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THE CHILDREN IN THE HANDS OF THE ARMINIANS.

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Prof. Charles W. Rishell, of Boston University, has written a very interesting little book on the relation of little children to Christianity and to the Christian Church.* The object he has set before him is the very laudable one of pleading for the religious education of children. In order to give force to his pleading he argues the possibility of religion in children of the tenderest years. He insists on the importance for them of religious instruction and example. He demands of the church recognition of their church membership and provision for their care and development as children of God with the same right to the privileges of God's Church as other members. As he expresses it, he pleads with the Church "to count the children in, not out."

The significance of the book is that it emanates from Arminian circles and reasons from Arminian postulates. This is its significance; and this is its weakness. There is no other system of belief of widespread influence in the churches to which it is not a commonplace and mere matter of course that children are capable of religious life from their very earliest years, and ought to be recognized from their infancy as members of Christ's Church and brought up in its fold and under its fostering care. There is no other system of belief of widespread influence in the

**The Child as God's Child.* By Rev. Charles W. Rishell, Ph. D., Professor of Historical Theology in Boston University School of Theology. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham (1904). Small 8vo. Pp. 181.

WHAT SOME POETS HAVE WRITTEN OF DEATH AND OLD AGE.

PART I.—OF DEATH.

By MINNIE G. MACHEN, Baltimore, Md.

The true poet is a seer. He does not dogmatize about the world with the moralist or weigh causes and effects with the scientist. His office is not so much to tell us about things as to show us things in their right outline and proportion. His genius is an optic glass to our defective vision, enabling us to discern those deeper meanings of nature and life which science does but obscure by its multiplicity of details. As Emerson aptly puts it, "the poet interprets the world to itself."

For this reason it may be worth while to inquire what certain poets have thought of two kindred themes—Death and Old Age. These great human mysteries are of universal interest, because the one is an inevitable experience for all mankind, and the other a dreaded possibility. Indeed while a majority of men do not actually have to encounter Old Age, each one for himself anticipates it almost as a certainty and hardly dares hope for an escape from that which can be avoided only by a premature death. And so these sombre forms of Death and Old Age cast their shadows upon every life, and we are ready to turn with eager longing to any word which may be as a lamp to lighten the darkness.

The subject for which we are now to search the Poets is Death, not the larger theme of Immortality. True, the two are so intimately associated that the unfolding of the one necessarily affords a view of the other. A poet who believes in immortality will hardly speak seriously of death without manifesting that hope. But to the distinctively religious poets whose thoughts soar with St. Paul, and who simply express in beautiful poetic form the assurances of Him who brought Death and Immortality to light—to such, Death is no longer a dark mystery:

"Death, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
nothing but bones

* * * *

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
into thy face,

Thou art grown fair and full of grace,

Much in request, much sought for, as a grace."

Leaving out, then, such poets as George Herbert and Herrick, Heber and Keble, let us consider some of the conceptions of Death that are found in the secular poets. A secular poet, observe, is not necessarily anti-Christian or unchristian, but the word "secular" is meant to exclude for the present purpose those poems that simply reiterate, with however great genius and however great originality of diction, the teachings of the Scripture.

The lowest conception of death is the skull-and-cross-bones idea, in which there is no hope, only a morbid dwelling upon the repulsive features connected with our mortality. Death is a skeleton ready to grip us with his fleshless fingers; and the worm waits to be our companion. This latter conceit is very common in the old ballads:

"The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear."

Modern poets sometimes make use of the worm and shroud in poems modelled after the style of older lyrics, as, for example, Tennyson in the short poem called "A Dirge":

"Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form."

Poe, ever dwelling upon the gruesome, rarely fails to associate death with the worm and shroud and with the vault opening back its "black and winged panels." He has chosen the "Conqueror Worm" as the subject of a poem in which

"The play is the tragedy, 'Man,'
And its hero the Conqueror Worm."

And the worm figures even in this tender lullaby over his dead lady:

"My love she sleeps! O may her sleep,
 As it is lasting, so be deep!
 Soft may the worms about her creep!"

Less repulsive but hardly more cheering is the thought or death as a defeat.

"Death ends well life's undelight."¹

or

"It is but giving over of a game that must be lost."²

From the contemplation of the loathsome facts of decay that accompany and symbolize our dissolution, and from the acknowledgment of death as the welcome though futile termination of a vain struggle, it is a relief to turn and consider our last great change as a sleep; for is not the thought of sleep an altogether attractive one for overburdened humanity? We have seen our beloved suffer intolerable pain which we were helpless to relieve; we have striven with them over impossible tasks and with them we have taxed our brains over insoluble problems. Death comes to their relief, and after our first cry of selfish anguish we look upon their quiet faces and take comfort in the thought that they are at rest.

