

ROYAL MANHOOD

BY

SAAC

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Author of "The Young Man Four Square," "Church Portals,"
"College of Apostles," etc.

*"A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve a model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time."*

—TENNISON.



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ROYAL MANHOOD

By JAMES I. VANCE, D. D.

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TO THE WOMAN
WHO BETTER THAN ANY MAN HAS SHOWN
ME WHAT ROYAL MANHOOD MEANS,
MY FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED WIFE

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Royal Manhood

CHAPTER I

ROYAL MANHOOD

"Man is one world and hath another to attend him."

—George Herbert.

True manhood is imperial. It does not need the rite of coronation, for it is crowned already. Its majesty is supreme in all lands, all ages, all worlds.

In institutions and organizations, in methods and things, in material wealth and the splendors of an ornate civilization, the world is rich enough; but the need abides for simple, undorned, unpurchasable, incorruptible, royal manhood.

The need is not for lawyers, doctors, merchants, poets, preachers, mechanics, statesmen, but for men. It is a pity for one to dwindle down into nothing but the crude material with which to fill some vocation in life. "Born a man, died a grocer," was the epitaph which a certain Frenchman left as the mournful lament of a life that had failed. The bells that ring the divinest

tones in the steeple that points to the stars, are those that are a-tremble with the music of manhood.

The most beautiful building in America and the finest library building in the world is the Congressional Library Building, in Washington. The brilliant architect, Mr. Smithmeyer, traveled all over the world, visiting the most famous buildings in all lands, before completing the plans for this princely structure. The building cost between five and six millions of dollars, and was more than eight years in course of erection. It is a marvelous combination of noble dignity and symmetric beauty and stands as a triumph of the architect's genius and the builder's skill.

It is a wonderful and unsurpassed memorial of the victories of the human intellect in all the realms of thought. At every turn one is confronted with reminders of that which has made the world great. There the visitor is greeted by the names which represent the noblest achievements in poetry, drama, fiction, philosophy, theology, oratory, science, statesmanship, history, journalism, exploration, letters, philanthropy—by all of which history has been enriched, civilization effected, and the human race glorified.

As one wanders through the lofty corridors and ample halls or waits in rooms which art and money have done their utmost to beautify and embellish, he may read in the mosaic pavement beneath his feet, in the frescoed ceiling above

his head, and on the garnished walls around him, the names and symbols of the kingly leaders of the race, whose genius has made an age and whose prowess has shaped the destinies of nations.

But not until he reaches the central spacious library hall itself and stands beneath the lofty frescoed dome, whose roof of shining gold places a fitting crown upon this royal building, is the climax of effect attained. There one stands spellbound and all but speechless with admiration. Human greatness is everywhere. High up in the dome, arranged in a circle, are heroic figures representing religion, commerce, philosophy, poetry, history, law, art and science. As they look down from their airy perch they seem to proclaim to the world, "God has made man a little lower than the angels, and has crowned him with glory and honor." But the end is not yet. Higher than the heroic figures, above the symbolic statue of religion, as though to form a fitting motto for all that is mentioned, memorialized and kept in the great building, in letters of light that all may read, is a sentence that proclaims the supremest of all human achievements and the highest glory of man. It is a sentence culled from an ancient book. It will stand as long as the great building shall stand, and longer, preaching from generation to generation its divine gospel of the complete life.

There, as one gazes, he may read, high up above all the books that men have written and

all the deeds that men have done, this immortal sentence from the book which God has written:

“What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?”*

The great library building is worthily and fittingly crowned. It proclaims to the nation that which makes individuals great and peoples enduring. It preaches the doctrine of royal manhood, and ranks faith in God above material gain and temporal prosperity. It pleads and waits for that national destiny which is the heritage of a people whose citizenship is imperial.

It proclaims the lasting dignity of a true life, and emphasizes those common virtues of humanity which are behind true greatness as cause is behind effect.

It announces to the world that beyond her matchless civilization, her peerless institutions, and her wonderful and inspiring history, America would most glorify the greatness of manhood.

Man is greater than all his things;—greater than any deed he ever does, than any thought he ever thinks, than any creed to which he may ever make subscription. For after all what do theories and philosophies, dogmas and ideas amount to without the living, breathing, immortal, God-imaged man on whom they impinge, in whose person they find incarnation, and without

*Micah 6:8.

the enrichment of whose life-energy and heart-love they become but sapless husk?

Now and then some one paints a great picture. He has a common canvas, some colors and brushes which he combines, communicating to all something of himself. The product is a great painting which sells for a fabulous sum. It is hung in some famous art gallery and the people from all lands travel thither to see it. But the painter is greater than his picture.

Again, some sculptor produces a piece of faultless statuary. Taking into his studio a rough block of marble, he goes to work on it with hammer, chisel, paper and himself, until the angel that had floated in his visions and lived in his dreams has been let out of its prison house of stone. The world is spellbound with admiration before this triumph of art, but the sculptor is greater than his statue.

Some one composes a great song, a sublime oratorio, a matchless melody. As the musicians render the music we are in a transport of delight. Chords are touched that never vibrated before. There are suggestions of some music world of harmony up above the jars and frets and discords of this unsatisfactory life. With parted lips and bated breath we listen. The music is divine, and yet the conviction lingers that the singer is greater than his song, the composer than his music.

Man is greater than all his things—greater

than any book he ever wrote, than any picture he ever painted, than any song he ever sang, than any statue he ever carved, than any government he ever created.

When God did his best he made, not star, nor picture, nor statue, nor angel's song. There at the summit of his work when he did his best, he did not hang a sunset on the evening sky, nor gild the dawn with morning glory. At the top of creation, God made man and crowned him with the empire of the world.

A true life is invested with highest dignity. There is a doctrine of man's fall, but there is also a doctrine of man's rise. Perhaps it is well now and then to look at the wreck and lament over depraved, imbruted, corrupt human nature. "Total depravity is doubtless a very good doctrine," as the moralist remarked, "provided it is lived up to." But it is also a good thing to look on the celestial side of life. Over against total depravity let there be placed limitless possibility; over against original sin, original divinity.

The Maker comes down to stir us with the music of the high hour of our creation. He sets no limits to our progress. He calls us up to the sublime heights where he himself doth dwell.

When Rubinstein was in America some years ago, a friend in New York City, with whom he was spending a few days, took him to church on Sunday evening. They listened to a little preacher preach a little sermon on a sentimental

theme. The next Sunday evening the friend invited the great musician to go again. "I will," said Rubinstein, "but on one condition; you must take me to hear a man who will tempt me to do the impossible."

That is the divine thing in Christianity. It calls manhood to the highest throne, and bends over it the limitless heavens. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

"Angels of growth are ye, did ye descend,
What were ye, more than I? Wait there!
Wait and invite me while I climb,
For lo, I come, but slow, but slow,
Yet even as your chime,
Soft, yet sublime,
Lifts at my feet, they move, they go,
Up the great stair of time."

Man is fallen, but the marks of his divine origin remain. There are aspirations within us which no song, no statuary, no picture can satisfy, and which soaring high become the prophecy of immortality and the evidence of kinship to God.

After one has climbed to the loftiest summit, listened to the sweetest song, glimpsed the most rapturous vision—

"Still the soul a far-off glory sees,
Strange music hears;

A something not of earth still haunts the breeze,
The sun and spheres."

How is royal manhood achieved?

"Do justly, love mercy, walk humbly with thy God."

Before examining these divine requirements for an imperial life more closely, it may be well to take a survey of them as a whole. They have certain characteristics in common. They are easily understood. Some things are unknowable, some problems are insoluble, some doctrines hard and difficult; but not so here. God commands the simplicities rather than the mysteries. Here is enough for present work and duty. Why puzzle one's self over what cannot be understood?

Here are three bright, lustrous stars in the firmament of life that shine clear, whatever clouds may gather, whatever nights may come, and following their guidance, one cannot go astray.

These requirements are within reach of all. All cannot be great statesmen, but all can do justly; all cannot be great theologians, but all can love mercy; all cannot be great discoverers, but all can walk humbly with God. Whether one be lawyer, doctor, clerk, housekeeper, servant, preacher, politician, rich or poor, educated or illiterate, he can reach this level.

The qualities mentioned are also unpurchasable; their value is imperishable and everywhere the

same. Under any sky, in all climes, in all languages, under all dispensations, in all worlds, he who does justly, loves mercy, and walks humbly with his God, is a king. These are the things the world most needs. One may be a patriot of a vulgar type who adds to the taxable values of his city and state, but he is a patriot of a noble type who adds to the citizenship of his state the qualities of true manhood.

