

ROOM FOR CHRIST.

T H E

Baccalaureate Sermon

BEFORE THE

UNIVERSITY OF WOOSTER,

Sunday, June 15th, 1879,

By Rev. A. A. E. TAYLOR, D. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

OHIO STATE

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WOOSTER, OHIO:

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THE CLASS OF 1879

WYCOFF

ROOM FOR CHRIST.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE II. 7.

The mountain ranges of Lebanon, in Syria, taper off into gentler hills, as they sink down southward into the celebrated plain of Esdraelon, in the land of Palestine. A little north of this plain, very near the southern boundary of Zebulon, and midway between the Sea of Galilee and the range of Carmel, a charming upland vale, which runs nearly east and west, suddenly widens into a circular basin, one-fourth of a mile in breadth. This basin is surrounded by fifteen rounded, bare, limestone peaks, the highest of which rises five hundred feet above the plain. Here in this green mountain nest, twelve hundred feet above sea level, guarded by its white-tipped sentinels, Nazareth hides in quiet seclusion, amidst flowers and fig trees, gardens and hedges, orchards and meadows, and scattered fields of grain.

Somewhere about the year of Rome 750, or 760, there lived, amid these scenes, a carpenter named Joseph, and Mary, his espoused wife. In response to the Roman exaction of tribute, it became necessary for Joseph, who was of the tribe of Judah, to repair to Bethlehem for enrollment among the people of his own lineage. Thither, therefore, journeyed these two; Mary probably riding, and Joseph walking by her side. It was a three or four days' journey upon which they entered, due south, a distance of eighty miles. Winding their way cautiously down the steep passes from their starting point, to the fertile and populous plain of Esdraelon, the name of which means "the garden of God" and leaving Mt. Tabor, with its oval height, to the east, they threaded their path through the thronging cities and villages to Jezreel, formerly the capital of Ahab. Moving thence onward past Dothan, where Joseph had found his brethren, and rising again into the hilly country, they came to Samaria, which had been recently rebuilt with great magnificence by Herod the Great. Camping by the wayside and advancing by gentle stages, they passed Shechem, where Abraham

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built his first altar in the land of promise, and silently riding between the solemn peaks of Ebal and Gerizim, still resounding to their faith with the ancient blessings and curses of the Law, halted to drink from the sweet waters of Jacob's well, near by Joseph's tomb. Then, as they journeyed on, they glanced off eastward at Shiloh, where Hannah in prayer found her Samuel, and westward at Gilgal, where Hannah's son judged Israel; pushed on through the valley of Baca; halted in Bethel, where Jacob saw the angelic ladder; looked up to Mizpah "on its lonely height," where Samuel raised his Ebenezer, and at last, amid the crowds and caravans, entered the Holy City.

Still six miles to the south Bethlehem lay on a long, narrow, gray ridge, encircled by the deep valleys that plough through the hill country of Judea. As the way-worn travelers drew near this spot, what vivid memories associated with the scenes, thronged their minds: memories of David, the shepherd lad; memories of Ruth and Boaz; and, more than all, and sad enough for Mary then, memories of the dying Rachel, whose tomb was there, and who named the child that cost her life, *Ben oni*, the son of sorrow, knowing nothing of that man of sorrows and acquainted with grief who should here also first see the light. Arriving in Bethlehem, the rude khan, or inn, built for the shelter of travelers, was found to be crowded with strangers, struggling together for scant accommodations. Driven by necessity, they sought refuge from the winter chill in a place reserved as a stable, perhaps, as tradition asserts, some neighboring cave, that opened its friendly entrance to their weary feet. And here, in the night season, the Lord of Glory was born, and laid in a stony manger, "*because there was no room for them in the inn.*" He who ever afterward had on earth no place where He might lay his head, was now rejected of men, in His birth; as He was continually rejected of the world even down to the other stony cave of Joseph of Arimathea. But the holy cavern and the region around gleamed in the night with divine illumination. Shut out from the face of men, the child Jesus beheld the glory of the Father. He who was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, transformed night into day at His advent, as at His exit He turned day into night. The city of Bethlehem, type of the New Jerusalem, had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it and *the Lamb was the light thereof*. While "the only melody of heaven ever heard by mortal ears," with its joyful strains, cheered the suffering mother and welcomed to earth that Son of Man, to whom in all His life earth itself sang no gladsome strains.

