hit the mark with a sure and easy hand. His aim was to make his work immediately serviceable to the spiritual needs of all whom he could reach by showing in the strongest light the eternal realities which he clearly saw. He spoke with fearless and charming directness to the inherent reason in man and met with an instant and grateful response.

A lifelong friend of Doctor Clarke, Frances, the playmate of his childhood, said recently: "I hope the biography will not be too reserved—that it will contain a good many of the little personal touches that reveal the man. If they are left out his old friends will miss them, for they cared a great deal more about what he was than for all that he ever did."

This chapter is devoted chiefly to expressions from those who knew Doctor Clarke, made either in letters or in pub-

lished notices and articles which appeared soon after his death. A little space may be given, however, to the personal tastes and traits in his life at home and among intimate friends.

Not long ago the writer looked through a collection of old books, some of which had belonged to the Clarke children during their early years in the Cazenovia parsonage. Among them was a bound volume of *The Youth's Cabinet* which looked strangely fresh and unused. Indeed, it proved upon examination to be almost unreadable, made up of dreary didactic essays, uninteresting articles upon natural history, and poor poetry. The editor, however, made much of the puzzle pages, which were the only interesting part of the book. The explanation was this: The subscription to the magazine had been made for William's benefit, and when a new number arrived he would sit down with it at the table with pencil and paper, turn at once to the puzzle department, crack all the nuts, and then throw it aside.

His liking for all sorts of puzzles, letter and word games lasted throughout his life. He usually carried a pencil and a small pad of paper, and his wife not seldom found, in going through a coat that was to be put away or given away, pieces of paper covered with combinations of letters and transformations of words, sometimes droll, with which he had occupied his spare moments, perhaps on a train or while waiting at a railway-station. Language was fascinating and delightful to him. Had he given his life to linguistic studies he might have gone deeply into philology. He had upon his own book-shelves a good deal of philological literature. When absent from home, as in De Land, he would sometimes begin to query as to the derivation of a word and would note it upon that ever-ready pad of paper to be looked up in the college library, which he visited almost every day. He was finely sensitive to the precise value of words, yet without a trace of dilettantism. He was a ready rhymester and now

and then made an ingenious and amusing limerick, under the challenge and stimulus of a word or phrase seemingly impossible to mate with a rhyme. "The Poet to His Cat," an off-hand piece of doggerel which appeared long ago in *St. Nicholas*, shows how easily and aptly he coined expressions to meet the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm.

He was quick to see the possibilities in a word or phrase and once made a series of anagrams from titles of Anthony Trollope's novels, all of which were odd and suggestive and some very funny. The only one of those transformations which now comes to mind is "The Last Chronicle of Barset," which became "Chattlechafe's Iron Lobster." These anagrams were published somewhere, perhaps in the *Youth's Companion*.

His innate vein of drollery found vent in various small ways. At one time he liked to make "Angular Saxons," following out an idea found in the life of Charles Kingsley. He could not draw a picture of anything, but as he sat, pen in hand, at his table, he would rapidly sketch a series of laughable little impish figures in the most expressive attitudes. He would drop a little ink upon a slip of paper, fold and press it, and the effect was almost always something droll and suggestive. The results were quite tame whenever his wife tried it, and she used to accuse him of having a "familiar," a Puck-like sprite, who possessed his hand and was the real creator of these follies.

Naturally, he liked games. During his first year in college he did a little card-playing, but soon abandoned cards forever. He learned something of chess but was too busy to follow it up. In an idle hour he liked to play backgammon if he had an antagonist as rapid as himself. In the sixties everybody played croquet, and he liked to loiter with congenial companions over a croquet ground, though his right arm was never very sure or strong, and games of skill were not for him.

He was interested in the various temperance movements. Some years ago there was a convention of the W. C. T. U. at Cazenovia. At one of the meetings Doctor Clarke's sister and the playmate of their childhood were sitting side by side while a delegate from Hamilton was giving her report. In mentioning the persons who were always ready to help, she spoke of Doctor Clarke and said that he was accustomed to attend the annual picnic of the Prohibitionists and to speak. At this Frances, beaming with mirth and the memory of innumerable good times *al fresco*, turned to her companion with the exclamation: "I should like to know what earthly thing could ever keep Will Clarke away from a picnic!"

Certainly his love of outdoor life was one of Doctor Clarke's marked characteristics. A veranda was good to sit on, but he liked best of all to be under the open sky. His wife was as truly a child of earth, air, and water as himself. One summer vacation was spent in Franconia, New Hampshire, a region of exquisite natural beauty which has since become pitifully marred. We had many drives through the valley toward Mount Lafayette, and to us the most beautiful spot of all was the Flume, which a few years later was ravaged and almost ruined by a freshet and landslide caused by the deforesting of a large area on Mount Lafayette. We visited the Flume again and again, gazed at it, studied it, and carried away a lasting impression of its unique perfection as a piece of nature's patient, age-long artistry. We were in a cottage a little apart from the hotel, and close at hand was a bit of woodland sloping down to the Pemigewasset River, a bright, rapid, melodious stream. There we found a charming spot where we spent memorable hours. This place was the native home of many species of delicate wild growths, now almost exterminated everywhere. One day as we sat among the mosses and creeping plants we noticed a small flat stone that had been split in twain by the action of frost. A fern had germinated in the crevice between the two halves of the

stone and by its vigorous growth was forcing them apart to make room for itself.

There was in this tiny plant a suggestion of purpose and persistent will, almost of personality, which impressed them vividly. As we spoke together of this, and thought developed out of thought, a new and revealing light shone upon the visible world. In one of Doctor Clarke's note-books was found recently an allusion to this experience and the thoughts which it awakened regarding the freedom of the human spirit, in opposition to the doctrine of determinism.

Upon another day, in the same place, the tiny evergreen leaves and snow-white fruit of the creeping snowberry, growing amid mosses and tiny ferns, caught our attention. It is a fairy-like species of wintergreen, possessing the same aromatic flavor, and this led to a talk about the contrast as to flavor between the snowberry and its insipid neighbor, the bright-red partridgeberry, and the inherent affinities of plants by which they draw, or create, unlike properties from the same soil. We did not then know how potent is the healing virtue of wintergreen. The months in Franconia unfolded, day by day, new gifts of beauty and delight, enough for a lifetime, as it seemed in the retrospect.

Those who knew him best can hardly think of him apart from his love of music and his rare gift of musical expression. He had no instruction in music until his fourteenth year, but happily his teacher, knowing that he had a born musician to deal with, began at once to unfold to him the principles of music. As he understood thus the meaning of what he was learning, at every step, he advanced rapidly in his mastery of the keys. He had not only a fine sense of harmony, but of absolute pitch also, and often surprised musicians more highly trained than he by his instant recognition of the key in which any piece of music was being rendered. He was suddenly set at playing the organ in his father's church on a Sunday morning when the organist was absent

on account of illness. As he did not wish to return to his post, William became his successor and was soon transposing tunes to suit the voices of the choir and otherwise sympathetically adapting his accompaniments to their needs in ways that they had never supposed to be possible.

His love of music was, however, never largely indulged. It was to him only a recreation to which he could not give much time. This early acquaintance with church music led to an ever-enlarging interest in hymnology. He made tunes for many of his favorite hymns, but only three of these were ever written down. One day a boy friend, Pierpont Stackpole, made an appointment and appeared at the parsonage in Hamilton with music-paper and pen, and captured these three tunes, two of which were used in a collection called "Sursum Corda." One of these, called "St. Vivian," was set to Faber's hymn, "There's a wideness in God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea." The other, set to the hymn beginning,

"Dear God and Master mine,"

Doctor Clarke named "Emilia." He never had a piano of his own until he was settled in Hamilton. Then he was persuaded to indulge himself and his friends thus far. This piano, which he chose very carefully, was a sweet-toned Weber, and it was always a delight in the home.

His innate sense of the beautiful and the picturesque in nature was developed and fostered by his early environment. Cazenovia has its setting in a region interesting at every season of the year, and charming from May to November. And the boy who rowed with his comrades upon the blue lake, explored the fields and the woods, and drove with his father over the hills and among the valleys, in the verdure of summer and the snows of winter, was unconsciously garnering an infinite store of impressions which enriched his whole life. He lived in a quietude and unity within himself, which may be

incomprehensible to a young student of the present time. The gentle habitudes of those early years seem to have woven a garment of peace around his soul which could never be torn away.

The kind of life into which he was born was truly congenial to him, although it had its limitations, of which he became aware as he passed from youth to manhood; but he never ceased to be thankful for the "tender grace" of his early experiences.

Enfolded as he was by the strong and loving care of a devout, broad-minded, wise father, it was easy for him to believe in a heavenly Father and, when the time for decision came, to commit himself wholly and irrevocably to the God in whom he lived and moved and had his being.

There is a little book in which, many years later, Doctor Clarke noted the dates of a number of important ancestral and personal events. In this list he wrote, under the date of April 21, 1858: "The personal religious experience began in my life." This was a clearly marked epoch in his career. In the act of faith and self-surrender there came to him a vivid conviction of the actual presence of God and an inexpressible peace and joy. All things were made new to him. Long afterward, in writing of this profound experience, he says: "I know the year, the day, the hour, and yet it was but the unfolding of what had been begun long before." He deeply felt that he owed everything to that Christian nurture which had been to his inmost self as dew and sunshine to a tender plant. In contrasting the lives of two Cazenovia boys, each of whom was widely influential in spheres far apart and yet akin, one cannot but wonder what Robert Ingersoll might have been if his mother had lived and he had developed in the sunshine of a happy home. He might, perhaps, have preached the faith which he denied and bitterly denounced.

In the same note-book, a little farther on, appears another entry, December, 1860: "I decided to give my life to the work

of the ministry." This decision was the reverse of what he had planned to do. Although his parents took their daily life quietly and heroically, their long struggle with an insufficient income, and other trials in their life, had made a deep impression upon the boy, who felt and noted all, and he was resolved not to repeat their experience. He was always annoyed when good people who came to the parsonage took it for granted, in their remarks, that he was to follow in the footsteps of his father. He would listen in silence, but when the well-meaning but tactless brother or sister had departed he would relieve his pent-up feelings by exclaiming hotly and vehemently: "I will *never* preach!" His tastes naturally led him to think of becoming a teacher of languages, and preferably of the classic tongues, but as his views enlarged he saw the greatness and the glory of the life of a truly devoted Christian minister and he knew that nothing less could satisfy him. More than this—he heard within his soul a voice that called him to this service, and in the end he yielded, with most filial love and trust.

He worked untiringly in his first parish, as the record shows, and had little time to ponder theological problems; yet a note-book of that period, in which a number of pages are devoted to a close questioning of the determinism of St. Augustine, shows that he had already entered upon a career of independent thought.

The years at Newton Center were difficult from first to last, yet they were great in their opportunities and demands, and the heroism which enabled him to hold on, to be his true self always and to utter his message as it came to him, "without fear or favor," could only be understood by the few who knew his life intimately. Amid the wilderness of doubts and perplexities through which he was winding his heavenly clew and threading his way upward to a place of sure footing and broad outlook, he never lost his cheerfulness and serenity. This cheerful and serene spirit was, perhaps, his most dis-

tinctive trait. Certainly it was generally recognized. His sunny spirit radiated light and joy within his home and made him welcome wherever he went.

He knew how to rest in vacation time, and at the seashore or the mountains he always seemed care-free. He entered heartily into whatever was going on and quickly dropped into his own place. He was good sailor and loved the ocean. Happily, his wife also could keep a steady head in a choppy sea. At Nantucket, East Gloucester, or Mount Desert, in the days when those places had their primitive flavor, they liked to go out in a sailboat on a breezy morning, when the waves wore whitecaps, with some careful, experienced, old "sea dog," like Captain Kenney of Nantucket, with his alert, efficient son. Many such hours were spent, here and there, along the New England coast. And the mountains—those glorious White Mountains, not yet despoiled—and later the Adirondacks.

There were little, unknown places, too, to which we were sometimes led, which we remembered even more lovingly than the famous ones. We once spent a week beside Lake Winola, late in the summer of 1886. There was a small hotel in a remnant of woodland where ferns and wild flowers still lived and birds sang. We were domiciled in a tiny cottage. It had a veranda below and an open balcony above, from which there was a pleasant view toward the lake, glimmering, partly hidden, through trees. One afternoon, when the shadows were long, we had been rowing on the lake and were resting near the east shore when a group of cattle came down the wooded slope into the water, stood there and drank, making a picture at which both exclaimed with delight. Some years later we came upon a fine etching, by Moran, of cattle in a stream, which so resembled the picture cherished in memory that it could not be resisted. We made it our own and it was hung over the piano in the house on College Hill, which was our home for seventeen years.

From that idyllic spot by Lake Winola Doctor Clarke was hurried away by a telegram announcing the death of his friend Stackpole, and thus a beautiful memory was made sad.

Doctor Clarke had "a genius for friendship," and it is a matter for regret that no space can be given here for an account of some of the friendships that were a large and precious element in his life. The delightful relations with Mr. and Mrs. Stackpole and their sons were always cherished; and there were others, almost lifelong friends and later friends, who were very dear. His constancy, even to things, which had served him well and had dear associations is illustrated by something which came to notice recently in going through the many books which had accumulated in bookcases and in closets in spite of the occasional gathering out and sending away of books disused, to which the owner nerved himself when space was needed for newer books. He had a Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon, in which his name was written, with the date, 1861, the year of his graduation from college and entrance into the theological seminary. He used this lexicon and kept it at hand during all of that period in which his principal study was New Testament exegesis. He had his *Clavis* and added to his stock of exegetical tools the newest and best as years went on, but this old familiar lexicon was dear to him. The time came when he knew his Greek Testament so well that he needed neither lexicon nor concordance. Meanwhile, the exigent questions of theology had claimed him. The old, worn lexicon, with other books that had been indispensable in their day, he put away in a closet in the attic which gradually became crammed with books. There it was found, against the wall, flanked by Ellicott, Trench, and Stanley, and with a rampart of other books in front running from end to end of the broad shelf. It was as if he had tenderly entombed those old friends, knowing that he should never look upon them again. Fastened upon the blank leaf of the lexicon was a printed me-

morial notice of Doctor Clarke's father, who had died, on March 6, 1871, at the age of sixty-two years. This characterization, written by an old friend and associate in the ministry, Doctor Clarke had accepted as a true estimate of his father and had placed in the book which was in daily use and always at hand. No act could have been more characteristic. Some sentences in this brief article are in tone and in expression almost precisely the same as many which appeared lately in reference to himself. "As a man he was gentle and genial as a child in all the relations of life." "Though firm and unyielding in principle, he was governed by a broad charity toward those who differed from him." "Incapable of double-dealing himself, he could not tolerate it in others." "Lucid in thought, clear in expression, and sincere in manner, he always commended himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

Among the books in Doctor Clarke's library which were indeed his book friends, and which he never parted with, while others came, served their purpose, and disappeared, was a copy of *Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions*, by William Smith, an English writer of the mid-Victorian period. This book was republished by Ticknor and Fields in 1859. Both in England and America it found "fit audience though few."

Upon the fly-leaf Clarke had written his name with the date, Newton Center, 1869. His wife remembers his bringing the book home, his reading and remarking upon it, and her own dipping into it here and there. She never saw the book in his hand in later years and probably he never read it more than once, yet he kept it in a prominent place during all the years at Newton Center, in Canada, and through most of the years in Hamilton. In 1889 *The Story of William and Lucy Smith* appeared. It was read with deep appreciation and given its own place beside *Thorndale*. When *Thorndale* finally vanished from the bookcase it did not go into exile,

but into an honorable retirement in the study-closet close at hand.

There was a certain significance in the way he treated this book which sheds light upon his own personality. *Thorndale* is a profoundly earnest, sympathetic, and clear discussion of philosophic, religious, and social problems as they appeared sixty years ago to a discriminating and noble mind which was at once poetic and practical.

The plan of the book is most engaging. Through it runs a thread of tender and picturesque narration by means of which various characters appear who take part in the discussions and freely and vividly express their widely differing views. The production as a whole is as charming as it is valuable, and, read to-day, its prophetic character is startling.

It was, no doubt, the warm response in Clarke's nature to the personality of the author which led him to keep the book in sight. In William Smith, William Clarke had found a kindred spirit.

On January 1, 1903, Doctor Clarke gave to his wife a book in which he had written a page made up of selections and of thoughts and prayers of his own, for each day in the year. The quotations are chiefly, but not wholly, religious and are of the widest range as to authorship and time.

The selection from Jeremy Taylor: "It is a great source of calm and repose in our religious life always to turn from small things to great, from things far away to things near at hand, from the foolishness of controversy to the truths which are simple and eternal, from man to God."

From Augustine: "With that face will he come to the home land, who has not longed for it when absent?"

A word of his own: "Live in only one world at a time? Impossible. There are but two worlds, the material and the spiritual, and we always live in both. To withdraw into the material alone is beyond our power. It would be the extinction of our highest present life. All love, all education, all

thought belong to that spiritual world which is invisible, indeed, and yet is a part of our native element even now."

From Margaret Deland: "The sense of sin in the human soul is the apprehension of Almighty God."

Last words of John Woolman: "I believe my being here is in the wisdom of God; I do not know as to life or death."

From George Fox: "And one morning, sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me and a great temptation beset me. And it was said, '*All things come by nature*': and the elements and the stars came over me. And as I sat still and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true voice which said, '*There is a living God, who made all things.*' And immediately the cloud and the temptation vanished, and life rose over all, and my heart was glad and I praised the living God."

A page is given to Longfellow's poem on Amalfi, beginning

> "Sweet the memory is to me
> Of a land beyond the sea."

From Charles Kingsley: "I don't want to possess a faith; I want a faith that will possess me."

From John Woolman: "Baptized into a sense of human conditions."

From Dora Greenwell: "The intellect has many illusions, but the dreams of the heart come true, because the instinct of the heart is prophetic."

The book contains stanzas from familiar hymns, passages from well-known poets and from Scripture, prayers, and brief sayings, gathered from all ages and all lands.

This last is Doctor Clarke's own prayer:

"O Thou the Way, help me to walk in thee to the true end and home;
O Thou the Truth, help me to see thee, feel thee, think thee, have thee, love thee;
O Thou the Life, live thou in me and make me live by thee."

The following passages are from an article upon Doctor Clarke, published in March, 1912, in the *Colgate Alumni Quarterly*, by the Reverend Markham W. Stackpole, the son of his friend and predecessor in the pastorate at Hamilton:

"Doctor Clarke's mind was fresh and alert, and he delighted in freshness of thought and form. The very titles of his books reveal this trait of his mind. His intellectual interests were varied and he read widely. A student of poetry and hymnology and lover of music, he was also keenly alive to the scientific and humanitarian interests of the day. It was significant that in his last book he should have dealt with some of the great social questions of our time.

"Doctor Clarke loved his work. Whether it was preaching, teaching, or writing, he entered into it with zest and he performed it with apparent ease. It was natural, then, that he should be an optimist. Though a fearless progressive in his thinking, he had a sweetness of nature and a devoutness of spirit that forbade the bitterness of controversy. He kept himself above factions. He preserved personal friendships in spite of theological differences, and he was too large of mind and heart to confine his interest or friendships to a single party or denomination. He belonged to the 'Christian Brotherhood.'

"Few leaders among men are so utterly lacking in self-consciousness as Doctor Clarke was, and no man wore his honors more modestly. Yet with that fine honesty that ruled his mind and his word he acknowledged that the honors were grateful and his work was good.

"For many years Doctor Clarke had stood in the inner councils of the university. He was interested in every phase of its life. He was a loyal fraternity man and a familiar figure at fraternity gatherings. He was an interested spectator at athletic contests. He enjoyed the merriment of college reunions. He served as chaplain or historian or orator upon notable academic occasions. One generation of students praised him to another, for his presence was a power for good in the life of the university.

"He was happily a prophet honored in his own country. Hamilton was proud to claim him as her own, and he was her own indeed, a man beloved by his fellow townspeople.

The people of Hamilton saw that fame could not rob him of his simplicity and friendliness. He knew them by name and he knew about them. He never lost the pastor's feeling. When he came back from his year abroad no welcome was more hearty, or to him more grateful, than that of the business men of the town. It will be recalled that they arranged a banquet in his honor. One of their leaders remarked that while he himself knew little about theology, if the 'new theology' made men like Doctor Clarke, that was argument enough for him. Doctor Clarke loved the place, too—the cool, quiet streets, the lofty trees upon his hillside, the shaded village, and the noble valley sweeping northward between the great hills.

"But to Doctor Clarke as a friend, one's thoughts turn with special tenderness. As a young boy I sailed with him at the seashore and drove with him among the Vermont hills, and I felt then the charm and heartiness of his nature. He was ever an eagerly welcomed visitor as our dear friend, our pastor, and our fatherly counsellor.

"His quiet, charming home carried the atmosphere of culture and of friendship. He loved to listen to music, and sometimes we would persuade him to play hymn-tunes of his own composing. Again we would sit in the twilight of his study or upon his hospitable veranda talking of common friends and interests and of the deep things of life.

"His youthfulness of spirit, his wit, his candor, his heartiness attracted young people to him. Without children of his own, he loved 'his boys' and to them he was indeed a father, always interested, sympathetic, and encouraging. Accident and infirmity could not diminish the cheerfulness of his nature. His talk sparkled with quiet repartee; he loved good stories and 'clean mirth.' Some of his letters were inimitable. New friends were quickly drawn to this true and kindly man. But he did not forget his old friends scattered far and wide. Hamilton is not quite like Hamilton since he died, and his old boys will sorely miss his friendly look and hearty greeting at the piazza steps."

From an editorial in *The Congregationalist*, by Doctor Bridgman, dated January 27, 1912:

"The modest Christian scholar who last week passed into the realm where the partial revelation gives way to the clear,

full vision of God, had served the Christian church in two continents as only those can serve it who devote many years and rare gifts of insight and persistence to the study and interpretation of human life, in the light of God's disclosures of himself, in his work, his word and in his Son. From his classroom in the Theological Seminary at Hamilton, New York, and through his books, which have gone throughout Christendom, Doctor Clarke has exerted a mighty influence upon members of numberless religious bodies, and even upon those outside the church. So quietly has his work been done, so disposed has he been to stand in the background, that few understand to what extent the church as a whole is indebted to him as an expounder and defender of the faith.

"A mediating theologian Doctor Clarke has been during these last twenty-five years of uncertainty and transition. His books reveal, as in a glass, his own progress from earlier conceptions into the larger, truer views of God, Christ, the Bible, missions, and the Christian life. This growth is particularly shown in his *Sixty Years with the Bible*, and so because his writings have reflected not only his thought on the things of God, but his actual personal experience, they have had, to a pre-eminent degree, the note of reality, and have been charged with an uncommon measure of helpfulness on every page. The task which he boldly undertook of relating the old to the new is never an easy one in any age. The effort subjected him to misunderstanding and his way was not always smooth, but he never faltered, and in the end he retained the confidence and grew in the confidence of the conservative wing of the church.

"We have had in America few theologians so simple, human, and companionable as William Newton Clarke, a strong preacher, a poet and hymn-writer, a musician, intimately acquainted with classical and current literature, maintaining to the last an eager interest in world happenings and holding stanchly his carefully matured opinions concerning questions of public policy. A delightful conversationalist, a stanch friend, he was a man who, in any calling or station, would have won distinction and made the world his debtor."

From an article by Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick:

"*The Examiner* has asked me to write briefly my recollections of Professor William Newton Clarke in the class-

room. I give myself readily to the task, for my heart is deepy engaged whenever I recall those wonderful hours on Colgate Hill, presided over by the spiritual genius of the great teacher. There are doubtless many who can say, as I can, that but for Doctor Clarke they would not be to-day in the Christian ministry. When the old theology was clashing with the new, and bitterness was deeply felt upon both sides; when, watching the conflict, the young men of undergraduate years saw clearly that for them it was no longer a question of old or new theology, but of new or no theology, Doctor Clarke stood as the proof to us that it was possible to be a Christian and reasonable, a disciple and a modern man, at once devout and intelligent. How many of us came to look to him as our spiritual godfather! How many of us are chiefly thankful for this, that he did not leave us to be driven from faith and the church by reactionaries, but made it possible for us to become in the new generation preachers of the Gospel of Christ.

"The closing paragraph in Doctor Clarke's *Outline of Christian Theology* interprets beautifully the spirit of the classroom; those who have experienced it will remember and understand. To those who never sat at the feet of this great teacher of religion I can only indicate a few of the characteristics of his work.

"Doctor Clarke was far more a teacher of religion than of theology. He clearly distinguished between the two, to be sure, and set himself with earnest intellectual application to formulate the mental categories of faith, but always the clothes of his thought fitted so closely the vital, moving spirit of his faith that one was aware of that rather than of the garments. Many a time I have gone from his classroom to my couch for a long rest, because I was exhausted, not with intellectual labor, but with the attempt spiritually to catch his vision of God, and sympathetically to enter into his experience of peace in believing. No prayer meeting ever affected me so deeply as his talks to his classes on the great themes of faith. He often forgot himself in his personal testimony to the meaning of some Christian truth in practical living. The end of every lecture was: 'Come and taste and see.' If a man wanted a thorough history of doctrine, after the fashion of Harnack, Doctor Clarke would have disap-

pointed him. If a man were a metaphysician, demanding a well-articulated system, with provision made for every 'if,' 'and,' and 'but,' Doctor Clarke never could have satisfied him. If, however, a young man, confused by conflicting theories, mystified as to the real meaning of religion, dubious as to the gospel he was expected to preach, wanted poise and insight, breadth of vision and sanity of thought, and with it all a passionate devotion to the Master, and a clear perception of the world's need of him, Doctor Clarke was pre-eminently the one to fit his case. He was a teacher of the old school—God give us more of them!—who gave his classes his personality and breathed his spirit into them.

"As to his practical method, it was as simple as the man himself. In the main it consisted in reading over the text with running comments. The running comments were the best of it. Sometimes they were keen with wit. 'Many a man considers himself a stream of tendency,' he said once. Sometimes they were fiery and indignant, as when a fresh student ventured to question his loyalty to the Master; sometimes they were personal confessions, charmingly made."

From an article in *The Congregationalist,* by Reverend Frederick W. Raymond:

"A friend, who loved and was greatly loved by Doctor Clarke, has written me how he has taken down his copy of Doctor Clarke's *Theology* and has been going over such utterances as he had recorded on the margin of the book in his classroom days. Like him, I have also been moved to review the margins of my copy. Among the many sentences written there I find no duplicates of those my friend reports. This suggests the great wealth of his unpublished but memorable utterances. Here are some of these gems from the margin of my book, which I venture to pass on in loving memory of my friend, counsellor, and spiritual father. Though unrelated to each other and stripped of their association on the page, they are suggestive in themselves and worthy to stand alone as herewith printed:

" 'The New Testament throws more light backward than the Old throws forward.'

" 'If Paul had been told that he would be talked about as

being of equal authority with the Lord, he would have burned his letters.'

"'If we know God better than Paul did, Paul would have been very glad of it, and so would the Lord.'

"'Christian faith has been built largely on the Bible instead of on God and Christ.'

"'Moving in the line of the best that he knows, a man moves toward God.'

"'The effect of denying the personality of God can be learned only in India.'

"'Permanently, you will not hold any doctrine of Christianity that is inconsistent with your conception of God.'

"'While there is a soul, there are the possibilities of a soul. Whether God can gather in all the souls is the problem on which we wait.'

"In one of his last letters to me, written in most genial mood less than a month before his death, he wrote: 'I have had a good autumn, teaching a course in Christian belief, with high enjoyment and aware of really conveying a good deal to my men. Things never went better. On December 2 I crossed the line of seventy years, reputed among the young and callous to be the line of old age, but in reality a very innocuous chalk mark, scarcely perceptible when you really arrive. It reverses natural optics by looking larger from a distance than near at hand. As a matter of fact, I have felt younger than usual of late, and am inclined to be a heretic as to the almanac anyhow. My good term of teaching has juvenated me somewhat, I think, and I am hoping to have enough in me to put the term's work, which is new, into a book.'"