To "do justly" means for a man to be true to himself. Justice is fairness, uprightness, integrity, honesty, the determination to do right at any cost. It sacrifices expediency for truth, popularity for conviction, gains for manhood, honors for honor. Justice is the reign of right in conduct. A just man is the one in whom conscience is the sovereign. Justice suffers when conscience is silenced. Frauds, injustice, malfeasance in office, and betrayal of trust, stalk abroad when conscience is fettered. There must be men of conscience in places of public trust. Has he a conscience? Is it on the throne? Then he may be a candidate. Christianity gives the world its loftiest conception of justice. It is not "the Shylock and his pound of flesh" standard: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you that ye resist not evil."* Such is the standard of justice raised by Jesus of Nazareth.

It is not to hold justice as a code or a system.

* Matt. 5:38, 39.

It is to be done, even if it costs. It is to be done if it costs everything. "I want no money raised by injustice," said the good King Canute, when he came to the throne. Too often what passes as justice is only the mockery of it. Agesilaus wrote to Hydreius: "If Nicius is innocent, acquit him; if he is not innocent acquit him on my account; however, be sure to acquit him." That standard of justice is not entirely obsolete. Of very different stuff was the old Roman who allowed his two sons to be executed rather than interfere with the course of justice. A just man is one who "swearcth to his own hurt and changeth not."

Justice stands for strength in character. It is the framework of manhood. It is bone and sinew, stature and reach. A just man is a tower of strength in church and state, rich in resources, standing unbent in storm and needing no watchman to see that he does right. But it is not enough to be strong; steel is strong, but cold and cruel. Warmth and tenderness are needed as well as strength. And so to strength is added mercy.

A manly man loves mercy. Mercy is a great word in the lexicon of the kingdom of manhood, and Christianity gives us our loftiest conception of mercy. It is more than pity and compassion for the deserving. It is kindness to the unthankful and the evil. "Love your enemies." "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?"*

*Matt. 5:46.

The throne of the eternal is called a "mercy-seat." The pearl of the beatitudes is "Blessed are the merciful"; heaven's most eloquent plea is "for mercy's sake"; and the divinest name by which God is known is "Father of mercies."

Mercy is tenderness, compassion, forbearance and forgiveness. It is life thinking, toiling, suffering for others. It is love in exercise.

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown."*

What a beautiful picture is this! Justice is strength, and mercy is tenderness. The two meet in the same life. "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

Strength is never so noble as when bending to succor the weak, and gentleness to be royal must be clothed with strength. Royal manhood is as strong as it is gentle, and as gentle as it is strong. God begins to build an imperial life, and he constructs the framework of manhood—justice. But there must be more than bone and muscle. Hence he clothes with flesh, and starts the heart to throbbing and makes the pulses beat with warm and living blood. This is mercy.

*Shakespeare, M. V.

"Love mercy." That is not met by the perfunctory discharge of it. Too much of the present day philanthropy is carried on upon the detective system. We must first be sure that the beggar is all he claims, then he shall have a mite. George Eliot, in "The Mill on the Floss," gives the legend of St. Ogg. Ogg was a boatman who gained a scanty living by carrying passengers across the river Floss. One evening when the winds were high there sat moaning on the river's brink, a woman with a child in her arms. She was clad in rags and had a worn, haggard look. She begged to be rowed across the river. Others bade her wait till morning and asked her why she desired to cross, but Ogg, the son of Beorl, came and said: "I will ferry thee across; it is enough that thy heart needs it." And he ferried her over. As she stepped ashore her rags changed to robes of flowing white, her face became exceedingly beautiful, and her brow was haloed with light, like the brightness of the moon, until she cast a silvery light upon the water. She said: "Ogg, son of Beorl, thou art blessed in that thou didst not question and wrangle with the heart's need, but wast smitten with pity and didst straightway relieve the same. Henceforth whoso steps into thy boat shall be in no peril from storm, and when it puts forth to rescue, it shall save the lives of men and of beasts." And it was so.

When the great flood came many were those

who were saved because of the blessing on the boat.

The legend goes on to say that when Ogg's spirit was parted from his body, his boat slipped its mooring there at the river's side, and went drifting rapidly out to sea with the tide, until it was seen no more. And yet in times of storm, a phantom boat might be seen on the river. At the oar sat Ogg, and in the prow a woman dressed in a robe of flowing white, and around her brow a halo of light, like the brightness of the moon, that cast a silvery light upon the waters. As the toilers saw this vision of the phantom boat and the Madonna, their arms were made stronger and their hearts braver for the work of rescue.

Only an old legend, to be sure, but it tells the story of the world's need, and preaches the gospel of that mercy which must be the life-beat of the manhood that would comfort the world's sorrow and cure its woe.

Once more the Maker speaks. Royal manhood must "walk humbly with God." This is the source of its strength and the secret of its gentleness. An irreligious life can never be an imperial life. It must ever remain an incomplete life.

As one goes through the world he should have fellowship with his Maker. How small is life without this other world! He has lived a poor, starved existence who, through his struggles, sorrows and discipline, has reached no hand

toward the unseen and felt no touch of the divine presence.

Manhood must stretch forth its hand to heaven in trust, if it would reach down its hand to earth in succor. John the Baptist was as fearless a man as ever faced an audience. When Sadducees and Pharisees, representing the literary and ecclesiastical culture of Jerusalem, came out to hear him, instead of being impressed with the distinguished character of his audience he boldly denounced them as a "generation of vipers," and asked, "Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"*

But when this same man stands in the presence of Christ, never was one more humble, more dependent. "I have need to be baptized of thee."†

Before his audience as bold as a lion, before Jesus as gentle as a lamb. There can be no doubt but the secret of the Baptist's independence before the world was his dependence upon the Lord.

Over the first gate by which one approached an ancient castle, he might read: "Be bold"; over the second, "Be bold, be bold"; over the third, "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold!" But as he passed through the last gateway that admitted him to the stout keep of the castle itself, the warning which met his eye was: "Be not too bold." Out there confronting duty and

* Matt. 3:7.

† Matt. 3:14.

facing difficulty, the word for royal manhood is: "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold." But as one comes into the kingly presence of Him who was the only full and faultless embodiment of royal manhood the world has ever known, "Be not too bold."

It is not a brilliant life that is demanded. There is no noise, no display, no sensation. It has neither worldly honors nor applause. But it has God for a companion. Is not this the secret of the sincerest piety? It is easy to affect goodness when goodness is blazoned abroad, but the purest piety is the least conspicuous. The heroism that is obscure is the most heroic.

"Do justly, love mercy, walk humbly with God." Be true to yourself, to your fellow man and to your Maker—such is the dignity of a true life. God crowns it with his endless benediction. The skies open and it goes up beyond the stars.

There is another building grander even than the great library in Washington. Divinity is its architect, and the angels are the builders. It is lighted with the glory of God's presence and into it are gathered the great spirits of all the ages. In this temple of redeemed, exalted and enthroned character, where are kept forever fresh the annals of God's grace and the renown of his people's achievements, the dignity of royal manhood will stand imperial still, and there high above all else, the eye that sweeps the glorious triumphs of redeeming grace may read in the dome of that

celestial temple, in letters of living light,
unrevised by all the sweep of centuries and the
change of time, the same old, simple, immortal,
sovereign line:

“What doth the Lord require of thee but to do
justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly
with thy God?”

CHAPTER II

THE MAJESTY OF STRENGTH

*"O, east is east and west is west and never twain shall
meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judg-
ment seat;
But there is neither east nor west, border, nor breed, nor
birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they
come from the ends of the earth!"*

—Kipling.

Strength is the glory of manhood. Beauty is not, for beauty is only to be displayed. Culture is not, for culture is chiefly for self-glorification. Fluency is not; a parrot may be fluent. Agreeability is not; a fool may make himself agreeable. Not smoothness, nor plausibility; not softness nor polish, but strength is the glory of manhood. Manhood and strength are synonymous. A mannish woman is bad enough, for she surrenders her privileges in order to secure her rights, but a womanish man is infinitely worse, for he surrenders both his privileges and his rights, and that, too, without money and without price.

Where in all the sweep of freaks and failures,

of mawkish sentiments and senseless blather, can there be found an object to excite deeper disgust than one of these thin, vapid, affected, driveling little doodles dressed up in men's clothes, but without a thimbleful of brains in his pate or an ounce of manhood in his anatomy? He is worse than weak—he is a weaklet. What can he do? He can squeak with his little voice, strut with his unathletic members and gabble diluted twaddle. He can sigh and pose and outclass the monkey in apish arts. This shitepoke specimen of man tells us that he is tired of life, but of work he can never grow tired, for to that he is a stranger. He affects to look with great disdain on common toil and common people, but the world is grateful that such a specimen of the genus homo is himself uncommon. He is a freak, a joke which nature has perpetrated upon mankind. He resembles nothing quite so much as a jumping-jack, whose entire repertory of motion is limited to a few flops and straddles when the string is pulled. A few set phrases, a few paces, a few quips and quirks, and the sum total of life's assets is exhausted.