Distant three miles to the east of Bethlehem, on a peak of the hill now known as the Frank mountain, the palace-fortress of Herod towered into the sky. And here perchance on this very evening, amidst luxury and pomp and Roman splendor, courtiers swarmed and minstrels sang and played, while the revelry of feasting rang out through the mist and echoed in the still air across the valleys to the place where Jesus lay. But there was no more room for him in the royal palace than in the wayfarer's inn, for he was come to be king of the

poor, of the humble, and the outcast, like Himself, and "to show that the soul of the greatest monarch is no dearer or greater in God's sight than the soul of the meanest subject."

Farther off to the north, amidst the hills of the royal city, were gathered the proud and powerful religious sects and rulers of the Jews. There were the Pharisees, corrupting revelation by their added ceremonials; there were the worldly, practical Sadducees, reducing religion to deistic morality; there were the idealizing Essenes, narrowing the faith into the rigidities of an exclusive asceticism. And these defenders guarded zealously the holy places of Judaism, until amidst the superstition of the first, the skepticism of the second, and the schism of the last, no more than amidst the luxuries of the Roman citadel or the crowd of the traveler's inn, was there room for the infant Christ.

All the country around was filled with an anxious, oppressed and deluded people, awaiting the Messiah. But the Messiah they craved was little more than a human hero; a prince whose kingdom should prove one of matchless splendor and of ceaseless victory. And amidst this people, "drunk with the vision of outward felicity and of political greatness," under a temporal, world-conquering king, there was no room for Him whose kingdom was not of this world.

No more among the philosophical schools of Greece, with their polished culture creeping over the world and penetrating even these mountain fastnesses, was there room for the unannounced *Logos*, the Word of God made flesh and dwelling with men. There was no room for Him in any of earth's capacious inns, whose hospitality at best could only crowd Him into the manger with the ox who knoweth his owner, and the ass who knoweth his master's crib.

Now this personal reception of the Savior of men at His birth, is typical of His perpetual spiritual reception by mankind at large. The tendency to crowd Christ out of all departments of human thought and action is one of the marked characteristics of all subsequent ages. This very treatment, indeed, was predicted by our Master Himself, and His disciples were distinctly forewarned of opposition the most determined and deadly, through all periods of the Church. It was to be a life or death struggle with the world. "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

I. MEN HAVE SOUGHT TO LEAVE NO ROOM FOR CHRIST IN HISTORY.

The most strenuous and persistent efforts have been exerted to overthrow the verity of the detailed life of our Lord, as recorded in the Evangelists. The broadest learning and the acutest criticism have joined hands to prove that Jesus of Nazareth is a fictitious character. They have declared the Gospel to be a fable, or a myth. They have proclaimed the life of Jesus a wild dream, springing out of the hopes of a superstitious people, in a decaying age. Not only fair means, but the most unwarranted misrepresentations have been plied to dash this statue of the Messiah from its historic pedestal. Or when the main facts have been demonstrated, and perforce accepted, the purpose still has been, while owning the man, to overthrow the Messiah. They would feign Him to be the wisest genius that ever flashed out of darkness upon the world; the most wonderful sage, the most illustrious character among mankind; granting him this heroism that they might deny His divinity. His career some would describe as one carved out

for Him by designing attendants; His miracles but pretenses, though Himself an innocent actor; He only a savant and not a Savior; and His recorded life exalted by the glowing encomiums of enthusiastic, but designing followers, into a creation of exaggerated eastern fiction—a picture of fancy, not a portrait of fact. Still others would account for this alleged superstition by assigning certain causes, indigenous to the age, for its rise and growth, making it the necessary product of Greek speculation, Jewish monotheism, and Roman empire. So would they narrow the historical margin until no place should be left on which the Messiah might stand; avowing Him but an accidental nucleus of a historical accretion, around which the delusions and dreams of a credulous age might collect and perchance crystallize. But the victory, which the world stubbornly withheld, Jesus Christ hath valiantly achieved.