Near the end of his life, in speaking of the difficulty which teachers in theological schools find in overcoming the prejudices and false ideas regarding the Bible which many students bring with them to the seminary, Doctor Clarke said: "If I were arranging the work of a theological school, I would put first of all, for beginners, a course in—*What the Bible Is*." He had spent much time in patient and often futile efforts to convince his students what the Bible is not.

While at Newton Center he read the sympathetic and

beautiful *Life of Edward Irving*, by Mrs. Oliphant, and was deeply touched by it. Edward Irving was a man of rare personal attractiveness and extraordinary gifts, who had been the fellow student and close friend of Thomas Carlyle and was perhaps the only one of his early associates whom Carlyle regarded as his own intellectual peer.

Irving was fervidly devout and gave himself to his work as the minister of a congregation in London with astonishing ardor. His eloquence, his tenderness, his "apostolic faith," his magnificent personality made him for a time the wonder of London. "All the world flocked to hear him." He staked his all upon what he deemed to be a supreme test of faith and seemed at first to win; in the end to lose. He died while still a young man, broken-hearted, in agonies of doubt as to the real meaning of strange phenomena which he had welcomed at first as answers to prayer and evidences of the presence and favor of God, exclaiming at the last: "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him!"

Soon after reading the pathetic story of Irving, Clarke was asked to give the alumni address at Hamilton. Irving's failure and the causes of it seemed to him to contain a lesson of deep import for young men, and his address upon that occasion was upon Edward Irving, whose absolute literalism in interpreting the Bible had led him and many of his congregation into things which the more thoughtful and sane in his church and among his friends regarded as wild delusions.

This presentation of Irving's career made a lasting impression. One of the listeners was then a young student at Hamilton, now Doctor Clarke's successor in the chair of ethics, Doctor William M. Lawrence, who tells in the following letter how it affected him:

"It is a good many years since Doctor Clarke delivered his address on Edward Irving at Colgate. So many, that I am not sure that I can be just, either to him or myself. I think it was about 1875. At that time, it was the custom of

the college to have its baccalaureate on Sunday morning, and sermon Sunday night, and on Monday night an address before the alumni or the Education Society.

"It was the first time I had ever seen Doctor Clarke, but I had already heard enough about him to make me feel very desirous. I recall distinctly the surprise I had when he announced his subject. It was not named in the formal way. He began in that conversational manner, which is fatal to so many men, but was so attractive in him, and led up to the announcement of his theme by some general remarks, not in any way of apology or explanation, but taking it for granted that every one would be interested in the selection which he had made.

"His way of dealing with the subject was most intimate. We were not presented to Edward Irving after the manner of biographies or sketches, but we seemed to move in the same atmosphere and to be looking out through Edward Irving's eyes upon the times in which he lived, and to be permeated with sympathy for him and with him and with the way in which he dealt with those times.

"The manner of Doctor Clarke at this time made a great impression upon me; but while I was so impressed, at the same time I was more so by the wonderful ability which Doctor Clarke displayed in disclosing to us the many-sided character of Irving. I could not help but feel at that time that the impression that Edward Irving had made upon Doctor Clarke was to be a vital part of Doctor Clarke's mental and spiritual possession. It is true that he did not hesitate to criticise freely, when and where he differed from Edward Irving, especially with reference to the supposed influences and manifestations that Edward Irving claimed to be real; yet, as I have just said, there was a profound sympathy in Doctor Clarke's address with the spiritual life that Edward Irving stood for. The effect of that address never left me. As I write these words, I can see him as he stood in the church that night, his quick, short sentences, his enunciation rapid at times, his peculiarity, or rather individuality of style, that awakened and sustained interest in what he had said or was saying, and in expectation of what he was about to say.

"I may be permitted in this connection to say, that years afterward I heard another address by him at the Baptist

church, on one Sunday morning, which made almost as strong an impression as the one to which I have referred. It was on George Fox, and as I listened I could not help but recall the one on Edward Irving, nor could I escape connecting the two in my mind. As I look back over the years that I have known Doctor Clarke, and consider the work he has done, and reflect upon his writings, I can readily understand how such spiritual forces as those represented in the lives of Edward Irving and George Fox should have had great influence upon him. I should not like to say he was consciously influenced by them, but he recognized and appreciated their religious values."

The practical value of Doctor Clarke's books was soon recognized by persons engaged in various lines of religious and social work, and each as it appeared was appropriated to use as a text-book. An instance of this is given in the following extract from a letter of Mrs. James C. Park, a daughter of his early friend, Frances:

"The Reverend Alfred Burr, pastor of the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church, came to our Home and Education Department of the Twentieth Century Club, one day, to tell us about the work of his church among the fifteen thousand Italians in Detroit.

"One feature was the night-school, and the book used as a text-book at that time was Doctor Clarke's *Can I Believe in God the Father?* One of the pupils was the son of a man formerly a professor in the University of Padua. This young man had broken with the church and was drifting in atheism when Doctor Clarke's book answered his questions and brought light and courage to his soul.

"I had the great pleasure of speaking to Doctor Burr after the meeting and telling him I knew Doctor Clarke and would let him know of the work he was doing in Detroit. They used the book partly because of its short words and clear meaning."

Of Doctor Clarke's last address she wrote:

"I cannot tell you how rejoicing and helpful the beautiful address on 'Immortality' was and is to me.

"When it came I sat down and read it through, and it was the greatest comfort to know that Doctor Clarke believed so thoroughly in immortality. It has made such a difference in my life that I feel as if I must tell everybody I know the good news.

"When Sophie and I were spending those beautiful days with you and Doctor Clarke in Hamilton, we walked down with him to the post-office. He was on his way to the train, but looking at his watch found he had time to inquire after a sick friend. He threw his travelling-bag at the foot of a tree in the park with the most trustful and nonchalant air in the world, and when we laughingly suggested that it might not be there when he returned, he said he did not think any one in Hamilton would take it."

From Mrs. Louise Palmer Smith:

"In the family connection Doctor Clarke, to the young folks, was 'Uncle Will'—true native American, quaint New Englander, alive to the humor that underlies life, able to enjoy it and show it forth in his home circle. Nephews and nieces were rife there, and they loved to linger beside him. A letter from Uncle Will was bright literature, and every line worth keeping. As a model of quiet good company for all ages he had few equals.

"Immortality was the theme of Uncle Will's last published message, but to us of the family nothing written or spoken could convey the certainty of that vast truth like his own presence as he neared the end of his stay. The old house of the soul, worn to the uttermost, showed the spirit within of such strength unabated—so shining that the assurance rose in all our minds: 'Here is an immortal.'"

From Doctor Walter Rauschenbusch:

"Pauline and I have often spoken of you since we learned of the passing of our dear friend. He will be a dear, warm memory all our life, one of the high peaks in our horizon of life. Such a sincere, genuine, beautiful human soul! I am not aware of thinking of him at all differently than formerly. I can imagine him walking along in heaven with the same

smile and the same gentle limp, and an ornament to the place just as he is."

From a letter from Mr. Charles Scribner:

"Among all the authors for whom it has been my privilege to publish I can remember none who has left a clearer impression, and I think this was due to a certain simplicity of nature and character. He evidently cared little or nothing for the material result of his work but did enjoy giving expression to what he hoped might prove useful and profitable to others. His noticeable courtesy and consideration also gave distinction to every interview."

From President John M. Thomas of Middlebury College:

"One summer in the nineties I took passage on the old White Star *Germanic* for Liverpool. On the passenger-list I noted the name 'W. N. Clarke'—no reverend, doctor, or professor. I surmised that my fellow passenger might be the Colgate Seminary professor of theology, whose *Outline of Christian Theology* had won wide approval in the religious world and which had been exerting a much-needed steadying influence on my own thinking and preaching. Not many hours out I verified my suspicion and was met most graciously and generously. We became—I felt—close friends, and on the rolling little ship held many hours of real fellowship. He increased my confidence in myself and made me feel strong and hopeful. One day we talked of sermon topics, and he said it was a surprise to him that ministers chose so many subjects people did not care anything about, when there were so many religious matters in which they were keenly interested. I got out my pencil, and the result was a series of sermons all through the next winter on 'Questions People Are Interested In.' This proved to be a very stimulating point of view, and I am sure Doctor Clarke's suggestion did much to give reality and definiteness to my preaching.

"That was just like him—always helping some beginner with sane and sensible advice. Before that voyage was half over he was chaplain of the ship. I can remember his address Sunday evening, holding on to a column as the old *Germanic*

rolled—we were all on a greater voyage, in a good ship, and would be likely to make port safely if we attended strictly to our work.

"Our friendship was renewed from time to time—in New York, in Florida. Always he was the same kind, stimulating adviser, never claiming superior wisdom, getting at the heart of a problem and advancing to the right solution by fair estimate of every consideration. I reviewed several of his books for various publications and kept in touch with everything he wrote. He advised me kindly and generously from time to time.

"Doctor Clarke performed a unique service in American theology in the last decade of the nineteenth century and the first years of the twentieth. On the one hand, he promoted a cordial attitude toward the newer forms of faith, and on the other he exerted a patient, restraining influence on those who were inclined to go too fast and too far. I know of no English-speaking teacher of religion who in this particular field did so much to steady men in the essentials of evangelical faith."

From a letter of J. Brierly to T. H. Marshall this paragraph is quoted as an illustration of the way in which Doctor Clarke's personality was felt by many of his readers.

"As to Doctor Clarke one felt the man all over in his books. One might, I should think, say of him: 'In jeder Aeusserung steckt der ganze Mensch.' He must have been entirely lovable."

The same feeling is expressed in a letter to a missionary from Lieutenant Masuro Kako of the Japanese Imperial Navy.

"I have already read more than two-thirds of Clarke's *Theology*, which has proved extremely interesting to me. It is a source of profound satisfaction to me that I could find a genuine friend in Doctor Clarke. He seems to express what I feel and experience, though I am greatly inferior to him in many respects. Sometimes I forget that I am reading that book and feel the direct warm touch of two hearts in the depths of my soul."

When the breaking up of the house on College Hill in Hamilton, in October, 1913, had reached the chaotic stage a box with the cover nailed down came to light. In this box were letters from Doctor Clarke to his wife, before their marriage, which had been hastily placed there when closets and drawers were being emptied for the use of temporary occupants of the home, and also some letters from Doctor Clarke to his sister Mary, written at various periods in his life. These letters have proven of the utmost value in determining dates and in recalling half-forgotten events. Many letters which Doctor Clarke had written to his wife and her letters to him had been destroyed long before. During the years spent in the house on the hill a large and growing accumulation of Doctor Clarke's sermons, addresses, published writings scattered through various periodicals, pamphlets, clippings, interesting letters from men engaged in lines of work bearing upon theology, and letters of friendship, lay in a low closet under the attic roof. Now and then this closet was emptied for cleaning and the contents dusted and returned to their resting-place. Upon such occasions Doctor Clarke sometimes became aware of what was going on, made his way to the attic, handled and examined things a little, and ended by saying that those old sermons and addresses ought to be burned.

Doctor Clarke did not intend to leave behind him data of any kind which might one day be exploited as material for a biography, perhaps by some one who never knew him and could not possibly use it understandingly. He had seen in notable instances how false an impression can be made by letters and diaries, even when handled by intimate friends, honestly desiring to present an exact and truthful record. For this reason he had requested his sister to burn all of his letters to her and she had done so.

There came a day in the summer of 1910 when it was decided that these things ought to be destroyed at once. The

closet was emptied and its contents burned. Only a few note-books, brief diaries, and such notes and typewritten work as were likely to be of use later, which were kept in the study and the closet adjoining, were retained. All of the unpublished work of his earlier years and of his middle life vanished in an hour.

This biography is, therefore, of a different character from that which might have been made had the data been kept which showed almost the whole of Doctor Clarke's history as a student and his personal relations with other writers whose spirit and aims were akin to his own.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

By Reverend William O. Stearns

As I look back over the past I realize afresh that my relations with Doctor Clarke were almost entirely of a personal nature. Only once did we come into official relations. What I would like to record therefore must be necessarily in the realm wherein the personal atmosphere presides. For that reason to some readers, especially those who seek for the origin and growth of his theological beliefs, there will be but little of interest in my contribution; while to others, the story of a personal friendship will be the more attractive.

One of my memories is associated with the closing service of my father's pastorate of the Newton Center Baptist Church. It was held in the old wooden structure long since displaced by the impressive pile of stone in which the congregation worships to-day. It must have been in the year 1869, and I was in my thirteenth year. A little later, one Saturday afternoon, a tall man came to stay with us over Sunday. He was somewhat spare, bright-cheeked, clear-eyed, with black, wavy hair. To my boyish fancy, his tallness, fresh cheeks, wavy black hair, and clear eyes form that first picture of Doctor Clarke. I do not recall very much about his pulpit presence then, except his personal appearance. What he said, how he preached, and how his pastorate progressed have left only vague impressions. What it really was may be summed up in one of the statements that have been retained in memory when overhearing Doctor Hovey say to my father: "Mr. Clarke gets out of a text about all the meat there is in it." Those were days when people were sup-

posed to do just that if they could. People went to church to hear the gospel preached, as expounded by a text of Scripture. Preachers were judged by their exegetical ability. Exegesis was a *sine qua non* in efficiency. Men were converted according to the exposition of the Scriptures and the obedience rendered to the truth. The discussion of questions of the day, political, social, or moral, was quite foreign to the scope of the preaching. Reading occasionally one of my father's sermons, I am struck by this characteristic of the preaching.

His pastorate moved quietly and steadily on at Newton Center until the winter of the great revival. This was the crisis in my own life, and brought me with a great many others into the personal relation of shepherd and sheep. It was occasioned by a fatal accident during the midwinter college vacation of 1873. The oldest son of Professor Heman Lincoln was at home from Brown University, and the coasting on Institution Hill, crowned by the seminary buildings, was exceptionally fine. The narrow coasting track at the side of the road was very hard, and icy in places. The sled slewed while going at lightning speed and the boys were hurled off, Allan Lincoln being thrown against a tree and instantly killed. He was the only one of the four young men on the sled who was a Christian, both by profession and life. This fact was so used by the divine Spirit that the whole community was moved as it never had been before nor has since. There was no excitement in the meetings held, nor in the tone of the preaching. There were no sensational efforts to secure conversions, but there was not a home unvisited. Men, women, young men, young women, and children came to Christ. Nearly every one in the village and vicinity not identified with the churches, our own Baptist Church and the Congregationalist, of which the well-loved Doctor D. L. Furber was pastor, found the Lord, and found the way into the fellowship of the church, and a beginning was made for

what is now a prosperous Methodist church. Doctor Clarke was indefatigable in his faithful efforts. The quiet, scholarly life found a new avenue for expression. Those of us who were baptized at that time, the spring and summer of 1873, will never forget what he was to us. We were of all walks of life, of all grades of educational advantages, and I had almost said, of all ages (and I believe that is true, too), yet our relations, moulded and developed by him, were of an absolute equality in Christ. A young people's meeting was organized, not as a society but as a meeting of young Christian converts, working thus together to gain Christian experience themselves and to help other young people to know and serve the Lord. In all this work of preparation for a growing Christian life, Doctor Clarke's hand was plainly felt, while he quietly kept himself in the background, leaving the young Christians to lead on, while he led himself unknown to them. There are only a few remaining now in the membership of the Newton Center Church, who crowded its gates in those days, but those few have ideals of Christian reality that were sown in the years from '73 to '76 under Doctor Clarke's preaching and leadership.

It is unnecessary to describe his relations with the faculty of the institution, his acquaintance with brother pastors in the neighboring city of Boston, his delight in the fellowship of all students of the Scriptures, and the effect upon himself, for he has told us of that himself in his *Sixty Years With the Bible*. These relations were brotherly in the truest meaning of the word. My feeling for him was that for a lovable Christian pastor, not far away from me nor yet very near. That closer relationship was still in the future. Our pastor was our pastor—never hail-fellow-well-met, nor one of the boys, as the ideal of to-day demands, but our pastor, our religious teacher and friend toward whom we looked with respect and reverence. We never dreamed of criticising him nor of questioning his opinions. We sat at his feet as learners in the

great book of God's love, and he, as the good scribe, brought forth for us "things new and old" for our "edification."

A dozen years later it was my privilege to be ordained to the Christian ministry, and to serve as pastor of the Cazenovia Village Baptist Church at Cazenovia, New York. This was the church which Doctor Clarke's father served as pastor for twenty-five years. It was the church into whose membership he had been baptized by his father; the church in which his own Christian life had begun growing; the church which licensed him to exercise his gifts in preaching the gospel; the church from which he had gone to college at Hamilton, New York, then Madison University. Singularly enough, I had never heard him mention his home in New York State, and until I went to Cazenovia to supply the pulpit for a few Sundays in July, 1884, I did not know that Doctor Clarke had ever seen Cazenovia, nor that there was such a place upon the map. It was not, therefore, through his influence that I became his mother's pastor, for Mrs. Clarke was still living, at a good old age, his father having died a number of years before this. He was wont to refer to this singular relation, he having been my father's pastor and now I had become his mother's pastor.

He came and spent a good portion of the next summer with his mother, in his sister's home, and often after that, during the nine years of my stay in Cazenovia, he was there for visits of varying length. Of all that period I want to say that the one word, "encourager," covers the full relation. He never imposed his opinions, his views, his decisions upon mine. He always encouraged. Once he said: "I never could have preached a sermon like that you preached this morning when I first went to Newton Center. People were not ready to listen to that view then." Once I had written a sermon on the "Resurrection of the Dead," and he asked me to read it to him. I did so, and his comment was: "Try again ten years from now. It will do to keep and revise."

Gradually I came to refer any extra writing in the way of addresses, essays, or expositions of Scripture to him, and several lectures prepared for the theological students at Hamilton were offered for his approval before being read. The reason for it all is plain. He always encouraged, never discouraged. The quality of his friendship placed us in the same group of workers. We were together, working out the same problems, possessed of the same spirit. The only difference was length of service. Seeking the same ends, only encouragement was worthy of his delicately tempered spirit. "What is new? What is fresh?" was the first question with him. It mattered but little from what source the information came. It is God's universe. We are in it with him. Hence news from Him is always first and foremost in importance. To encourage the seeker; to inspire him to seek, and to seek and report his findings—this was the spirit of his friendship. Of what use to tell of one's failures, one's feeble efforts, one's infantile attempts? He knew well that most of them were such; but he never even intimated the fact. He was too great-hearted to do so. The mark of true greatness is known—to uplift. Doctor Clarke possessed this power in a remarkable degree. His power of encouragement was such that discouragements were lost sight of in the encouragement with which one left his presence. I can give no better illustration of this dominating characteristic in his personality than this quotation from his last letter to me, dated De Land, Florida, December 31, 1911. "Your Bible card has come to hand and tells a good story of endeavor on your part. May it prove a great help to all concerned, and may the new year bring you strength to labor and a clear head to see your way, and a brave heart for bright days and dark, and success in your life undertaking that will satisfy your best desires. Isn't that a wish that covers a good share of the ground?" That was the last message, and it covered not only all the future of the year of which he was thinking,

but also was typical of his feeling during all the past. He was one of God's own apostles whose benediction abides with one always, and makes appropriate the closing sentence of this last letter—"Grace be with you and mercy and peace. Amen."

It has been a privilege unsought, but very much appreciated, to have known personally, and through the friendship of my father's contemporaries, many of the leading thinkers, preachers, educators, and missionaries of our denomination. The home at Newton Center was always open to them, and they failed not to enjoy its hospitality. The anniversary seasons of the Theological Institution brought them together. Most of them have slept under our roof and have been entertained at our table. There could be seen Martin B. Anderson, George D. Boardman, Rollin H. Neale, Doctor J. G. Warren, and later, Doctor Murdock, Doctor G. D. B. Pepper, Doctor Ebenezer Dodge, Thomas D. Anderson, Doctor J. T. Champlin, and many returning alumni. Our side piazzas furnished splendid opportunity for renewing cherished memories of the old days of Newton. As I call the roll to-night, in memory I see those men to whom our denomination owes much, and bring to mind their faces, as they came in with one or more of the professors of the institution: Doctor Hovey, Doctor Lincoln, Doctor Galusha Anderson, Doctor E. P. Gould, or later Doctor S. L. Caldwell. There was a quality in their fellowship which owed its origin to the controlling presence of a great purpose. They were engaged in a great work, the greatest of all endeavor. No one of them had the least doubt that the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ was the greatest work in the world. No other calling was to be compared with it. It overtopped them all as Mount Washington rises above all surrounding summits. They were idealistic. The blight of materialism had not injured their sensitive appreciation of high and holy purposes. To think high thoughts of God

and of the redemption wrought by God in his Son, Jesus Christ, for the world; to present these thoughts in the clearest and most finished forms of language, for most preachers read their sermons then; to teach other men to improve on the best they had done, was their life. The preacher was a king. His pulpit was his throne, from which he declared the truths made known to him by the King of Kings. The preachers of that time considered no comparison between themselves in their work and the lawyer, the physician, the officials of the government, not even the President in the White House. It was an atmosphere of idealism, so different from the atmosphere of the present day that the contrast should be noted. Those days have passed away, and with them the sensitiveness to such great and compelling ideals. The idealism of the present appears in other forms, perhaps more practical, certainly not so uplifting. Doctor Clarke was the finished product of the best of them all. In him their best thoughts came to their more perfect expression. Their experiences of Christian minister and teacher united in his, and he worked them out under the larger life experience possible in a later period. Some one has called him a great mystic—a true description when considered not in the technical sense of the word. He was a great mystic as the apostle John was. The thoughtful mind that studies the face, and catches the meaning in the eyes of the wonderful portrait with which his friends at Hamilton are so familiar, reverently, yet gratefully feels that to know him was to know one who knew God, whom God knew so well that he could make him the mouthpiece of his great message of love.

THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP

By Professor J. W. A. Stewart, D.D.

In inviting me to contribute to this volume Mrs. Clarke has requested that I tell something of Doctor Clarke's career in Canada, and still more of what he was to me as friend and helper. Out of the correspondence between Doctor Clarke and myself I preserved twenty-six letters, which are still in my possession. The first of these letters is dated February 28, 1881. Doctor Clarke was at that time pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Montreal, Canada. I have read these letters again and I am greatly impressed by them. Probably all of Doctor Clarke's correspondents would agree that he was one of the best letter-writers of this modern time. In his letters he gave himself and the best that was in him without stint. One letter after another of those in my possession might be printed almost as it stands, and many would read it with eagerness. A letter from him was no merely conventional affair. By his letters he made you live and talk with him and read his very heart. The same atmosphere of reality, of high purpose, of unwavering faith which was felt in his preaching and is manifest in his books is here in his letters; and, in addition, there is always the glow of warm personal friendship. I need not speak of his style, for every friend of his and every reader of his books knows the quality and charm of it. Nowhere does that quality appear to better advantage than in his letters, and certainly in his case "the style is the man."

It is time now to say something about the beginnings of our friendship and the cause of this (to me) so valuable correspondence. Here I must be forgiven for a personal ref-

erence. This reference is necessary to an understanding of what Doctor Clarke was to me. The simple truth is that, like many another young minister, I had gotten into great trouble of mind. As I look back through a little more than thirty years, the causes for this trouble were three in number. For one thing, in the middle seventies, while I was pursuing my course in the University of Toronto the materialistic philosophy seemed to dominate the field. Professor Tyndall gave his famous Belfast address in 1874, and one could hardly take up a leading review in those days without coming across an article which cut away the roots of religion. For a young person who read and tried to think, faith had a difficult time. I was held to a theistic belief and the freedom of the will and the eternal reality of moral distinctions by a professor of philosophy of quite unusual power, the late George Paxton Young, but many interrogation-points dotted my field of vision.

For another thing, I had been reared in a pretty stiff type of Calvinism and a rather narrow type of evangelicalism. As I view it now, the dogmatic interest was paramount all through my early training. The ethical interest, so far as doctrines were concerned, was not denied; it was ignored. Strong doctrines concerning the relations between God and man could be discussed and affirmed with little or no reference to the bearing of those doctrines upon the character of God or the actual moral agency of man. I recall discussions about election which simply meant that God was a despot and man a mere tool or thing. A doctrine of future punishment was held which was, to say the least, immoral. The doctrine of the atonement was mechanical. The whole scheme of doctrine, so far as my apprehension of it went, was mechanical, external, arbitrary; it lacked reality; it did not appeal to the reason and the conscience. This tremendous moral interest which we feel to-day, this significance of the human personality—these were not in the atmosphere which

surrounded me in my earlier years. I freely admit that this judgment may need some qualification, that it is due in part to my own immaturity at the time to which it refers, my inability to estimate and to appreciate the teachings to which I listened and under whose influence I came. In the later seventies an earnest and wide-spread discussion arose concerning future punishment. Farrar's sermons on "Eternal Hope" had been preached; an extensive literature on the subject sprang into being; one might hear learned discussions on it an hour, two hours, in length. Meanwhile my own ethical interest had been awakened. And so I got into trouble. It was the not uncommon experience of a young minister whose training in theological thinking had been limited finding himself unable to make doctrines he was supposed to hold harmonize with what he felt to be the ethical demand. And of course the ethical demand is supreme. No doctrine can be held in face of the protest of the moral nature.

A third factor entered into the situation. I had already been ordained and was pastor of a church. I now supposed that a Baptist minister was in honor bound to stand not only for certain doctrines but also for certain modes of presentation of those doctrines which I felt I could not stand for. No one can complain that there is any excessive restraint of liberty in Baptist pulpits to-day; some one might suggest that there is danger that liberty may be abused. But thirty years have witnessed a change. At the time to which I refer the roominess was not so manifest. And so I thought that I must leave my church and my pulpit.

And now it was that my acquaintance and friendship with Doctor Clarke began. A parishioner of his and friend of mine who had learned of my trouble and had recognized something unusual in his pastor asked him to write to me. This he did, and so before we had met we were already in the midst of a lively correspondence. I do not propose to

give here a detailed account of our correspondence, but only to tell how Doctor Clarke helped me, and to quote here and there a self-revealing sentence from his letters. To this I must add something more about him as friend and companion, and I must tell of his work and influence in Canada.

Already I had begun to feel that the fundamental question in all religious thinking is the question as to the character of God. In this feeling Doctor Clarke at once confirmed me. I never knew a man who seemed more sure of God and of his ethical quality or who rejoiced more in the thought of God. The character of God was dominant in all his thinking; that character could never for a moment be compromised; whatever became of this doctrine or that, at any rate "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all"; "God is love." He helped me to believe these things about God once for all. As it seems to me now, it was my first genuine, vital, intelligent faith in God. I can never forget what it meant to me. The nightmare of a divine despot was gone. The heart of the universe is sound. God can do no wrong. I was emancipated, out of prison, under the light of the sun, breathing the pure, open air. Always with the thought of God which I cherish, Doctor Clarke must be closely associated as the one who helped me to that thought. In addition to this he greatly encouraged me in the belief as to the right of the individual mind to do its own thinking. It had appeared to me in my still earlier years that there stood a fixed body of doctrine, and that to bring one's own mind to bear upon it and to hesitate or to call in question any part was a serious, if not dangerous, thing. Indeed, there were those who suggested that it was a sort of calamity for one to get into an inquiring mood. Already, however, besides Professor Young, I had had at least one friend and teacher who believed in mental independence. And now Doctor Clarke came to my help, and instead of hinting that the inquiring mood was to be shunned he represented it as a pressing duty

and as the mood that was alone worthy of a man constituted as God has made us. Never for one moment did he lose sight of the serious interest of truth; none could be more reverent than he. But truth could vindicate itself, and the freest inquiry could only result in clearer apprehension and increased conviction. No individual or set of individuals of the past, much as we owe to them, had ever been commissioned of God to do our thinking for us. The New Testament, instead of closing the door against thought, really opens it. "Come and see" is the Master's summons. In encouraging me to independence of mind, Doctor Clarke did not mean that I should think as he thought; he was too true for that; he really meant that I should think for myself and trust my own work. No man could have a truer conception of personal liberty. Through my acquaintance with him I learned the joy of intellectual freedom. To mention one thing more, he helped me to see that the Baptist denomination affords more room for the individual mind than I had supposed, that personal freedom is of the very genius of the Baptist Churches. Let this not be misinterpreted. There is not a single radical or destructive sentence in all these letters. Edification, clearer apprehension of truth, loyalty to Christ are in every line. This man was in dead earnest. His sweat, his life's blood went into his work. Truth was his queen. With what chivalry and devotion he served her! Had I been an unbeliever he would have told me at once that I was out of place in a Baptist pulpit; but because I believed and was seeking more light and was striving after reality he told me to stay where I was, that the Baptist Church was my proper home.