Many a man has failed in life for no other reason save that he was weak. He had a good heart, but he was weak. He was popular, generous, gentlemanly, but weak. His opportunities were fine, his capital ample, his future inspiring, but he was weak and went to nothing. The ideal Christian has something to him besides syllabub.

He must do more than sing Psalms, and testify in the meeting. He is not at his best when the world slaps him in the face, knocks him down, and stamps him. He must be humble, but also strong. He must practice self-denial, but should also possess self-respect. He is taught to forgive his enemies, but also to be angry and sin not. A lovely priest in Paris had incurred the enmity of the sectarians by his liberality. One day a bigot, who was also a bully, met him on the street and dealt him a rousing blow on the cheek. Quietly the lovely priest turned, saying: "My Master teaches me when thus struck to turn the other cheek also." Delivering a still heavier blow on that cheek, the bully said: "And what does your master tell you now?" To this the lovely priest replied, as he laid aside his cloak, "The authorities are divided, but the weight of authority is in favor of the view which I now adopt as I proceed to give you the worst thrashing of your life." It is not likely that at the final reckoning, the lovely priest will find much against him for that day's work. Christian humility is not of the Uriah Heap variety.

Strength calls for self-restraint and self-control, but also for self-respect and self-assertion.

Weakness is the damnation of manhood. It fills county asylums, jails, and penitentiaries. It is the one word that explains the career of half the embezzlers, who have betrayed trusts and obscured good names with lasting infamy.

Weakness begets pauperism, crime, sin. It is the powerful ally of vice. If one expects to amount to anything in life, he must be strong. Barriers are to be surmounted, discouragements silenced, temptations resisted, and for all this there is needed a manhood invincible and self-reliant, strong.

The voice of our highest destiny speaks. It points the way to the summit, achievement of life's best ambition. It voices our deepest and constant need. It says: "Be strong."

What is strength?

It is the absence of excuse-making. "If I had that fellow's chance, if my circumstances were different, if my capital were larger"—out upon all such unmanly whimpering. The music of strength is not set in the key of whines. We must accept life as it is and make the best of it. Whenever a speaker begins with an apology, you may know his audience is to feed on chaff. Strength strikes the word "excuse" from its vocabulary.

"'If I were a man,' said the restless lad,
'I'd never give up and be still and sad.
Were my name but known in the lists of life
I'd never say "die" till I'd won the strife.
But who will challenge the steel of youth,
Though his heart be brave and his motto "truth?"
There's work to be done in this life's short span,
But alack-a-day! I am not a man.'

" 'If I were a boy,' said the toiler gray,
 'I'd fashion my lot in a better way.
 I'd hope and labor both day and night
 And make ambition my beacon light.
 I'd bend the oar, nor drift nor dream
 Were my bark but launched upon youth's bright
 stream,
 Till I reach the haven of peace and joy—
 But, alack-a-day! I am not a boy.' "

Strength never comes down to such sentimental doggerel as this. It may fail, but it will bear defeat with fortitude.

Strength is industry. Hard work is only another name for genius. Weakness is often only another name for laziness. It may call itself indisposition, leisure, or some other high-sounding platitude, but that doesn't change the sluggish inside. A lazy man is a butt of ridicule for all creation. He may have a bank account, but in the world of brawn and brain he is a dummy. The men who have achieved conspicuous success in medicine, law, literature, art, trade, have all been tireless workers. Strength is self-reliance.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of how he was taught when a boy to depend on himself.

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, full of whimpering.

" 'That lesson must be learned,' said my

teacher in a quiet tone, but with terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem; I don't want any reason why you haven't it,' he would say.

"I did study two hours.'

"That's nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson.'

"It was tough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month, I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

"One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No.'

"I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning; and, on reaching the same point again, 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction, barred my progress.

"The next! And I sat down in red confusion.

"He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with 'Very well.'

"Why,' whimpered I, 'I recited it just as he did, and you said "No!"'

"Why didn't you say "Yes," and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson; you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing until you are sure. If all the world says "No," your business is to say "Yes," and prove it.' "

One must be sure of himself. He must have self-poise. This is not conceit. Conceit is all wind, and the point of a cambric needle can puncture it to death. Self-reliance is the absence of timidity. It is alertness and forethought. It is preparation and decision.

Strength is reliable as well as self-reliant. It may be counted on when the fight waxes hot. One must command the confidence of others as well as his own. The wretched thing about so many who fail is that they cannot be depended on. They are goody-goody, but not reliable. It is a waste of time to dread the disagreeable. It must be faced promptly and duty manfully met.

The story is told in II. Samuel, 10th chapter, of a certain crisis in the history of Israel. David had sent ambassadors to the King of Ammon. They had been shamefully treated. Half their beards had been shaved off, and their garments abbreviated. In this mutilated condition they made their way back home. When the Israelites learned what had been done, there was a call to arms, and Joab and his soldiers took the field to avenge with blood the insult. Just before going into battle Joab speaks to his men. He seems to say: "There is no time for minute directions. One word must suffice. Be of good courage and let us play the men for our people and for the cities of our God, and the Lord do that which seemeth him good."

That was all. Before them was the enemy, behind them were their altars and homes. All depended on themselves. They went into the fight like a whirlwind of war until the allied armies that opposed them wavered and broke in headlong flight. They "played the men," which means they were reliable from plume to spur, and from the heart's center to the finger tips.

There must be moral as well as physical strength. There must be the courage that stands to its convictions, whatever people may think or say. The hardest mouth to face is not the cannon's. It is rather that from whose throat comes the insistent roar of the fickle populace. The majestic strength of royal manhood treats this as an elephant does a fly.

There are temptations to be resisted. Nothing short of moral strength suffices for this. Innumerable iniquities solicit tolerance or indulgence, and if yielded to, they will damn here as well as hereafter. A young man came to Nashville a church member and with a clean moral record behind him. He had unusual advantages for success in a noble profession. But he began going to the devil for no other reason than he was weak. His companions were the kind that make the public suspicious, and the people who associate with them impure and dishonest. Two years were enough to bring his prospects in life to zero. He will whine about his poor chances, and the little encouragement given by

friends. The truth is he killed his chances with moral cowardice. Strength means moral courage, and ability to stand against ridicule and popular clamor. Strength is not like the willow that bends low to every breeze, but rather like the oak that stands stiff in the tempest, or like the granite cliff against which the mad sea dashes itself to pieces, or like the mountains that lift their calm faces toward the silent stars defiant of all the bluff of storm.

This is what it means to be strong, and before such a life the world makes way. Such manhood is in command. The world grows roomy now. In state and church, in public and private life, in work for men and work for God, the call is for men of strength.

Strong in purpose and strong in action; strong within and strong without; strong against foes that are seen and strong against foes that are unseen; all the way up and all the way down, all the way around and all the way through; first, last and always—strong! It needs neither title nor crown to argue the imperial majesty of such manhood.

Strength presupposes work. What else can one do with it? He can't keep it, unless it be used. Money may be hoarded without loss; beauty, culture, knowledge, may be hoarded and their miserly owner be the gainer; but if strength be hoarded it dwindles. The blacksmith's arm is brawny because he hammers away at the anvil

from dawn to dark. The scholar's brain is alert, because his mind thinks out great thoughts. Strength may be kept only by use; and so this word, "strength," which utters the glory of manhood, likewise indicates the glory of service. Our opportunity is just there before us. The centuries meet at our feet and offer their best. Be strong!

What is the secret of strength? It is the glory of life and the source of high success. How is it obtained? It is open to all. It is not a matter of temperament or training, but of faith. Follow the career of the great apostle. Was ever a man stronger? He says: "I can do all things," but adds, "through Christ which strengtheneth me." Paul's humble trust was the secret of his marvelous power. It is faith in God that makes men strong. Moral strength is the characteristic of a positively religious life.

"When we are weak, then we are strong." In a certain city, a bridge was to be built across the river. To secure a solid foundation, piles were driven in the bed of the river. One day they could make no headway, and on examination found that they had struck an old, forgotten, unused water main left in the river-bed. But one thing was to be done. The main must come out. Encircling the main with immense cables, they harnessed them to a locomotive, on an improvised track. The engineer opened the throttle and the engine started forward only to be thrown

back on the track by the cables. More steam was turned on, the mighty locomotive rushed forward with tremendous power, only to rebound again. It was useless, the engineer said, another effort would derail the engine. Tug-boats were brought and the cables were harnessed to them. Then the tugs did their best. They pulled, and plunged, and churned the river into foam, but the main was unmoved.

"We shall have to give it up," said the workmen.

