

THE  
UNION SEMINARY MAGAZINE.

NO. 1.—OCT.—NOV. 1889.

I. LITERARY.

SANCTIFIED ZEAL.

ADDRESS BY DR. A. T. PIERSON.

ENTHUSIASM A DIVINE PASSION.—THE BASIS OF ENTHUSIASM SINCERITY, IN THE TWOFOLD ASPECT OF INTELLECTUAL CONVICTION AND HEART PERSUASION.—SELF-SURRENDER ALSO NECESSARY.—LACK OF RELIGIOUS ENTERPRISE THE GREAT DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY OF THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD.—ACCEPTANCE OF THEIR PERSONAL OBLIGATION BY THE YOUNG MEN OF THIS GENERATION WOULD EVANGELIZE THE WORLD IN TEN YEARS.

MY subject is enthusiasm. Some think the word "enthusiasm" is from two Greek words,  $\epsilon\nu$  and  $\theta\epsilon\delta\varsigma$ ; that is, the inworking of God. It is at least a magnificent conception. Enthusiasm is a divine passion. It is finely illustrated in such men as Michael Angelo, when he took that block of marble, declaring an angel was imprisoned in it, and undertaking to release the angel. It is illustrated in Da Vinci, who took ten years to paint that "Last Supper." He was so absorbed for days that he took not a morsel of food. He would sometimes put on a single spot of color, and then leave the work till another day. It is illustrated by Columbus, when he walked the deck amid a mutinous crew, and besought them to wait three days, and, if land did not appear, he would give up the search. This enthusiasm is illustrated in James Watt, studying when a boy the mysteries of steam. It is illustrated by Agassiz, who said: "I have no time to make money; I am on the search for truth." This is what I mean by enthusiasm, only giving it a divine direction; and personally I do not believe that there ever was a man who was able to accomplish much for God or man who had not this divine enthusiasm.

## ANNIHILATION.

THEY boast that "death is an eternal sleep,"  
Where, if no morning e'er restores delight,  
At least no mourner ever wakes to weep.  
The simile is false: the endless night  
That has no dawn, brings not the soul to rest,  
But to despair; for he who rests awakes  
To conscious ease that satisfies his quest  
For recompense of pain—the life that makes  
A woeful ending is a woeful life—  
He is the victor who retains the field  
When battle ends; and thus the closing strife  
Of earth-born anguish, if the future yield  
No compensation, must for ever cast  
Its blackness backward on the wretch's fate.

Let nature speak, whose craving, deep and vast,  
Yearns for existence, be our conscious state  
Or sweet or bitter; like the seeing eye,  
Insatiable of light, or ear, of sound,  
Desire, instinct, inwrought of God most high,  
Not rule of interest astutely found  
By after calculation, as is taught  
Of our first father's sleep in Paradise,  
"With drowsied sense untroubled, though he thought  
He to the nothing whence he took his rise  
Was passing then."—It is the voice divine,  
Wiser than reason, which instructs our wish  
For endless being! Else, why is it mine,  
Unlike the unreasoning bird or beast or fish,  
To recollect the past; to anticipate;  
To fear the future woe; to hope the good?  
Accursed was the gift of prescient thought  
That raised our empty pride above the brood  
Of brutish things; for it a lie hath taught.

The hind can crop the herb and course the lawn,  
 Or drink the mountain stream with thoughtless glee,  
 Untroubled by the hour her dying fawn  
 Cost her a transient pang, nor doth foresee  
 The hunter's coming shaft that seeks her breast ;  
 No memory brings past sorrows, no foresight  
 Arrays its future terrors to molest  
 Her present joy : one sudden thrill of fright,  
 One stroke, one death-throe, ends the whole career  
 Simple and brief, but full-orbed in its joy.  
 Why should I die like her if I must fear,  
 Remember, hope, desire, doomed to employ  
 My noblest powers of being to pursue  
 Futility ? Why mine to stretch the thought  
 To progress onward and the endless view  
 Of growth of soul with larger glories fraught,  
 In widening vistas mounting through the realms  
 Of knowledge boundless ? Why, when present love  
 With its alluring bliss the heart o'erwhelms,  
 Is it ordained our foresight still must rove  
 To future days, that love might fill like this  
 With equal joys, yet know it must not be ?  
 Why is it reason will not, cannot cease  
 To frame that thought supreme, eternity,  
 Capacious of infinitude of good,  
 Mocking the soul with cravings infinite,  
 If life must be the span the bestial brood  
 Enjoys ? Abhorred span ! that art but meet  
 To show us being's woes, and then its loss  
 Irreparable. Cursed be the boon  
 Of such existence, cheating with its dross  
 The golden hopes it sanctioneth, as soon  
 As they begin to glow. The better lot  
 Is given the brute, who drinks the trivial cup  
 Of life and ends, forgetting and forgot.