And now for the letters themselves. In the first of them that I preserved (February 28, 1881) he writes: "I have been harder at work, I think, than I ever was before in my life." Again: "Your letter was sweet to my soul. Any thought of God as acting out himself, his own right, natural, lovable, eternal self, in the work by which he approaches us, is

precious to me." As to future punishment, he has this to say: "The principle of hyper-Calvinism is the only valid foundation for a doctrine of universal salvation. Calvinism in its extreme form reduces all the action of the universe to action of God himself, and leaves room for only a single will. . . . Now if I could feel that to be true, I could expect that one all-embracing will to sweep all inferior wills along to the voluntary fulfilment (so far as such fulfilment could be voluntary) of its own restorative purpose. . . . For myself I believe in the freedom of men, and so I see my way clear to the natural possibility of the eternal loss of the soul." He is very emphatic about man's natural constitution as being in the image of God. And here is a guiding principle of his *Theology:* "True living is imitation of God (Eph. 5 : 1). The principle of imitation of God authorizes us to judge of what God is, in part at least from what he has commanded us to be. . . . I conceive that we are entitled to bear this truth as a torch in our searching for the meaning of what God has done for us. It cannot serve as our only light, but it will help us in understanding his saving work." Here follows a paragraph which I must transcribe in full; it is so true a revelation of the man. "When I come to that work itself, the work of Christ, I cannot help you as much as I wish I could, but my own thinking on the subject has not been in vain as it seems to me. After having always had an unexplored region in the heart of that great continent, I was most unexpectedly compelled to go exploring a year or two ago. One day I was sent in, in spite of myself, to find what I could in that great and dimly known region. For months I was at it and could not get away. I was not in a revolutionary mood, most happily. My expedition was not warlike. As I went on, truth after truth seemed to open to me, and mistake after mistake of my previous thinking seemed to be left behind. If I had been fighting I might have come out with many a wound; but this was a work of discovery and I saw so much

that was glorious that what had to be rejected fell away easily as unworthy to remain beside the newly apprehended truth. Perhaps I have reached wrong conclusions in some things—if I have I pray that I may know it—but as to the general principles and the line of thinking I am as well assured as I can be in this world that if I am the Lord's I shall go on thinking in the same way forever. I have no complete theory, but that my general view of the work of Christ is grounded in eternal principles I am entirely sure." He then proposes to send me an essay he had written on "The Forgiveness of Sin." A little later the essay came, and I took a copy of it. That essay had in it nearly all the roots of his *Theology*, and his *Theology* is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. This notable letter ends thus: "God bless you, dear brother, and enrich your soul with his life-giving truth. If I tell you anything wrong may he forgive me, and keep your soul safe from my errors. Write again and often." In the next letter (April 18, 1881), he is hard at work on the *Commentary* (Mark). He refers to a letter of F. W. Robertson's in which he (Robertson) said "that without doubt he should make progress in the apprehension of truth and should so alter and correct his views, but he felt sure that all future progress would be in the general direction in which he had already been moving." Doctor Clarke goes on: "I have had the same feeling very strongly about my own thinking, that in obtaining clearer and more inspiring views of the nature of God and his relations to men I had gained something of the permanent light and even, as I felt, of the eternal light; and that though I might go on learning forever I should never have really to unlearn some of these truths that have been made plain to me. . . . I hope to see far more clearly and more truly, but I trust that I see." He tells of a sermon of his on "God is Light." He is anxious not to be regarded as heretical because he wants his people to know the glorious character of God "even in the poor degree

in which it is present to my mind." He fears that a Canadian council (he was now in Canada) might refuse to ordain him but he does not know "by what divine oracle or inspired Scripture 'the denomination' was constituted the infallible guide for your thinking or mine." "About full and minute agreement with other Baptists I do not trouble myself as much as some might think I ought, for I know that any religious body in which any genuine thinking is done will have its divergences and must expect them. . . . I do not regard myself as a champion of denominational orthodoxy, but I do regard myself as a Baptist and as a humble champion of my Master's truth." Referring to the doctrine of election, he writes: "Of one thing, however, I am certain—that the truth concerning the character of God, and the relation of that character to man and to redemption, outranks all special interpretations of doctrine. Truth concerning him is fundamental, and all true doctrine rests upon it." This letter is full of weighty material and ends with these warm words: "Now do not be offended because I have punched this letter out on a machine. There is nothing of the machine variety about the interest I feel in your questionings and your progress in the knowledge of truth. . . . My heart is with you, and if any experience of mine can make me of any use to you I am only too glad. Let me know how you fare. I wish I could talk with you. But some day we shall have our opportunity face to face. Meanwhile may our Lord lead us both nearer to himself and further into his own truth. Yours with all my heart."

Later on a letter comes discussing the question of the existence of evil, immortality, atonement. His views differ somewhat from those ordinarily held, and he adds: "I hope I am not intellectually proud in these matters—or at least I pray that I may not be so. I desire to think and learn in the spirit of a little child. But I can see some things in only one way and I am well convinced that in some matters I shall

not see differently in another world, excepting more clearly and more truly. Some things that you and I were brought up on are destined to pass away, and are already in the process, and more rational and profoundly scriptural ideas are coming in their place. The process is inevitable, but I want to hold the right place in it, clinging to all that is true and yielding quickly to truth, as Augustine says ('*cede cito veritati*'), in all matters in which truth is presented to me." His letters show how unsatisfied he is with any presentations of Christian doctrines which are only formal, or external and mechanical, how bent he is on reality, how Christianity must be all *personal* between God and man, how all must be viewed in the light of God's moral perfection. We had not yet seen each other, but the meeting of the Baptist Convention in Montreal in October, 1881, at last brought us together.

In subsequent letters Doctor Clarke sometimes tells about his sermons and his enjoyments in preaching, and there is often a suggestive or stimulating sentence in what he writes. There must have been a large amount of freshness and vitality in his preaching, a total absence of platitude and of anything stale or hackneyed. For example, he gives a most practical sermon on "Leaving the Church," showing why individuals should not leave it for insufficient cause. Again: "I am going into some sermons of instruction on less-studied parts of the Scripture—Job, Habakkuk, Malachi—and I know not what else. I am also going to preach a sermon or two on some aspects of the question of amusements. I am full now of one on the horribleness of amusing or gratifying oneself at the expense of degradation to one's fellow beings, a subject that carries a wide and searching application." "I had a royal time Sunday night, in the rain, before a handful of people, with a sermon that cost no special expenditure of time whatever. I had got the theme, and then on Saturday I was three-quarters sick and had all I could do to get through my other sermon. So this was *ex tempore* in the redeeming

sense that it sprang from a long course of time and thinking, and sprang up quickly. Such an experience is not unpleasant now and then." His sermon on amusements made a deep impression. A most interesting letter has this paragraph, which reveals the man of God: "I am sending you a wretchedly poor letter, no line of which, as far as it has to do with our Master's truth, approaches to satisfying me. How far above me does his truth appear when once I endeavor to give it form in word! . . . The real truth is of a high and comprehensive kind and is to be reached not so much by close analysis and exclusion as by a process indescribable, with which the heart has quite as much to do as the intellect. . . . It is an experience of God, and the more fully the whole being of man is involved in that experience . . . the more truly and justly shall we know the truth of God." I preached to my people three or four sermons on the atonement. The manuscript of one of them I sent to Doctor Clarke. This brought from him a letter of four typewritten pages of large letter-paper with a postscript of two pages more. The views he expressed are well known, but I call attention to the significance of this letter as an evidence of the generosity and brotherliness of Doctor Clarke. How many of one's dearest friends would take the time and trouble to write such a letter! The essay on "The Forgiveness of Sin" already referred to he at last sends. (It had been doing missionary work elsewhere.) "I send you my essay with this condition expressed, that you will show it no mercy. If I thought you had the faintest idea of accepting it as in any sense an authority to your mind, or as anything else than an essay, an endeavor after truth, not complete, and faulty enough, you should never lay hands on it. Criticise it, and cut it to pieces and reject as much of it as you must, and use it as a help to your own thinking."

In the letters which follow there is material of deep interest regarding books, institutions, church work, doctrinal

subjects, men; but it must be passed by. Brief sentences here and there are self-revealing. Referring to another's experience he writes: "This is a queer world, and sometimes it seems as if, in proportion to the space it contains, there was but very little room in it." Again: "I have come to feel more and more that 'what is true is safe,' and that what I can spiritually trust as true will not lead me astray." And again: "But it grows upon me that the subject (the work of Christ) is to be more or less obscure to the logical understanding through this life and perhaps forever. . . . But of this I am sure—that as soon as we do see with the clearer light of a higher realm, we shall see the work of Christ for us as the clearest, simplest, most necessary of things—free from all plans and devices—the thing that God's heart must have done. Then we shall wonder at many of our perplexities about it. Possibly we might even now begin to feel them needless, aside from the point, if we were more deeply spiritual." And here is a morsel worth throwing in: "I don't think I have been lately in one of my high swinging times, as to preaching, and yet I have lately had some of the best of seasons in the pulpit. It is rarely that I have a really poor time. The pulpit is very dear to me." He is working on the First Epistle of John; it is one of his favorite parts of Scripture. "Be of good cheer, dear brother, for the Lord is leading us with his own hands and putting us through the course of training, sometimes painful and perplexing, by which he will qualify us for eternal service. It is good to be in his hand. Oh, for grace to learn his ways faster!" Another letter has this: "It is true that ideas of a new kind are leavening the preachers and the churches. . . . I believe in the general principle that what is true is safe. But it has been very truly said that truth may be hurtful if its way has not been prepared and it is received into a mind that is not ready to give it the place due to truth. Such considerations make me anxious to be absolutely faithful both to truth and to

men as the Lord's steward, and to dispense what he has given me with goodly care. I believe I do try to use all possible caution, justice, and discrimination, as far as I have the power. But when I ask myself whether I can take another tone and preach another style of doctrine than that which I have preached I feel like Luther at the Diet of Worms and can make his utterance my own. And my faith is full and strong that 'the present truth' will in the end be a boundless blessing to mankind, because I feel that its vital element is a higher and worthier conception of God. There will be misapprehensions and misuses, of course, as there are of all other truth, but the final beneficence of a more profoundly ethical and spiritual conception of God is surer than the brightness of noonday when the sun rises." This last extract is from a letter written in bed, where he had already been for four weeks on account of an injured knee, and where he was still to be for a few weeks longer. He bore this affliction like a philosopher and a Christian, and never for a moment lost his cheerfulness or his optimism. His next letter soon followed, and it was all occupied with an invitation which had come to me to take a chair in a divinity school. It was a letter of great wisdom and helpfulness. Referring to the same matter in the letter which followed this one, he writes: "More and more it seems to me that such an office is a spiritual trust, and that without the best spiritual life a man cannot do his work as he ought. But it is a noble trust—an opportunity to sit down with a little child's humility at the Master's feet and learn his truth from himself, and then in the confidence that comes of such humble learning to speak it so that others may speak it also." He comments upon the "surprising thing that the disturbed young man whom I met two years and a half ago" should now be invited to take a professorship in a divinity school among the people whom he had almost thought he must leave for conscientious reasons. I mention this in order to say that those two or three

years were notable years to me, and that my acquaintance and communication with Doctor Clarke was one of the most influential factors in making them so. I think now with a sort of wonder at the way he gave himself to me, his affection and sympathy, his faith and hope, his deepest convictions, his best thinking, his highest wisdom. He is still in bed, but the broken limb is progressing favorably. He exclaims: "How I do preach! Probably it is because I am just getting my hand in. Last week I wrote a sermon and it was read in the pulpit Sunday morning, and I heard it all through my telephone. It is going into the *Witness* and I will send it to you. It seemed good to preach again even at second-hand." He looks forward eagerly to the time when he can go to church and preach again from his pulpit. He has enough to say and he loves preaching. But there are still some weeks of weary waiting. This is in May, 1883. The following letter tells more of his broken limb and the mending process: "If I have a good leg in a year from the breaking, it is all that I look for; and I am not so sure that it will ever be perfect, though I think it will be good for most ordinary uses." And now the prosposal is made to him that he leave the pastorate and take a chair in what is now the Theological Department of McMaster University, Toronto. Much as he loves his people and his pulpit, he inclines to the work of teaching. "There are strong reasons against leaving here at present, and they may prevail. But I have always thought it would be hard to decline a fairly promising invitation to work of this kind, and I do not wish to decline it now if it is right to go." Here is another sentence from this letter: "I haven't been very fond of the address 'Almighty God' in prayer, but I have been thinking lately of spiritual omnipotence. Isn't that the highest and only true? I don't know but that 'Almighty' may yet be a favorite word with me." It need hardly be added, regarding the proposal to take a professorship, that with the one who came to him to

make it he was perfectly frank, "telling him all that is in my heart. He knows my convictions as faithfully as one can who does not altogether share them."

On July 9, 1883, he writes: "The deed is done and to Toronto I go. . . . So the die is cast and I am to be a theological professor. I had a hard fight last week and spent a few days as blue as any days that ever refused to shine. The people here . . . acted throughout in a rational and Christian way. But the strife was mainly within, partly on account of my love for the pulpit and the pastorate, and partly in view of the outlook here. . . . There was no reason here for a change, and the whole burden of making one came upon me. . . . But although I was at one time strongly inclined to give it all up and settle down to stay, I am now quite sure that I have reached the right conclusion and am quite happy in the result. I expect to enjoy the new work, and I think I may reasonably hope to be useful in it." In reply to a question he adds: "Don't I know T. Erskine (of Linlathen)? I don't like some of his ways of interpretation, but his letters are great and noble and Christian. Few men have ever written so truly to the Christian purpose."

The letter from which I have just quoted was the last one I received from Doctor Clarke from Montreal. He now lays down the work of the pastor and, removing to Toronto, takes upon him the work of a professor. This change brought him near to me, my pastorate being in Hamilton, Ontario. Accordingly, in place of correspondence, we now had visits to each other's homes, and frequent meetings in various ways. Doctor Clarke came occasionally to preach for me, and before long he became one of our family institutions—I was going to say, one of our household divinities. Of course I received other letters from him and I add a few more quotations. From Cazenovia, in July, 1884, after he had broken his arm, he writes: "Don't you think I am improving in my Telegu? You wouldn't believe how thoroughly against nature it is to

push the pen from the left. If it were not the age of pads of paper I don't see how I could make the page lie still." In December, 1886, a letter came about my possible removal to Rochester. It was the kind of letter to expect from him, but I shall not quote from it. After four years of teaching in Toronto he was called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Hamilton, New York. A letter from Hamilton in October, 1889, tells of his work there, especially of his work in the pulpit. He must have been doing some noble work as a preacher at that time. He anticipated then some of the ideas that are in the rural-church movement of to-day, and he revealed his interest in the great social movement which was only just beginning. "I have most gratifying attention from the young men (of the college), and am glad of the opportunity to hammer away at them with truth that many a man would never think of giving them. Once last spring I chanced to get a mail one day that was extraordinarily rich in philanthropic and beneficent matter, and I reported it on Sunday evening, under the title: 'One day's tidings from the new world.'" He did this sort of thing more than once in the pulpit, and he adds: "My people delight in hearing it." He is doing a good deal of most fruitful reading, and his observations on some passing events are of interest and value. On January 1, 1890, he sends a New Year's letter. His idea of friendship and of its survival beyond the confines of time was a beautiful and cheering one. "I am sure that our lives have flowed together in such a way that in spirit they will never be separated in any world." He prizes the opportunity which a preacher has in a college town, and though he sometimes feels dull, it is evident that his mind is constantly alert to an unusual degree. By March 18, 1890, according to a letter of that date, he is teaching again. Doctor Dodge had passed away, and Doctor Clarke is drafted in to teach theology in the Theological Seminary. He teaches four mornings in the week as a temporary supply, still re-

taining the pastorate of the church. He devotes a full page of this letter to tell of his enjoyment of the work, of his method of teaching, of his relation to the students, of the freedom of his lecture-room. Already the suggestion has been made that he keep the work of teaching theology, but as to this he is hesitating and cautious, for he is "a more modern theologian than many men—and would not wish to get the institution into trouble." There are still some most interesting things which I might add from subsequent letters, regarding his teaching and the preparation of his *Outline of Christian Theology* and other matters of importance. Letters came from him from Hamilton, Waverly, Colorado Springs, Pomona (California), and again from Hamilton. They were for the most part letters of personal friendship. Those whose privilege it was to count him among their dearest and most intimate friends can readily imagine the character of these letters. Referring to interchange of letters, he says: "Speech and silence are alike, except that speech is delightful and silence is delay of delight; and it is certain that nothing will ever interfere with the solid affection which is not grounded in any accidents of time, but in what abides forever." I have hesitated to give this quotation, but the last letter of this series ends with an expression of remembrance and affection which I must not transcribe but must leave just where he wrote it.

And now as to Doctor Clarke's work in Canada. He was called from Newton Center, Massachusetts, to the pastorate of the Olivet Baptist Church, Montreal, in May, 1880. He was preceded in this pastorate by Doctor John Gordon, who had laid well the foundations of a new, and what has proved to be, a strong and influential church. Doctor Clarke's ministry in Montreal was peculiarly fitted to develop and solidify the Christian character of those who constituted this church. One of its deacons, Mr. W. K. Grafftey, testifies that "his noble, dignified, and sincere Christian bearing pre-

sented a great ideal to many of the best men in his parish. His preaching, so profound in thought yet so lucid in expression, left a deep impression on the minds and lives of many: God became more real and more near in the daily life. His was a ministry of teaching the deepest theological truth in the most practical form." It was here that he met with a serious accident, the breaking of a kneecap. Mr. Grafftey adds: "It was during the time that he was laid aside by this accident that a few of his more intimate friends were called upon to minister to him, and in the night-watches as we sat by his bedside the most potent thoughts entered into our very being and made God's will and God's interest in the common affairs of men very plain to us. His prayers during those nights of pain, as he quieted himself to rest, became a lasting benediction."

Another of Doctor Clarke's Montreal parishioners and close friends, Mr. John Turnbull, writes:

"I have never known any man more lovable than Doctor Clarke, and for many years and now this is the thought that exists most deeply in my heart. Had he lived in the days of our Lord he would, as he exists in my thoughts, have been the beloved disciple. He was humble; his humility made him thirst for knowledge of God and he attained that knowledge in such measure that I do not hesitate to say that I regarded him as one of the inspired ones of earth. He aimed to impart, and to ennoble those with whom he had to do and his preaching was of that character always."

Doctor Clarke's influence in Montreal was not limited to his own congregation. This influence was specially manifested in the meetings of the Protestant ministers of the city, where he occasionally read a paper and where he participated freely in the discussions.

In the autumn of 1883 Doctor Clarke began his work as professor of New Testament interpretation in what was then Toronto Baptist College. Regarding his work while holding

this professorship, I quote at length from two of his students. One of them writes: "To me, Doctor Clarke was, in many respects, the most satisfactory teacher of my student days. His interest in his students was tenderly sympathetic and was calculated to engender in them the utmost desire to do the best possible work. He worked with his students. Any exercise, for example in New Testament exegesis, assigned to his classes, was prepared by himself as carefully as if he were the student instead of the professor. His thought and language were clear, and he was never satisfied until his students could put in their own language and without obscurity their exegesis and interpretation of the passage under consideration. Very anxious was he always that his students should love and seek the truth even though the finding of it might be the end of certain prejudices and traditions. As a preacher Doctor Clarke was eminently Biblical, and whether he preached from one verse of Scripture or many his preaching was expository. He had the art of putting himself in the other man's place, and, consequently, he made Biblical pictures and teaching most vivid. His imagination fairly glowed in his preaching, and head and heart and will, on the part of the hearers, were touched and influenced in a peculiarly powerful way. Spiritual things were very real to Doctor Clarke, and this was never more manifest than when he was in the pulpit. In preaching or in teaching he was so suggestive that thoughtful people, especially students, found it impossible to remember all the channels of thought opened in their minds in the course of a sermon. Though always in demand among the churches, Doctor Clarke was not a leader in the denomination—his bent was not that way, though his interests as a Baptist were undivided. His personal influence was gracious and magnetic. All kinds of men were at home in his presence, and he could easily adapt himself to all conditions of society. No students, in particular, ever came near him without wishing to be more like him and more

like his Saviour, whom he so well represented. As one who knew Doctor Clarke pretty intimately I can freely say that he was the most Christlike man I ever knew." The other of his students whom I quote writes: "As a teacher the students of my time admired and loved him greatly. He was a fine Greek scholar and a thorough, painstaking exegete. Besides, he was apt to teach. His incisive, flexible thought, his perfect lucidity of expression, his keen, joyous interest in the work of the hour awakened responsive interest in the class and ministered unfailing profit. Best of all, there was in him a deep reverence for truth, a joyous readiness to follow wherever it might lead, and a contagious consciousness of the reality of spiritual things. His students always remembered him with a sense of great indebtedness. As a personal influence, he was almost unique among the men I have known. The freshness of his thinking, the Christlike purity of his spirit, his simplicity, his joyousness, his unselfish interest in life and in people near and far—from all of these combined there radiated a powerful and gracious influence of the most potent, far-reaching, and ennobling kind."

To the testimony of these who were his students little needs to be added regarding this period of his life and work. It goes without saying that in Toronto he soon won to himself many friends who prized his friendship exceedingly. They realized that a rare spirit had come among them. In the case of those from whom he differed most widely in theological thinking, their criticism was almost completely disarmed by the wonderful quality of the man: there was that in him which well-nigh made it impossible for any who knew him to contend with him. To Doctor John H. Castle, president of Toronto Baptist College, his counsel and friendship were invaluable. He took great interest in the affairs of the college and in the home and foreign mission work of Canadian Baptists. He was always ready to help with a sermon, or an address, or in any way that he could; and everywhere he

went he made friends, left some noble truth to think about and commended the cause of his Master.

Brief reference to a few things which linger in the memory will give a fit ending to this paper. When he came to our home the pleasure of his visits was shared not alone by Mrs. Stewart and myself but by our children as well, and with them he soon became a great favorite. He found time to correspond with at least one of them, a little fellow five or six years old, and that there was nothing merely conventional in the interest he felt in every one of them he soon put beyond all question. As our children were growing up his name was one of the most familiar in our family intercourse, and I am happy to believe that his influence upon those dearest to me abides. In his visits to the home it did not take long to discover his love for music, and especially for sacred music. He was deeply interested in hymns and tunes for congregational use, and his judgment in these matters was unerring. It would be difficult to name a really good hymn or a noble tune that he did not know. He played church tunes with rare skill and with great pleasure to himself and to the listener. His ear for harmony was so sensitive that it was impossible for him to produce a discord. Coming down in the morning a little before the breakfast hour, he would sit at the piano and play one tune after another, filling the house with the sound, to the delight of all. The morning hymn, "Come, my soul thou must be waking," is known in my home as Doctor Clarke's hymn. He played it to the tune "Edna," and after playing it two or three times in succession he would turn around and say in his cheery way: "Now the day may begin." For hymn and tune lovers it was a rare delight to gather around the piano with him at the keyboard. One other thing I recall with distinctness: Twenty-five years ago, when we heard practically nothing of the social movement as we now know it, he was deeply interested in the social question. I remember a visit to his home

soon after he settled as pastor in Hamilton, during which there was much earnest talk on this question. His sympathies were with the toilers and the unprivileged. Though his life was spent in the schools and in the atmosphere of books and ideas and in the work of the pastorate, he nevertheless carried in his heart somewhat of the burdens and sorrows of mankind. If the lines,

> "Desperate tides of the whole great world's anguish
> Forced thro' the channels of a single heart"

seem a little too strong to apply to him, he at least could well understand what those lines mean. He was a genuine follower of the Master and he looked out upon life with eyes trained in the school of Christ. There was in him a deep seriousness, a deep sympathy, a warm love for man.

How shall I conclude this tribute to my friend? So much of what he was to me has already found expression in what I have written that I shall attempt no final summing-up, but shall content myself with these lines of William Watson's:

> "'Tis human fortune's happiest height to be
> A spirit melodious, lucid, poised, and whole;
> Second in order of felicity
> I count it to have walked with such a soul."

WILLIAM NEWTON CLARKE

By Doctor Edward Judson

Two or three years ago, in the little apartment-hotel, where I make my home in New York, I was standing one day in the elevator, just as it was about to begin its ascent, when I saw Doctor Clarke approaching me, apparently with the intention of going up to my rooms. It was one of those gray days, when, in the middle of the afternoon, a slight touch of depression is apt to rest upon one's spirits, and I was so surprised and delighted by his sudden appearance, his friendly look, and the tone of his voice, that I seized him by his two arms and drew him into the elevator with the words: "I would rather see you than any one else in the world." There chanced to be in the elevator at the time a middle-aged lady of intellectual cast, rather cold and unemotional, with whom I had but a very slight acquaintance, though we had lived for many years under the same roof, who said to me a few days later: "Who was that gentleman whom you said you would rather see than anybody else in the world?" I replied: "That was Doctor William Newton Clarke." "Well," she said, "he had the *most angelic face* I have ever seen." Who of us that knew Doctor Clarke could fail to appreciate this casual impression which his personality made upon the mind even of a perfect stranger!

In a room full of people one would instinctively single him out as a man of mark. He possessed distinction and social charm. The broad brow with its fringe of iron-gray curly hair, the strong mouth, the eyes that always looked you full in the face with a kindly and comprehending gaze, the large, spare frame, the slightly halting but vigorous gait, the music of his cane touching the stone sidewalk as he approached

your house, the cheery greeting, the large and expressive hands, like those painted by Albrecht Dürer, hands of which he unconsciously made marvellous use in elucidating his thought in conversation or in the lecture-room, the faultless dress exactly suited to his person, the eternal youthfulness of the man, making him, even in his declining years, always the friend and playmate of the young—all these make up a picture in our minds that will not easily fade away. Indeed I sometimes think that when our friends are parted from us, their influence is even more penetrating and compelling than when they are by our side. Being dead they yet speak with persuasive tones. And yet how profoundly we miss them here! How impoverished our atmosphere here through the withdrawal of such mighty spirits! How often since his departure have come to my mind Browning's great lines about the Death in the Desert!

> "We shall not see him any more
> About the world with his divine regard!
> For all was as I say, and now the man
> Lies, as he lay once, breast to breast with God."