"The location of the bridge will have to be changed," said the city authorities. But a quiet man came thither one day, and after looking on awhile, said, "I can lift it out." At once the contract was his. He brought two old mud scows and let them rest just above the stubborn main. The cables were tightly lashed to huge beams laid from one scow to the other. "What are you going to do?" they asked him. "I have finished," was the quiet reply. He then climbed upon the bank, and folding his arms, waited for the tide to come in. The scows rocked and tossed, they tugged and stormed, while the man cried: "Come up! come on! You must come!"

Then there was a mighty upheaval that shook the river from bank to bank, and the tide had the victory.

God's strength flows into human life as the tide. There is no noise, it is scarcely perceptible, but it is sovereign. The majestic strength of

royal manhood is the gift of God and it comes in answer to faith.

Yonder a brook babbles on its way over the pebbly bed. It is like a child at play. It has no motive power. It can only splash and sing. By and by it joins the river and falls with resistless momentum on the wheel of the great factory and does the work of the world. A child could dam the brook; but an army could not give the river pause. What the river does for the brook, God does for a human life.

The weakest before God are the strongest before men. Such manhood makes its way here in the face of all obstacles, and when it passes into that other life, we may rest assured that its strength will abide, because God, the source of its strength, abides. By the might of God it will push its way through all barriers. Death itself will be changed into a yielding shadow, and passing into the land where life is ever in the strength of pristine youth, it will take its place among the choice spirits of all ages, the secret of whose victory is that they were "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might."

CHAPTER III

THE CAUSE OF THE WEAK

"Some say the age of chivalry is past.

"The age of chivalry is never past as long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth and a man or woman left to say, 'I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt.'"

—Kingsley.

The miser who hoards strength is no better than the miser who hoards money. Strength is wealth. It is ability to help. It creates the obligation to use. It must be coined and put into circulation. Royal manhood does not keep its strength on dress-parade. It understands that the law of strength is exercise and its glory to right wrong and protect weakness. It is this which has been the soul of chivalry in every age.

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves." *

Here a chivalric spirit speaks for kind hearts and strong arms and helping hands for all who need a friend; and argues that weakness is reason enough for help, strength reason enough for helping. The cause of the weak is the cause of a great company. The weak live in every city

* Rom. 15:1.

and reside on every street and dwell on every block and may be found in every residence. Who is it that, either in his surroundings or himself or his experience, has not a weak place that calls for a helping, friendly hand?

But there is a narrower meaning to the subject under discussion. It is to deal with those whose life in its totality is want, and whose constant condition can be expressed by no other word than "weakness." It is to speak of those who are the victims of adverse surroundings, who are the product of hostile heredity. Some of them were damned before they were born, and their salvation must antedate their birth-hour with a century of Christian effort. They are paupers, criminals, outcasts and offcasts, convicts, drunkards, and profligates. They must be helped or perish. They are down and every day become more down. The statesman looks into their faces and says something must be done. What? The philanthropist looks into their faces and says something must be done. What? The religious worker looks into their faces and says something must be done. What shall be done? Shall we help them or let them perish? Law says let them perish. Law has no gospel for the weak. It can only punish transgressors. Science says let them perish. Science has no gospel but the survival of the fittest, and these are the unfittest. Nature says let them perish. They jeopardize the species. They are blemished and must

be sacrificed in the interests of a stronger generation.

This is as far as science, civilization, evolution can go. As they stand before the weak their sole command is "Kill!"

But Christianity has a gospel of hope for the weak. It says, feed, clothe, defend, protect. It preaches the survival of the unfittest. It redeems the utterly lost. It stoops to the lowest, and blesses the most obscure. Over all the want and weakness of the world it proclaims a sublime hope, as its Divinity summons all the strong around him and says: "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves."

At the same time Christianity does not encourage weakness. Its products are not paupers, criminals and vagabonds. Its work is not to fill poor-houses and penitentiaries. The three great causes of weakness are ignorance, poverty and sin. On all of these Christianity wages a relentless war.

"Be strong" is its message to all. Make something out of yourself. Have a high ambition. Hitch your wagon to a star and drive along the highway of the limitless heavens. The gospel makes the blood pulsate with a noble purpose. It sets the heart a-throbbing with great resolutions. It sweeps the nerves with celestial aspirations. This is its everlasting goal. Be strong, be strong, and evermore be strong. Believe in goodness. Believe in God. Believe

in the everlasting might of right and be something and do something.

While all of this is true, Christianity is infinitely considerate of the weak. It does not crush one because he is unfortunate. It does not hurt him because he is helpless. It does not damn him because he is weak. God would not hurt the weakest thing that cries out its prayer in the dull ear of nature. He comes down to weakness. No blind beggar's cry ever fell unheeded on the Savior's ear. No loathsome leper ever sunned his repulsive diseased body in the light of Christ's presence but had his flesh to come back sweet and whole. No outcast ever stood with shamed face and downcast countenance before him but he was kind and sent him away glad. No hurt child ever cried at his feet but he took it up in his arms and solaced the pain. No hungry multitude ever went from Jesus' side unfed. No heart-broken mother ever crossed his path but her mourning was turned to joy. The Bible makes special provision for weakness. It says, "Him that is weak receive ye."* Receive him because he is weak. Weakness is argument enough with God. Now put these two things together; Christianity creates strength and is considerate of weakness. Is not the meaning evident? It createst strength that strength may relieve weakness. The damnation of Dives was that weakness, in the person of Lazarus, was at his door and he refused to help.

* Rom. 14:1.

The mission of strength is to help the weak. It exists for no other purpose.

God is strong, but the glory of God is not mere strength. It would be a poor divinity that could do no more than hurl a thunderbolt, shout in the halloo of the tempest, and make the earth tremble at its coming. God's glory is strength helping weakness. God is divinest when he mends the broken wing of a bird, protects the hurt cheek of a flower from the pitiless storm, and covers the defenseless head of his child with the shadow of his wing.

A strong man's glory is not merely his strength. It is not the noise and splutter he may make in the world. It is when, like the God of the world, he comes down to the help of weakness and feebleness. America is a mighty nation, but the glory of America is not her unrivaled strength, but the fact that this strength guarantees to the weakest and humblest citizen of the land equal rights and ample protection.

What is wanted is not that strength should be wasted, but used. The need is not that the rich man should become a pauper, the titled man throw away his influence, and strength become a weakling. This is suicide, and suicide of any kind was never a cure for anything. Strength must be retained and added to, if possible; but it must also be used to uplift and enrich those who are poor and down. The need is not for Lady Bountiful to become a street beggar, but to use

her bounty in such a way as to lift others to the same level of comfort.

If strength be not thus used, it will either depart or become a curse. From the blacksmith's muscle to the millionaire's stocks there is a law inherent in strength of every kind that it must be used. If one should try to hoard it and keep it, it will canker and rust, it will become a curse and a care. Hence for strength's own sake as well as for the sake of weakness, it must be chivalric.

How far down in the scale of weakness is strength to go in its mission of help? Down to those of its own class and color who are worthy? Yes. Down to those whose past is blameless, whose present is decent and whose future is promising? Yes. So we institute a detective system in the interest of philanthropy. We establish a bureau of investigation for the right management of all eleemosynary institutions. Show a good record; prove that you never lied and never will; that you are decent now, have been, and ever will continue to be, so help you God, and we will dole you out a pittance. There can be no criticism against so safe and cautious an administration of charity; but this is only the beginning.

Strength must also go down to "the unthankful and the evil." It must help those of a different class and color. Strength must have a kind heart and a helping hand for those who never have been worthy, and probably never will be.

The only thing they have is sheer weakness. They have been unworthy, they are unworthy now, perhaps they will always be unworthy, but they are weak. That is their only merit, but it is heaven's argument for all the succor strength can give.

We have not gone deep enough yet. The catalogue of the weak is not complete. There are other creatures that need a friend. The dumb animals that can only voice their prayers with the patient service they render day by day, and speak their gratitude with their eyes, need a friend. Man has the sovereignty of the world. Then he is to protect not only those of his own kind, but every creature of his kingdom—the birds in the air, the herds on the hillside and the flocks in the valley.

It is down there in the lowest strata of weakness that the modern knighthood must also send the flower of its chivalry. There it speaks for those who cannot speak for themselves. It espouses the cause of the decrepit old, the child waif, and dumb animals. It becomes a defender for those who can employ no counsel and tell no tale on the witness stand. It pleads for fair treatment toward those who serve man all their life long uncomplainingly, and whose only wage is food and shelter.

A handsomely-gowned woman may sit in an elegant carriage, holding a perfumed poodle dog in her lap, and thus certify to the public her deep

solicitude for the comfort and kindly care of inferior animals. But if a bird had to be killed to get the ornament in the bonnet which she wears, and if the horses in front have been sheared, and clipped, and docked, until deprived of the protection which nature gave them; and barbarously harnessed with check-reins and blinders until every step becomes an agony, the poodle-dog argument fails to satisfy.