If death ends all, a blacker thought looms up :  
 Then all we love must perish ; when they die

We part for ever, and that love that blest  
 Our hearts remains a wound that shall not dry  
 Its bitter stream till Nothingness arrest  
 Our woe and being by one common blow.  
 Love is immortal: all things else may die;  
 The forest-king decay; the ceaseless flow  
 Of ancient rivers, proudly sweeping by  
 Long buried cities, wane; the steadfast heads  
 Of everlasting mountains waste and stoop;  
 The hoary seas desert their sunless beds;  
 This ordered frame may backward droop  
 To endless chaos; but the eye  
 That shines with love's self-sacrificing light  
 Outlasts the beams which from Arcturus fly,  
 Orion or Boötes: it is bright  
 With God's own rays. He is the sun of love  
 And they the orbs that round the centre roll,  
 Reflecting him, as they for ever move  
 In circles shaped by his supreme control.  
 He is eternal: so the gift divine!

Is all we love, then, mortal? Do the fires  
 Of genius, kindled from the heavenly shrine  
 Of truth and beauty, perish, as expires  
 The gilded butterfly or tinted rose?  
 Or shall the sage's vision, that can pierce  
 Through nature's secrets, make the sea disclose  
 His deep abyss, and ride his billows fierce,  
 Can map the planets' pathway and foretell  
 Their sure returns, can bridge the flood,  
 That can the storm-cloud's subtle bolt expel,  
 "Can look from nature up to nature's God,"  
 And in his works can read his deeper thought—  
 Be quenched in darkness, like the rotting eye  
 Of newt or toad? The heroism that wrought  
 A nation's disenthralment, fain to die  
 For country's weal, and seek no recompense  
 But conscious right; the martyr's steadfast faith,

Which joys to die for truth, and own no sense  
 Of fiery torments; mother's love, which hath  
 No thought of self, consummate effluence  
 Of heaven's own virtue, perish for evermore  
 As utterly as hypocrite's pretense,  
 Or as the bubbles bursting on the shore,  
 Or as the glitter of the serpent's scales  
 Decaying back to dust? 'Tis blasphemy!

Bethink ye; if this creed of death prevails  
 To doom our spirits to mortality,  
 It leaves no trace of God on nature's page—  
 If man is soulless, then an atheist world  
 Is all he knows, where senseless forces rage  
 In fire, and sea, and storm; and suns are hurled  
 With troops of waiting stars, by aimless might,  
 Through voids immense; and blind, mechanic fate,  
 Inexorable, on its throne of night,  
 Sightless and pitiless, maintains its state.  
 In earth or heaven there is no voice to hear  
 The sufferer's prayer; no heart to feel his woe;  
 No hand to shield the just, or to repair  
 The foulest wrong that ruthless force can do.  
 So right eternal perishes, and crime  
 Endures eternal, scorning all repeal.  
 Then are the spacious earth, these heavens sublime,  
 One vast machine, 'neath whose remorseless wheel  
 The corn is human hearts, instinct of pain  
 And joy and hope and fear, that writhe and bleed,  
 Till ground to nothingness. O piteous grain!  
 O dreadful engine! monster! that dost feed  
 Thine endless grind with countless precious lives!  
 Is such a world our home? 'Tis dark as hell!  
 Its joys but mock us, since no joy survives,  
 But death and loss irreparable dwell  
 Perpetual masters. Yet, one other fate  
 There is more black, the eternal recompense  
 Which conscious guilt forewarns—it may await

The soul which cannot die, nor find defense  
Against the Judge changeless, omnipotent.  
Ah! this the thought which drives the coward heart  
The desperate alternative to choose  
'Twixt hell and nothingness. A better part  
Appears to faith! then why, O mortals, lose  
That nobler choice, Redemption? bought with blood  
Of God incarnate, wrought by power divine,  
The safe inheritance of perfect good,  
The grace that shall your inmost souls refine  
From error, sin and sorrow, and bestow  
The angel's life of bliss and purity,  
Whose years are measured only by the flow  
Of God's eternity. The gift as free  
To every thirsting soul as air of heaven!  
Why do men turn from glories such as these  
To dreary night and death, and still elect  
Infinite loss and naught, o'er boundless seas  
Of joy? Because, O shame! their guilty fears detect  
The treason and the folly they have wrought  
Against themselves and their best destiny,  
In serving sin! This infamy hath taught  
(And this alone) the atheist's grovelling plea,  
That death may be to them "eternal sleep."

ROBT. L. DABNEY