This serene and consoling idea has been a favorite one with the poets, whether associated or not with the hope of a blissful awakening. Poe, as in his poem above quoted, sometimes combines the figure of a lasting sleep with the gruesome suggestion of the worm as a bedfellow.

In one of the plays of Beaumont & Fletcher, we find death thus characterized:

"'Tis less than to be born: a lasting sleep;
 A quiet resting from all jealousy;
 A thing we all pursue."

Very familiar is Shakespeare's use of this metaphor in the lines

"We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep."

¹ Trench.

² Beaumont & Fletcher.

And again, Shakespeare pictures the murderer of Duncan as "lying on the torture of the mind, in restless ecstasy" and more than half envying his victim, in that

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well!"

A beautiful embodiment of this conception of death is found in Mrs. Browning's poem entitled "The Sleep."

"Sleep soft beloved! we sometimes say,
But have no time to charm away,
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep,
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep."

Comforting as is the thought of death as a restful sleep, a distinctly loftier strain is recognized in those poems which, on the contrary, represent death as an awakening from sleep. Mrs. Browning herself, who wrote so wistfully of the "happy slumber" of the dead, could also rise to this deeper meaning as when in her lines upon Cowper's Grave, she says:

"Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's
long fever gave him."

Richard Henry Stoddard expresses a similar fancy:

"For know that this world is a tent
And life but a dream in the night,
Till Death plucks the curtain apart
And wakens the sleeper with light."

The comparison of death to an awakening from sleep seems decidedly modern; and yet the following lines are translated from Euripides:

"Who knows but that this life is really death,
And whether death is not what men call life?"

But the best exponent of this view of death is in Shelley's lament for the poet Keats:

"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!
 He hath awakened from the dream of life,
 'Tis we who, lost in the stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife.

* * * * *

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he!"

Tennyson implies that death is not akin to a falling asleep but rather to a refreshed awakening, when he writes:

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
 No life that breathes with human breath
 Has ever truly longed for death
 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
 O life, not death, for which we pant:
 More life and fuller, that I want."

Most interesting of all is the inquiry into what certain poets have thought of their own personal relations with death. What preconception have they had of the one event that happeneth to all? To what have they likened death? How have they faced the great Shadow? Has he been for them a King of Terrors or a Messenger of Grace?

The poets that have given expression to their own individual apprehensions or anticipations of death are most often found among those of the nineteenth century, the poets of our own times. And naturally: because this is above all ages an age of inquiry. We take nothing for granted. We look for reasons, we probe for realities. Our poets, peering into the dark vista adown which so many travellers have disappeared and from which not one has ever returned, have tried to imagine how it will seem to the individual soul when his turn shall come to set forth on that lonely and perilous journey.

Three of America's most promising poets have had to meet death, to look him squarely in the face while still their hearts were full of songs waiting to be sung. Each of these has tried to foreshadow that last grim hour "when the strong man must go." Henry Timrod, the sweet Southern poet, draws a prophetic picture of his own deathbed. His lines are pretty, but just a little sentimental, with too much thought of the spectator for the deepest effect.

"In a dim and murky chamber,
 I am breathing life away;
 Someone draws the curtain softly,
 And I watch the broadening day,

As it purples in the zenith
 As it brightens on the lawn,
 There's a hush of death about me,
 And a whisper, 'He is gone!'"

Edward Rowland Sill twenty years later and in a distant State, expectant too of the Great Destroyer, imagines how, after all, a "benignant spirit" may come instead, shedding about him "strange peace and rest."

"And what if then, while the still morning brightened
 And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
 Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel
 And take my hand and say, 'My name is Death.'"

And what says Lanier, that strong, brave spirit who so long struggled with death for the sake of Love and Art and the pure joy of living. He had conquered poverty and discouragement, and "with his lyre at highest, lowest, right alike," was ready to "do the whole universe into poetry" when the call came to drop all and depart for the undiscovered Country? Then does he "hearten his heart as friend befriends his friend less brave," by writing that beautiful poem which he calls "The Stirrup-Cup":

"Death, thou 'rt a cordial old and rare:
 Look how compounded, with what care!
 Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
 Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
 Keats, and Gotama excellent,
 Omar Khayyam, and Chaucer bright,
 And Shakspeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt,
 Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
 'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
 I'll drink it down right smilingly."