Some of Doctor Clarke's personal traits were so obvious as to escape notice. Candor was written on his forehead. He had set himself to the task of attempting to readjust Christian theology to the changed conditions of the modern world. He strove to restate the faith so as to bring it into harmony with the best thinking that is done in other realms of knowledge. He felt the force of Frederic Harrison's remark, as quoted by Henry Drummond: "When you confront us with hypotheses, however sublime and however affecting, if they cannot be stated in the terms of the rest of our knowledge, if they are disparate to that world of sequence and sensation which to us is the ultimate base of all our real knowledge, then we shake our heads and turn aside." Doctor Clarke believed that the faith could be restated in modern terms. He

took no delight in tearing down. His method was always constructive. His attitude was furthest removed from the bellicose. He took no delight in wounding the sensibilities of the conservative. He did not remove from beneath weak human nature the smallest and most crumbling prop, before seeking to replace it with some enduring reality. He did not seek to attain a cheap and ephemeral reputation for intellectual smartness by denying and deriding errors that have become venerable through age, and upon which longevity has bestowed a peculiar sanctity. While much was dissolved in the crucible of his powerful and analytical mind, the residuum was infinitely precious in his eyes, and shone like refined gold.

Apologists like Doctor Clarke and Lyman Abbott are apt to be misunderstood by their brethren. Such defenders of the faith do not think it wise to carry into battle the *impedimenta* of Christianity, however useful in camp. It seems futile to them to try to swing Christianity into the mind of the modern man the least reasonable end to. So, venturing far out on the skirmish line, they incur the danger of being shot in the back by their comrades.

"Friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew." As Goethe has it: "The few who have really known the human heart, and who could call it by its right name, and foolishly have not kept the secret to themselves but have disclosed to the populace what they saw and felt, have been from time immemorial crucified and burned." The seminal minds out of which all reforms emerge are proverbially cautious and reserved. Like Erasmus, they are apt to say: "Let others affect martyrdom; as for me, I do not consider myself worthy of the honor." Doctor Clarke had little of that caution and diplomacy possessed by his great forebear, Ebenezer Dodge, who seemed to think that, even though he held the whole truth in one hand, he would have the right to open only one finger at a time.

But Doctor Clarke believed that the time had come to speak plainly. You never could mistake Doctor Clarke's position. In cold, frank, and unambiguous phrase, he has a way of bringing into clear perspective his divergence from the current view, however offensive it might be to that element in human nature that not only never has a new idea but hates one when it sees it. The true orthodoxy consists not in trying to hold with limp and trembling hand a whole vast system of tenuously articulated dogmas, but in realizing for oneself in a deep and personal way the few essential truths that lie at the very centre of Christianity, leaving the rest to come along in time as corollary. Faith is not cast; it grows. It was the great vital principles of Christianity that Doctor Clarke strove to grasp and realize in his personal character and to set forth in enduring literary form. The dynamic of his life was due to his intense faith in these ideas. What he believed and realized in his own life he stated with clearness and candor. And the same candor that characterized his handling of religious themes persisted in all practical matters. He never weakened his case by overstatement. In recommending even a friend, his word never went beyond the fact.

It was the intensity of his own faith as well as the candor of its expression that made him, like Daniel of old, a *dissolver of doubts*, and gave him control over the troubled spirits of his generation. It was the intensity of his conviction that gave Doctor Clarke something of the influence which Carlyle describes in the words he is said to have spoken to the new rector of the parish in which he lived: "It is my firm belief that if these turbulent people could once be brought to know some one who really believed for himself the eternal veracities, and didn't merely tell them of some one else who in old time was thought to have believed them, they would all be reduced to speedy silence. It is much, no doubt, to have a decent ceremonial of worship, and an educated, polite sort of a person to

administer it. But the main want of the world, as I gather, just now, and of this parish especially, which is that part of the world with which I am altogether best acquainted, is to discover some one who really knows God otherwise than by hearsay, and can tell us what divine work is actually to be done here and now in London streets, and not of a totally different work which behooved to be done two thousand years ago in Judea."

But besides his candor Doctor Clarke possessed the grace of imperturbability. All reconstruction requires patience. Reform, they say, goes through three stages: First, it is laughed at; secondly, it is said to be contrary to religion; and thirdly, everybody knows it.

Doctor Clarke did not deal in splendid negations. He had a positive message, which saved to the Christian church many who had begun to lose faith in the ancient theologies. He was not a prophet of doubt and misgiving. The time had gone by, he thought, for indolent acquiescence in theological statements, however venerable. According to an English publicist: "The world is grown saucy, and expects reasons, and good ones, too, before they give up their own opinions to other men's dictates, though never so magisterially delivered to them." While Doctor Clarke sympathized with the doubter, he did not leave him in his doubts, adding to them his own. He undertook to construct a reasonable theology. It was the constructive note in Doctor Clarke that made him a healing force in a troubled time. He made it possible for many a young preacher to go on preaching. What was said to Martineau, with whom he had much in common, could be truly said to him: "You have given rest to the minds of many." The story is told of an eminent preacher in the decline of life to whom a friend remarked: "What a comfort it must be to you to think of all the good you have done by your gift of eloquence." The old man's eyes filled with tears, and he replied: "You little know; you little

know. If I ever turned a heart from the ways of disobedience to the wisdom of the just, God has withheld the assurance from me." The eminent preacher died, and had a splendid funeral. The friend was there to whom he had sadly disclaimed the knowledge that he had ever turned any one to righteousness. By his side stood a stranger, who was so deeply moved that, when all was over, the friend said to him: "You knew him? I suppose." "Knew him?" was the reply. "No, I never spoke to him; but I owe to him my soul."

It could have been said of Doctor Clarke, as of an eminent English clergyman: "He was one of those ministers whose congregations are outside as well as inside chapel walls." Matthew Arnold's "Rugby Chapel," a favorite poem of Doctor Clarke's, is finely expressive of his own sacrificial service and vitalizing influence:

"But thou wouldst not alone
Be saved, my father, alone
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march,
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If in the paths of the world,
Stone might have wearied thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we
Saw nothing, to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm.
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

But such a message was bound to incur bitterest opposition from various directions. Many of the friends of Christianity felt that in giving up much that seemed to them vital Doctor Clarke was undermining the faith once delivered to the saints. There is hardly any mental pain so exquisite as to feel long-cherished belief slipping out of your grasp. Many Christians could not but think that the surrender of the outworks behind which they had so long fought carried with it the loss of the fortress itself. This misgiving stiffened down with some into a prejudice that prevented their even trying to comprehend his position. They resembled the minister who, glancing at a copy of Darwin's *Origin of Species* lying on the counter of a bookstore, remarked to a friend: "There's a man to whom I have given many a hard hit in my sermons and, thank God, I have never read a line of him." But it is only by sympathetic comprehension even of what we think erroneous that we become the least bit qualified effectively to oppose it. A friend of mine thought that John 3 : 16 was not one of the great texts of the Bible because it was one of Doctor Clarke's favorite texts.

On the other hand, the enemies of Christianity have little use for those who endeavor to harmonize it with the best modern thinking. It causes them chagrin to see ancient dogmas restated in modern and reasonable terms, and clothing themselves in appealing and engaging forms. Especially painful is the lot of those who, like Doctor Clarke, undertake to translate the phraseology of the schools into language comprehensible by the plain people. It is said that a vote of thanks was given to Lord Macaulay for having written a history that the working man could understand. A pretty story is told of the eminent French naturalist Figuier, who was one of the first of the scientists who tried to popularize science. His books were profusely illustrated, and his facts were stated in such simple terms as to be intelligible even to a child. This method proved unpalatable to some of his

professional brethren, and they nicknamed him Vulgarizer of Science. One day when he was at a reception a little girl innocently asked him: "Why do they call thee Vulgarizer of Science?" He was at a loss what to say in reply. But a little later she gathered some roses which she distributed among the guests, her fingers in the meantime being pricked by the thorns. Figuier called her to him and said: "Thou too, my child, art a vulgarizer; for thou givest roses to others, but keepest the thorns to thyself."

But in all the mental pain of being misunderstood and opposed, Doctor Clarke never seemed to wince. He kept sweet and imperturbable. He

> "Never doubted clouds would break;
> Never dreamed, though right
> Were worsted, wrong would
> Triumph."

Indeed Doctor Clarke's own serenity of spirit commended his theory of life. Character is the only perfect conductor of truth.

> "The dear Lord's best interpreters
> Are humble human souls."

A learned professor of the conservative school, himself one of Doctor Clarke's colleagues, remarked to me once: "There are a good many of us that do not agree with Doctor Clarke's doctrinal views, but we are all of us trying to live up to his level of religious experience."

The minister is a kind of artist. The plastic stuff used by the minister is the humanity that lies about him. The ideal in his mind is the lovely image of Christ. His task is to conform human individuals to that ideal. The secret of his method is that he first realizes that ideal in his own character. Christ must be formed in him the hope of glory. Some-

how, without this, his pious homilies seem futile. What you are, as Emerson puts it, thunders so loud that I cannot hear what you say. Doctor Clarke's character gave a carrying quality to his doctrine.

And yet he was always charmingly devoid of self-consciousness. He himself was least aware of his moral greatness. As with the redeemed in heaven, the Master's name was written on his forehead, where others could see it, but not he. He was furthest possible removed from George Eliot's bitter caricature: "Practically, I find that what is called being apostolic now is impatience of everything in which the parson does not cut the principal figure." The best Christians in the churches are those who do not know it. It is absence of self-consciousness that makes children such agreeable companions. They are self-forgetful. They have the gift of the outward gaze. The quiet charm of trees and flowers is that they are not, like ourselves, self-conscious. The silent and symmetrical unfolding of Doctor Clarke's character proceeded without any painful effort. It is the little things in life that we gain by hot chase. The great things come to us, as it were, around a corner, while we are looking for something else. There was discoverable in him no ambition to be great. No one was more surprised than he that he achieved a world-wide reputation as a religious thinker. He simply stepped one side from his chosen career as pastor of a little village church, and finding himself in a footpath leading through the fields, he followed it to the treasure at the end of it. I remember his first year of teaching theology, when he made use of Doctor Dodge's textbook, at the same time silently building up a system of his own. There could have been no conscious purpose to become great. He was like a tree that bears fruit not by trying, but because it has so much life that it does not know what to do with it and so turns it into fruit. Doctor Clarke lived his silent and crescendo life for the most part in quiet coun-

try places in close contact with nature in her simplest forms. In making an inventory of his little world, he could only say:

> "There is best living here loving and serving,
> And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear."

Doctor Clarke's studies in theology did not segregate him from a life of sympathy, not perhaps with all sorts and conditions of men, but especially with spirits touched to finer issues. This is why Hamilton seems such a lonely place without him, and why one feels as never before the pathos of Tennyson's lament over Arthur Hallam:

> "For this alone on death I wreak
> The wrath that garners in my heart,
> He put our lives so far apart
> We cannot hear each other speak."

His sympathy gave a peculiar charm to his conversation. Like Richard Cory, "He was always human when he talked." He makes one think of Doctor Johnson's friend, who gave up studying philosophy because *cheerfulness was always breaking in.* He knew the secret of kindling into fruitage the minds of others. He was a good listener. Like the women of the French salons he had the art of intellectual stimulation. He drew out of you your best thought, like the eminent pedagogue, who said: "I teach not; I awaken." He took the impress of your thought, without urging his own. This sympathy of his was the secret of his success in apologetics. He always felt the full force of an opponent's objection. He could put himself in the place of the doubter. The influence of such men as he and Phillips Brooks is due not alone to the big, positive truths they project into the mind, but more still to the fact that they sympathize with your profoundest doubt and yet remain brave and true.

One of the richest assets in the community life of our little village of Hamilton, where Doctor Clarke spent many

of his most fruitful years, is the presence in it of various people who, having found life somewhat hard and disappointing, have come here as to a refuge for their declining days. They have been attracted perhaps by the village church with its deep religious consciousness, and in it many a heart "at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize," and partly by the university which naturally yields a cultured social atmosphere peculiarly congenial to those who are walking in a solitary way. I hardly know any stretch of shore of equal length upon which there have been cast up so many pathetic specimens of human flotsam and jetsam. They are like the Persian sage who, when he was asked what his aim in life was, replied: "I have no aim; I have fired." Many of them are not living any longer; they are existing. They remind you of the voiceless about whom Oliver Wendell Holmes so pathetically sings:

> "O hearts that break and give no sign
> Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
> Till Death pours out his cordial wine
> Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses."

It may be some old missionary or retired minister with

> "Heart worn out by many wars
> And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars"

or some physician who has retired from practise in a distant city, and himself broken in health has come here to die, or some lady teacher of advanced years with mind eager and alert, but halting step unequal to the quick pace of the modern educational procession. Such people remind you of the haunting music of George Eliot's sentence: "The feelings that gather fervor from novelty will be of little help toward making the world a home for dimmed and faded human beings, and if there is any love of which they are not widowed it must be the love that is rooted in memories and

distils perpetually the sweet balm of fidelity and forbearing tenderness." It is easy for us to forget that such people exist at all. They have learned to be very shy and unobtrusive. Now these were the people of whom Doctor Clarke was in search, like a good shepherd. He found his way into their homes. He ministered to them out of the resources of his own rich nature. His sympathy was of the kind that follows up suffering. It seemed never to tire. It made you think of the good Samaritan who, having become once involved in a procedure of kindness, found there was no end to it. I call that story the *Parable of the Holy And.* The whole of it bristles with that little conjunction. Doctor Clarke's sympathy had no use for the proverb: "Out of sight, out of mind." He followed you with letters which braced you up to go on bearing the struggles of the soul with renewed fortitude. A young minister who after his graduation at Yale University was pastor for four years of the Congregational Church in Hamilton, and while there used faithfully to attend Doctor Clarke's lectures, told me that he had a number of letters from Doctor Clarke which he kept bound up in a little volume by themselves for perusal when lonely and perplexed. Who can measure the outreach of such letters, written, many of them, not on the cold typewriter, but with the warmth of his own hand, and the influence they will exert for years to come upon the serious and alert minds of the rising ministry!

[The above tribute to his friend, long delayed by the countless exactions of the Adoniram Judson centennial year, was written by Doctor Judson shortly before the death of his wife, while he was watching over her in anxiety and extreme physical weakness, and keeping up only as his almost exhausted heart was spurred on by the use of a powerful stimulant. In a letter which accompanied the article he said: "I am going about my work with leaden feet!"

Four weeks after the passing of the brave, true spirit that had been nearest to him from youth to age, a spirit that

shone diamond bright to all who really knew her, the door into the unseen was opened to Edward Judson.

Doctor Judson had almost lifelong associations with Hamilton, whither he had been brought as a boy of six years, after the death of his father, the great pioneer missionary of Burmah. His place of summer rest, if indeed he ever rested, was the pleasant house in the heart of the village, with its lawn and garden which he never tired of beautifying, and which Mrs. Judson made wonderfully charming within. It seems impossible that the rich and sparkling life of that beloved home is now only a memory.]

AN APPRECIATION

By Reverend Henry H. Peabody, D.D.

In these days when the creedal path is proving so crumbly to the feet of the pilgrim, now and then a religious teacher or preacher dies whose creed has radically changed, yet whose religious followers on being so told are both surprised and indignant. His friends rise in resentment and look witheringly upon the accuser as one who would slander the dead. Not that this teacher or preacher, wherever found, has one creed that he gives and another that he withholds, but that as his doubt has deepened into certitude he has inclined less and less to theological preaching, given himself over to the ethical demands of the pulpit, and allowed the assumption that he accepts the creed as of yore to live on undenied. The coming of the light is a flicker to his intellect alone and has never forced him out of the protecting silence into the sunlit spaces. This light has impelled him timidly to the cellar instead of to the housetop. There came a prompting that he did not meet. He declined the guidance and the service of the highest and morally held his will in leash. Unlike Luther, his conscience "would allow him to leave the truth in the lurch." The trees growing in a soil of ashes are wrinkled and gray. The teacher whose symbol is the inverted bushel, misled by what he calls his Christian policy, leaves a mark dim, blurred, and unworthy. He denies the power of the open life to transfigure us. He dies with the guilt of quietism upon him, apparently unrepented of and certainly unconfessed, and leaving the few who knew him and the many who knew him not with devious and conflicting estimates of his character and influence. He deliberately declined to enter the good fight.

Not many months since, the writer sat under the shadow of "Salvation Inn" in the little Devonshire village of Clovelly and conversed with an old-time parishioner of Charles Kingsley, whose spirit grew hot at my intimation that his pastor had largely broken from the doctrinal standards of the Church of England. He declared that I must be the first to utter the charge. The liberality of the literary Kingsley was too nebulous, his mark too indistinct to be other than quickly rubbed out, leaving him now in things of belief practically an unknown factor.

Professor William N. Clarke, who has during the past year passed over the "gray ferry," left no such confusion behind him. His mark is too distinct for contradiction. He was the enemy of many false things in religion and has written a book. He was unmistakably an unorthodox saint and believer. God so greatened to him that many false things in belief just fell away and could no more be retained. He walked out and out in the simplicity of Jesus and sought as persistently to reveal as did many to conceal. He respected too profoundly his own spiritual nature to gain other than an added clinch to duty in his changed convictions. He had an Emersonian self-reliance and could say with the monk of Wittenberg: "In the beginning of my course when I wrote against indulgences and their abuse, I received from heaven the gift of depending upon myself instead of others." Under his clear vision the impulse to live the open life strengthened upon him. As Huxley said of his friend may we of ours: "He had intellect to comprehend his highest duty distinctly and force of character to do it." Son of a minister, in turn did he seek to discharge the ministerial function, only to find in the coming on of his first prophetic days that his creedal heritage was faulty, and that he must be about the reconstruction of his house of faith. He saw others in his profession hard floundering in the midst of a like creedal wreckage, to differ from him, however, in that the truer thought made

him at once its quiet champion, while with them there was a falling away into the still pool of quietism, where the fear of man became the one directive force. To him, as to Paul, the vision was heavenly, to make him more than ever a child of obedience. The glory of our man was not that he came into new light but into new duty that he did not despise. Charles Kingsley, we say, declined the good fight for nobler human faith, which our professor did not do. Many and most plausible were the arguments to lead him down the quietistic path, so sure and safe, but to him impossible of acceptance. He could not be made to think that to speak openly was other than the best policy; or if not that, then a law of everlasting life. Silence to him was a poisonous glade charged with moral miasma. The open life could not prove destructive, but to him brought wondrous growth. He said to me once: "I do not think of myself as at all a genius, only a plain man to get on slowly." He was not, perhaps, profoundly intuitional—one whose nature, that is, flashed out quickly broadside pictures of truth—but studious, patiently brooding, experimental, a step-by-step student, a rising "pyramid of stone." Not slow, however, but rapid was his unfolding. Whatever the celerity of his progress, the marks of growth were ever multiplying upon him. And this because he was the true man walking a straight line. As Stevenson said, so might this unwearied toiler: "I still see God in the inch and cling to that." And every inch of gain to him brought more than light to the intellectual side of religion, but added more than an inch to the acre of his earnest tillage. So he began to write his books, not from a flaming ambition, but feeling that what had come to be his theology was a form of humanity, and his plain words were for the healing of sore and aching hearts. The wide fame that came to him made him the most distinguished son of central New York and the widest read of all American theologians. And this all came from his lowly walk in the light.

He did not thrust himself above his Master or deem himself too good for human service. This walk freshened his message, strengthened him at the centre, freed him from the "demon of the commonplace," and made him a preacher and a writer of power.

How came our friend in the light and not another? Why Luther and not Tetzel? Why does one man gravitate to the truth and his next-door neighbor just as certainly pass under a delusive spell? In every community there are those who, sooner than others, will become the easy victims of any prevalent superstition or sophism, will be the last to welcome an incoming truth or the last to let go an outgoing error. In every community, too, the herald, the catcher of the foregleam. And who more quick than Jesus to see the light-seeing mind as an outcome of the clarified heart? To the pure in heart life tends to become a voluminous beatitude, with the darkness ever waning. It is the truth-loving who gravitate this way, not that, to whatever point truth lies. It is the pure in heart, not the weak children of passion whose hearts muddy the stream of their life, whose creeds are clarified in the light, and to whose lives direction is given. The "inner light" of the Quaker—to follow that is the supremest test to which we can be put, since this it is which grips the will afresh to duty. Doctor Clarke had great purity of heart. The great stumbling rocks in the mental streamway, the vulgar prejudices and unyielding antipathies that so belittle the common life, were not his, could not gain lodgment in his stream. God made him to love truth with a holy passion, and this he did. No one can interpret this man's life but by taking the measurement of his sympathy. He was so tenderly human that a bad piece of theology seemed to him utterly cruel. He was a profoundly loyal soul and when caught between two loyalties—the cardinal and the superficial—the lower must give way. He had the vision which is ever joined with purity of heart. He was

thought to be disloyal to his denomination, yet so loyal to the spirit was he as to be constantly proving its best friend. There is no good fight without loyalty to that which burns deepest within, no loyalty to another when false to oneself. For Doctor Clarke to be loyal to his denomination was just to write his books. The loud-voiced loyalty that deals with life's externalities and satisfies so many fell short in his esteem. Carlyle's definition of the sectarian, as one who mistakes the sleazy umbrella over his head for the whole sky's broad canopy, would lead to a grade of loyalty impossible to him.

His recoil from a theological brawl and his quiet and persistent continuance in the good fight into which must enter both the active and the passive elements of courage were equally marked. He was a fine economizer of power and of his opportunities. Among the well-poised men of any large grouping he was well-nigh the most so, and this in mind and heart kept him free from wastefulness. He was careful of what he said, careful, too, that he said it, and that no fog-bank of sophistication eclipsed or abbreviated his message. He caught at once the difference between a patched-up statement, the victory of which is transient, though the conceit of the patcher may lead him to think it final, and a conclusive proof sharing largely in the permanent. Duty came to him and extended the hand of responsibility, and he took it. Here at this Hamilton scholastic shrine he lived the most of his life of protest and fought out the good fight, mellowing in his saintliness and coming through at last with soul sweetly beaming. He had no relish for martyrdom and perhaps felt that the word did not belong to this generation, and yet when duty and all kinds of disagreeable experiences intersected, not a shadow of hesitation passed over him.

This crisis in his spiritual history of which we have spoken brought a deep trial of his faith. The most subtle of all tyrannies and the least pungent, that of friendship—from

this he felt a strong pressure. Voices—good, mothering voices without number, coming from a kindly though a worldly prudence—bid him be loyal, though back of their warnings was the subconscious fear that he might be, and by their loyalty meaning something quite unlike that of the spirit inly speaking. He was dreaming of a higher service to his church than that his friends would hold him to. What Theodore D. Bacon has recently written, "that of all Protestant bodies the Baptists were in the profoundest dogmatic slumber," Doctor Clarke felt to be true, and to awaken his denomination from this slumber became the strongest, most central purpose of his life. But more, I believe, may be said, what this author has indeed said in part, that of all Protestant bodies during the last quarter of a century none has come to a more profound spiritual awakening than the Baptists. During this quarter of a century our evangelism has taken on more of what it previously lacked—the prophetic spirit and aim. We have come to see that the time is at hand when we shall cease to be known as always fatally conservative in theology. And in the line of this deep stirring whose voice has been so potent as that of the Colgate professor? In him theology has had well-nigh a revival of no mean proportions the Christian world over; yes, to thousands of readers it has regained its lost charm and interest through the rare persuasion of our friend's personality. To him religion was not a certain fixed quality beyond addition or subtraction, but as truth, beauty, power, was to enlarge and deepen, take on and cast off, and the change that had come to his faith was so life-giving as to send him forth as its champion. No policy of silence could be allowed to take the place of open speech. To him the greatest and most subtle of all policies was the policy of perfect truthfulness. To him the opposite, the belief that the cause of religion is well served by trimming down the truth, clipping its fringes, was a heresy, an ethical heresy piercing to the very heart of

Christ. The honey of the demagogue is in reality poison. Trimming down the truth may prove a passing comfort to some but brings no abiding paraclete to any.

The spirit, too, in which he waged his battle made his fight good. There was nothing harsh in his emotional make-up. Over the fields of his personality the harrowing winds never blew. His was not the instinct of the gladiator in which he loved to measure himself with an opponent and glory in his overthrow. It seemed a profanation to those who might attack him and was always done, it seemed to me, in pain or extreme reluctance. In fact, men who under like conditions would have been fierce and violent to others, to him were, as a rule, in their protest gentle, quiet, unsevere. If our professor was the occasion of a storm, their hearts, not his, were that storm's humming centre. He was so ideal in spirit as to keep within moderation the battle all along the line. He never created the waste of a useless antagonism. The endless agitation of thought with thought in human life was to him normal and desirable; without it there was no getting on and up to the better and truer things of faith. He was tolerance itself to the friends of the old faith and would have defended them valiantly from the hot breath of any liberal's intolerance. He did enjoy a frank interchange of the most interior thought, but when the tongue grew edgy and the heart's waters roiled, unfit for the use of the sheep, he drew into the covert of silence. The proverbial chip so common to the human shoulder was never seen on his. In the theological attitude he had assumed he was too keen in his knowledge of men to be surprised at what came his way, and took willingly, though not gladly, his measure of the heretic's odium. He who criticised him was, to his mind, doing no more than he should—a criticism that generally ended in praise of his Christian character. So gently impersonal was his word that the retort came back shod in the velvet of his own mildness. He was easy to converse with

but hard to quarrel with, so one-sided must the quarrel be. His nature was so keyed that radicalism was possible without the iconoclastic. In Japan, we read, the sword-maker works in priestly garb and eats only of food cooked with holy fire. The sword of the spirit was our friend's; he fought his good fight and won by that aggressive force that, sword-like, flashes in and out from character. Longfellow was pure in spirit, but then he fell further below the prophetic than any other of our leading poets. Carlyle rose into the prophetic, but in his rudeness and morbid sensibility lost the grace and serenity of Longfellow. Our professor walked nearer the ideal, walked well the even trail that makes the morally beautiful prophetic and the prophetic radiantly beautiful. "Walk with a crowd," said Lafcadio Hearn, "and you will never do anything great," yet our friend's heart kept him, which is better, to the great crowd of his denomination—not in bondage to it, but by his freedom seeking to bless all who walk within it, this as a theologian plainly on our level, concerned with questions more practically religious than transcendentally theological.

I say the light that came to our teacher brought its test. Till its pressure to divide his ways he did not know how strong or weak he was. Then his honesty lost the commonplace, became the deepest attitude of his soul and opened out upon the path that led to his cross. Jesus saw no clearer path of pain and sorrow than may the young man of to-day who, "Queed"-like, walks in the light of his ideal. There is an honesty, one with a successful policy and joined with no cross. There is, too, an honesty that never yet has led to what men call success, but always to condemnation and loss, and unfailingly injects to the honey of life a bitter tang. Our professor knew what it was to have his heart melt under the stirring romance of the heroic life, and the time came when that Jerusalem cross seemed of value only as it led him to push his shoulder under one of his amid present issues, and

to know his own bitterness. And this individual cross was incident to the plain speaking of his message. How much more dishonesty means now under the deepening of duty, as he joined the disciples of old in being the light of the world. The conservative asks: "Am I not, too, an honest man?" "Is the radical the only one to be called honest?" But have you never asked why the truer man suffers what the moral floater does not? A radical zone stretches between them. The morally venturesome goes with one and not with the other. True, the way of the transgressor is hard; that of the idealist also. The difference between the conserver and the bringer in, the daring scout on the field of human advance, is that one walks with the many, the other with the few, the one to retain the spiritual deposits of the past the other to add thereto. The conservative never stands for a truth that has not already won its way out of the zone of danger, its day of cross, into the peaceful clover-field of blooming security. We live in a life in which truth is in perpetual flux, with enough coming to every generation to focalize its aims into earnest issue and divide thinking minds into what we call conservative and radical the world over. Unless a man enters into this ceaseless contest in furtherance of the truth of God, he remains untested and knows not whether he be honest or not in any radical meaning of the word, and we know not with what alacrity or lack of the same he would decline the prophet's call or rise to its demand.

Doctor Clarke was a tested prophet of the soul. The message that had come to him was so strong as to sweep him without disguise to its utterance. Like his Master, he overcame the world. He helped men in that he would speak out. There was a small multitude of those who in a measure had the light to the one who made it an open word. Without prating of sincerity he simply was sincere. God was the guest in his own breast and he would not dismiss him. He, in the household of faith, was a great servant of the truth.