Some one has said that a true knight is one who will not willingly inflict suffering on others, not even on dumb animals.

Says Louisa M. Alcott, in "Little Women"—
"The only chivalry worth having is that which is the readiest to pay deference to the old, protect the feeble, and serve womankind, regardless of rank, age, or color."

This is modern chivalry. It asks but one question: "Am I needed?" The escutcheon on its shield is a cross, its coat of mail is truth, and its crusade is against all that soils a human life or hurts a human heart.

Instead of tournaments, we have missions; instead of troubadours and trouveres we have relief societies and church homes and salvation armies.

The new chivalry sweeps a wider field and rises to higher endeavors. It calls into its ranks the true hearts, and kindly services of both sexes. It was the chivalrous spirit that made a knight of a little woman in the great fire on Wabash Avenue in Chicago. As the corridors filled with

smoke and the flame spread rapidly, Kate Carney rushed from room to room warning the working girls and guiding them to the elevator. Then when it was packed with all the human freight it could carry, she gave the signal which sent forty girls to safety and left her in the furnace of fire. Making her way as best she could to the little ladder eighteen inches wide that ran down the side of the building, she climbed through the window, and grasping the hot iron with her hands started to climb down. She was stopped by the voice of an old man above her, whose face and gray hairs lit up with the glow of the fire, she saw through the dense smoke. "Let me pass, please, Miss," he said. "I can't die like this. I'm an old man. Please let me pass." And climbing back once more on the hot ledge of the window, she let the old man pass. Then grasping the ladder, she made her way down the swaying, crumbling walls of the doomed building, a hero and as chivalric as any of those who

"In days of old, when knights were bold
And barons held their sway,"

clad in mail, with flaunting plume and golden spur, rode forth in titled rank to field of glory.

If the nineteenth century has produced one imperial specimen of royal manhood towering above his fellows, it has been the immortal Gladstone. He had strength of every kind; but the glory of his strength was ever that it was the

courageous and intelligent friend of all the down-trodden and oppressed. He was the "Great Commoner." As the shadows of the end fell around him he said to the Vicar of Buckley, "Pray for me and for all our fellow Christians, and for all our fellow creatures." Then, after a moment of pause, he added, "Do not forget all who are oppressed and downtrodden and unhappy."

No wonder the British realm went into mourning at the death of such a man, for the world had lost a friend. No wonder the dust of the great commoner was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey in company with that of kings and heroes, for God takes the spirit of such a life into the realm of perennial bloom and eternal vigor and crowns it with a destiny beyond the stars.

CHAPTER IV

THE GREATNESS OF GENTLENESS

"The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb."

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Royal manhood is strong. It must also be gentle. Gentleness is not the absence of strength; it is not weakness. Gentleness is not the absence of courage; it is not cowardice. Gentleness is not the absence of purpose; it is not vacillation. My mother's father died when I was a mere boy, but it is no effort for memory to recall his face and voice. I never knew him to speak a harsh word or fly into a passion, but he needed to speak but once on any question. The light shone steady from his clear blue eye. He was gentle, but he was firm. Gentleness is the absence of rudeness, it is considerateness for others; it is chivalrous and ever ready to champion the cause of the weak.

Gentleness is the absence of sternness; it is love. It takes the thunder out of the voice, and the frown from the face, and coldness from the heart and harshness from the hand.

Gentleness is the absence of roughness; it is mildness. It does not lose its temper and rage. It does not deal in threats and coarse abuse, like

old Rabshakeh, whose method of warfare consisted in calling his enemy bad names.

Gentleness is the absence of violence; it is suavity of manner and sweetness of spirit. It melts rather than crushes, draws rather than drives; woos rather than compels.

Gentleness is the absence of boisterousness; it is meekness. It is not a bully and its manners are not those of the prize ring. Gentleness is not a big-mouthed, loud-tongued, heavy-footed, swaggering braggart who mistakes noise for strength and bluster for courage. Like love, gentleness "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked—never faileth."

Such is the spirit that pulsates in the theme before us, and of it two great facts may be predicated.

First, gentleness is greatness, or greatness is gentleness. You may write it either way you choose.

There is a greatness which rests for its basis on circumstance. It is the greatness of accident. It is the greatness of the government of Turkey, which survives only because of the equipoise created by the balancing of the great powers of Europe against each other. Were this equipoise destroyed the infamous dominion of the brutal Turk would soon be blotted from the map of nations.

There is a greatness which rests for its basis on raw might. It is the greatness of the brute, of the prize-fighter. It is the greatness of the gov-

ernment of Russia. It has a vast amount of pomp and barbaric splendor, but it is an absolute despotism, and if one-half of the reports concerning the wretched plight of the Russian peasantry be true, the rule of the Czar is tenth-century feudalism thrusting its hideous features into the morning glory of the dawn of the twentieth century, and making infinitely pathetic, and as eloquent as pathetic, Czar Nicholas' plea for universal and lasting peace.

There is a greatness that rests for its basis on age. It is the greatness of the Egyptian mummy. It is the greatness of the government of China, which has lasted for 4,000 years, but which possesses so few elements of strength that the big giant fell an easy prey to the little sunrise kingdom of Japan. The war between Japan and China was but a repetition of the tilt between David and Goliath. China's greatness is that of bulk; it is in appearance rather than in reality.

Then, there is a greatness that is innate. It exists to secure rights and to protect the weak. It is the greatness of a government which enfranchises the highest and the lowest, the richest and the poorest with an equal citizenship. Its dominion is the sovereignty of good-will, and its titles and degrees are the inherent perquisites of character. This is the greatness of the government which American citizens are glad to call their own. It is the only true greatness. It is

the greatness of gentleness, it is the greatness of God himself.

It is this greatness that makes the harmony and beauty of the world. "Let there be light," and without jar or discord "there was light." Gently the earth swings in its orbit around the sun. It speeds with amazing velocity, but so firm is its movement that the mighty mountains are held securely in place, and so gentle is it that not a dewdrop is spilled from the cup of a flower. Gently the seasons swing in the cycle of the year. Gently the seeds slip out of their tiny envelopes, and gently the buds swell on the trees as nature drifts green at springtide.

The greatness of all growth and life is the greatness of gentleness. There is no discord, no violence as the bones lengthen and the tissues grow and the body gets its stature. There is no noise as the mind slips its leashes and begins to think God's thoughts after him.

The greatness of the progress of the world is the greatness of gentleness. Down the years, one overmastering purpose flows steadily, powerfully, but without noise or tumult. There are contentions, but they are not caused by the power behind the purpose, but occasioned by that which tries in vain to hinder or retard its mighty sweep.

You have stood on the bank of a great river sweeping by to find its final home in the distant seas. Not a ripple disturbs its placid surface,

not a murmur breaks the silence of its charm. You thrust your cane into the water and instantly the river rises up in protest. Your cane has entered as a disturbing force. It has not stopped the river's flow, it has but made a ripple on the surface. Thus our mistakes work in human history. They do not arrest the onward sweep of divine purpose. They do not destroy the gentleness of God's government. They merely ripple the surface for a day.

War is sometimes necessary—just as a thunder storm may be necessary on a summer day—to purify the atmosphere. The atmosphere of the world may become so vitiated that now and then the God of nations must let in a thunder-clap of war. But a thunder storm does not make the season, neither does war achieve the destiny of the race.

“Fold the banners,
Smelt the guns;
Love rules,
Her gentle purpose runs.”

Such is the supreme will in the current of human history. It is the momentum of love that marks divinity's march down the centuries.

When the great Father came to unveil himself in the person of his Son, it was a life of divine gentleness that came to earth. Jesus was the incarnation of gentleness. When he was reviled

he reviled not again. There never was a life so mild and yet so firm and strong. Munkacsy, in his famous picture of "Christ before Pilate," has thrown this divine trait into the face and figure of Christ. All around is strife, hatred, unrest, but in the center stands the King of majesty and love with the gentleness of another world upon him. They spit upon him, they taunt him, they crown him with thorns, but he is still the "Lamb of God." Even on the cross this greatness abides, as the Savior reaches the sublimest and divinest moment of his passion with the prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In Miss Westfall's beautiful collection of the flora of the Pacific slope there are specimens of the lace fern, whose filmy tracery is so delicate that only a powerful magnifying glass can detect its presence. Who made the lace fern of the Pacific coast? The same arm that thrust the stars into their sockets in the sky protected the filmy thread of the growing plant and wove, in fairy shuttle and loom, fabrics dainty enough to fringe the vestments of the angels.