Christ hath made room for Himself in History. The nations were waiting for a hero when He came. The old era in history was ended. Four grand attempts to found a universal empire had succeeded each other in disastrous failure just before His advent. The early dream of the Babylonish empire had vanished and Nebuchadnezzar was dead. Cyrus was buried, and the shell of the Persian monarchy had been forever crushed. Alexander had passed away, and the world-wide dominion of Greece was utterly broken. And now Cæsar Augustus and the Roman empire trembled at their meridian, while the last hope of a universal temporal kingdom bowed towards its hopeless decline. The magnificent idea of the world-conquerors had not been realized. Then the angel of history closes the old and opens the new book, and the name that is written on its title page is *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews*. He was "the goal toward which all ancient history tended." He was the fountain from which all subsequent history sprung. He was the thought of dominion that was struggling for utterance in the heart of the centuries. And since that day every lofty movement among the nations has been linked with His name. From His own time Jesus began to triumph. By His perpetual reign on the throne of history He has vindicated His own historical claims before men. "Coming to set right and to govern the world, Christianity has ever been, as it ought to be, in conflict with vast masses of men, with civil power, with physical force, with adverse philosophies. It has had successes, it has had reverses; but it has a grand history and has effected great things, and is as vigorous in its age as it was in its youth." It was discarded of Judaism within and confronted with Judaism without—Judaism fortified in its fifteen hundred years of gorgeous worship and holy faith. It was challenged by paganism, rough-handed, strong-headed, stony-hearted, whose last appeal to physical force, when argument failed, was never wanting. It was invaded and torn asunder by dissension and schism, by mixture with philosophy and heathenism; but still it endured. It was overwhelmed by vandal hordes and driven into solitude; its temples leveled by barbarian bands, and its worshipers scattered to the four winds of heaven. But it died not. Mohammedanism, its gigantic rival, sought to overshadow and outshine it by superior charms and sensual rewards. It was overlaid in its own nest by an apostate sacerdotalism. But out of all turmoil and antagonism, out of external persecution and internal dissension, even out of corruption victorious for a time in the Church itself, Jesus Christ majestically arose, the genius of all history, the one grand, indestructible character among mankind.

Unaided by any, opposed by all, Christianity won. Through the gross ignorance of the Dark Ages; through the revival of learning in the Renaissance; through subsequent deism, infidelity and rationalism, the same head towered above all the stormy waves in deathless grandeur; until in these modern days the powers of the world are become Christian powers, the ends of the earth behold the circulation of the Gospel, and the position of Christ in history is recognized as the highest, the grandest, the most sublime in time. The life of Christ is fast becoming the life of the world; the kingdoms of the world are becoming the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

II. MEN HAVE SOUGHT TO LEAVE NO PLACE FOR CHRIST IN PHILOSOPHY.

The fundamental principles of philosophy were methodically arranged and formulated before the days of Christ. Its systems have changed in method and increased in material, with advancing research. Rising through the mental into the moral sphere, the truths relating to God, to the immortal human soul, and to the necessary relation between the two, have demonstrated the philosophical necessity of a mediator between God and man. But a proud and self-sufficient intellectuality has aspired to a system that should replace all other schemes, in which there should be no room for God, or for the Son of God manifest in the flesh. Merely to admit of a possible God, whose existence, if logically demonstrated, they have declared to be unknowable, shuts out all entrance of that divine one through whom God should reveal himself to the world. And such philosophy with its axioms and processes, would blot out from the leaf of the world's records the whole life of Jesus. While over the glowing pages that recount his inspired words and his miraculous works, they would draw one long black stroke of erasure and instead would write: "This is a dream of credulous ignorance. This is a creation of crazy superstition."

But Christ hath made room for Himself in Philosophy. The bandied hosts of worldly wisdom sought to strangle the new religion in its cradle. Epicureanism was there with its sensual negations of the spiritual principles of Christianity. Stoicism, with its unnatural apathy and blank despair, essayed to quench its holy life. Eclecticism imported from Egypt the mysteries of Isis, added the splendors of the Persian worship, and cast into the scale the superstitious Phrygian sensuality, seeking by the combination of these charms to revive the dying cult of Naturalism. Neo-Platonism essayed to force its hypodermic injection of dreamy Pantheism into the very flesh of Christianity, that its life might be dissolved under the opiate of a deadly mysticism. But even in his birth Jesus Christ proved Himself greater than Philosophy. His spirit entered in and took possession of the tabernacle of philosophy, to introduce new principles of life, to revolutionize and reconstruct its logic, and to re-establish its formulæ upon the solid foundations of God's primary and universal truth. And through all the clamor of schools, the fundamental principles of a Christian philosophy have prevailed and stubbornly maintained their place, until the vain wisdom of the world has been transfigured, its conceited knowledge sanctified, its haughty intellectual selfishness baptized into the humble communion of a holy faith. Despite learned skeptics and philosophical sensualists, who in their blindness mistake *conditions* of existence for *cause* of existence, there is no room for any