Another poet, recently dead,—he who found time during a busy political life to “throw off a delicious spray of little songs,”—figures death, like Lanier, as the setting forth on a horseback-journey; but, unlike Lanier, his whole thought is of “the sheltering roof, the joys of life so soft and warm” which he must leave behind. He laments,

“My short and happy day is done;
The long and lonely night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.”

Two of these American poets have fancied the hour of sunrise for their death-song. Another poet, away off in Scotland, a “luminous and serene” sunset, night coming on “with her train of stars and her great gift of sleep,” and then:

“So be my passing!
My task accomplished and my long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.”¹

Tennyson, again, goes out with the tide at sunset, into the ocean of eternity,

“But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.”

Finally, the best and strongest poem on this subject is from the best and strongest of modern poets—Robert Browning. *Prospice* is a wonderful forecast or prevision of what the very article of death may mean to the individual soul. And here the vigorous thought and vivid imaginings that always distinguish Browning are embodied in perfect poetic form. This one poem alone would quite sufficiently disprove the reiterated fallacy that Browning could not write musical and truly beautiful poetry.

¹ Mrs. Ernest Henly.

He begins with a thrilling description of the approach of the soul, through fog and tempest to

"The post of the foe
Where he stands, the Arch Fear, in a visible form."

And with this intrepid spirit, death is not stepping downward into the grave, or falling asleep, or starting on a journey,

"For the journey is done and the summit attained
The reward of it all."

And he is ready for the fight

"I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more
The best and the last!"

He has no wish to shun the pains of death, and, like Luther, he thinks of the great ones who have preceded him.

"I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore
And bade me creep past.
No! Let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old."

And the last lines express in fewest words all the aspirations of the Christian's heart—rest, peace, the realization of faith, immortality and reunion with our beloved:

"For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave.
The black minute's at end,
And the elements rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

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THE CREATION OF MAN.

(SEQUEL TO ARTICLE ON CREATION AS ILLUSTRATED BY
EVOLUTION.)

BY GEORGE MACLOSKIE, LL. D., D. Sc.,
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The present status of opinion as to man's origin can be given in a few sentences. Among students of science it is almost universally believed that the human species has somehow or other been the outcome of a process of evolution; but nobody can indicate the probable line of this evolution, beyond the assumption that it must have been through some other forms of the *primates*, the animals which include apes and monkeys and the lemurs (half-monkeys). From the case of the horse we can see how such a process may have occurred, and how it could be proved; but the evolution of the horse is a part of established science, whilst the evolution of man is not directly established, but only inferred. It is now as true as it was thirty years ago that the doctrine of man's evolution is merely a deduction from the general theory. This was the declaration of Claus, the eminent German zoologist, indicating the fact that the verifications are lacking.

It is very disappointing to investigators that all their efforts to unveil the mystery of our origin have thus far failed; and it is becoming plain that there must have been something very peculiar, and perhaps very sudden and startling, in the case of man's evolution. It is becoming more and more deeply felt that there must have been some great diversity between the origin of man and of the horse, a difference which is correlated somehow with the very great difference between their endowments, and also between their places in nature.

Incidentally it has been rather helpful that new light as to our ancestry has not flashed upon us instantaneously. The general theory of evolution thus flashed, and was much misunderstood, and for a time was supposed by wise men to be terribly dangerous.

WHAT SOME POETS HAVE WRITTEN OF DEATH AND OLD AGE.

PART II.—OF OLD AGE.

BY MINNIE G. MACHEN, *Baltimore, Md.*

The poets have, as we have seen, given us many thoughts, encouraging and otherwise, on the subject of Death. It remains to inquire what they have to say of that other Spectre which haunts our human life.

For many, old age has more terrors than death itself. Mrs. Browning, for instance, says, in a letter to a familiar friend, "Death has the luminous side when we know how to look, but the rust of time, the touch of age, is hideous and revolting to me, and I never see it, by even a line's breath, in the face of any I love, without pain and recoil of nature. I have a worse than womanly weakness about that class of subjects. Death is a face to face intimacy; age, a thickening of the mortal mask between souls. So I hate it; put it far from me."

The Greeks in the fable of Tithonus set forth very forcibly the truth that immortality would prove a worse than worthless gift, if unaccompanied by the blessing of perpetual youth. Tennyson's Tithonus is a piteous spectacle, a "gray shadow, once a man," now envying other "happy men that have the power to die," and praying to the goddess who gave him immortality, "Let me go; take back thy gift."

"I asked thee, 'Give me immortality.'

Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give,
But thy strong hours indignant worked their wills,
And beat me down and marred and wasted me,
And tho' they could not end me, left me maimed!"

However, for most of us who are not in love with a goddess, and thus in no danger of having our wishes too literally gratified, there is no prospect of such a lingering and hopeless strug-

gle with the infirmities of age as befell Tithonus, beloved of Aurora. Even the fate of Thomas Parr, who "lived in ye reigns of ten princes," is by no means a common one. We may all be reasonably sure that our period of decline will not be unduly prolonged.

And so it comes about that some men, generally, it must be admitted, while age is yet a good way off, profess not to dread its approach. "I would like to live," say these optimists, "as long as I retain my faculties." "Ay, there's the rub!" Do the old ever retain their faculties in perfection? As Walter Scott has it:

"For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was ever wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow?"

The eyesight grows just a little dimmer, the hearing not so acute as it once was, the muscles obey the will less readily, the memory begins to fail, "the wind and weather harm us."

"We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven."

Verily when Old Age actually makes his appearance, no man, and, still more surely, no woman, has ever welcomed his approach with joy. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes' Professor, we all say "*not at home*" when he first calls, and he has to keep tap-tapping at our door before we give him admittance. Is anybody glad to see the first wrinkle? Or can anybody hear himself called "old man" for the first time without experiencing a disagreeable shock? However eager some may be to taste the whole of life, even draining the cup to its dregs, there is no doubt about the reluctance with which each one accepts for himself, when his time comes, the fact that youth has fled and he is "growing old."

What, then, is the reason that old age is after all not infrequently a very happy period? Somehow or other the terrors vanish as we approach. "Indeed," says Stevenson, "by the report of our elders, the nervous preparation for old age is only trouble thrown away. We fall on guard, and, after all, it is a friend who comes to meet us. After the sun is down and the west faded,

the heavens begin to fill with shining stars." We stand shivering upon the brink of old age, we cast lingering looks upon our vanishing youth, but the plunge once taken, lo! we find ourselves old, and the reality not so bad after all.

"Old age, the gray beard! Well indeed I know him—
Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the prey.
Yes, long indeed I've known him at a distance,
And now my lifted door-latch shows him here;
I take his shrivelled hand without resistance,
And find him smiling as his step draws near."

In speaking of old age, we are not considering that "last scene of all"—fortunately rare in experience—from which we all shrink, and which the melancholy Jaques describes with such cynical truth:

"Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
In second childishness and mere oblivion
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

From this sad picture, we can but turn away and pray to be delivered. We would contemplate rather the age described by Tennyson's Ulysses:

"Old age has yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done."

The secret which can thus transform a dreaded misfortune into a blessed experience is found in a sober readjustment to the changed conditions. A man is shocked by the discovery that he is growing old, but soon a wise philosophy comes to his aid, and he begins to find compensations. "It is decidedly harder to climb trees," he perceives, but, on the other hand, it is "not nearly so hard to sit still."

Now this adaptation, by which alone it is practicable to grow old gracefully, is possible only to those who have not squandered their youth in vice or idleness. Browning well expresses this truth:

"Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I saved and hold complete,
Do your joys with age diminish?
When mine fail me, I'll complain."

So, Macbeth, stained with selfishness and crime, had no hope of passing his declining years in peace:

"I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have."

No, a temperate youth and upright manhood is the necessary prelude to a serene old age.

Granted, then, some of the qualities that go to the making of true manhood, compensations may be found for the loss of youth. It is easy enough doubtless to draw comparisons unfavorable to age.

"Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care.
* * * * *
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold."

But there is a more sagacious point of view, and the wise man may say with Whittier:

"I mourn no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears
My heart is young again."

He may even reach out a pitying hand to the young in their restless discontents and strivings and call back to them:

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,'
Youth shows but half: trust God: see all nor be afraid."

Accordingly, the wise man, when he makes the startling discovery that he has passed the boundary-line between youth and

age, will waste no regrets upon his "vanished years," but will set about taking stock of the good things that remain in his possession. Cicero, in his philosophic reflections, *De Senectute*, reminds us that, although the old man may no longer climb the mast or work the pumps, he may still, "sitting quiet in the stern," hold the rudder and direct the ship. Oliver Wendell Holmes has made a very attractive catalogue of the joys that old Father Time bestows:

"What though of gilded baubles he bereaves us
 Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prime;
 Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves us,
 The hoarded spoils, the legacies of time!

Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant,
 Passions' uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,
 Hope's anchor faster, wild desires less vagrant,
 Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how deep!