Somewhere in the East Tennessee mountains a craggy bluff of limestone rises sheer from the plain, some five hundred feet in height. At its base lies the peaceful valley stretching away into the distance. A storm gathers on the horizon. The clouds fly rapidly together, the lightning leaps, there is one terrific thunder-clap. The

bluff echoes the roar of the storm. Down on the side of the bluff a stunted bush is growing from the scanty soil that has drifted into a fissure of rock. On the bush a bird sits and swings and sings. The bluff echoes the song of the bird. At the base of the cliff a little child has fallen on the stones and is crying over the hurt of the fall. The bluff echoes the child's cry. Yonder in the cabin door a woman sits at her work, and as she works, the words of an old hymn float out on the open air. The bluff echoes the woman's hymn. Down in the bed of the valley a little stream is purling over the stones, making the music of "silver waters murmuring over golden sands," as it hurries on to find its home in the river. The bluff echoes the brook's melody.

Royal manhood is like the echoing bluff. It has the strength of the granite but such a tenderness as beats with swift and helpful sympathy for every sob or song that trembles in the air around. Power by itself is formidable; but power united to gentleness is refuge.

A well-known journalist vouches for the authenticity of this anecdote of the Czar Nicholas, who, returning from paying an early visit to one of his daughters, noticed at the door of the hotel a young man with a cigar in his mouth. Nicholas could not tolerate the smell of tobacco.

"You are a foreigner, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, General," was the reply; "I have just come from Paris."

"Then you are unaware that smoking in the streets of St. Petersburg is forbidden. I warn you, lest your ignorance get you into trouble."

"Thanks, General," and the Parisian threw away the cigar.

But if smoking were not allowed, neither was it permitted to address the Emperor; and scarcely had the latter passed out of sight when two police officers approached the traveler and he was soon on his way to the station.

When the superintendent questioned him he told his story; how an officer, in general's uniform, who was passing, had advised him to throw away his cigar and he had at once done so.

"And you didn't know who the general was?"

"I did not."

The official set the Frenchman at liberty, and made his report to the chief of the third section.

The latter, thinking the adventure might have some unpleasant political consequence, decided to inform the emperor of what had happened.

"Go find the traveler," his majesty ordered.

When the officer in uniform came to his hotel, the poor Frenchman had visions of Siberia and began to regret bitterly having yielded to his desire to visit "The Emperor of the North." He was only restored to his usual equanimity when Nicholas explained to him the cause of his unpleasant adventure.

"Forget the little misunderstanding," added the emperor. "And if you remain any time in

Russia it will give me pleasure to prove to you that we are not as uncivilized as we may seem."

"Since your majesty is so kind," replied the traveler, "may I make one request?"

"What is it?"

"That if your majesty should meet me again you would kindly ignore me."

Power by itself is a cause of fear. To be a comfort it must clothe itself with consideration and friendship. "A bruised reed will he not break and smoking flax will he not quench." The strongest is the tenderest, the mightiest is the gentlest.

If one would be truly great he must be gentle. It matters not how rich he may be, how proud his title, how old his family, how influential his position, he must also be gentle, sweet, considerate, unselfish. He may fill a large place in the public esteem, and get considerable applause from the crowd, but all of that may be mere balloon bigness to which the needle of death will administer a fatal stab. As the wind goes out, his greatness will suffer hopeless collapse. No one is genteel who is not gentle. Gentility is gentleness. Genuine gentleness lasts twenty-four hours in the day, and seven days in the week. It is the same in all circles and to all classes. It does not change its tone when it passes from the parlor to the kitchen. It does not take advantage of some brief investment of authority to be rude and disagreeable.

A man in a railroad car received a courtesy from a traveler with sullen unconcern. He addressed the porter as though he were a criminal. He left his wife to arrange the baggage. He belonged to the species of the great American Hog. All the money in the world, all the positions, all the newspaper puffing, all the coats of arms of all the effete dynasties of the world could not make the little bully great.

There are people who are great with the greatness of the Sultan of Turkey. They are accidents. There are people who are great with the greatness of the Czar of Russia. They are tyrants cringing to their superiors, brutal to their inferiors. There are people great with the greatness of the Emperor of China. They have a family name and a conspicuous ancestor who, a long time ago, did something remarkable.

Then there is a greatness that is divine. It is the greatness of Calvary. It is the greatness of gentleness. Heaven adores it, and some day God will take it up to the place of coronation, and place upon its brow an immortal diadem of honor.

Then gentleness makes greatness. "Thy gentleness hath made me great,"* was David's splendid tribute to the God who had delivered him from all his foes and given him the victory over every enemy. David was a warrior and had made his way from the herd to the throne over a

* 2 Sam. 22,36.

hundred battlefields. We might have expected him to chant the glories of the God of battles and offer worship to the deity of war. Instead, he adores the Divinity of gentleness. David's sovereign manhood and royal dignity were the flower and fruit of the infinite gentleness of Jehovah.

Gentleness is God's way of making the bad good, the sad glad, the wretched happy, and the wayward upright. All the destructive forces of the world—war, robbery, dynamite, gunpowder, hatred—are violent. All the constructive forces—light, heat, love, peace—are gentle. When God wanted to destroy the world he sent a deluge; when he would refresh it, he sends the dewdrop or a summer shower.

Greatness is Christ's way of saving a sinner. He does not take men by the throat and by blunt force of omnipotence thrust them into the kingdom. Leaving the human will untrammelled, he pleads, intercedes, persuades. Character is the product of right motive. Almightyness could make a sinless Adam, but only divine gentleness can produce a redeemed sinner. You can forge a crowbar on an anvil, but you cannot hammer out a conscience. There must be persuasion and appeal. This Christ does. He is a Shepherd, going before, leading rather than driving, inviting rather than abusing. "Come unto me," is his word to every fallen one. Gentleness wins when everything else fails.

Some one asked the manager of a dog and pony show how he had been able to train his troupe of dumb animals until they seemed to understand his every word, and went through difficult and intricate performances with swiftness and precision. "It is explained in a single statement," he replied. "Gentleness is the secret." It was loving, gentle manners on the part of her teacher that enabled Helen Kellar—blind, deaf, dumb—to make such progress in her studies as to stand at the head of her class when examined for entrance into college.

If the gentleness of the trainer can all but endow a dumb animal with the intelligence of man, if the gentleness of a teacher can set at defiance the dead walls of silence which birth has built in such a life as that of Helen Kellar, who shall dare to fix the limits to the greatness that shall be wrought in an immortal soul when the gentleness of God bends to do its best?

"Thy gentleness hath made me great."

It is kind treatment that the weary world most needs. To Artabazus, a courtier, Cyrus gave a cup of gold, but to Chrysanthus, his favorite, he gave only a kiss. Whereupon the courtier said, "Sire, the cup you gave me was not so good gold as the kiss you gave Chrysanthus."

Friendship is the world's purest gold. "What can we do for you?" asked the church visitors of the poor old soul whom they found on the pallet of straw in the attic. They thought she would

say "bread," "fuel," "covering," for she lacked all of these. "What do you want?" "People," she said, "send some one to talk to me. I am lonely."

Gentleness is a quality of the heart. It demands some of us. We cannot put it into a check or a ton of coal or a basket of vegetables. It will not go unless we go too. It never does its charity by proxy.

If one would help make the weak strong and the lowly great, he must be other than an icicle of self-righteousness or a dagger of accusation or a club of censoriousness or a lash of denunciation. He must be a magnet of gentleness. He must draw, not drive. The old prophet said the church would be established in "the top of the mountains, and the rivers would run toward it."* Think of a river running up-hill. The church is to be so magnetic that it will make the river flow up toward the mountain top instead of down toward the base. To do this the church must be charged with the magnetic personality of Him whose greatness is gentleness and who said: "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me."†

Who are the heroic figures whose true and abiding greatness looms large out of the past and whom successive centuries delight to honor as the "blessing-bringers" of the race? They are

* Isaiah 2:2.

† John 12:32.

not the world's colossal butchers; not those who have precipitated great conflicts and devastated nations with the terrors of grim-visaged war. The truly great have been not the world's fighters so much as its pacifiers. Their ministry has been of peace and good-will, and their greatness another name for gentleness.

“These are the heroes men to-day adore,
These are the valiant ones above all story;
This is the pathway to the modern glory,
Which down the years with added power shall
pour.”

“The Greatness that the world shall recognize
In conquest over all its pain and sinning—
The Love which was not at earth's far-beginning,
But now is here, and saves, and sanctifies.”*

* James H. West.

CHAPTER V

THE RELIGION OF THE BODY

"Not Greek manhood—nor Roman manhood; they were too pagan. Not Semitic manhood; that,—in its ideal at least—was not pagan enough. But something better than any of these—something that is everything."

—The Choir Invisible.