He was a friend in the spirit, the religious helper always needed, and in his inreach profoundest of all. His feet were clear of the clay that sticks to the shoes of the clumsy politic, and his break from us was not merely a slight perfume of unorthodoxy on the one hand nor a pretentious and extravagant heterodoxy on the other, but a quiet message void of extremes, spoken in a style that betrayed the moral realism of his nature, such as came from out the deeps of old Hugh Latimer, who at thirty years of age began "to smell the word of God." Yet, unlike the priest's manner of speech, our friend's was far removed from the rough and uncouth and always touched with a gentle spirit and a simple beauty.

We have called our prophet mild of spirit. Yet he who conceives of him as gentled out of all capacity for anger would seriously mistake. He had at times a Pauline wrath, or that high grade of anger quickly here and gone that we associate with the apostle. It was royal in its type, such as a high moral nature would discharge in its most explosive mood. He had an effectual gift for reproof, not always used and when at all with reluctance, yet crushingly effective because so pure in quality and so free from any inconsistency to dull its edge. Many men make easy ventures in this line, whose reproof carries no sting, so entangled are they in this inconsistency and that; for them to attempt the language of rebuke is to fail. But the saintly Clarke—to him we instinctively yielded the right to discharge this function, and once hearing it administered, would shrink from a possible application to ourselves. It was wrath pontifical indeed, yet rising from such pure depths as to appear what it was, but a form of friendly ministration. This teacher of ours sought to cultivate reverence in his students. He would impress upon them the centrality of reverence to the pulpit function. He himself was profoundly reverent even in his most humorous moods, and when in this story-telling generation the young pulpiteer cut the fine thread that runs between the

reverent and the humorous, our professor would cringe for him and in tones of loving severity call him to his better self. It was quickly done, never degenerating into what we call the nagging. It was so easy for many to pass this line. Yet so finely attuned was he himself to the key of the reverent as never to break through it. He saw nothing irreverent in the merriest mood, yet too sudden a transition from the one to the other betrayed the latent defect and his reproof was likely to flame out. I never knew him to say the laughter-provoking thing in the pulpit, simply for the reason that to one of his nature the worshipful impulse and the fun-loving could not so quickly blend. He could never translate his gospel into the terms of the comic almanac. To him the humorous and the prayerful could not dominate the heart at the same moment, but must for the time exclude each other. He was that rare thing, a reverent humorist.

The English essayist Christopher Benson, writes of a lack of great men in our time and claims that the passing age is unfavorable to greatness. Surely the type our professor stands for is large, wondrously so, in its adaptation to these religious times. He dominated men intellectually his superiors. As we stood before him his fine gifts gave way in our attention to the finer glow of his character. He was not a great metaphysician, simply one transcendental in his radiant common sense, with his theology so largely the simple history of his own heart. What a broad nature was his, tested by growth which continued to the end. If, as has been said, "all minds of the first quality move and grow and cannot remain in a stone fixity," then indeed we dare pronounce him great. How great he was in what he had not as in what he had! If he nurtured any personal aim, it was most successfully hidden away and had no unconscious escapes. Ambition with him was so gentle as to elude detection. As far as appeared, his marked measure of success left uninflamed his approbativeness, with his spirit unmarred. How blessedly

simple he was, like a spreading tree both lowly and lofty, and meeting to a finish the great Scotchman's definition of sincerity: "to be free from all manner of affectation." Who could detect in his moral temperature in his controversial days—occasional only with him—any malign heat, or in his stream of endeavor any muddy sediment? How gloriously he improved his time, bringing book after book out of those invalid years! How fair he was in debate, how kindly patient and willing to go as far as he could with an opponent, holding himself in, not sensitive to contradiction, unshowy of power, appreciative of every glint of wisdom in that opponent's argument, never seeking to gain an adherent by the pressure of any dogmatic authority, but only by a legitimate persuasion! How tactful he was, with no impression from him of the merely shrewd and of the serpent's cunning! Too sane was he for any wild extremes, with fanaticism as impossible, intellectually lowly and mellow as a golden leaf, with no disposition to compromise, yet blending with you to his utmost, self-insisting and self-asserting, with an unsophisticated heart in his breast, chivalrous, sweetly cheerful, joyful of spirit, with a heart full to the brimming of the companionable, and, last of all and most fundamental of all, with a transmissive purpose vigorous enough to secure the giving of his message and the taking back into his own breast whatever of pain and sorrow must be his portion. Surely here is greatness the world has ever lacked and is lacking. Rare as he was in his endowment, still rarer in that lofty character from which arise our inspirations and renewals to keep us steady to our duties on the dusty highways of life.

This great character of Doctor Clarke came to be grounded more and more in the greatness of his God. To worship the little God was impossible for him. Were I asked as to the point where he helped most his spiritual friends, I should say that of God. I link this great nature with his great God. This would harmonize with what has come to us from out

this generation as a whole. Wherein did Jesus and the Jews most differ but in the varying Gods worshipped? In the thoughts of God in Jesus the whole world over was to greaten away from Yahweh. In most of defective religious education, the chief or central defect, that which sustains and keeps from falling away much of the creedal fictitiousness, is that the God and the creed accepted are in agreement to sustain each other. Reconstruct your defective thoughts of the power that rules over us—the false bottom in all your religious thinking—and the creed as you have carried it begins to slacken in its hold. The better God cannot enter if the old-time worship be retained. It was so with Professor Clarke himself, that to retain his olden faith after the beaming out upon him of his newly greatened Father was impossible. Luther claimed at one time, because of the Reformation light, that the quality of worship in Germany had improved. This monk as the friend of God won the people to a less crude worship. Fresh joy, hope, and cheer came in the light of God's now glorified features, the hold of the ritual lessened, God tended to become the burning centre of the people's praise. Let us once admit the progress in the idea of God and there is an inevitable lifting up all along the devotional line. In this greatening of God come all strengthening impulses of our faith. To change in this high altitude tells in every movement on the human level. Half-paganized conceptions of God come up to us out of the early ages and lodge in our creeds and liturgies, and to remove them means long and earnest battle. Theology is in the main a matter of God, and there is no progress in one save as we ascend in the other. Much of the atonement philosophy of the past has now fallen away before the rounded conception of the Infinite nature, till, with Browning, we can see Christ in God, or, with Heine, we can speak of him not as delighting in costly ceremonies but as "a God of the people, a citizen God." In our absent teacher the deep, true showing of the Father blossoms in

theology into an added mercy and beauty, renders our worship less crude and reluctant, and more spontaneous and free. "Poor, poor, pitiable, pitiable are his low-toned thoughts of God," he would say in tremulous tones, speaking of some writer under discussion.

Death bore him home to the hearts of many. In the day of his passing, wherever two or three of his friends had gathered, there was this professor in their midst. The event of his death fell silently but thoughtfully. Those who spoke of him were few to those who quietly took in again the measure of his life and called it good. Those who had differed could not by force of this event become praiseful, yet felt sure that a character of large and beauteous proportions had passed on. The number of those who loved him and are thankful for the simple moral splendor of his manhood are very many. We are grateful that when the light came and his orthodox days had passed, he did not say, "No creed," and so turn away from theology, the common mistake of the liberal, but "A better creed," with years of devotion to its reconstruction. In him we feel anew the power and immortal charm of the Christian life, as in him it fell away so completely from the weariedly commonplace in religion. In him many of his students gained the first sweet taste of the open life and still feel the friendly fascination of his spirit. He was a friend of God and came to his defense, and through him a multitude found the Father afresh. I am glad of heart that this man went through the gateway of death not under the cloud of the self-hidden life and with lips stoutly sealed. He gave the world what it wofully needed, an open word in religion, and we are thankful for it. No devotee of the clod was he; to him "duty was twin to adoration." In the things in which he broke from us he drew nearer to us, was in the line of advance, yet in certain elements of his nature he was simply great, whether true or mistaken in his cleavage. So the silence of many, which must be, shall not trouble us or

make us impatient for the coming of the more general acclaim. Bunyan says, writing of "Mr. Valiant for Truth," as he merged into the shadow of the celestial city: "So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded on the other side." On this side, with our friend, not all the trumpets sounded; in many cases not even an oaten straw was blown. Here, single voices, but there, we must believe, the full orchestra of praise. The memory of this helper in the spiritual life will grow great with years; there is nothing fictitious in his fame to fade, while much to broaden into lasting appreciation. And as he passed over, however quiet the instruments of praise here, I will think like Bunyan with the hero of his allegory, that on "the other side" there was a great outburst of glad acclaim that our St. William with heart ever valiant for truth had at last come to his eternal home to receive his lasting citizenship in the city of God.

THE "THEOLOGY" OF WILLIAM NEWTON CLARKE[1]

By William Adams Brown, Union Theological Seminary

Fifteen years ago there appeared a volume of some four hundred pages, which bore the modest title, *An Outline of Christian Theology*. It had originally been prepared by the author, a professor in Hamilton Theological Seminary, for the use of his seminary classes, and, after circulating for some time in the form of typewritten notes, was privately printed for the greater convenience of the users. No attempt was made to advertise the book, but in due time it found its way into the hands of one and another who was interested in theological questions, and when in 1898 it was issued by the author through the ordinary channels, it received from the public an instant and hearty welcome.

Three qualities explain the success of Doctor Clarke's *Theology*. In the first place, it was written in a clear and simple style. Technical theological terms were as far as possible avoided. While it gave evidence of wide and careful reading, there was no parade of learning. The author was evidently concerned to tell his story in the most direct fashion possible, and content to rely for his appeal upon the inherent interest of his subject-matter.

The spirit in which the book was written was moreover one of singular serenity. The author approached the vexed questions of theology with a quiet confidence which at once disarmed criticism and allayed fear. He contemplated the changes wrought in our view of the world by modern science with calmness, as if they were a matter of course. He was untroubled by Biblical criticism. The theory of evolution was accepted without question; the traditional eschatology

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so courteously dismissed that one scarcely realized that it was gone. Where many writers, like the chief captain in Acts, had obtained their freedom with a great price, Doctor Clarke wrote as one free born. He seemed as much at home spiritually in the modern world as he had been when a boy in his father's house.

And yet he was none the less Christian. Indeed, the striking thing about the book was its militant and aggressive Christianity. The author was evidently one who had communed deeply with Jesus, and had drawn from his communion convictions which had so laid hold upon his spirit as to demand utterance. He believed that the gospel of Christ was a message which the world had not yet outgrown, and it was his endeavor to justify this faith by showing its adaptation to the present needs and problems of men.

A book which presents a positive message in a form which is at once lucid and convincing is sure to find readers, but these qualities alone would not have explained the success of Doctor Clarke's *Theology*. It appeared at an opportune time and met a want which was widely felt by laymen as well as by ministers. Many who had broken intellectually with the doctrinal statements of the past still felt themselves at home emotionally in the religious values which they sought to express, and they welcomed this new statement of old truths because it made it possible for them to preserve their continuity with the Christian past, without the sacrifice of intellectual consistency. This fact gave the book a representative character. It was an index registering the presence of deep currents in the religious life of our time, and, as such, it deserves the attention of all who are interested in the study of contemporary religion.

In the present article we propose to review Doctor Clarke's theology with a view to discovering wherein its representative character consists. We shall take for the basis of our discussion his most recent book, the *Christian Doctrine of God*.

In this closely printed octavo of some four hundred and seventy-five pages, he gives a systematic exposition of the fundamental principles of his theology. The same qualities which we noted in his earlier work reappear here. The book is at once lucid, modern, and Christian, but the treatment is fuller, and the reasoning more rigorous. Much that the earlier discussion implied is here fully developed. More than one untenable position has been abandoned. No recent book by an English-speaking theologian reveals more clearly the prevailing tendency and controlling spirit of modern theological thought.

The aim which the author sets himself can be stated very simply. It is to present a conception of God which shall be at once Christian and credible. This is indeed no new thing; it is what Christian theology has always been attempting. The originality of Doctor Clarke's treatment consists in the way in which he solves his problem in detail.

In the first place, then, the idea of God which he presents is Christian. By this he means that it is consistent with the spirit and teaching of Jesus, the founder of Christianity. It is not an idea of God which we gain through modern science primarily and then baptize with the name Christian for the purpose of convenience. It is an idea which in its essential features grows out of the historic revelation recorded in the Bible and which, as such, can be scientifically defined and tested. A considerable part of Doctor Clarke's introduction is devoted to the study of the historic sources of the Christian doctrine, as they are found in Jesus' life and teaching. This does not mean that our author undertakes to reproduce Jesus' teaching concerning God in detail. Such an attempt, even if successful, would not accomplish the purpose which he has in mind, which is to present an idea of God which shall be intelligible to modern men. The language in which Jesus expressed his faith in God is very different from that of Doctor Clarke's *Theology*. It is the language of popular re-

ligion, not of scientific thought. It has for its background the world-view of the older Judaism, a view in which the earth was regarded as the centre of the universe; where the existence of spirits, good and evil, was everywhere assumed; where human history was compressed within a few thousand years, and the final catastrophe with which it was to close was believed to be imminent. This view of the world necessarily affected Jesus' method of stating his doctrine; but it must not be identified with it. Jesus does not give us a metaphysical theory of God which stands or falls with a particular philosophy of the universe. He describes him in moral and religious terms, capable of application to very different intellectual surroundings and needing to be constantly reinterpreted, in view of the changes in contemporary science and philosophy. Such an interpretation Doctor Clarke undertakes to give. "By the Christian doctrine of God," he tells us, "is meant, in the present discussion, the conception of God which Christian faith and thought propose for the present time, in view of the Bible and of history, and of all sound knowledge and experience, interpreted in the light of Jesus Christ, the revealer. It is a doctrine concerning which we can say at the point at which we now stand, that it is true if Jesus Christ does reveal God truly" (p. 4).

The position here assigned to Jesus illustrates a prevailing tendency in contemporary religious thought. In a sense far higher and truer than was the case with the older theology modern theology makes the person of Jesus normative for its thought of God. The old theology constructed its doctrine of Christ's person in the light of a preconceived conception of God. Jesus was two persons in one nature, a God who for the time had assumed the form of man, but whose real nature was unaffected thereby. Modern theology thinks of Jesus as a man, but a man through whom God's spirit has found such complete expression that it is possible to see in his character the perfect revelation of the heart of God. To

believe in God, as modern theology conceives of him, means to extend throughout the range of universal experience that same gracious purpose and consistent character which Jesus has revealed within the conditions of a human life.

Two consequences follow from this principle. The first is, that theology must take its departure from the character of God rather than from those metaphysical attributes which express his relation to the universe, and which are therefore necessarily affected by changes in contemporary thought. The second is, that it must seek to conceive this character in a way that is consistent with the moral and religious teaching of Jesus.

Both these conclusions Doctor Clarke draws. Unlike the older theologians, he begins his exposition of the idea of God by a description of his character, and then goes on to develop God's relation to men and to the universe. In his picture of the divine character he gives the central place to the qualities which Jesus himself made central in his own thought of God. Like Jesus, he emphasizes the outgoing love of God, the Father who is ever ready to receive the prodigal, and whose gracious purpose anticipates the need of his children. Like Jesus, he emphasizes the extent of God's mercy, a mercy which reaches the outcasts whom the law has rejected, and finds more joy in the repentance of one sinner than in ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Like Jesus, finally, he emphasizes the consistency of God's character, the God who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the unjust and the just.

I say, he emphasizes the consistency of God's character. It is at this point that his departure from the older theology appears most clearly. The terms which Doctor Clarke uses are those familiar to historic Christian theology, holiness, wisdom, and love, but the meaning which our author puts into them is in many respects new, and the relations which

they sustain one to another have undergone significant change. To the older theology holiness and love represented independent elements in the divine nature, each requiring its own appropriate gratification. The former expressed the opposition of the righteous God to sinful man, an opposition which required the punishment of all unrepented sin; the latter expressed his gracious purpose to redeem his elect through the forgiveness of their sins. Here we have to do with two apparently inconsistent, if not contradictory, impulses, and the chief problem of the theologian was to discover the way in which this inconsistency could be overcome, and the love of God gratified, consistently with his holiness. This, as we all know, was accomplished through the atonement of Christ.

Doctor Clarke is conscious of no such problem. To him holiness denotes simply the moral excellence of God, and love is the method in which this moral excellence comes to its completest expression. There is no inconsistency between them, for there is no independent end which the holiness of God sets for itself, as distinct from his love. God is not holy when he punishes and loving when he forgives, as in the older Calvinism. God is holy in his love, and loving in his holiness. He is not gracious to some men and just to others, but always and everywhere both just and gracious. His attitude toward every man is that of the father in Jesus' parable of the prodigal. As man's father, truly akin to him in spirit, it is his supreme desire to conform his child to himself, and this desire is the explanation of all that he does. Whether he punish or forgive, it is but a step in his supreme purpose of redemption.

This conception of God's character gives unity to Doctor Clarke's theology. It frees it from the inconsistency and exceptions which meet us so frequently in the theology of the past. The dualism which was so characteristic a feature of the older Calvinism, and which expressed itself in the con-

trast between reason and revelation, nature and the supernatural, law and grace, has disappeared for Doctor Clarke. To him revelation is not the disclosure of an aspect of God's character, otherwise unknowable, but only the clearer manifestation of that which God has always been and of which, from the first, men have had more or less clear anticipations. As a spiritual being, man is fitted by nature to receive the divine revelation. Revelation is not the impartation by supernatural process of mysteries transcending the reason of man; it is the manifestation of spirit to spirit, and the recipient recognizes in the disclosure which comes to him from God not simply the revelation of the divine nature, but also the complete satisfaction of ideals of which he has long been conscious within himself. As the book which gives us the revelation of Jesus, the ideal man, God's complete self-manifestation in humanity, the Bible is indeed a unique book. But it is not God's first or only revelation, even on the side of God's love. From the beginning God has written his gracious purpose in the heart of man, and the disclosure which he has made of himself in Christ is recognized by those to whom it comes as the fulfilment of their own inner prophecy.

Redemption, in like manner, is not to be conceived as an exception to God's ordinary working, but rather as the normal method of his activity. It is not confined to a group, larger or smaller, whom God has arbitrarily chosen from the rest, that he may make them the subjects of his redemptive activity, but concerns all mankind alike, though in different order and degree. All history is part of a single process, in which God is training men for membership in his kingdom. In other words, all history is the history of redemption. Doctor Clarke does not indeed explicitly state that all individuals will be saved, but that is the natural implication of his discussion. If any one is lost, it will be because of his own free choice. But the libertarian limitation which alone

can avoid the conclusion of universalism is unacceptable to the author. Hard as it may be for us to understand, man's freedom must somehow be consistent with the divine determination. By moral means, to be sure, yet in the end, God must control, and we may be certain that he will have his way with every child of man.

This desire for ethical consistency appears instructively in Doctor Clarke's treatment of the trinity. To the older Protestantism, as is well known, the trinity had to do with inner distinctions in the nature of God himself, distinctions rendered necessary in order to overcome the fundamental ethical dualism to which we have already referred. According to Calvin, God is able to harmonize the conflict of the claims of justice and mercy in his own character, because as the second person of the trinity, the representative of mercy, he is able to bear the penalty inflicted by himself as the first person, the representative of justice. These ontological distinctions have lost their meaning for our author. The trinity is a truth of the Christian experience. The distinctions with which it deals concern man rather than God. They express different aspects in which God manifests himself to us as we contemplate the different phases of his redemptive activity. He manifests himself in the order of nature, the natural processes which are the necessary presuppositions of the religious experience. He manifests himself in historical revelation and supremely in the person of Jesus Christ, our Lord. He manifests himself, finally, in that personal experience through which we apprehend Jesus as the revelation of the God of all the world. Here we have three types of religion which correspond in a measure to the three historic doctrines: natural religion, "or the religion of God as he is known in the order of the world; historical religion, or religion which finds its support in the historical manifestations of God in events of time; personal religion, spiritual, experimental, mystical, that knows God in the soul" (p. 247). In all three

aspects, it is the same gracious God who is revealed. The tragic contrast between the demand of justice and the appeal of mercy, which gives dramatic interest to the older doctrine, has completely disappeared.

Such, then, is Doctor Clarke's God, a God ethically consistent in all that he does, committed with all the intensity of his moral nature to the redemptive purpose which Jesus has revealed, and strong enough and wise enough to insure the realization of this purpose in spite of every obstacle.

I say strong enough to insure the realization of his purpose in spite of every obstacle. With this we touch a second aspect of Doctor Clarke's view, which needs emphasis, namely, the fact that he attributes to this idea of God universal validity. According to our author Jesus' God is the God of the universe. When we raise philosophy's ancient question as to the ultimate explanation of the varied phenomena of the world, we find the only satisfying answer in the Christian idea of God. The so-called metaphysical attributes of God —infinity, eternity, omnipresence, and the like—are only so many different ways of asserting this simple truth.

Doctor Clarke's proof of this thesis occupies the last two sections of his book. The first, which treats of God and the universe, is expository in nature. It explains in detail what is the relation between God and the world which Christian faith assumes. The second gives the reason for believing that this faith is justified in fact.

It is not possible for us to follow the argument in detail. In substance, it reduces to this, that the qualities which we find essential in the Christian idea of God are so inwrought into the structure of the universe that it is natural to assume that it has the Christian God for its author. The universe is not something alien to man with which he connects himself, as if it were an existence of a different kind. "The human race is part and parcel of the universe, for it has grown up out of the life which was before it on the earth. . . . We

have to do not with a late-born race planted from the outside in a little world, but an ancient race which is of one substance with the universe, while its true life is in the powers of the spirit which reach out to that which is above" (p. 371). "It is plain that if this conception of the relation between man and the world be true, no partial idea of God can satisfy humanity. We cannot think of him except as universal in his relations. He must be one God equally related to all souls and to all existences" (*ibid.*). Clearly, then, if the Christian idea of God be true, we should expect to find evidence for it not only in the spiritual nature of man, but in the universe, which is at once its home and its school.

Such evidence Doctor Clarke believes that we find. It is of two kinds, rational and spiritual. The former consists in the response which the universe makes to our efforts at rational explanation. The second, in the satisfaction which it yields to the demands of our moral and religious nature.

These arguments have a familiar sound. They seem to be only the well-known teleological and moral arguments in a new dress. But closer examination shows that this is only in part true. The older theologians used the evidence from design and the argument from conscience to establish the existence of a rational and a moral God, but they were persuaded that these arguments alone were inadequate to establish faith in a God of love; hence they supplemented the rational arguments by supernatural revelation. The dualism already referred to in connection with the idea of God reappears in the proof of his existence. Doctor Clarke, as we have seen, is unwilling to accept this limitation. Since the God in whom he believes is everywhere loving as well as holy, we should expect to find evidence of his love wherever his activity extends, and this Doctor Clarke believes to be the case. The argument from reason does not lead us to the door of Christianity and then stop; it is valid all along the line. The demand which we find within ourselves for a ra-

tional explanation of things finds its satisfaction only in the kind of God that Jesus Christ reveals. When we have come to think of God as Jesus did, and turn back to the universe, we find that all its elements fall into place as parts of the consistent plan, and mysteries which would otherwise baffle our reason find in him their solution.

The uniformity of nature, with its results in undeserved suffering becomes the means which the Father uses for the training of his children in courage and faith. The spiritual aspirations of man which seem so often in irreconcilable conflict with reality are to the Christian evidences of a divine sonship which finds in God, and in God alone, its complete satisfaction. So the Christian idea of God proves everywhere a unifying conception. It harmonizes all the unrelated elements in our thinking and in our feeling. It gives us, for the first time, a consistent universe, and there is no other idea which does this with the same success.

Here, too, the position taken by Doctor Clarke is typical. In rejecting the dualism of the older apology, and relying for his proof of the Christian God upon evidence similar in kind to that of which we make use in other fields of experience, he is in touch with the prevailing spirit in contemporary theology.

But at this point our author is confronted with the fact of evil, that baffling and mysterious experience which has made shipwreck of so many philosophies. The test of every theology is its treatment of this problem, and Doctor Clarke's method is characteristic of the man. There are three possible attitudes which one may take to the problem of evil, no one of which satisfies our author. One may minimize its importance, question the account which it gives of itself, explain away its apparent harshness and cruelty, cloak its seeming vice in the garb of an unsuspected virtue, and thus by a process of ingenious reinterpretation bow it politely out of the world. Or one may recognize evil for what it seems to be,

something real and terrible, and account for its existence through the hypothesis of a rival power, limiting and—to a greater or less degree—thwarting the purpose of a good God. Or, finally, still taking it at its face value, one may yet subject it to God's power and find place for it within his purpose. This was the method taken by the older Calvinism. Calvinism, as is well known, saw in sin the means through which God's justice found an expression possible in no other way, and because the manifestation of justice was inherently excellent, whatever was necessary to make this manifestation possible could be ethically justified. This is the philosophy of Jonathan Edwards's famous sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God."

No one of these solutions satisfies our author. Evil in each one of its three great forms, pain, sin, and death, is to him something real and terrible, something to be shunned and fought and ultimately overcome, but it is not independent of God, nor an intruder in the universe which he has made. Evil is a part of the structure of the world. It is inwrought into the nature of things. It will have its place in the life to come, as well as the life here, for it is here with a purpose, and, as the older Calvinism rightly affirms, it ministers to the glory of God. But the purpose, as Doctor Clarke conceives it, is very different from that discovered by Jonathan Edwards. It is a purpose of redemption. Evil is here because without it man cannot be trained in the highest moral excellence. A world in which evil had intruded against the will of God would be intolerable to Christian faith, but a world in which God uses evil for his wise and beneficent purpose is a world in which the Christian can feel at home. Our difficulty consists in the fact that the training is so incomplete. There is so much evil which seems to yield no outcome in character. If every cross were a Calvary, the burden would be lightened, for we should see then what we only suspect now, the end which it is designed to serve. "If we could

confidently include the vast movement of sin between a Godworthy origin and a Godworthy outcome we might still sadly wonder on the way, but we could rest in hope" (p. 461).

It is at this point that Doctor Clarke's position is most certain to be attacked. Most readers will be ready to admit that the idea of God which our author presents is Christian in the sense in which he makes the claim. The difficulty arises when we attempt to reconcile the idea of such a God with the facts of life as we find them. Those who demand logical demonstration before they are ready to believe will naturally find the evidence for Doctor Clarke's thesis unconvincing. Calvin's doctrine of God was easy by comparison. He saw all things in the world tending to a double issue, and he affirmed what he saw to be final truth. But to believe that our entire universe, filled as it is with countless miseries, with ruthless cruelties, with diabolical perversities, is really under the control of a being in character like Jesus; that this supreme power will some day guide it to an end which is good; that some day all mankind shall be organized into one great brotherhood; that service shall be the universal law and ministry the test of greatness—this is indeed to make an heroic venture of faith. "Doctor Clarke," caustically remarks a recent reviewer, "has succeeded in drawing a picture of God to which we feel no moral repugnance. But there is one most important attribute which he has omitted from the sketch, and that is the attribute of non-existence. Experience of the world does not lend the slightest plausibility to the theistic hypothesis as to its origin."

Such an objection altogether misconceives the kind of evidence upon which religion relies for its proof. Religion is the child of faith, and faith is never confined to the present. It reaches out for that which is not yet, and affirms that it shall yet be true. Heroism is its native atmosphere, adventure its vital breath. To believe in God means everywhere and always to identify one's own highest ideal with ultimate

reality. It means to rise above sense to the spirit, which is only in part revealed through it, and to be persuaded that this partial revelation shall some day be complete. Every man who has really believed in God has made such a venture. He has assumed the reality of the ideal and lived in anticipation of a future only in part revealed. He has dared to believe that the world that now presents only the raw material of goodness and truth shall become a fit habitation for reasonable and moral beings. He has done it because he could not help it, because without such an assumption life would not have seemed worth living, and because, when it was made, facts otherwise inexplicable fitted into place and the world became unified and consistent.