other name on the throne of Philosophy than the name of Him who is the wisdom revealed from above. To-day the prevalent philosophy bows to faith, and casts its crown at the feet of Him who spake as never man spake. For now the latest Christless philosophy stultifies itself. It blots out the first and greatest commandment of the law, and elevates the second into solitary sanction. It discards immortality and substitutes instead "impersonal absorption in a collective idea." It rejects prayer and leaves only an unintelligent impulse of the inner being, like the dying throbs of a body already insensible. It denies the Trinity and offers us only the ununified trio, Humanity, the World and Space. And this is all the soulless residuum that after three thousand years of dialectics the wisdom of the world, working alone, can proffer us in the place of the precepts of Him who wrote, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," and whose philosophy, most sublime where most simple, may be thus summarized: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

III. THE WORLD WOULD LEAVE NO ROOM FOR CHRIST IN SCIENCE.

The man who despises Science must first despise God. For Science springs from the knowledge of the creation of God; and God must be discovered through his works before he can be known in his Word. The alphabet of Nature teaching us the primary truths concerning the existence of God and his nature, must be mastered, before the pages of Revelation can be read and understood. The Word of God assumes that much to be learned from nature, before it begins to teach its advanced lessons. But it hardly need here be related how men, grown proud in Science, would leave God out and substitute only man in the scientific record; declaring all knowledge concerning God to be unscientific. In the various fields of discovery, research in which has glorified our age, there are to be found brilliant leaders, who are become so far bewitched with the study of the rocks and the elements, the atoms and the stars, as to grow near-sighted and unable to see aught beyond their hammers and crucibles, their retorts and lenses. Charmed by the glittering eye of nature, they stand transfixed, incompetent to look beyond to nature's God. All scientists are not skeptics. But as Science swells into a vast body of influential systems opening up ever infinite wonders and insoluble problems, with the accumulating material the tendency of men lost in contemplation is to absorption in the material and oblivion of the plastic hand that has given that material myriad shape and endless combination. Alas! for the gross materialist whose spirit loses its self-consciousness in the intense scrutiny of matter. Alas! for the Pantheist who drowns his personal God mid-ocean in the universal sea of existence. For each of these blind students of God's world, in his countless hypotheses and speculations must needs leave no room for Him who was in the beginning with God, by whom all things were created and without whom was not anything made that was made.

But Jesus Christ hath made room for himself in science. Science is but an exposition of the discovered facts of the universe, in their internal relations one to another, and each to all. As these facts are continually brought to light by exploration, the need of God in Christ becomes increasingly manifest. The greatest interpreters of science have ever been the humblest, because with widening range of knowledge, they have become impressed with

the immensity of human ignorance, and their devout spirits are more forcibly taught to bow before Him who gives laws and reigns over their operations. And all this systematic knowledge thus gained has become the source of vast power in the hands of the Master for the vindication of His word and the extension of his Kingdom. Astronomers have scanned the heavens only to find, in the end, additional verifications of the religion of Him to whom the Magi were led by the star. Geologists have uncovered the strata of the earth, only to find the stony tablets of nature repeating in older and larger characters the revelations of the stony tablets of the Law. Microscopists have searched into the realm of things unobserved only to show how the very hairs of our heads are all numbered. Naturalists have probed into the anatomy of nature but to find deeper traces of the hidden life of the Life-giver. No! science has not overturned scripture. Creation explored has not dethroned Christ. The reign of Law, boasted by those who cannot trace the source of law, has not overthrown the reign of Immanuel. The supremacy of force, boasted by those who fail to detect whence that force proceeds, cannot destroy the Almighty. The search for the hidden spring and source of life, by those systems that hopelessly divide on the very definition of life, cannot destroy Him who is the life of men. On the contrary science practically expressing its thoughts in mechanism, has achieved for all others besides, not half what she has contributed to the cause of Christ. She has printed the Gospels and its defences, in millions upon millions of pages. She has borne this gospel from land to land, till its leaves have been strewn among all peoples. The first message science ever sounded from continent to continent under the oceans, was the welcome message that hails the Prince of Peace. Every discovery science has published, that can be utilized for human hands, has been made tributary to the glory of King Jesus. Scientists may deny Him. Science itself will own him and hail him Lord of all. The hands of men may be lifted against him. But the hands of science stretched forth over all the globe beckon his triumphant approach. And no grander victory has Jesus ever won, than the vindication of his truth and its universal spread by science, despite the unbelieving votaries of a science falsely so-called.