This theme is in no danger of plunging the reader into a metaphysical fog bank, nor of dumping him into an esoteric mud-hole. It is not "the astral body" that is to have discussion. One might as well undertake a search for star-dust in the jungles of Africa as the discussion of a something so elusive and unsubstantial as the so-called "astral body." We shall pass by all theories as to the relation of the psychic to the physic and the physic to the psychic; we shall not trench upon the domain of Christian Science, which is neither Christian nor science; but come to the plain, every-day, matter-of-fact body of flesh and blood, and discuss in a plain, matter-of-fact, common-sense way the part it plays in the problem of character and in the tragedy of life.

Is there a religion of the body? When Paul wrote to the Romans, "Let not sin therefore reign

in your mortal body,"* did he mean to proclaim a gospel for physical manhood?

Would not the Bible better warn us against allowing sin to reign in our immortal souls? It is the soul that is to be saved. The body is only a tenement of clay which holds the soul for a brief residence. It crumbles to dust when its tenant leaves. What difference, then, can it make how one treats his body? It is only a combination of the elements of matter. Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only some eighteen are found in the human body. These eighteen may be resolved, for their essential basis, into the four substances of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon. Why talk about the religion of matter? What relation can there be between the ten commandments and "a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of gunpowder and an atom of charcoal"?

Abuse your body as you please. Buffet it, squander it, indulge it, disgrace it, damn it; for is it not a "mortal body," whose horizon is as narrow as the grave?

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O, that the earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."†

* Rom. 6:12.

† Shakespeare's Hamlet.

The human body is only dust, and to dust returns. It is mere matter, but it is the most marvelous and beautiful combination of matter that exists. It is the supreme product of the handicraft of the Master Workman of the Universe.

An examination of the human skeleton converted the heathen philosopher and physician, Galen. He defied any one to find, in a hundred years of search, a more commodious situation for a single member of the body. The eye alone he deemed a sufficient argument for the existence of a Supreme Being. The human body is a miniature world. The action of the heart and the blood vessels is the harmony of a superb hydraulic apparatus. The eye is a treatise on mathematics. The structure of the bones and ligaments is a wonderful application of the principle of mechanics. Respiration is an object lesson in pneumatics. The process by which food is assimilated, by which tissue wastes and is renewed, forms a series of chemical combinations as beautiful as they are wonderful. Over all this the great chemist, "Life," presides, ever transmuting dead matter into organisms, and bringing order and harmony out of chaos and confusion.

The body is more than a tenement of clay. It is other than a shell in which the spirit dwells. It is in constant and deepest sympathy with soul life. It thrills with every joy and aches with every pain. The blood and brain, the nerves and mus-

cles are keenly alive and quickly sympathetic to all the sentiments and moods of the soul. The sounding board of the violin is not so responsive to the slightest tremor of the string as the body is responsive to the soul. Why, then, should there not be a religion of the body? If all this be true, the body must be saved no less than the soul, and the gospel which has no message for the body is deficient.

Nevertheless the impression obtains that Christianity strikes at physical development, or is, at best, indifferent to physical health and beauty. The history of the church for a thousand years, proceeded on the principle that saintliness and the crucifixion of the body are synonymous. This was the faith of the monk in his cell, the anchorite in his cave, the stylite on his pillar.

Indeed, one of the great preachers* of the nineteenth century has compared the soul to a richly carved and precious statue sent to a distant country, and the body to the rough boards which enclose and protect it, in the transportation. "If," says he, "the careless drayman who dropped it upon the sidewalk before my door should give it such a blow that one of the boards of the box should be wrenched off, I should be frightened lest the hurt had penetrated further, and wounded it within. But if, taking off the remaining boards and swaddling-bands of straw or cotton, the statue should come out fair and unharmed, I

*Beecher.

should not mind the box, but should cast it carelessly into the street."

Is this the best that Christianity can do for the body? Is physical manhood nothing but a goods-box?

It is virtually the same sentiment which Mr. James Lane Allen places on the lips of Mrs. Falconer in "The Choir Invisible."

"The Jews were of all things spiritual in the type of their striving. Their ancient system, and the system of the New Testament itself as it was soon taught and passed down to us, struck a deadly blow at the development of the body, but the development of the body is what the race can never do without."*

In support of the charge that Christianity does disparage the body, numerous passages from the Bible are cited, such as: "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts;"† "Mortify the deeds of the body;"‡ "I keep under my body;" or, "I give my body a black eye." A careful examination of these and similar passages will, however, show that these statements which seem to be aimed at the body—"fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry"§—are in reality aimed at the abuse of the body.

Perhaps, as Mrs. Falconer says, the system of

* "The Choir Invisible," p. 189.

† Rom. 8:13.

‡ Gal. 5:34.

§ Col. 3:5.

the New Testament does "strike a deadly blow at the development of the body for its own sake," but it imperatively demands it for the character's sake; and boldly teaches that without it, it is not possible to reach the strongest manhood and sweetest womanhood.

If the New Testament teaching be true, the mortal body has an immortal destiny as well as the soul, and when the trumpet shall herald the dawn of the resurrection morning, that destiny will break in a blaze of glory as our "vile bodies shall be changed and fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body."*

There is a religion of the body. There is a gospel of physical culture and bodily vigor. The decalogue does have a place in the tissues and corpuscles and nerve cells and atomic structure of the tabernacle tenanted by the immortal soul.

The soul is anchored in the body. How? Where? No one knows how, but every one knows there is somewhere within a nexus between mind and flesh; a point of contact between the mortal body and the immortal soul. Anatomists have discovered that when that portion of the brain known as "the six convolutions of the Island of Reil" is impaired, idiocy or insanity results. The suspicion has been entertained that the nexus between mind and matter is in those "six convolutions of the Island of Reil," but who knows? No one can dogmatize.

* Phil. 3:21.

Nevertheless, the fact is, that somewhere the soul is anchored to the body. Man is not his body. He has a body.

When you see, it is not your eye that sees, but the "you" that has an eye. When you hear, it is not your ear that hears, but the "you" that has an ear. When you strike a blow, it is more than the activity of your biceps muscle. When you speak it is not your tongue or your vocal chords that speak, but yourself touching the strings of speech at will. When you feel, there is more than the mere agitation of blood corpuscles. When you think, your thought is other than molecular activity of the brain. You are not your body, but you are anchored there. You are somewhere within your body. How shall you get out? Suppose there were no openings? Then the body would be a dungeon and the soul a prisoner in solitary confinement. But a window opens as God builds the eye into the human body. Another window opens and there is an ear. A doorway is made and there is touch. Another door is hung and there is taste. A veranda is built around the body and there is the sense of smell. These five senses bring the soul into contact with so much of the world lying outside. How much more there may be of the world—who knows? If there were more windows and doors there might be a more varied landscape and a larger perspective.

The senses have transformed the dungeon into

a palace beautiful. Let us go inside the palace. We find that the soul is more than anchored to the body. It is literally enmeshed. A delicate network of nerves and nerve centers connects every sense perception of the body with the brain and the brain with every portion of the body. Along these nerves, messages are flashed and instructions are given. The eye perceives and the nerves flash a command to the muscles of the arm and up goes the arm in self-defense. Similar processes are constantly repeating themselves. The first time the circuit is covered from any special sensation to any particular action of the body, there may be a degree of awkwardness. The second time it is smoother. Soon the way is easy. It is like blazing a path through the forest. As the circuit ploughs its way through the body, time after time, the way becomes a highway. Directly the body is covered with great trunk lines running out and into central stations and along which through trains have the right of way. Thus profanity may blaze a way for itself through the human body, each successive oath making the avenue of profanity broader and easier to travel. It is the same with impurity, dishonesty or any other line of conduct that may be excited by sense perception.

One evening at an entertainment, the writer was sitting by Judge East, of Tennessee. Near by a young lady was playing a difficult piece of music on the piano, and at the same time

carrying on a conversation with a friend standing beside her. Judge East said, "Look at that girl. See how her hands fly over the keys. She touches the pedals with her feet at the same time. Her eyes are on the music notes before her, and the rest of her is with the young man to whom she is talking. How do you explain it?" "Music has the right of way through her body," was the reply. "She has practiced until she plays as naturally as she breathes. You and I would need to go through the simplest melody, step by step, note by note, laboriously picking our way, but this young woman travels on a special, record-breaking, limited lightning express. Music has become a grand trunk line with her."

This simple fact has a tremendous bearing on the formation of character. The first result is what we call "habit." Habit is something that has worn for itself a deep groove in the body. It is conduct traveling on a trunk line. One does a thing so often that he does it easily, spontaneously, without effort. Directly he is doing it unconsciously. Soon he must struggle to keep from doing it. Practice does make perfect. It makes technical expertness possible. It is, in large part, the explanation of the difficulty a man experiences in changing his vocation after he has passed middle life. The body has become set to a certain bent, and it is hard to reconstruct.

The acquired is on a level with the natural.

Some old cavalry horses had been turned loose in the pasture field. One day the boom of the cannon was heard not far away. Instantly the old war steeds formed, charged, and broke; re-formed, charged, and broke, and continued to do so as long as the cannonading was heard. It was the force of habit.