Is it reasonable to do this? From the individual point of view it is certainly most reasonable. Those who, like our author, hold the Christian idea of God because it satisfies the deepest needs of their own souls have no option but to assert its ultimate validity. Such a faith brings harmony into life where it would otherwise be discordant by promising ultimate victory to those ideals which seem supremely worthful. It assures those who are giving their lives to minister to human need in all its various forms that their labors will not be wasted or their energies misspent. If the Calvinistic idea of God satisfied those who held it, it was because the age in which they lived was an age of battle, when men were on trial for their lives and for that which they held dearer than life, the truth of God. If this idea no longer satisfies us, it is because other virtues hold a more prominent place in our horizon. Our ideal is one of peace, not of war. We are less concerned to conserve than to impart, and the God who cares for the downcast and oppressed of every race and tribe is the only God who can satisfy an age which has witnessed the birth of modern philanthropy and of modern missions.

Are we, then, shut up to purely subjective evidence? Can nothing be said for this idea of God but that it satisfies

the individual need? Is there no objective standard by which it can be judged, no social argument in favor of its validity?

The missionary activity of the Christian church is the best answer to this question. It is the expression of the conviction held by every sincere Christian that the response which the Christian idea of God calls forth in his own soul is not a purely individual matter, but is the answer to common social needs which can find their satisfaction in no other way. To the extent to which this faith shall prove justified in fact, the weight of the argument for the Christian God will be transferred from the experience of the individual to that of the race.

For those who look at the subject from this point of view there is much in the outlook that is encouraging. In spite of all that is dark and selfish in human life, it is yet a fact that the altruistic virtues are being more and more developed, and the ideals of war yielding place to those of peace. The Christian message of brotherhood and service is, as a matter of fact, finding response in the hearts of men. The very dissatisfaction that we feel at our shortcomings, the seriousness of the criticism to which our social order is being subjected, is the best evidence of the fact that the old selfish and particularistic ideals of an earlier age no longer satisfy us. The subjective response which the Christian idea of God calls forth in individuals is itself the result and evidence of a far-reaching social change which constitutes no small argument for its objective validity. It is, of course, always possible that this faith may prove mistaken. It is possible that Calvinism is right in its conception of a divided universe, and that we may be obliged to renounce as an idle dream our faith in the good God whose love embraces every child of man. But, if this be true, it will introduce an irreconcilable discord into our inner life. If our ideals are to be justified in the real world, it can only be through the Christian idea

of God. It is reasonable, therefore, in default of convincing evidence to the contrary, to act as if it were true.

And when we decide so to act, we find that reality answers our expectation. It is not simply that we ourselves find satisfaction in our faith, although that is true, but that the action which results from that faith changes the social environment for the better. Every man who believes in the Christlike God and who acts out his conviction is increasing the amount of altruism in the world and making faith in such a God easier to those who have not yet believed. In other words, he is increasing the sum total of evidence in favor of the truth of the Christian view.

AN AMERICAN THEOLOGIAN [1]

By Professor William Adams Brown, D.D.

My acquaintance with Doctor Clarke began in 1893, the year in which my own work as a teacher of theology began. He was then fifty-two years old and had been teaching at Hamilton Theological Seminary for three years. I was a young man of twenty-seven, fresh from Germany, where I had been studying under Harnack.

Our acquaintance, began through the loan of a volume of typewritten notes which he generously placed at my disposal, soon ripened into friendship which continued without interruption and with increasing intimacy until Doctor Clarke's death. For more than fifteen years we carried on a regular, and at times, a lengthy correspondence. During his visits to New York—less frequent than his friends would have wished—he was often at my home, and many a day lives in my memory that was consecrated to high debate about the great themes of theology, or rendered notable by some fresh revelation of a character as winning as it was virile and commanding.

There are men into whose intimacy one penetrates slowly and only after surmounting barrier after barrier of reserve. Doctor Clarke was so transparent and generous in his gift of

[1] Five years ago I contributed to the *Harvard Theological Review* an article on the theology of Doctor Clarke, in which I tried to sum up the leading points of his teaching and to estimate their significance for the religious life and thinking of his time. His thought was at that time so mature, and his expression of it so ripe and balanced that little remains to add to the judgment then expressed, and I have therefore willingly given my consent to the request of Mrs. Clarke that the essay should be reproduced here. But Doctor Clarke was more than a theologian. He was a character of singular originality and freshness, and one who was privileged during many years to be admitted to his intimacy may be pardoned for wishing to add to the theologian's estimate of a colleague a few words of personal reminiscence.

self that from the first one felt oneself at home in his presence. "I cannot tell you," he writes in the first letter that came to me from his pen,[1] "how glad I am that you have found my notes suggestive and helpful, or how free you are to make all the use of them that you may desire. I hereby place at your service all the good there may be in my pages. It would be a pity if one teacher could not help another."

This note of generosity was characteristic of all his relationships. With a mind constantly open to new truth, he was ever eager to share what he received. "Moral copyright in theology," he once wrote,[2] "is a hard thing to get hold of, and I make small claim to it."

He had the friend's gift for receiving as well as for giving. He was never too busy to be accessible to your interest. Even when you did not hear from him you knew that you were in his thoughts. Apologizing for a letter which he had failed to write, he adds:[3] "But I did welcome you home in my heart." And again referring to a friendly impulse unexpressed:[4] "You may as well forgive me first as last. I am sure I don't know," he adds plaintively,[5] "why I do not learn wisdom. I am quite familiar with the fact that the past is farther off than I then thought it was, but why I am so slow to perceive that any right deed of mine in the future is farther away than it seems is beyond my understanding."

Much of our correspondence deals with matters of technical interest. The early loan was the first of an exchange of manuscripts which continued for many years and led to detailed and often voluminous correspondence. Long before my own books found their way into print the rough drafts which were their predecessors had the benefit of his sympathetic and highly intelligent criticism. Nothing could be kinder or wiser than the advice which came to me from his more experienced pen, and no father could have rejoiced

[1] December 21, 1893. [2] September 26, 1896. [3] February 19, 1905.
[4] February 3, 1906. [5] April 9, 1897.

more whole-heartedly in the progress of his son than he in any evidence of deepening insight and maturing judgment on the part of his younger colleague.

When he did not like a thing he told you so frankly, softening his dissent with a saving touch of humor. Of a definition of inspiration he wrote:[1] "It shows traces of meditation. It did not grow up in a night like Jonah's gourd." And again:[2] "You tend to put too much into a sentence—a tendency that specially appears in sentences beginning with 'while'—where you sometimes pack in two philosophies."

Frank in his criticism of others, he was unsparing with himself. All his work was a report of progress. In a letter asking for suggestions while his *Theology* was passing through the press, he said:[3] "They will come too late to benefit the book, but the book is not the end but only the beginning." To all criticism he turned a hospitable mind, but he weighed each suggestion well before he adopted it. He was not too proud to learn from men younger and less experienced than himself. Indeed there was a buoyancy in his nature which rendered him peculiarly at home in their company. He liked their optimism, their self-confidence, the forward look.

From vanity, in the conventional sense, and indeed from self-consciousness in any form he was of all men I have ever known the most free. He knew his limitations and was not ashamed to confess them. One of his last letters[4] speaks with a certain wistful regret of a training to which he was a stranger, the lack of which made many things impossible to him. But withal he was too truthful to depreciate himself. He felt that he had a contribution to make to the thought of his generation, a message given him to speak. "I am sure," he writes,[5] "that you will find enough to dissent from in the first draft of the *Theology*, and you will find much that I intend to make better before I use the matter again. But I

[1] March 14, 1899. [2] April 22, 1897. [3] May 1, 1894.
[4] November 18, 1906. [5] December 21, 1893.

know that the work in its present form, with all its defects, is the fruit of honest thinking, in view of some at least of the present conditions." The consciousness never failed him. Rather it intensified with the ripening years. Speaking of his *Christian Doctrine of God*, he says:[1] "It has lately seemed to me that I have something to say on the great theme, and sometimes I have said to myself that if I could successfully work out what I have in mind I could make an epoch-marking book. Note that I put the 'r' in that word, not leave it out."

He was a slow worker. He preferred to let his thought ripen naturally under the enriching and fertilizing influence of the years. Hurry he abhorred as a deadly sin. "I have no very rigid plan," he writes on one occasion,[2] "but intend to let the work develop as it goes." And again: "I am inclined to approve your point. Still I cannot hurry to find the connection." Often he had to wait long before the assurance came. This was due in part to the bodily infirmity from which he suffered increasingly in later life. "So much, which is quite enough, about myself regarded as mortal," he writes.[3] "My immortal powers are not idle, for I am bending as best I may to the theme that is worthiest of them, the *Christian Doctrine of God*." After referring to the difficulty he had found in coming to the place where he could work with ease and fluency, he speaks of his joy in the renewed freedom which had recently come to him. "Somehow," he goes on,[4] "I have not felt like talking it over much or discussing it with any one, but have felt that I must work it out myself."

This independence was eminently characteristic. Like Paul, he was not comfortable on another man's foundation. Speaking of his book on *God*, he said:[5] "It will be a different book from what any one else would make." Like Paul,

[1] February 3, 1906. [2] September 21, 1897. [3] February 3, 1906.
[4] February 3, 1906. [5] November 18, 1906.

too, he felt little need of, and little taste for, letters of commendation. "I was a little ashamed and sorry," he writes apropos of the publication of his *Theology*,[1] "that the Scribners put into the initial announcement the names of some good men, including your own, as a kind of sponsors or guardian angels to the enterprise. It looked a little like roping you all in, in the presence of the public, in support of the venture. After a little, no doubt, they will find other matter to insert and will set you free."

This independence had its roots in a religious experience of singular freshness and originality. He was a man who walked with God consciously and easily as a man might walk with a familiar friend. He had the prophet's gift of vision married to the mystic's sense of certainty. If he had wished to define God in a sentence, he would have said: "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."

This immediate consciousness of God, carrying with it its own certitude, was the alpha and omega of his *Theology*. It explains some features of it which perplexed his students and were the frequent subject of criticism by his friends. It explained, for instance, his indifference to the critical apparatus which fills so much space in most current text-books. This indifference was not due to failure to recognize the importance of wide reading and accurate scholarship: still less to the absence of these qualifications on his own part, but rather to a deliberate conviction that his own gift lay in another direction. He conceived it as his message to his generation to cultivate in them by every means in his power the gift of sight. "If I can make them see what I see," he used to say, "they will have the main thing; the rest they can work out for themselves." External authority he rated so lightly that in his book on the *Ideal of Jesus* he would not even print chapter and verse of the passages which he quoted in the text.

[1] May 13, 1898.

This explains his attitude toward history. While he was interested in the past and followed with attention the researches of the critics, he made little use of their results in his teaching. He did not feel it incumbent upon him to mediate in detail between the present and the past. God is here to-day, at work in the world and in our lives. Why take a roundabout way into his presence, when we have only to open the door and enter in?

This explains, too, his attitude to the Bible. The Bible was to him the book of books because it speaks to us of God to-day, but as a record of God's dealings in the past, it was a book like other books, to be tested by the same methods and judged by the same canons. Early in his teaching he proposed this theme for his students:[1] "What would be the consequences if the books of the Bible regarded as writings should be proved to possess only such qualities as belong to other books generally?" Everywhere he sought simplicity, immediacy, the direct contact between the soul and God. Of the means of grace he wrote:[2] "The word is simply vital truth which the Spirit helps to exert its proper influence upon the human powers. The sacraments are of another kind." Of a creed submitted to him for criticism, he wrote:[3] "I hardly think any denomination would take it just as it stands as a complete symbol, for they all want to add something to the gospel of the good Lord, which seems not quite complete after all. But the additions detract rather than improve the original blessing, and we are better off without them in our creeds."

He was a born teacher, and he loved his work to the end. Passage after passage in the correspondence deals with his experiences in the classroom. In 1898 he writes:[4] "I have begun my work this year with unspeakable gladness. I have never had so joyful a sense of liberty in uttering what I think.

[1] September, 21, 1897.
[2] December 30, 1901.
[3] December 30, 1901.
[4] October 9, 1898.

My heart has gone out to you and to all the men who are engaged in the teaching of theology with a warm sense of fellowship and affection, and I have most sincerely invoked upon the whole group the abundant blessing of God in the year's work." And again a year later:[1] "I have done one week's teaching and find the old fulness and flavor unchanged. The freedom is all there, and the luxury of utterance and influence is undiminished. . . . May you find the same good experience when you get your classes before you. How good it is to have the great things grow in our minds even while we are uttering them, so that one would be glad to begin again at once and say it over on a larger scale."

Like most teachers, he had his discouraging experiences, but he was helped over them partly by his sense of humor, partly by the pastoral spirit which saw in the dullest pupil a character to be trained and an immortal spirit to be enfranchised. After one particularly trying experience in which a student had shown evidence of a precocity in misunderstanding which amounted almost to virtuosity, he writes:[2] "Sometimes I think theology should be written in words of one syllable. If you can hit the dullest man, I would like you to shoot up this way."

Insincerity was his bête noir. To command his respect there must be an idea for every word. In its simplicity, its clarity, its sincerity his style was the reflection of the man. As you read him you had the impression of a transparent truthfulness and withal of a catholicity possible only to one who had entered sympathetically into life in all its phases. It was the style of a seer who had learned to be a comrade. To the man in quest of reality, it was like a draft of cold water on a sultry day. It is more than twenty years since I first received the manuscript of the *Theology*, but the impression is as vivid as if it were yesterday.

This mastery of expression did not come of itself. A long

[1] September 24, 1899. [2] April 22, 1897.

discipline lay back of it. To some of its elements I have already had occasion to refer. Fundamental was the discipline of thought which was the result of the unceasing quest of reality. Scarcely less important in its contribution to his style was the necessity of impartation. A teacher of the highest themes to men of imperfect training and limited experience, he was obliged constantly to simplify. He worked, as he expressed it himself, at least he tried to work, in words of one syllable. But his thought found its way the more surely to the hearts for which it was designed.

Back of all lay the discipline of character that came from the acceptance of a task not chosen, and the surrender of plans that would have led him into other work. He did not often refer to the past, but when he did, it was with a clear insight that he had been led, in ways he could not have foreseen, to the place God had planned for him from the first. One of his first letters lifts the curtain. "You do not know," he writes,[1] "how welcome is your appreciation of my pages. I have taught before in the New Testament department, but from that work I was drawn back to the pastorate and was settled in Hamilton. Of teaching in theology I had absolutely no thought, except that no one would ever want me to do it, and that I was very glad, because never in any circumstances would I be willing to do it. I knew that I was a heretic, and was thankful that other men were to have the burden of framing theological thought for the schools. But Doctor Dodge, my predecessor, died suddenly at the opening of the second term of the year, and I found myself in his chair to carry his class to the year's end, and the result was that I remained there. I have done what I could. Only by you among teachers has my work been tested, or even seen, and you can well understand how glad I am that you see good in it and find it useful."[2]

But for the most part his face was turned forward. The

[1] May 1, 1894. [2] *Ibid.*

word already quoted was characteristic. "It is not the end, but the beginning." Hope was his native breath, immortality his assured and joyful conviction. That God would have all souls at last he dared to believe. One of the first sentences he wrote expresses a conviction which he cherished with increasing confidence as the years went on. "The tendency of all our theologizing is toward larger hopes. To ground salvation in the character of God is to see that he is eternally a saviour. There is no escape from it, if one desired escape from so glorious a reality."

The final impression is of a certain massiveness, a strong man with the serenity of strength; a man four-square in his thinking as in his living; seeing things in the large. His theology could be summed up in a few simple principles, but they had reach and breadth ample enough to span the universe of God. "I agree with you," he writes,[1] "that the Christian conception of God has its only adequate support in the Christian experience. I love to think, however, that that experience presupposes, utilizes, combines, and glorifies all the other evidences of the existence of God, so that nature and life in all their forms find their places in the system of proof that is distinctively Christian, and support for a Christian a higher conclusion than by themselves they would ever attain to. So, for that matter, does philosophy. All good thoughts of what God is, and all that helps to prove his existence come to maturity and glory in the Christian argument."

Among my letters I find this greeting[2] which came to me on the first day of the new century: "Here I greet you, theologian to theologian, for the birthday of the twentieth century. May your head be clear and your heart be strong and your grasp be vigorous all the days of the new century that you live among the mortals, and may your best force move forth graciously to help the life that is to be. It is a great time, a hard time, and a noble time to be at work, and

[1] May 1, 1894. [2] December 30, 1900.

I hope you are to have a long and useful time of service to the holy faith. A good New Year to you, and good years many."

A different note is struck by the following, the last letter I ever received from him,[1] but one no less characteristic. It is from the Southern home in De Land, Florida, where Mrs. Clarke and he had gone to escape the rigors of a Northern winter: "The active world seems a long way off, as I sit here and hear the wind in the pines, but I know it is going right on—the spirit moving on the face of the waters, and men responding. You are in the midst of it, and I am glad."

"You are in the midst of it, and I am glad." It is the epitome of a life that had mastered the secret of universal sympathy, because the man who lived it dared to take without qualification or reserve the most audacious words that ever fell from the lips of man: "God is love."

[1] January 19, 1908.

DOCTOR CLARKE IN THE CLASSROOM

By Reverend Doctor F. A. Starratt, Professor of Theology in Colgate University

The unique influence of Doctor Clarke in the classroom can only be appreciated as one realizes clearly the peculiar demands of the situation which confronted him there. We need to remind ourselves that the years of his activity as a teacher were years of great disturbance in the field of theology. A new world-view was breaking upon the minds of men, and its acceptance demanded a reconstruction in all departments of human learning. No field of thought was more directly affected by this new world-view than that of theology.

Historical criticism had laid its hand upon the Bible and raised the whole question of authority in religion. The evolutionary theory offered a new account of the origin of man, as well as a reconstruction of the doctrine of sin as found in historical theology. Because the new view demanded such a radical reconstruction of theological views it was met with emphatic and violent opposition. To many it seemed as though the new view had arisen outside of the religious field, and to be making its way as a foreign element into the realm of things made sacred by memories of the past and by their intimate relations with the deepest things in human life; and so it was met as an intruder, to yield to which would be disloyalty to truth verified in experience. On the other hand, there were those who felt that the new world-view was so strongly supported by evidence, furnished from many fields of research, that it must be reckoned with. They also felt that truth was one, and that some way could be found to harmonize the truth of religion with that which was found

to be true in other parts of God's universe; and they set themselves to this task.

Now the classroom of theology is a little world in itself. In it are found representatives of the various types of thought in the world outside. The various influences that operate in the outside world to confuse the issue and to prejudice the judgment are at work here with even more intensity just because the attention is concentrated upon these problems. Doctor Clarke, as he faced this situation, had two definite things to do. He must construct his theology in such a way as to harmonize religious truth with the new world-view which he had frankly accepted. His contribution to the task of the reconstruction of theology has been given to the world and has been recognized as of distinct value. He had also to deal with the men before him in such a way as to be helpful to all, whatever their attitude toward their problems might be. There were those whose minds were sensitive to the "new-thought movements" of the world, but who were filled with doubt and perplexity as they tried to relate these to their religious conceptions. There were also those to whom the new point of view made little or no appeal, and whose theology in its general outlines was fixed. To both types of men the questions discussed were not academic ones, but were questions touching matters of vital personal concern. To them the cause to which they had dedicated their lives was intimately and fundamentally involved with the settlement of these problems. On the one side were men who could not pursue their calling as Christian ministers unless a way could be found to harmonize what seemed to be two mutually contradictory ways of conceiving the world. To others the future of Christianity depended upon the success of the effort to keep these two world-views apart, to defend Christianity from contact with a conception which seemed to them to be wholly foreign to its spirit and destructive of its most cherished beliefs. Furthermore, Doctor

Clarke's general position was well known. Many among those who knew him and loved him believed that he was advocating views which, if they prevailed, would transform Christianity in such a way that it would lose its distinctive features and its vital saving power. Many a young man, before he entered the classroom, had been solemnly warned by his pastor or by some godly and Christian man, against what were honestly conceived to be the pernicious views of the teacher whom he would meet there.

This was the situation which Doctor Clarke met day after day in his work—this world in miniature that reflected in detail passing religious thoughts of the great world outside, the whole pervaded with an earnestness born of close personal interest. The future careers of many young men were to be decided in that classroom. Would the teacher be able to lead some of them through to the place where the conflicting views of science and religion could be reconciled, and at the same time do something for the faith and the enlightenment of those to whom such a solution was impossible? How could he be helpful at the same time to two types of men who were destined from the first to go out from the classroom with differing and, in large measure, opposing conceptions of God, man, and the world?

In that Doctor Clarke was able to do this difficult and delicate thing, and to do it so well, consisted his peculiar greatness as a teacher and as a Christian man. If one asks how he did it, how he was able to be so helpful to students in this period of transition, the answer is to be found in the man as man, not merely the teacher. It was his sincerity, openmindedness, frankness, sweetness, Christlike personality. He was true to himself in the classroom as elsewhere. In his transparent life men with all kinds of views could see the spirit of Christianity reflected. There was a common bond of sympathy between himself and men of the most differing theological views. Each one could see in his teacher that

after which his own soul longed—a sure grasp of unseen things. The man beset by doubt suggested by the findings of science and philosophy could see in one who frankly accepted these findings the same certitude concerning spiritualities that has been the sure possession of great Christian souls of all times. Thus he was assured that for him, also, it was possible to be true to what he was compelled to believe as to the world as known by science, and at the same time retain his faith in God and in the verities of the Christian religion. The man whose interest lay in another direction, who was anxious above all else to keep Christian doctrine uncontaminated by what was conceived foreign to it, also saw in the teacher before him a high type of the Christian man whose soul was nourished by communion with God and whose spirit was held in loyal subjection to the spirit of Christ. And thus there was felt to be a distinction between the life of Christianity and the forms in which that Christianity might be doctrinally conceived at any particular time or under the influence of any particular world-view. In this manner a way was opened for the teacher to help both types of men as he pointed out to them the significance of the great life experiences of the Christian.

That which Doctor Clarke was able to accomplish in the classroom as a teacher among his students illustrates the place which he occupies in the larger world of Protestant Christianity, in which he was so well known. It is my own conviction that when more years shall have passed and we look back over this bit of history which is now in the making, he will appear as one of the men who, perhaps in a larger degree than any other, have been able to help men of the most divergent views theologically to maintain their hold on religion and their faith in each other through this period of transition.

At the close of his *Outline of Christian Theology*, a book which grew up in the classroom, there is added a personal

word to the student, which so fully expresses the spirit and method of the teacher that I quote it in full.

"Of the many things that ought to be said about theology but are not said in this book, some, I trust, may be spoken in the discussions of our pleasant classroom on the dear old hill. There, with our windows open to the morning light, teacher and pupils all students together, we talk without reserve of all things in earth and heaven that bear upon our high theme. It is always the light of the present day that shines in through our windows; past suns have set, and the suns of future days have yet to rise. But all days are the Lord's, and we are as sure that God is with us in our work as that he was with our fathers, or that he will enlighten those who shall come after us. Indeed, his spirit has often refreshed our hearts there while we have talked together of him and gazed upon his glory in the face of Jesus Christ, and our quiet room has been to us the house of God. We do not find all the questions that were present to our father's pressing upon us, their children, nor do we feel ourselves required to settle all the questions that we see rising, to engage the thoughts of future students. We are willing that our successors shall leave our perplexities and our solutions of them and answer their own questions in the clearer light of coming time. Sufficient unto the day are its own magnitudes and mysteries. It may well suffice us if we can justify to mind and heart the vital faith, the ardent love, and the sustaining hope that our generation needs; and this, through the grace of him who is the same yesterday and to-day and forever, we believe it is given us to do. If all men knew the God whose light shines through our windows, and knew him not only in study, but in life and love, the murmurs of the world would surely sink into silence, and the troubled heart of man find peace. To know and love such a being as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is to find our questions answered and our strength renewed. His eager and unsatisfied world needs a thousand applications of the good tidings of him to its manifold life and activity, and it needs a faith clear and simple, a faith that heals doubt, and awakens love, and breathes wisdom, and imparts spiritual power. The work of our classroom will have accomplished its purpose if young

men go out from it with the true secret of the Lord in their hearts, with a faith that cannot be perplexed, a love that burns in fellowship with him who gave himself for men, and a hope unquenchable. This is much to ask and seek; but for what lower end than this has our Lord given us our seminary, our time, and our Bibles? May he always be the teacher whose presence glorifies the room!"

DOCTOR CLARKE IN THE CLASSROOM

By Professor John Benjamin Anderson

If indirect contact with Doctor Clarke through reading his writings had been prized by thousands as a help to Christian thinking and an inspiration to holy living, surely thrice fortunate were we who came in daily personal contact with the great teacher in his classroom. To sit at his feet and receive instruction in some of the profoundest themes of human thought was a privilege and an opportunity rare indeed. What Doctor Clarke was in the classroom is largely incommunicable to others. We saw the shining of a great light, and no analysis or description in cold type can do more than hint at the reality.

Doctor Clarke's physical presence, at once pleasing and impressive, counted for much toward his success as a teacher. It was a joy just to behold the man. As long as life shall last will abide the memory of the familiar and beloved figure seated behind the desk. Doctor Clarke was of rather large frame. His noble head with its length and breadth and with its height of brow seemed the fitting seat and symbol of a great mind. His fine features and his sensitive hands were in keeping with the æsthetic quality of the man and were expressive of the refinement and spirituality of his nature. And who could ever forget the light radiant in those wonderful eyes! It was at times as if his glorious soul were shining out upon you. He always sat to teach. He never raised his pleasant voice to a shout or to the high pitch of heated emphasis, although he could on occasion speak emphatically and effectively in strong, firm tones. The young men felt that he was their mentor, friend, and father; they loved to

be near him, and the hours spent in his presence were golden hours, not alone of profit, but equally of happiness.

Doctor Clarke was a prophetic teacher. He spoke "as an oracle of God." At the close of a class hour I asked him how he knew that a certain momentous statement he had just made was true. He looked me straight in the eye, as if to see whether I was able to bear his answer or not, and said: "Because I know God." Consonant with this was his epigram: "The only safe way to walk without crutches is to be able to walk; the only safe way to get along without external authority is to live with God." This was the atmosphere which came with him into the classroom, and to most of us it was a highly rarefied atmosphere. Students who had been brought up to live and move only within the boundaries of Biblical and ecclesiastical authority in religious belief could not accompany the teacher in his free ranging over the realm of religious thought, but could only follow him with their eyes, now fascinated at his boldness, now shocked at his disregard of their cherished limitations, now wondering if, after all, he was not enjoying the legitimate freedom of the sons of God.

Under such leadership the student learned to think for himself, to examine his traditional stock of ideas, and to criticise freely the views of his teacher also. "Don't take any idea until the idea takes you," he said to us in his characteristically epigrammatic way. Again, "No doctrine has a good chance so long as people are afraid of it," and, "If you can reject any idea of mine, I want you to reject it." I never knew a man who seemed to be more open-minded. He desired to do justice to ideas from every source, even the most alien to himself. He tried to see things through the eyes of other people as well as through his own. This general habit and temper of mind made him patient and sympathetic with us all. He seemed to be able to divine the consciousness of the student and often to understand better than

the man himself what the difficulty was, and would restate the student's bungling question so clearly that the sense of relief and the expectancy of hope lit up the face of the learner.

Doctor Clarke was what might be called an overflowing teacher. His text at the writer's ordination was, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and his theme, "Full soul, full utterance." The preacher himself was a fine exemplification of his text and theme. He nourished his mind and kept it strong and supple by the reading of numberless books of the highest quality and of the greatest variety. In a remarkable measure he kept up with the best periodical literature. He was profoundly interested in contemporaneous thought and life on many sides. His mind was brimming over with the results of all his thoughtful and discriminating reading and also of his contact with an unusually wide circle of acquaintance, to say nothing of the intellectual resources coming from many years of experience in the pastorate, and the full mind and heart overflowed day by day into the lives of his students.