IV. MEN WOULD LEAVE NO ROOM FOR CHRIST IN HUMAN CULTURE.

There is what may be called the scientific view of culture, the whole life of man being in this theory directed by the scientific method. It holds the end of man to be twofold, to learn the laws of nature and to train himself to obey them. This culture is a mechanical process of adaptation to the ten commandments of nature. Life is a game of chess, education is but learning the rules of the game. Another view is the Aesthetic theory of culture, which narrows the aim of life to the attainment of the perfection of our human nature in all its capacities. "The perfect manhood" as the final end of toil and duty is the text of this system. Religion is indeed allowed a subordinate place as one means of the attainment of culture, but not as an end in itself. Others pressing the practice at once to the conclusion where the theory leads, rule out entirely Christ and his gospel, and commit the soul to the broad current of humanity to be swept straight on to the Utopian harbor of perfection. The disciples of these schools admire the ancient civilizations, the learning, art, culture, grace of the old classic people. They would not have the intellectual growth of men hampered and

narrowed to the hide-bound creeds and systems of formal Christianity which they denounce. Like the reactionary Julian who would turn back the reformed world from Christianity to an effete heathenism, from the practice of the Gospel precepts to a civilization as evanescent as it was corrupt, they would even debar the Christian teacher from access to schools of learning, or hamper his liberties, till not an utterance from the words of Jesus should fall with its blessed healing upon young hearts first learning to thrill with the aspirations of a higher knowledge. And Christian people in a nominally Christian nation, submit to be taxed for the support of schools of higher culture whose teachers, from their chairs decry the reading of the word of God and public worship therein, and in whose so-called chapels one, and but one, formal prayer a year is uttered, and that on the day when students gather for their annual separation. Woe, woe to the land where there is no room for Christ in its schools.

But Christ hath made room for himself in human culture. Christianity must be first or nothing; an end not a means. And ever since Christ lifted the souls of men in their own sight above the level of their mere minds and showed that civilization to have the seeds of death in itself that forgets the culture of the soul as the prime end of existence, ever since that day culture has meant more than otherwise it could ever mean. Henceforward it had the flavor of immortality in it. It became the culture of two worlds. It incited man to the study of the laws of God, and to the task of training self to their obedience. It made the likeness of God, as set forth in the face of Jesus Christ, the ideal of a perfect humanity. To be ultimately transformed into his image, this is Christian culture. And the world was not slow to catch the loftier spirit, and to rise from the carnal to the spiritual idea. A Christian civilization entered in. And this has delivered the enlightened nations out of the mire of vice. It has reformed society from its lowest dregs. It has elevated alike the standard of manhood and that of national life. It has given purer laws to the nations, higher methods of international arbitration, purer principles of universal growth and development. Society has leaped up to a new plane, while literature and learning, culture and character, have become established in the high places of national power. The Sermon on the Mount contains the seeds of a better civilization than the ancient world ever imagined. And by the silent process of the interweaving into human history of maxims wiser than ever Confucius uttered, or the Vedas ever breathed, the culture of Christianity has lifted mankind to its present height of enlightenment and power. Yea, Christ hath made room for himself among the schools of learning. And in every age down to the present, the Christian teacher, advocating and impressing the needs of the development of the soul beside the training of the mind, unfolding spiritual laws beside intellectual laws and physical laws, has demonstrated the final unity of culture and religion and the impossibility of their divorce except by the death of either party. For as man with body, mind and soul is one, so "culture, if thoroughly and consistently carried out, must lead on to religion, that is to the cultivation of the spiritual and heavenward capacities of our nature. And religion, if truthful and wise, must expand into culture; must urge men who are under its power to make the most of all their capacities, not only for the worth of these capacities in themselves, but because they are gifts of God given that we may

carefully cultivate them," and because they are the essential elements of a complete manhood.