Still as the silver chord gets worn and slender,
 Its lightening task-work tugs with lessening strain,
 Hands get more helpful, voices, grown more tender,
 Soothe with their softened tones the slumbrous brain."

The best advantage of age, over youth, lies in its clearer view of truth—a certain wisdom and comprehensiveness of outlook derived from experience, which cannot be accurately defined, but which nevertheless is very real. "Young, all lay in dispute: I shall know, being old." Not only the poet, but also the philosopher, has recognized this clear-sightedness of age. George J. Romanes, who, after years of blank atheism, came at last to accept the truth of Christianity, gives this testimony: "It does not appear to me that the modifications which my views have undergone are due so much to purely logical processes of the intellect, as to the sub-conscious (and therefore more or less unanalyzable) influences due to the ripening experience of life. The extent to which experience modifies logic is seldom, if ever, realized, although it is practically exemplified every day by the sobering caution which advancing age exercises upon the mind."

Wordsworth, accordingly, does not represent the old man as in a picture by Blake bent and feeble leaning upon his staff, never

lifting his eyes from the ground and tottering down a steep incline with an open grave at the bottom; but, on the contrary, as standing upon a mountain-top above the "gross and visible frame of things":

"Rightly it is said
That Man descends into the vale of years;
Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
As of a final Eminence: though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
On which 'tis not impossible to sit
In awful sovereignty; a place of power,
A throne, that may be likened unto his,
Who, in some placid day of summer, looks
Down from a mountain top."

Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, does not hold to the clearer perception of truth as an attribute of age. Rather does he think that the more practised eye of the old man will but teach him how far away are the heights of truth, how obscured with clouds:

"And long the way appears, which seemed so short
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountains tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain tops where is the throne of truth,
Tops in life's morning sun so bright and bare!"

Compare this dismal presentation of the subject with Tennyson's. Matthew Arnold can hardly see the "tops in life's morning sun so bright and bare," while Tennyson, eighty years old, "stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher." To his brave spirit, age could never mean a descent into the vale of decrepitude and falling at last into a grave:

"I have climbed to the snows of age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low
desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a
height that is higher."

These lines of Tennyson point also to another characteristic of old age which serves to elevate that period of life above the

more buoyant season of youth. In age the soul is in great measure freed from the dominion of the flesh, with all that this word implies of distraction and temptation, and thus is enabled to gain a clearer vision of spiritual realities. As Browning expresses it:

"By the spirit thou still shall enjoy
More indeed than at first when unconscious the life of a boy."

So, also, Wordsworth's aged man upon his mountain-top finds leisure for contemplation in his remoteness from all disturbing noises:

"For on that superior height
Who sits, is disencumbered from the press
Of near obstructions, and is privileged
To breathe in solitude, above the host
Of ever-humming insects."

And Tennyson on his snow-covered peak is able to take a comprehensive view of his past life and to rejoice in his freedom from the dominion of the flesh. His soul is "quiet at last," and asserts its rightful kingship over the body.

Browning's idea is that the friction of time wears thin the veil of flesh which serves to obscure the truth, and that, therefore, the power of spiritual discernment increases as the bodily strength abates. It is the aged St. John, dying in the Desert, who gives utterance to this thought:

"Can they share
—They who have flesh, a veil of youth and strength
About each spirit, that needs must bide its time,
Living and learning still, as years assist
Which wear the thickness thin and let man see—
With me who hardly am withheld at all,
But shudderingly, scarce a shred between,
Lie bare to the universal prick of light?"

This is a strong picture—the old man dying, his fleshy garment worn to a shred and dropping away, leaving the soul which was so dull of comprehension in youth, now "bare to the universal prick of light."

Browning, very early in life, when he wrote *Paracelsus*, realized this obscuration of truth by the grossness of the flesh:

**"There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect clear perception—which is truth."**

Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher of Boston, who was born a poet, if ever man was, though he never wrote verse, has beautifully expressed a thought similar to Browning's. He spoke of our human life as a "tabernacle through whose thin walls the lamp of a holy soul shines clearer and brighter as the walls themselves grow thinner, while death is but the stepping forth from such a tent into those glories which have no dimming veil between."

After all, that which alone can rob old age and death of their terror is the hope of immortality. If this life be our only chance for exercising our powers, the approach of age must be unutterably sad and death nothing better than "the giving over of a game that must be lost." But to those who believe in the resurrection of the dead, and the life everlasting, old age is but a halting-place, where we are privileged to

**"Take rest ere we be gone
Once more on our adventure brave and new."**

and so, with a cheerful heart, we may

"Let age approve of youth and death complete the same."