Marvellously rich as he was in his resources, our teacher nevertheless used self-control in their employment. He did not crowd his treatment with endless details. He observed perspective and proportion in the selection of materials for classroom use. It was the habit of his mind to put first things first, to dwell upon great principles and their chief applications. "Anything," he said, "that is not necessarily and eternally true is only a side issue. The eternal verities are the heart of Christianity. If not, Christianity will not do for the fortieth century." Another day he said to us, "Your idea of God will sweep everything before it," a saying of cardinal significance for the understanding of the work of Doctor Clarke as a teacher and as a theologian. The impression of the student as he recalls the teaching process of Doctor Clarke is that of a deep, broad, shining river moving onward through the mighty continent of theology.

Doctor Clarke was pre-eminently a religious man. There was an atmosphere of spirituality about him. One felt that he was at home among the eternal realities. To him God was a real presence, and in him he lived and moved and had his being. Fortunate were the men who lived in the effulgence of his radiant life. Many have been their testimonies to a new vision of God and a closer walk with him. The religious influence of Doctor Clarke in the classroom streamed forth from his personality in an undefinable way. It came also through what he said, but above all the prayers with which the class hours were begun brought us very close to God. It sometimes seemed as if God were breathing his holy spirit upon us. What a beginning each day for the study of theology! We commenced our study about God each day by being led into his presence, by being made sure of him anew, and by a real outgoing of our souls to him.

Let me give one more illustration of this religious influence. In all our classrooms the freest and frankest discussions are not only permitted to the students but are encouraged, and this was true nowhere more than with Doctor Clarke. The result was that the sessions in his room were often very animated and sometimes (though rarely) almost stormy. One day stands out with sharp distinctness in my memory. Some of the students were objecting strongly and excitedly to certain views of their teacher. The situation became tense and even painful, and he manifestly felt the strain. The bell closing the hour rang out, and we expected to leave the room immediately. Doctor Clarke, however, beckoned us to remain, and his great heart poured itself out in an act of communion with God, and we were borne on the tide of his prayer far out beyond our controversial atmosphere into the presence and the greatness of the Infinite. We quietly left the room, hushed and reverent, and with some eyes wet with tears. Such was the religious spirit and power of our great teacher in his classroom. How true to his own

experience were the words he uttered one day in our class: "The spiritual reality that constitutes the heart of Christianity is a divine, holy life in the soul of man, making him a new creature in holy love and godliness."

Alert, witty yet gentle in repartee, gifted with a keen sense of humor, smiling and laughing with us at his not infrequent sallies of purest fun, the sparkling scintillations of a diamond intellect, having a wonderful power of extemporaneous epigram, ready with illustrative anecdote, quick to take the student's standpoint and to put the latter's case fairly and often more cogently than he himself could, speaking always the pure, limpid English so well known to his readers, unconventional yet dignified, genial, kindly, paternal, possessed of the rarest charm of personality, and in and through all revealing the man who walked with God, is it any wonder that his students thought of Doctor Clarke as one of God's supreme gifts to them, and that the hours spent in his classroom are among the happiest and brightest memories which any students could ever cherish of any teacher!

DOCTOR CLARKE IN THE CLASSROOM

By Reverend Daniel Hunt Clare

"Our pleasant classroom on the dear old hill." The atmosphere of the room is revealed in the exquisitely beautiful conclusion of the *Theology*. This spirit of companionship gave to the room its unfailing attraction. We felt we were not there to receive instruction in theology, but to talk with a gracious and inspiring personality, to share with him the results of his meditation and study and spiritual experience in order that we might be able to shape our own thoughts and convictions concerning the great realities which were to be the substance of our preaching.

With his characteristic habit of leisurely punctuality, he was always in his place at the desk when we entered, greeting us with his smiling eyes, while with one hand he toyed with the small clock which stood there. Exactly upon the sound of the gong in the hall a hush would fall over the room as he read a few words from Scripture, a choice bit of verse or an apt prose quotation bearing on the thought of the hour. He then closed his eyes and in a brief prayer lifted us into the presence of Him whose character and purposes we were seeking to understand. There was always an air of expectancy in the room. We gathered like hungry men around a well-filled table. Little time was spent in reciting the assigned lesson. He desired to see if the student had acquired the substance of the thought. The text-book was then read sentence by sentence, and quiet comments were made upon the portions which needed special elucidation. He rose to his greatest heights as a teacher when the stream of questions poured forth. His intellectual and spiritual resources were

marvellous. He had no stereotyped expressions; his utterances were always freshly coined. He spoke with transparent sincerity and he kept back nothing. His face glowed as if inwardly illumined. He did not argue. He did not raise his voice. He conversed with us. We were not afraid to ask him anything. We were so sure of his insight and sympathy we knew he would understand. There was no haste, but not a moment was wasted. He kept us close to the great themes. "Learn to give principal stress on principal things," he said. He tried to get to the heart of our difficulties. When answering our questions his thoughts fell at times like a shower of pearls. Crystal-clear sentences, equal to any in the printed page, fell from his lips with the opulence of a great soul. The margins of our text-books are covered with notes, making the volumes doubly precious. We never doubted his sympathy with us in our perplexities, but we were led to feel that we were passing through a wholesome experience. "I should feel I had done a good year's work," he said, "if I could make every one of you believe that you can trust your own thinking when you seek to do the will of God." He felt that the classroom was the place for doubt, that the pulpit might become the place for conviction. "If I give you anything in my career," he said, "I shall try to give you something that cannot be taken away from you." He wanted no self-delusion. He would not have us make our judgment blind. If a man complained that he did not know what to preach because his former views were failing him, the answer was: "Let it drive you to your verities." In our spiritual distress, when struggling to readjust our vision as we passed through the clouds toward the high table-lands to which he was leading us, a glance at the teacher's radiant face told us that light and peace awaited us on the upward side.

He made no attempt to formulate conclusions for us. He wanted us to know the truth by feeling its authority in our own souls. He disliked unthinking assent to his state-

ments, and it appeared to invigorate him when men presented other views which were realities to them. "I want you to reject anything of mine you can," he said, "but, of course," he added with a smile, "I want to fix it so that you can't." He always made us feel we were fellow seekers after truth. He was a marvel of patience when what appeared to some of us as wilful obtuseness was manifested by any members of the class who resented any disturbance of their beliefs. His serenity was never dimmed; he rarely uttered a rebuke. We knew, of course, of the storm of criticism through which he was passing. It was hard for us to realize that our beloved teacher with his benignant face, his quiet manner, and with the heart of a little child could be the cause of such violent controversy. We never heard him make a single reference in the classroom to the trial through which he was passing. Amid all the reconstruction taking place in the thoughts of the men of the class, the note of faith was dominant. Our religion was even greater than we thought. The message we had to deliver was more glorious than we had believed. Each day we were led to feel that we were better acquainted with God. "Indeed, his spirit has often refreshed our hearts there while we have talked together of him and gazed upon his glory in the face of Jesus Christ, and our quiet room has been to us the house of God." The hour invariably passed too quickly, and the bell always sounded upon reluctant ears. Many times we came forth as from a service of worship. We felt that the "teacher whose presence always glorified the room" was seen in the eyes of him who talked with us.

A member of the seminary class of '96 was fatally stricken with typhoid fever just as he was about to assume his first pastorate. A few days before the end he asked his sister for paper and pencil, and amid great weakness he wrote: "To have studied theology under Doctor Clarke is to lose all fear of death."

Not only did it mean to lose all fear of death, but it meant to go forth from the pleasant classroom, as our great teacher has expressed his hope and aim, "with the true secret of the Lord in their hearts, with a faith that cannot be perplexed, a love that burns in fellowship with Him who gave Himself for men, and a hope unquenchable."

DOCTOR CLARKE IN THE CLASSROOM

By Reverend Troward H. Marshall

Perhaps nothing went further to win the student's reverence for Doctor Clarke than the prayers which we heard from day to day in the classroom, and, occasionally, in the chapel. To me they were the highest source of my spiritual joy during the days of seminary life. When the classroom door was closed, Doctor Clarke would read some few words of spiritual import from among the gems of truth he had learned to make his own. One that I have before me now is on the slip of paper which Doctor Clarke gave me after class one morning. It is from Lucy Larcom, and reads: "I awoke with a strange joy as of some new revelation, that seemed sounding through my soul, with the words, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!' Is it a new entering in of life and love at all the doors of my nature? Doors that I have left closed and overgrown, perhaps? Come in, O Life, O Truth, O Love, by whatever gate thou wilt, in whatever form thou wilt. Only make me ready to receive thee, and to go with thee through the gates into the freedom of thy universe."

Having read these words (they might be from Tennyson or Augustine or Isaiah), he would move over, with hardly a change of tone, into the realm of prayer. Many of us tried to write the prayers as they were spoken. I never knew of any one succeeding in doing so. They made writing impossible, so much did they lift the spirit out of time into the timeless. These prayers were the expression of the passion for "all good" to which Emerson refers as the criterion for

true prayer. The specific, the accidental, the local—these were left behind. We heard such words as these: "O Spirit of Truth," . . . but the best efforts of memory will not bring them back. They were not in the so-called "grand style," but were the hushed breathings of a passionate and intimate converse with God. They shamed us, they inspired us, they urged us on. Of all the memories of this holy man of God, these are inestimably the most precious.

AS THEOLOGIAN

By Professor George Cross, D.D.

The mention of the name of William Newton Clarke arouses in the mind of one who has known him for many years not so much at first the idea of the theologian as the image of the man. When we do think of him as theologian it is, nevertheless, the man in the theologian—the great, keen-witted, broad-minded, warm-hearted, wholesome man—that permeates his theology for us with its most distinctive characteristics. When his works are read this impression continues uppermost. The man never disappears in the theory. For theology to him was less a vocation than a mode of self-expression. The inimitable charm which his books have for all readers, whether experts or laymen, is owing to something more than the smooth and well-rounded style or even the mellowness of the thought, for these are simply the reflex of his personality. It is owing to the richness of the spiritual life that is revealed there. It is because a spirit that possessed great individuality held at the same time in its inner chamber the wealth that was gathered from a universalistic sympathy. The reader feels as if his own deepest experiences were finding utterance in the words before him and he finds himself embraced in a larger life.

This is entirely in keeping with Doctor Clarke's conception of the nature of theology. His watchword is: *Theology is made in life*. It is an expression of the experiences of the human spirit, and were it not so it would be empty and profane. A man's theology is a transcript of his personal activities in their highest interpretation. The factors that enter into the formation of it are the complex relations, inner and

outer, into which he has been brought as a self-conscious being. If his theology is natural to him—as it must be if it is his own—then it gathers up into itself his whole personal history. He is making it every day. Not only so, it also arises as a formulation of the meaning of the life he lives in the presence of the imperative necessity of living still. A man must theologize because he must live.

The Approach to the Problems of Theology is herewith given. It is guided by the view that these problems arise less from the intellectual demand for a formal system of given truth than from the practical demand for direction in our activities. The authoritative approach is set aside. Supposing there were a sum of truths objectively given and to be received submissively, the system of these "truths" which one might organize would not be his theology, for it would still remain alien to his life, something still external to those activities of the soul by which its own truth is made for it. The speculative approach is also set aside. The dialectical development of a system of abstract conceptions from some given universal concept, no matter what name is given to these concepts, is something different from the interpretation of the actual past experiences as a guide to those coming experiences which grow out of them. In the long and involved course of human experience great spiritual realities have come into being. These are the most precious possessions men have. The experience of them we call our religion. If they are to be preserved in their full value and to be also enhanced in value in the future activities into which we are to enter, it is necessary that we learn the attitude we are to assume toward our own personal existence and all other existences in order that the issues of life may be solved and that we may live it more fully.

There must be a Christian theology because there is a distinctively Christian religious life. It has come down from the past through many generations as a spiritual force of ever-

increasing magnitude. It is in the world as a great present fact. If it is to continue here it is necessary that we know its nature. The circumstances under which it came into distinct existence, the course by which it has been perpetuated, the influences that have affected its course, it is the business of history to describe. But the meaning of this distinctive kind of life, the relations into which it brings those who possess it with the unseen Being whom they worship, it is the task of theology to expound.

Great assumptions are here admittedly made. It is assumed that the human spirit is capable of distinguishing, without outer determining information, those experiences which are of the greatest value to it. It is assumed that it is capable of supplying from within itself, by using whatever material it may have to hand, the solution of the problems which these experiences raise. It is assumed also that the solutions arrived at are of temporary validity and partake of progressiveness. For the religious life is never static. It is continually developing into greater fulness. Hence theology, to be true to life, must be equally progressive. The theology of yesterday cannot be the theology of to-day, nor the theology of to-day the theology of to-morrow. Let there be no expectations of finality in the doctrines of theology, because we never reach finality in life.

Theology so viewed becomes extremely hospitable. The religious life is natural. It is the normal human life. Christianity as the highest type of religion is the life that is normal to humanity. If the life of men here can be normal, then the religious man is not an alien to the universe, but finds all its forces contributing factors to his life. Hence the wide range of interest which Doctor Clarke's theology takes. The Christian religious life is placed in a positive relation to the religious life of men in all ages. The universal religious life becomes a contributing influence in the formation of the Christian life and finds in the latter its fulfilment and its tempo-

rary justification. The religious life stands in positive relation to all the other elements that constitute our human life in its entirety. It becomes necessary for theology to exhibit the unity of the life of men in their religious experiences. Similarly the whole material universe becomes a sustaining power in the religious life, and the most friendly view possible is taken of the processes and methods of scientific and philosophic investigation. Thus the Christian thinker, commencing with the consciousness of those worthful experiences we call "religious" within himself, reaches out to the inner life of other men and finds his own enlarged thereby, then goes out to the remotest ages and races to discover the underlying unity of his life with theirs, and finally discovers himself at home in the universe, and both reads the meaning of his experience in the light it offers and at the same time reads its meaning in the light of those experiences which have come to him. This is the range and order of the theological process.

The Materials of Theology and the use of them are hereby discovered. To the question, Where shall Christian theology find its materials? the sweeping answer is forthwith given: "Anywhere. . . . Its field for materials is as wide as God's creation." It does not follow, however, that this boundless material is to be used without discrimination. For the cardinal principle is that God's truth for men "is made in life and action." Hence the various sources may be distinguished and estimated according to the immediacy of their relation to the human life.

First of all to be named is what we have become accustomed to call the *religious experience.* The psychical life, the religious self-consciousness, has the first and last word. Whether men have come into possession of the better way, whether they have entered upon the higher life, whether they have apprehended the heavenly, spiritual world, whether they have come to know God, can be decided in the final analysis by no other way than by interrogating their personal

consciousness. As a religious man the theologian finds his first-hand material within his own spirit. If he does not find it there he cannot take the first step in theology. Theology is necessarily individualistic. An almost infinite variety of theological views is to be admitted as a possibility. This does not mean, however, that a man's theology is to be only his own subjective interpretation of a merely subjective experience. For his fellowship with his fellow men brings him into a communion of spirit with them and thereby opens to him the vast field of the whole inner life of religion as far as men have been able to give expression to it. He will turn at once to that portion of the field which is most akin to his own and most excites his own. The Christian instinct may be trusted to find its way here.

This estimate of the religious experience leads at once to the Christian *Scriptures*. The high estimate to be placed on them as sources of theological material does not repose primarily on a knowledge of the circumstances of their composition or of their authors, or upon a knowledge of some unique manner in which the thoughts expressed in them were given to men. Much less does it arise from the fact that they were collected into an "authoritative" canon. It does arise from the supremely important fact that the spiritual life into which the theologian has entered has derived its character and obtained its chief nourishment from the impression which the utterances of the Scriptures have made upon him and those whose spiritual life is akin to his. He draws his materials from the Bible because he is in a holy fellowship with the men whose life experiences have made it what it is. Laying aside the vague and confusing term *inspiration*, which tends to clothe the Scriptures with mystery and shut us out of their secret, we are brought to the fact that "The authority of the Scriptures is the authority of the truth they convey," and the truth is constituted by the quality of the life in them. It is the peculiar quality of the Scriptures as utterances

of the spiritual life, and not the "proofs" of their extrahuman origin through the attestations of miracle and prediction, that gives to them their distinctive place. This peculiar quality is not of an indefinite character but consists ultimately in the power of the personality of Christ as he is set forth there to bring the heart into a higher and purer moral realm. He is the secret of the Book, and every part of it that participates in the character of Christ has to a corresponding extent power over the souls of Christian men. Thus everything in the Scriptures that can be viewed as participation, before his personal advent, in his holy character, and everything in them that can be viewed as the product of his personal influence on men, is material for Christian theology. It is this and this alone that makes the Bible the Book of books.

It is evident that this material can be gathered from the Scriptures only by a discriminating choice. Our material for theology must be gathered by means of a *critical process*. Doctor Clarke fully accepted and advocated the right and the necessity, on the one hand, of the literary and historical criticism, and on the other hand, of the religious criticism of the Scriptures. The stern methods of criticism had no terrors for him. The far-reaching effects of their methods on the common view of the historicity of many of the narratives of the Bible were clearly perceived by him at an early date and the consequences accepted without hesitation. The reason is plain: it cleared the way for a better view of the significance of the career of Jesus Christ and enabled the theologian the better to apprehend the true character of his personality. This was the greatest positive outcome. Negatively, it enabled the theologian to set aside some doctrines that were based on a view of the equal authority of all parts of the Bible, such as the legalistic view of salvation, fatalistic predestinationism, millenarianism, the Catholic-Protestant doctrine of original sin, and the doctrine of atonement by a sacrifice to the divine wrath.

The *religious criticism* of the Scriptures proceeds by an equal right with the literary and historical criticism. We have a right to use and to trust what he finely calls "the Christian selective sense" in discerning those elements of both the Old Testament and the New Testament which are truly Christian. For the men who have come under the transforming power of the personality of Jesus Christ have obtained "a living gift that [for them] transfigured all their dealings with God, and transformed even God himself." Christ as he impresses himself on the spirit of the believer becomes the principle by which we distinguish the Christian material from the non-Christian materials, no matter where it may be found. To the "obvious criticism upon this proposal that it leaves much to the judgment of him who undertakes to construct the doctrine," the answer is made: "This is true, and one could easily wish for a less exacting method. But this seems to be God's way with the free spirits whom he has gifted with the powers of life—he bids each and all of them turn their faces toward him, and report to one another what they see." In their communion with one another in the spiritual life and in their inner relation with the course of this life as it has developed in history is found the corrective of mere subjectivism. Christ as he reveals God to the soul must be the supreme standard by which to test all that professes to be Christian.

Doctor Clarke's confidence that the truth of Christianity would be by no means detrimentally affected by the processes of criticism did not spring from the mystic's view that the spiritual and eternal so completely transcend the physical and temporal that the former may be separated from the latter and go its way independently. In the distinctive sense of the term he was no mystic. The earthly, the temporal, and the physical were of profound interest to him because they bore in their bosom the presence of the heavenly and eternal. His free and confident attitude toward the work of

the higher criticism rested on his trust in the worth of the historical. Christianity was to him a historical faith—not in the sense that its truth depends on the historicity of certain presumed events, but that it lies at the heart of all history, is one with the historical progress of humanity and displays the true meaning of this process. This faith becomes to him who receives it the revelation of the one purpose of all human life. The critical discovery of the actual facts connected with the origin of Christian faith is of great importance, because in them the peculiar genius of the new faith was embodied, but the supremely important facts in this connection were not the external occurrences as such but the spiritual events that came to light in the accounts of the occurrences. Similarly the equally inevitable religious criticism of the Scriptures cannot be wanton or ultimately destructive, since it proceeds from no scepticism but from the conviction of the irrefragable worth of the individual's religious experience. The Christian's religious experience flows from the influence of the figure of the Christ as he is set forth primarily in the Scriptures of the New Testament. Thus the Christian Scriptures themselves supply the principle of their own religious criticism.

It follows from what has been said that Doctor Clarke emphasized the contribution which the *science of history* makes to the material of theology. All history is interpretable as the history of religion, for it brings to light the way in which the spirit of men has come to find its higher ends; or, which is the same thing, history, culminating in the history of religion, exhibits the manner in which God has put men in ever-growing possession of his own blessed life of holy love. For a similar reason the *natural sciences* and *philosophy* are treated with profound respect as regards both their methods and their results.

The Theological Method which results from this use of materials is simple. There is nowhere in his writings a la-

bored exposition of the technic of theology, while yet there is care taken to be faithful to the full demands of a scientific treatment of the subject-matter of theology. It is plain to every reader that his aim throughout was consciously practical—to enable the thoughtful believer to live out his life of faith in the whole realm of possible experience and to propagate this life in others. Theology was to him the science of the religious life.

The method might be called the *psychological-historical*. Setting aside the traditional method of collating and organizing the great "authoritative" declarations of doctrine supposedly given by inspiration, certified by supernatural events, and built up by logical inference into an unalterable system of abstract truth, he lays down as the basis of all religious doctrine the fact of a conscious, experiential religious life in the heart of the theologian himself. The story of the course of this life as experienced to-day and yesterday by all those in whom we can trace it supplies the material for an inductive study of its character. The qualities and convictions of the faith that permeates this life are thereby disclosed. The exposition of these convictions or possessions of faith presents the meaning of the faith in relation to history and the nature of the universe, and thus precedes and grounds the attempt to justify them as truth. Dogmatics precedes apologetics.

The exposition of the nature of the Christian faith as exhibited in its history leads to its fountainhead in the teachings and career and character of Jesus Christ as these appear in the Gospels and the Epistles of the New Testament. It is the firm conviction of the present writer that the chief secret of the power and beauty of Doctor Clarke's expositions is to be found in his prolonged, thorough, and devout study of the New Testament. His free attitude toward it enabled him to imbibe its spirit without suffering from the fettering influence of an inherited cast-iron system.

The special themes that come in for discussion are selected more or less by reference to the historical course of theology and the forms of the historic creeds. These are treated with reverence as formulations of the character of the evolving Christian spirit. Portions of their language are retained and other portions are quietly set aside. In his earlier writings considerable attention is paid to their terminology, and speculation is resorted to in support of it. A notable instance is the attempt to interpret the doctrine of the incarnation by speculations respecting the nature of deity and the nature of humanity. In his later writings the influence of metaphysical speculation is a diminishing quantity. Much more attention is given to the movements of the human spirit to-day as it seeks to explore all realms of fact and to discover the course of personal activity and community life which they disclose to the inquirer. The ethical overshadows the metaphysical. It is from this point of view that the results of historical investigation and scientific research in the physical realm are appropriated and interpreted in their ethical-religious bearings.

Thus, then, it appears that the theological method of Doctor Clarke is determined finally, not by the necessity of arriving at a knowledge of static truth, but by the imperativeness of obtaining guidance in the way to the perfect active life, which is the way to God. While, therefore, his theology necessarily became systematic in its method it did not pretend to arrive at a final system of truth. He was as suspicious of wrought-out systems as he was of disorder, saying: "A theology too systematic is sure to be distrusted for that very quality and with good reason." "Incompleteness is far better than a misleading appearance of perfect system." The reason for this attitude is plain. It flows from that view of existence, and of human existence in particular, which interprets it as in course of evolution toward perfection. No doctrine can be a perfectly true expression of

the supreme realities known to us, because these realities are in incomplete evolution and because our apprehension of them is also in process. The method is deeply dependent on the aim. The aim is to produce such an interpretation of the Christian life in the whole sphere of its existence as will serve to forward our spiritual progress. As the lower stages of life are transcended the doctrines that grew out of them are transcended also. We cannot rest content with the doctrines of our fathers because we cannot live our lives within the limits of theirs, and in their turn our doctrines will be transcended by our sons who will live a larger life than ours.

This characterization of Doctor Clarke's theology would be unsatisfactory did we not illuminate it by references to his interpretation of some of the great commonplaces of theology. Of course, nothing beyond mere suggestions of his full views on the points touched can be attempted here. I select the following:

1. *Revelation.* One misses in Doctor Clarke that whole view of things which represents heaven and earth, God and man, as unlike in ultimate nature, separated by a gulf so deep that we may simply say heaven is not earth and God is not man, and then add that the gulf has been bridged at points for a time by an activity from the higher world making itself manifest here and giving us glimpses of that other world, or that communications have been delivered across the gulf informing us of the higher world and our relation to it. This dualism disappears. Instead, the relation of heaven to earth and of God to man is immanent and as such normal to our existence here. God is forever uttering himself to our spirit and we are forever apprehending his self-expression. For revelation is just self-expression. This revelation is not to be identified with the dictation of a formula but with the impartation of a higher self-conscious life. In the Scriptures the expression Word of God, "always denotes a living communication from God to men." God re-

veals himself "Immediately in the communion that holy souls have with him," in their inner experience, not before this experience or as a prior condition of it, but in it. This experience is uplifting and purifying, and nothing that comes short of that can be called revelation.

As Christians we believe that, "In Jesus we have true revealing of God. This does not mean something technical, as if in Christ we had received a formula concerning the divine nature. It means that Jesus and his life and work constitute a great expression of God and exhibition of his character." Where he says, "The direct revelation of God in human life was made once for all in Christ completed," we are not to understand the words "once for all" in a merely empirical sense; for Christ's gift to the world is filling the life of men more and more and putting constantly a new meaning into the discoveries made by human research. "When the entire conception of God has been unified, and harmonized with the thought of Jesus as its centre and key-note, God will be known as he is. The character that Jesus opened to us is the real character of God, not to be transformed for us by any future discoveries or experience." "This character is the same in his relations with all beings, because the same in himself the eternal God." Thus the course of human history and the laws of the universe as disclosed to us by science and philosophy become to us a Christian revelation, even though these discoveries may have had no historical connection with Christianity, because they help to make plain to us the sphere and the manner in which the Christian spirit is to fulfil its destiny.

We are to beware of limiting the revelation of God to the portion of the human race connected with the formation of our Bible. "God has always been in communication with all spirits of the human race." "It is he who brought it to pass that man advances from the life of the beast to the life of the spirit. The life that moves from the animal to the

spiritual realm is of his giving and of his designing. The soul dawning in man is his self-impartation." Thus, then, "that which he has done in Christ can be nothing else than the culmination of a work of God as God upon man as man." This can mean nothing less than that revelation is continuous with the growing spiritual life of men and that it is just God's gracious saving will experienced in the life of self-consciousness.

2. *Salvation.* In this subject, no less than in the question of *revelation,* one misses much to which he has been accustomed. In the first place, he misses the systematic arrangement of a body of concepts, each one of which is supposed to have a distinct connotation and to correspond with a distinct spiritual fact, the whole presenting the appearance of a wrought-out science, and representing stages and separate processes in the work of salvation. Thus we have had, on the one side, such concepts as illumination, regeneration, justification, adoption, sanctification, glorification, as descriptions of distinguishable acts of God in salvation; and, on the other side, repentance, faith, conversion, consecration, as different acts of man in the process of receiving salvation. The whole represents, then, a spiritual programme followed in the saving work of God and experience of men. These terms are not discarded as useless, but the scheme as a whole is discarded and in place of it appears the account of the inception and growth of the new moral life in the Christian, to be regarded from one point of view as God's one continuous saving act, and from another point of view as man's inner progress from the lower to the higher life of the spirit.