V. Is it any wonder when Christ has been shut out of these various inns of intellectual society, THAT AMIDST THE POLITICAL GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD NO ROOM FOR HIM SHOULD BE FOUND? Nations have often tried the experiment of living without embodying the principles of Christianity in their constitutions and codes, or recognizing them in their precepts and in their practice. But you can lay your finger upon not one of them that has survived in strength. They have sometimes sprung to sudden eminence in a mushroom growth, like forced exotics, but having no root in themselves, they have soon withered away. Even among nominally Christian nations, a fallen humanity has sought to crowd out him who is the King of nations. With a Sabbath openly violated by their national legislatures under the legal fiction of a legislative day; with profanity publicly applauded in representative halls; with corruption boldly entering in and stalking almost unrebuked in the corridors; with intemperance and immorality lurking in the ante-rooms and venturing on the floors; with the plainest maxims of the Christian religion thus rejected and despised, they have aspired to the loftiest place in history, while ignoring the only solid foundations upon which a house can stand. There are other courts than the dissipated court of Herod on the heights of Beth-haccerem, in which there is found no room for the holy child of Bethlehem. And what is true of nations is no less true of cities, and towns and villages.

But Christ hath made room for himself among the nations. He asked for himself no place amidst the jarring and dissonant conflicts of ambition and avarice, that have ever marked political aspirants. He was laying down principles for the regulation of all nations, in all times. He was living a life and was to die a death, that should serve to regulate and redeem all peoples and tongues. And the simple precepts of his life and the mighty power of his death went forth after him and entered into the innermost spirit of the governments of the world. They found nations enslaved to monarchs who were using the masses as the tools of their ambition and the puppets of their whimsical warfare or their licentious pleasure. They found peoples enslaved, the poor impoverished, the rich demoralized, and royal courts themselves the centers and sources of all forms of national defilement and decay. They found heathenism dark as midnight in ignorance, deep as Tophet in vice. They found idolatry idolized and truth fallen to the ground, hopeless of revival. But there was no cave so dark, no pit so bottomless, into which these holy precepts did not charge. In three centuries after its birth Christianity sat upon the throne of the Cæsars. Christianity did not triumph because Constantine held the scepter, but Constantine held the scepter because Christianity had conquered. And thence onward this power of Jesus of Nazareth has been an essential factor in the existence of the nations. It has infused its principles into codes of legislation, into the unwritten or the common law, into legislative halls, and into the hearts of Executives and has sat upon judicial benches. It has set the Queen to rule where the King has refused to own its sway. And to-day where has not Christ made room for himself among the nations? He has gone down to the isles of the sea in ships and has leavened the lump of their constitutions. He has sailed across every ocean and landed on every shore and set up the beginnings of his empire in every land. Christian men are at the head of education, standing near the throne in Japan, in China,

in India, in Egypt, and even in Mohammedan countries. Christian missions hastened at once to follow the track of exploration, into the dark heart of Africa. And to judge of the future simply by the past, having "no lamp by which to guide our feet but the lamp of experience," we may know that only as the principles of the Gospel of Christ enter in to control all legislation, to regulate all judicial decisions, to direct all executive enforcement, will the nations themselves be brought from darkness to light and secure a lofty civilization, true prosperity, lasting peace and permanent endurance with which to crown their lives.

VI. WHEN WE NOW TURN OUR FOOTSTEPS DOWN INTO THE CEASELESS WHIRL OF A TOILING WORLD, WHERE HATH ROOM BEEN LEFT FOR CHRIST? In the thronged streets bordered with the tall blocks of trade; along the crowded avenues of commerce; amid the noisy exchanges of money; in the social palaces where gaming clubs lure in the votaries of unlawful pleasures; under the glittering domes of worldly amusements; in licensed haunts of vice whose shaded windows and screened doors advertise their own consciousness of shame, what room is left for Him who was without guile, and whose voice was not heard in the streets? In the busy factories and founderies; amid humming looms and buzzing wheels; beside thundering forges and hissing engines; where not only the necessities but the luxuries of humanity are ground out through the dripping sweat and unwearied energy of blackened brows and brawny muscles, unbelief crowds in between the revolution of the wheels and the strokes of the hammers, sparing often times no room for the entrance of the burden bearer of Galilee. In the proud homes of luxury where wealth rejoices in her lavish display; in the lowly huts where poverty doles out its morsels and economy wrestles for its pittance with death; amid the early rising and toiling late of the tiller of the soil, on the stony hillsides and in the luxurious plains; down in the mines of fuel, deep in the caves of ore, where men delve for wages or for gain, too often history repeats its mournful strain, and no room is found in the countless inns of labor for the homeless son of Mary. Nay, down in the human heart every where, cankered with care, racked with anxiety, rent with sorrow, absorbed with thoughts of what we shall eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed; in the restless heart, ambitious for professional success or political preferment; in the heavy heart, burdened with the management of business, oppressed with responsibilities of the control of men, with the rearing of offspring, with the defence of home; in the heart throbbing with the desire of learning and of self culture, or thirsting for scientific or artistic fame; in the choked heart engrossed with the relentless duties that eat away the wasting hours, what room is left; what room in this little inn of our inner lives for the light of the face of Him whose coming brings peace? Ah, the world is intense with occupations and attractions for the human spirit, and our years of three score years and ten seem far too scant for our smallest hopes. And what of the world and of self crowds in, is like to fill the narrow enclosure of our hearts, that like the eastern inn have little more to offer than pavement and roof, until no room remains for the presence of other travelers, much less for the unrecognized stranger at the door. So it comes that when the night falls and the doors must be shut, and the soul would lie down for rest, he who would find room for himself must leave this court and seek some outside manger where he may repose. Because there is no room for him in the inn.

But Christ hath made room for himself among all worldly avocations and aspirations, and in the human heart everywhere. Room on the throne and room in the garret; room in the mill and room in the mart; room in the bank and room in the forum; room in the studio and room in the library; room in the shop and room in the streets; room in the sick chamber and room in the asylum; where is there not room for him who overthrew the money changers and taught among the Rabbi? Room for him among the shepherds, and room for him in the heart of the mother as on the night of his advent; room for him under the stars and room among the acclaiming angels. The heart of man without distinction of rank, or wealth, or learning, or pursuit, has become the throne of Jesus Christ. Nothing is so remarkable in all history, as the hold which the religion of the Son of man hath taken upon the inner lives of mankind, from the child to the sage, alike in every station and in all lands. His power is evidenced in the self denial and self sacrifice of his living votaries; it is affirmed in their triumphant deaths for his sake, on the peaceful pillow, or in persecutions and at the stake.

Now when we consider all these things, from first to last, is not his vindication of his right to universal rule complete? We therefore boldly avow that Jesus Christ hath won for himself, not by the sword of steel, but by the sword that proceedeth from his mouth, that universal monarchy of which the ancient conquerors dreamed, and for which the world has waited. The Nazarene has triumphed. His claims for himself have been vindicated against infidel logic and heathen force. His own right arm hath gotten to himself the victory over unbelief and rejection. The logic of facts, the testimony of history, the demonstration of experience have won his case. To-day after the conflict of eighteen hundred years he is stronger than ever, greater than ever, with a grander army of faithful followers than ever before. Make room, then, for him in the inn. Make room for Christ in history; for He is the center of its whole significance. Make room for Christ in philosophy, the love of wisdom, since he is both the eternal love and the eternal wisdom. Make room for Christ in science, because he is the first cause, the original force, and the primal law. Make room for Christ in culture, for his light is the life of men. Make room for Christ in government, since he is the king of kings and of his dominion there is no end. Make room for Christ in daily life, because he is rest from labor and peace from all strife. Make room for Christ in the human heart, for, if any man will open the door, he will come in and dwell with him. Make room for Christ everywhere. Lift up your heads, O, ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors and the King of glory shall come in. Make room for Christ ye heavens, for the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, and all the holy angels with him. The angelic hosts that sang in the clouds when there was no room for him in the inn, shall chant his second coming when the heavens cannot contain him who bringeth again peace on earth, good will to men.