Similarly we miss the representation of the work of salvation that endeavors to make it harmonize with the Catholic theory of the godhead by assigning different parts of the work to the different persons of the Deity, as, for example, condemnation and justification to the Father, atonement to

the Son, and the application of the atonement to men by the Spirit, or, again, the provision of salvation by the Father, the securing of it by the Son, and the impartation of it by the Spirit. Instead, with a reverent acceptance of the triunity in God (of which more will be said presently) there is the simpler and more natural view that the saving activity of Christ the Son is the very act of the Father himself, who does not stand over against the Christ in his redemptive act, but is wholly one with him. Similarly the renewing and purifying activity of the gracious Spirit is the eternal activity of the living Christ. In like manner the distinctions between the different portions of Christ's work, as his teaching, his penal sufferings, his intercession, his gift of the Spirit, his government of his people, while recognized as having value for the sake of fulness of conception, are nevertheless restored to their proper informal use as complementary figurative representations of the one saving act of Christ in his infinite life. Here scholasticism disappears.

With the pseudoscientific construction of the subject disappears also the pseudohistorical view that conceives it as a "plan of salvation" according to which events occur in an order and relation preordained. Reposing on the "divine decrees" there occurred the events of the creation, the fall, the selection of a portion of the race to be the exclusive recipients of a definitely given law, the definite event of the incarnation, the atonement, the end of the world, and the judgment day. Doctor Clarke is far from belittling the use of these terms as efforts of the human mind to construe the historical process of salvation, but the mechanical character of the view repels him. Instead, he turns to a much less pretentious attempt to see in the progress of human history as an immanent process the unfoldings of a gracious redemptive purpose that runs through all the ages and is destined to fulfil itself in eternity. Salvation ceases to be viewed as ultimately a securing of a safe transition from earth to heaven,

but the fitting of the earthly life with a heavenly goodness and power.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the legalistic view of the atonement is not acceptable to him. Its dependence on a body of juridical ideas mostly outgrown in the life of the nations is seen, and with this is seen also the imperativeness of recognizing that this representation of the matter must fail to appeal to the enlightened to-day. Instead, it is attempted to replace this defective view with one that corresponds with the deepening moral consciousness of the times, the progress of the aim and methods of social betterment, and the broader and more humane views of the nature and means of government. The atonement becomes a living experience definitely related to the personality and career of Jesus Christ and a liberating and purifying process in the individual and social consciousness.

It need scarcely be added that since Doctor Clarke preserves the fully ethical character of salvation as against the metaphysical interpretation, there is no place in his theology for the saving effect of sacraments or any other view of it that finds its *locus* anywhere but in the living, conscious spirit of the man.

A little more positively and very briefly—salvation is a fact of the personal experience and a fact of history knowable to any one who gives himself to the study of the course of men in the world. A doctrine of salvation depends on this fact and attempts to expound it. Salvation is a religious experience—the pious mind sees its origin in God. It is a moral experience—it is a deliverance from sin unto righteousness, or rightness. The Christian salvation is a historical fact—the Christian traces it to Jesus Christ. It is a reality of the spiritual realm unfolding itself progressively in the course of time and, so we believe, destined to come to perfect achievement in eternity.

The glory of Christianity is salvation. It is not merely

something secured by Christianity but, truly understood, it *is* Christianity. That is to say, a new order of life personal, social, racial, and, in its intent, universal, has come into being among men through Jesus Christ. Many accounts of it have been given but none of them has yet become the *one* account of the matter or is likely to be, because the fact is so unutterably rich in meaning. But this we can say: "Straight out from Jesus Christ, as a normal and congenial outcome from his work, came that ethical and religious order of life which we call the kingdom of God." Now "the central truth of Christianity" is that which can be truly called the kingdom of God is "a reign of mutual service and help with an unselfish devotion to others for its indwelling power." To produce this new order of life, to bring men into the fellowship of it, to impart to them the experience of the graces which flourish in it, such as trust in the Infinite Goodness, humility, meekness, and gentleness of spirit, graciousness and mercy to men, purity and unselfishness of heart, undying confidence and courage in the presence of the universe, is to save them. "For about two thousand years Jesus Christ has been the living source of this experience" and this order of life among men. How great this fact may yet turn out to be and how Jesus Christ has brought it into being we may never altogether succeed in telling. Meanwhile we can say that it does consist in the increasing penetration of the hearts of men and the life of humanity with his personal consciousness in its attitude toward God and men and the world. Historically and actually Jesus is saving the world.

The salvation is ethical. It comes through the appeal to the moral consciousness. The whole of Jesus' teaching is permeated with the ethical ideal as his life is permeated with the ethical motive. He never distrusted the supreme value of the moral judgment as a court of appeal. He never forgot that men are made or marred by moral action. He never sought to withdraw his followers from the mass of man-

kind or from the challenge of the universe, but sought to enable them to fulfil the life of the highest fellowship with all within this natural world. His power over them through the centuries has been working in the same direction, the establishment of a right order of life among men. It is ethical in a broader sense than that it concerns itself with the individual conscience. While the question of the well-being of the individual is of abiding importance, the inquiry, Are there many saved? loses itself in the larger question of the coming of a universal reign of the heavenly Father. Hence also the apocalyptical view of a world-assize by which each is assigned to his final abode has, in accordance with the aim of Jesus, been displaced by the hope of a time when the whole creation shall be the home of the love of God.

The ethical is carried up into the religious. Unrightness is sin, and sin is not to be understood according to the terms of a given law, but according to the character of the supreme and infinitely holy Person. It is the love of this holy Being and not the terms of a law that gives to sin its unworthiness and damnable character. With this interpretation the whole legalistic interpretation of the means of salvation drops away. Not that the juridical language in which the Christian salvation has been set forth is without value, but that value is temporary and this formal interpretation must yield to the conception of salvation as effected by one's being brought into right personal relations. The salvation of Christ is no part of a legal arrangement. No difficulty is felt to be in the way of saying: "It is righteous to forgive those who confess." There is no impediment to forgiveness in God.

Hence Doctor Clarke feels that of all the scriptural and theological terms that have been used to express the great fact of salvation as the bringing of men into a better relation with God the term "reconciliation" is the best. For the baseness of sin, its abnormality for men, its violation of the standard of duty, its selfishness, its opposition to the

moral government of the world—all these are comprehended in the rejection of a God who is love. It is "not a matter of relation to law or to government," but a personal relation. The relations of men to one another and to the universe are all comprehended in their relation to God.

3. *Christ.* It is not to be doubted that the doctrine of the person of Christ one may hold will depend in some measure on his doctrine of salvation, for if Jesus is to him in any sense Saviour the effect of such an experience or estimate of his significance is sure to be manifest in the interpretation of his career. It has always been so and is likely to continue. Doctor Clarke's doctrine of salvation prepares us for his doctrine of Christ. This does not hinder that his method of approach be of great importance or detract from the value of his views.

At the outset we are struck by the absence of those metaphysical premises that play so large a part in the most widely known christologies at the very opening of the discussion. There are no *a priori* assumptions as to the essence of deity and of humanity or of the necessary relations between them as a foundation of his interpretation of Christ, and, accordingly, there is an absence of the effort to fit the historical Jesus into the speculative scheme, which has been such a great obstacle to the traditional christologies.

The historical consideration occupies the first place. The facts of Jesus' career are to be ascertained by the strictest application of the critical methods. The facts are what they are, no matter how our preferences may affect our apprehension of them. Some portions of the accounts are of such a character as to leave some alleged events in doubt, but the general representation of the facts is reliable and the outcome of the critical study is to clarify the picture and allow the actual living personality to stand out in his uniqueness and grandeur. Such a one as the Jesus set forth in the Gospels, especially the synoptics, actually lived. Such a person actu-

ally made his advent into the movement of human life on earth and became a distinctive spiritual force in it. There he stands before us—just, pure, sinless, loving, gracious, lowly, courageous, faithful, commanding, and moving upon men with a marvellous attraction. The expositions his first followers offered of the character of his life and even the additions that they were led to make to his real sayings become an important part of the testimony to his actual achievement. They are included in the means by which he has been able to perpetuate the power of his life through the ages. Here, then, and not in an assumption of the nature of sin and salvation supplied by a moral philosophy or by the Mosaic legislation, is the basis of the doctrine of his saviourhood. The salvation he brought is to be described by reference to the actual fruits of his career in human lives, including the life of the theologian himself.

What was it that Jesus gave to the world? He gave an ideal of life, *an ideal that he was* in his own personality. It was not merely a picture of the perfect life, but he sowed that life in the earth in the career that culminated in the supreme act of self-sacrifice in death and thereby he was able to communicate to men the spirit of his life in such a degree that it became their very life also. Thus he became their salvation.

The place that Jesus has gained in the hearts of men is not due to any demonstration *ab extra* of the truth of the claims he may have made or of the authority he possessed. It flows from the actual power he has exercised to bring them into the fellowship of his spirit with the conviction that they are thereby brought into fellowship with God. The question of the reliability of the accounts of miracles performed by him as sensible matters of fact, the question of the reality of the virgin birth, or the question of the reality of the physical resurrection (Doctor Clarke points out that the idea of the resurrection became greatly carnalized in the early

centuries) has no decisive place in the determination of the greater question, Who was he? These accounts, on the other hand, are of great value as showing what men were able to believe of him through what they had found him to be to them, but they drive us back to the more fundamental question of the quality of the power he exercised on men in the experiences of religion. The response to this question is clear: The "simple faith and straightforward love" of the early Christians and of multitudes since those days "found him more than human, and it came to pass that they adored him as God, and God by means of him." "The New Testament does not connect this divine honor to Jesus with belief in his supernatural birth. It sprang, rather, from the recognition of divine qualities in him, and from a sense of his living and reigning as a Saviour." Without previous theories of divinity and humanity men have felt the spiritual power that came forth from him, and identifying this with the action of God upon them they have spontaneously affirmed that God must be as he is if we are to love and obey and worship God, and he must be as God since he has such power over men. "We behold in him a relation to God that we find nowhere else. . . . God was in him as never was or will be in any other man." While many still affirm that the divinity of Christ as an article of faith is dependent on the belief in the historicity of the virgin birth and the physical resurrection of Jesus, Doctor Clarke places these in the reverse order, saying: "It is his divinity alone that justifies belief in his miraculous conception. If we follow the example of the apostles and early Christians we shall not build a doctrine of his person upon this event, but upon the character and personality that became manifest in his life and his saviourhood."

With regard to the question of the incarnation, or how God became man, so far as Doctor Clarke permitted himself to speculate on this question in the *Outline*, he favored the kenotic theory—"voluntary self-limitation"—but in the

Ideal of Jesus he seems content to say that the sum and substance of Jesus' career is that he revealed God, in his sufferings revealing the God who suffers for our sins. Reflecting on the attempted explanations of the person of Christ, he says: "Theology has its metaphysical doctrines of the person of Christ to account for the sonship of Jesus to God; but doctrine, after all, is only the expression of fact, and no analysis of his person can ever afford such proof and illustration of his sonship as resides in the life that he lived and the death that he died."

We leave this great subject here. One thing is certain, that while Doctor Clarke was profoundly interested in the theological problem, he was much less interested in presenting a fully formed and satisfactory doctrine of the person of Christ than in securing his reader's interest in the effort to become Christlike.

4. *God.* On taking up the author's volume, *The Christian Doctrine of God*, the present writer involuntarily asked himself, Can anything be found here that has not been already written by others? and then proceeded to read the book through, for there was no stopping. It is the ripe fruit of Doctor Clarke's finest thought and quite beyond the possibility of being characterized in a few paragraphs. However, a few statements may be made in the hope that readers may be stimulated to read the book for themselves.

One notices the wide range that is covered in the search for material for the formulation of the doctrine of God, and also the point of departure. It is not sufficient to collect and construe the biblical material, "for the Christian doctrine does not inherit solely from the Bible," inasmuch as the Christian life is greater than the Bible and in a large sense the source of it. Nor are we to rest with the historic creeds or their terminology, for the process of forming a Christian doctrine of God is not yet completed, nor will it ever be, since the Christian life must ceaselessly expand.

Nor shall we be satisfied to discover the element common to all Christians and persistent through all the Christian ages, for this has been subject to the limitations of our imperfect experience. The present Christian doctrine of God must be the expression—and cannot be more—of such Christian life and knowledge as surround us now. "An unchanging deposit of truth is an impossibility." There can be no final orthodox doctrine of God. An evolving divine life in men must ever broaden and deepen the doctrine. This remains true, not in spite of the fact that the personality of Jesus Christ will always supply the inner spirit of the Christian doctrine, but because of that fact. For the God he gave us is a "God of reality and of spiritual life," and for this reason the Christian experience since the days of the historical Jesus has contributed an indispensable factor of the doctrine. For we live in him. This does not eliminate the need of employing the speculative factor in the formulation of the doctrine. The speculative activity is itself an essential part of our spiritual life and inevitably the metaphysical element in our doctrine of God will appear. This latter phase of the doctrine naturally develops in the apologetical treatment of the subject where he treats the question whether the Christian view of God derived from the influence of Christ upon our own personality and growing out of our religious life is tenable in view of the nature of the world in which our lives are necessarily lived. The Christian doctrine of God does not begin with a proof but with an assumption.

We are not surprised, therefore, when we read the words, "Christianity does not approach God first as Creator, or as the great First Cause, or as the Almighty," but as ethical personality with whom we have fellowship in spirit. We see how unhesitatingly the author accepts the human self-consciousness as that which determines fundamentally the form in which the existence of God shall be construed. "Spiritual anthropomorphism is the true key to right knowledge

of God." God is spirit, that is, God is a person. "A person is a being in relation with others, who is aware of himself and has power of directing his own action." This is not offered as a final definition. Such definition may be impossible for us because our personality is incomplete. There is a difficulty, of course, in ascribing personality to God. The true source of the difficulty lies not in the limitations which may seem implied in the term but in the fact that we are not ourselves perfectly person. We do not perfectly know ourselves or direct our action. True personality is found in God. God is a person. This is the basis of our estimate of our human personality.

We find, as we should consequently expect to find, that instead of the "attributes" of God standing in the forefront of the doctrine, goodness, personal goodness, is said to be the fundamental character of God. Goodness in God must be the same in nature as goodness in men, or we use words without meaning. "Goodness means the same in all moral beings." "It is the normal fulfilling of one's relations." The theology that lays its basis in faith in the divine goodness must work out very differently from the theology that reposes on the abstract idea of justice. The whole view of man and the world must be a hopeful one when the theologian can say: "Goodness lies back of all existence." The goodness is moral goodness, positive, personal love. Holiness and retribution cannot be the opposite of love, but are embraced within it. The atonement cannot be a way of reconciling God with himself. "Holiness and love do not need to be brought together and reconciled before they can kiss each other. They are of one spiritual kindred." We know now how it is that Doctor Clarke's theological discussions move onward with such a confident tread and are so heartening to many who have been tempted to shun all theological works.

The secret of this view of God is his estimate of Jesus.

Ignoring the common distinction between the person and the work of Jesus Christ, Doctor Clarke sees in the personality of Jesus a revelation of the moral nature of God. The distinction between God in Christ and God out of Christ as regards salvation is a false distinction and misrepresents God. "The God who is in Christ is the only God there is." "What he does God is doing, and such as he is God is." "What is manifested in Christ goes on eternally in God." Saviourhood pertains to the essence of God. He must be creator because he is saviour and the creatorship gets its character from saviourhood. No other kind of God could the Christian worship. Hence "the divine saviourhood is a necessary part of the true doctrine of monotheism." That there are difficulties for this view when we approach the question of the judgment for sin is not denied, but these must not be acknowledged to subvert the doctrine. Whatever judgment may work it must be such judgment as proceeds from saviourhood.

A hopeful view of the world is an outcome. "Since he is saviour there is redemptive significance in the life of the world." The common theological doctrine of God's relations to the world come in for modification. From the transcendence of personality in relation to the physical we proceed to the affirmation of God's transcendence over the world. This transcendence is not separation. Immanence is affirmed—not, however, as a counterpoise (which is the common representation), but as the fulfilment of transcendence. It is in transcendence that immanence gets its meaning and its reality too. The interest in this matter does not arise from the necessity of speculation in our apprehension of the nature of the universe. The interest is religious. If both science and philosophy lead to the view that the world is controlled from within, by affirming the immanence of the Christian's God in the world, it is affirmed that the ultimate significance of the immanent law of the universe is found in

the supremacy of the principle of holy personal love. The world is being made a habitation of personalities whose inner life is governed by this love. Love has made it, love constitutes it, love can be fulfilled in it.

The so-called natural attributes of God come to have a new meaning. Their character is moral and our interest in them is moral. Omnipresence, omniscience, omnipotence become unipresence, uniscience, unipotence, and what we mean by these terms is that in all places and conditions, in all knowledge, in all activity, it is open to us to believe that we are in the presence of, enjoying spiritual communion with, and being ever upheld by the one holy Being, whose love is revealed to the hearts of men by Jesus Christ. This great faith surely is the explanation of the fact that in all Doctor Clarke's writings we find no pessimistic note, no forbidding word, and it is the secret of the revival he has helped to produce in the interest in theology in the minds of thousands of young men.

It would be scarcely proper to close this discussion without some reference to Doctor Clarke's attitude toward the traditional doctrine of the trinity. For that doctrine he had profound respect. He even indorses it, but only with the understanding that it needs reconstruction according to the wider experience and peculiar needs of the present day. Full value is given to the religious and intellectual considerations that first led to the formulation of it. Beginning with the informal but profoundly expressive utterances of New Testament writers as they sought to set forth the richness of the religious life into which they were brought through Christ, it was later developed in a formal way in an endeavor of the church "to understand and justify her Christian experience," particularly, "to justify her adoration of her Saviour and to ground his salvation in the eternal reality of God." There was an attempt to retain a true monotheism while maintaining the full significance of the redemption of

Christ and the consciousness of participation in the sanctifying power of the Spirit he gave. The presuppositions under which they defended it, namely—that the personality of Jesus is to be understood by analysis of his being and the discovery of its ultimate essence (about which after all we know nothing) and that the human nature and the divine nature are essentially unlike—are no longer tenable and make no appeal to our faith. Yet the doctrine in its true intent is thoroughly and gloriously Christian.

The significant thing about our theologian's approach to the subject is that he treats it under the relations of God with men, and not as a statement of relations within Deity communicated to men by authority. The reason for this approach is "that it is a doctrine of religion." It can be held by any man only in so far as it ministers to his spiritual life and expresses it. The relations which it describes are not abstract but practical. The adjective "holy" applied to the Spirit indicates this. "The Spirit existing in the eternal Godhead no one would ever dream of calling holy: that epithet requires the atmosphere of an unholy world to be born in." To hold the doctrine as if it were a statement of truth settled for us apart, or in advance of, our religious experience is to place us in a relation to it altogether different from that of those from whom it emanated.

The traditional form of the doctrine comes short of the Christian monotheistic faith. The terms of the doctrine have largely lost their original meaning. "Person," for example, means something quite different now. The term "trinity" is also defective. It affirms the Christian recognition of the threeness of God in relation to his children and the universe, but it obscures the unity. In consequence it has frequently led to a tritheism that confuses faith, Father, Son, and Spirit being separated and assigned separate activities. It must not be forgotten that God is personal in the modern sense of the term. There is one God. He is threefold in his self-

revelation to his people. Hence in order to maintain the oneness of God and at the same time to express his threeness of redemptive activity, it would be better in place of the term "trinity" to use the term "triunity." In any case and at all costs, God must be to us the living God.

This characterization of Doctor Clarke's theology may fitly conclude with a brief statement of the service he has rendered as theologian to the rising ministry and students of theology of the present day: First, he has helped to deliver theology from the benumbing effect of bearing the yoke of a stiff traditional terminology and enabled it to speak the language of living men. Second, he has permeated theological discussion with the spirit of a living faith and kept it in its true sphere as a servant to this faith. Third, he has contributed to the establishment of the historical rather than the authoritative or speculative method of approach to religious questions, and encouraged men to believe in the possibility of being absolutely true to fact and fearless in the discovery of it without departing from the soul of faith. Fourth, he has succeeded in awakening in the minds of multitudes of serious and intelligent laymen a new interest in the questions of theology as a matter of personal concern and edification. Fifth, he has thus helped remarkably in preparing the way for a richer religious life and a revival of theology as a handmaid of faith.

The following quotations from a letter to the writer, under date of April, 1913, by Professor Thomas Trotter of Toronto, Canada, a former pupil of Doctor Clarke's, will illustrate the statement as to our theologian's influence on intelligent laymen:

"I had an engagement to preach in a distant city for three successive Sundays. On the first Sunday, at the evening service, there came into the congregation, without knowing that I was the preacher of the day, a former friend who, thirty-seven years before, had been my chum and

student-rival at Woodstock College. He passed on to Toronto University years before domestic circumstances permitted me to go to that institution. He took a brilliant university course, then a course in law, and became a prominent barrister. For a number of years past he has occupied a responsible legal position in the employ of the Dominion Government. Until I met him on the Sunday in question I had not seen him for thirty years. It was with unfeigned delight that we met again and greeted each other at the close of the service.

"Learning that I was to return to the city for the two following Sundays, he and his wife insisted that I must make my billet with them. This was richly to my liking. What a time we did have reviewing the charm of the days of long ago and opening to each other the pages of our subsequent years!

"I found him a highly intellectual, broadly cultured man, the author of a list of important legal books, widely read in general literature, and an authority on Roman antiquities, a man also of great social warmth and charm. Naturally, in opening my life to him, I talked freely of my religious ideals and activities, and we got into open intimate talk about the supreme things. He had confessed Christ at Woodstock College when we were quite young men together, and he had maintained at least nominal relations with the church ever since. It was manifest, however, that religion was not a first-class interest with him, and that he was intellectually in revolt against conventional conceptions. There were no representative religious books in his library, nor did he seem to have any acquaintance with Christian thought intellectually conceived and stated. I gathered that he had numerous friends of the intellectual breed, in all sorts of high positions, who were virtually in his own attitude toward religion—regarding it as unreal and finding no living interest or satisfaction in it.

"When we had got on to terms of perfect freedom and comradeship I rallied him that he should have devoted so much time and travel to the study of Roman antiquities, and should never have turned his attention and his intellect onto Christianity. I hinted that there was no finer intellectual output in the literature of our day than that represented

by the characteristic religious books of the times—books written by men fully aware of the time of day and abreast of the most recent findings in every department of knowledge. I assured him that his intellectual best would find a challenge in scores of books that I could name.

"It happened that, without the thought of making use of it in my relations with my friend, I had slipped into my grip for reading on the train Doctor Clarke's *Can I Believe in God the Father?* I had never read it, though I had bought it some time before. I was greatly blessed and stimulated in the reading of it. It seems to me that Doctor Clarke never did anything finer or more effective.

"On the Sunday, having had the talk just narrated about Christian books, and having to withdraw to make my preparation for public service, I fetched from my valise the little book and, throwing it down, said lightly: 'If you want to taste the kind of thing I've been talking about, dip into that while I'm away at my sermon.'

"I returned an hour and a half later to find my friend all aglow. The book had uttered an effective challenge to his slumbering faith. The sympathetic spirit of its approach, with the intellectual sincerity and thoroughness of the argument, had deeply moved him and introduced him to a new religious atmosphere. We had some more interesting talk at night, and on the Monday morning I left the book with him that he might finish it before the next Sunday.

"Returning for the next Lord's Day, I found him eager for talk about religious things and full of praise for the book which had so stirred him. He asked me, as soon as I should return to Toronto, to select and purchase for him a dozen or twenty books of like intelligence and spirit. These he purposed to put into a library where professional men like himself would find them available and discover a new world of interest. I gladly executed my friend's commission and, among the books, I sent him four of Doctor Clarke's.

"I have not had the pleasure of seeing my friend since. A few weeks after the books reached him I got a warm letter telling me that he was working through them and that he found them 'immensely illuminating and stimulating.'"

PROFESSOR CLARKE AT YALE

By Professor Douglas C. Macintosh, D.D.

Very vividly does the writer remember the impression made upon him during his undergraduate days by his first acquaintance with the works of our most humane theologian, William Newton Clarke. It was during that "storm and stress" period of the college course, the sophomore year, with its logical and psychological studies and its revolutionary displacement of dogmatism by the empirical method, that he chanced to discover in the college library that unassuming little book, *What Shall We Think of Christianity?* It was to the reader a never-to-be-forgotten message that he found there—that the validity of the Christian religion rests fundamentally upon the fact that the experiences of which it speaks are actually experienced and experienceable to-day. The way was logically open for a Christian empiricism; the reader was conscious that he had found a friend indeed. Forthwith he secured a copy of the fascinating *Outline of Christian Theology*, and eagerly devoured its contents during the ensuing summer vacation.

When afterward that same student found himself teaching theology in an Eastern school, he was very glad indeed of the opportunity given him of entering into an occasional correspondence, personal and theological, with his senior fellow worker in the field of Christian doctrine. Finally he ventured to suggest the satisfaction it would give not only himself but the faculty and students of the school (Yale Divinity School), if Doctor Clarke could find it convenient, on his way from Hamilton to his winter home in Florida, to visit Yale and address the George B. Stevens Theological

Club on some theological topic. The reply was immediate and to the effect that it would be a great pleasure to revisit Yale and to renew old friendships and form new ones. Arrangements were accordingly made for a meeting on the 29th of November, 1911, and on Doctor Clarke's arrival at New Haven he was taken to the home of Dean Charles R. Brown, where he was entertained during his stay in the city.

During this visit, among many other topics, Professor Clarke's conversation was on such subjects as the measure of individual responsibility, the assurance of immortality, theological method, the relation of theology to philosophy, and the relation of his own theological system to the work of the Ritschlian school. On this last point it was interesting to learn that, while admitting the extensive similarity between his own point of view and conclusions and those of the Ritschlians, he was not conscious of having been greatly influenced by German theological thought; his own final position was reached by largely independent processes, as described in his little book, *Sixty Years with the Bible.*

What he had to say as to his own assured consciousness of immortality, of being in possession of an eternal life, was of special interest in connection with the topic which he chose for discussion before the Theological Club, viz., "Immortality: A Study of Belief." Throughout the evening of the meeting there was a heavy rainfall, so that comparatively few from outside the school were able to be present; but there was a practically full attendance of the professors and students in Marquand Chapel, and it was generally felt that the meeting was by all odds the best that had been held in the history of the club. Most lucidly and with characteristic catholicity of spirit he showed how there are more ways of arriving at belief in immortality than one. Sometimes the belief comes chiefly through ancestral influence; sometimes it is made to rest upon a word of authority, or upon testimony of the senses, or upon philosophic reasoning; or

finally and most safely, it is with many grounded mainly upon spiritual insight and moral conviction. So energetic of body and alert of mind did the speaker appear, so youthful of spirit and so ready and incisive throughout the discussion, that it was very far indeed from our minds that within a very few weeks he who was able to speak so assuredly of the life beyond would himself be called to enter upon the exploration of its secrets. When the news of his passing reached us, it was with renewed impressiveness that the words of this, his last public address, came to us: "Man aspiring to immortality is aspiring into the bosom of his Father, and his Father is there to receive him. God taking hold upon man to bring him to his true self and service is undertaking a task unlimited. But for the task he has unlimited room and opportunity, for man is a being whose range runs on through all the duration that God can need. . . . In immortality God will bring man to the end for which he first designed him, and will use him for all the high purposes to which his nature is adapated." [1]

The revered teacher's so early demise was not anticipated either by himself or by us; but we may well believe that, even had it been, he would have been glad to come to us as he did, with his message of faith and inspiration. His relation to the Yale Divinity School had been at times intimate, and was at all times most cordial. The late Professor Stevens had been one of his closest and most understanding friends. From the time of their appearance constant use had been made of his books, especially the *Theology*, by successive classes in systematic theology. In 1905 he had delivered, as a much-appreciated course on the Nathaniel W. Taylor foundation, the lectures afterward published under the title, *The Use of the Scriptures in Theology*. Moreover, in 1900 the university had honored itself as well as the recipient by confer-

[1] The address was published entire in the *Yale Divinity Quarterly* for January, 1912.

ring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His thought will long continue to deeply influence the students for the Christian ministry at Yale, as in many other places, and through them to shape the religious convictions of ever-widening circles of the Christian people of this and other lands.

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