HONORED STUDENTS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:—There is room for you in the inn. To-day your Alma Mater gives you to the world. The various spheres of life and duty in their flights and in their lower walks offer many opportunities for your entrance. But when you approach to seek admission you may find that the door will be shut. If you would enter you must come with fixed hearts and stout purposes to make room for yourselves. Nothing that is worth having is won without a conflict. But it is the conflict that develops the man. Severe study, protracted labor, extreme patience, unyielding persistence will be the price of victory. Such a course will cost great self-denial. Many of you already have endured such sacrifices to attain your present goal. But be assured that in the end the reward will fully repay all your outlay and toil. Success ever depends upon the quality of work. The character of work, other things being granted, turns mainly upon the consistency of the brain that organizes and completes the work. And the character of brain largely results from that texture obtained in the early days when it is in training and acquiring by severe processes effective modes and habits of thought. In this respect you have secured great advantage over those who plunge into life without the twisted steel of systematic mental discipline. Your patient preparation in the beginning will secure you immense superiority in the conflict, if you act well your part. But to-day our theme, the power of Christ in every human sphere, instructs you that you may not win the laurel by your own main strength alone. The influences of mere intellectual preparation have been too often "like the Pharos-lights which deceived and wrecked the vessels they were meant to save." The cavil is as old as Celsus, that "Christianity gives no special encouragement to the culture of the intellect." Her whole history contradicts the libel. Your college course refutes it. But Christianity does hold that mental training is wholly incommensurate in importance with spiritual development. In the language of St. Augustine, "Unhappy the man who knows all those things, but is ignorant of these." Knowledge is not power, but wisdom. Not genius, but goodness, not grit but grace, overcometh the world; for without mental culture the heart may be pure, and without learning the soul may soar into eternal life. But these two in alliance form the combination that will unlock the treasure-house of manhood. For as one has said, "Knowledge without common sense is folly, without method it is waste, without kindness it is fanaticism, without religion it is death." Lay to heart the sentence of Pliny: "There is nothing more proud, or more paltry than man." The spirit of Jesus of Nazareth combining with erudition will purge it from conceits and save it from selfishness; will deliver it from cruel cold heartedness, and preserve it from the indulgence of ambitious tyranny. In other words a cultured mind must be brought under the domination of a converted soul before it can practice beneficence, develop in virtue, and triumph in peace. "The world of heathendom after centuries of philosophy was emphatically a world without souls." The world of Christianity after centuries of the gospel, is a world of souls. The aim of this parting discourse is to sum up the spirit of the teaching you have here received, by arraying before you the unanswerable argument for Christianity derived from the triumph of Christ over all his bitter enemies. The same conflict with the world for the mastery, will be conducted in your own hearts, and, if Christ be with you, the triumph is assured.

It is so common for the uninformed to avow that the great and wise of modern times are discarding the religion of Jesus, that we venture to extract a few words from the final testimony of one held in veneration and affection by our whole American people. Our noble poet, Bryant, after a life of wide practical observation in an influential editorial chair, and of constant companionship with the first scholars of the age, has recently passed away. After his death upon his study-table was found a characteristic paper carefully prepared, the following extracts from which will serve to reveal his spirit. He says, "The very men who in the pride of their investigations into the secrets of the material world, turn a look of scorn upon the Christian system of belief, are not aware how much of the peace and order of society, how much of the happiness of their households, and the purity of those dearest to them, are owing to the influence of that religion extending beyond their sphere. There is no character, in the whole range of qualities which distinguish men from each other, so fitted to engage our admiration and so pregnant with salutary influence upon society, as that which is formed on the christian pattern by the precepts of the gospel and a zealous imitation of the example of the great Master. I tremble to think what the world would be without Him. In my view of the life, the teachings, the labors and the sufferings of the blessed Jesus, there can be no admiration too profound, no love of which the human heart is capable, too warm, no gratitude too earnest and deep of which He is justly the object. It is with sorrow that my love for Him is so cold, and my gratitude so inadequate. It is with sorrow that I see any attempt to put aside his teachings as a delusion, to turn men's eyes from his example, to meet with doubt and denial the story of his life. For my part, if I thought that the religion of skepticism were to gather strength and prevail and become the dominant view of mankind, I should despair of the fate of mankind in the years that are yet to come."

In parting, I earnestly commend this testimony of such a man to your hearts. Oh! that you all might think as He thought, feel as He felt, and cry with the patriarch, "Bless me, even me also, O my Father." We are here to-day sincerely to declare that for you, dear friends, these teachers have only the deepest sympathy, and for your success the warmest hopes. Few departing classes take with them more strength of purpose, more vigor of mind; none leave behind them a higher respect and a deeper affection. As you glance back over your college career, forget what may have gone amiss through the frailty of a nature common to student and teacher. Remember only the hours of delightful intercourse, and those strong ties between us, welded more strongly than you may perceive through these years of contact. You will recognize their force when you hereafter feel the strain of absence. We shall expect your truth and your valor to achieve great deeds and to reflect high honor upon her whose diplomas you bear. May the stars in their courses fight against all who wrongfully fight against you. Take this one word with you as a token of remembrance between us. *Make room for Christ in your hearts and in your lives.* And when you shall draw near the heavenly inn, Christ shall stand at the door to make room for you, saying, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

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