In Nashville, Tennessee, the fire department has an engine house located on the eastern side of the Cumberland River. To reach the City Hall from this engine house, it is necessary to go six blocks west, down Woodland Street, cross the long bridge which spans the Cumberland, and turn into the public square. At the first alarm of fire, it is the duty of the East Nashville engine to go immediately to the City Hall and wait there as a reserve. At the second alarm, it goes into action. One night the alarm sounded. Quickly the horses took their places, the fireman occupying his position in the rear of the engine; but as the horses dashed out at full gallop, the driver missed his step and was left behind. Down the street the noble team raced at full speed, the fireman in the rear blissfully ignorant that no hand was on the reins. Across the long bridge, around the curve, and to their appointed place in front of the City Hall, the horses galloped, and there they stopped, to await further orders. As the belated driver rushed up breathless to find all was well he discovered that trunk lines of habit could be laid in the body of

a horse as well as in that of a man. Resting his cheek against the faces of his dumb friends he praised them and patted them, and was proud to be the driver of such a team.

It is possible for a human being thus to make habit the friend of duty.

As the old schoolmaster, Dr. Adam, whom Sir Walter Scott delighted to praise, lay on his death bed, with the shadows falling around him, he said: "It is growing dark—the boys may dismiss." The daily routine had worn a deep groove into the schoolmaster's body, and in the very hour of dissolution, the twilight brought the same old message to his lips—"The boys may dismiss."

The application of this to the realm of morals is startlingly significant. An oath ploughs its way through the body for the first time and encounters opposition. The second oath is easier, and the third easier still, until directly there is a broad avenue of profanity in the body. It is a fact that one may so accustom himself to the habit of profanity that he can swear and be unconscious of the blasphemy that has passed his lips.

The first lust ploughs its way through the body, and finds innumerable obstacles. The second lust is more quickly gratified, and the third more quickly still, until adultery has a trunk line in the body. The first lie is hard to tell. Conscience is up in arms, and all the moral sense aghast with concern. But the second lie is told with less hindrance. The third lie is glibber, and directly

falsehood is traveling on an ample avenue through the body. Intoxicants blaze the way and the result is a drunkard. The inebriate is the drink habit on the down grade, with no brakes, and damnation ahead. Thus the body may give the innate tendency to evil a terrific momentum, until it becomes the foe instead of the friend of character.

A second result, and one more terrible than habit, is what is called "heredity." Heredity is transmitted habit. It is the scientific name for what the theologians call "original sin." A trait may wear for itself such a deep groove in the body that it will reproduce itself in the offspring. Children are born with inherent tendencies to crime and vice. The misshapen skull, the sodden face, the wild blood proclaim that one's progenitors allowed sin to reign in the mortal body.

Heredity is especially apparent in the offspring of the drunkard, where it reveals itself in such physical blemishes as insanity, idiocy, hysteria, and epilepsy. "A drunken father has a drunken son," is a proverb as old as Plutarch. Older and better authority is that which affirms that the sins of the father are visited upon "the children unto the third and fourth generation."

What has the decalogue to do with this body which is only a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of gunpowder, and an atom of charcoal? One may reply by asking: "What is heredity doing in the second commandment?"

Dr. S. G. How traced the parentage of three hundred idiots, and reported to the Legislature of Massachusetts that of the three hundred, one hundred and forty-seven were found to be the children of drunkards. In one instance seven idiotic children were the offspring of a drunken father and mother.

Is this not enough to give one pause? The father may not only damn himself, but entail a legacy of damning tendencies and hellish appetites upon those who are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

Beyond a doubt, character has a physical as well as a spiritual basis. The body powerfully reacts upon the soul. This is what the Savior meant when he said: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out; thy hand, cut it off." This is why we are urged to regard our bodies as temples of the Holy Ghost.* In some old cathedral where the sunshine softly pours through the stained glass windows, and the deep-toned organ sends its mellow notes out into transept and nave, and golden cups and jeweled crosses shine and sparkle in the candle-light, and the holy incense floats in fragrant clouds from swinging censers, the rapt worshiper drops reverently upon his knee and lifts his face in adoring worship to the divinity that fills the place with holiness and the heart with awe. But worthier of adoration is another temple which is nearer to his faith; and more reverent

* I. Cor. 6:19.

should be his regard for that sanctuary not made with hands, whose architect is God and whose indwelling divinity, none other than the Spirit of God. One may desecrate the great cathedral and escape, but whoever defames the temple of the Holy Ghost needs no God to destroy him, for he has destroyed himself.

It is impossible to take sin into the body and evade the penalty. The memory of sin may depart, but the damage will remain. We may not be conscious of the impression, but an unseen Nemesis will execute the sentence. More sensitive than the delicate plate of the photographer is the fleshly tablet which the great Artist has placed in the camera of the human body. Dr. Hamilton wrote of unconscious mental modifications. May there not also be unconscious physical impressions which affect character and influence destiny?

It is popularly believed to be a comparatively harmless thing for a young man to sow "wild oats." It gives him an experience of the world. It is a salutary revelation of sin. It is only the frolic of the colt and the sportive tendency of the lamb. It is natural. In the long run it will help rather than hurt.

There never was a worse mistake. What is the youth doing but wearing channels of vice and iniquity into his body? He may reform, but the scars abide.

Dr. Jno. B. De Motte, in a helpful little book

entitled "The Secret of Character Building," tells the following incident:

"My boyhood home was not far south of the great chain of North American lakes. Our fuel was poles cut from a neighboring tamarac swamp. It was my business after they had been brought to our yard, to saw them to proper length for the stoves. They were long and slick and hard to hold. One morning when I was in a hurry to be off fishing, they seemed to be especially aggravating. Getting the saw fast, I jerked it about until I finally plunged the teeth some distance into my foot, making an ugly gash. My father saw the exhibition of my temper, but wisely said nothing until I had finished my work and my passion had subsided. Then he called me to him.

"'John,' said he, very kindly, 'I wish you would get the hammer.' 'Yes, sir.'

"'Now a nail and a piece of pine board from the wood shed.' 'Here they are.'

"'Will you drive the nail into the board.' It was done.

"'Please pull it out again.' 'That's easy.'

"'Now, John,' and my father's voice dropped to a lower, sadder key, 'pull out the nail hole.'"

There is no way to pull out the nail holes. There is no power to heal the scars.

Cannot God do it? you ask. Does not regeneration make us new creatures? Will not conversion mend all the damage caused by sowing wild oats? It will not!

Regeneration has to do with the spirit life. It is the new birth of the soul. It does not change the body. Your bones and tissues, your blood vessels and brain matter are the same after regeneration as before. Regeneration leaves untouched corpuscles and nerve cells. The trunk lines of habit and heredity are still there and must be resisted.

It was just this battle that the great Apostle had in mind when he said: "I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."* He was saved, but the fight was still on in his body.

The dreadful thing with the poor drunkard is that his body is full of trunk lines that run to perdition. His body is full of the "sins of his youth." He can be saved, but his life is a tragedy till the body has been restored or death gives him release.

One of the most brilliant lawyers known to the writer is a man whose daily life is a struggle with the drink fiend. Inheriting from his grandfather the craving for intoxicants, he became a drunkard himself, and was afterward converted. Every two or three years the demon appetite of his old enemy returns. The trunk lines of inebriety are still there. Sometimes the man falls, and for a period of two or three months he is in a drunken debauch. It is a pathetic spectacle.

* Rom. 7:23.

While under the influence of liquor there is no levity, no violence, no profanity. Even in his drunken stupor, there is a look of awful and abject despair on his face as though he realizes that his old enemy has the mastery again.

It is well to lock the door in the face of every lust; to bar the windows and fortify the castle with God and his truth as steadfast, trusted allies. Is a man concerned for his immortal soul? He must also be concerned for his mortal body.

God can save us, however far we have fallen; but we must work with God, and to accomplish the best results there must be the most favorable conditions.

On a little peninsula that juts out from the Pacific coast, there grows a tree known as the Monterey Cypress. It grows nowhere else in the whole wide earth. Efforts have been made to transplant it, but every effort has proven futile. The tree does not grow beyond a certain well-defined limit on the peninsula itself. Why is the Monterey Cypress fixed to that particular locality of earth? Because there alone can be found the conditions favorable to its growth. While there is no such limit to the saving power of God, it is a fact that for the completest and most glorious salvation grace must have the most favorable conditions. The body must be on the side of the soul.

We need all the help we can muster in the fight against sin. Every indecent book read,

every unclean picture welcomed, every impure act indulged, makes harder the problem of complete salvation. On the other hand the body may be thrown on the side of righteousness and virtue. One may build central stations and grand trunk lines of goodness and honor, of probity and decency, of charity and truth.

There is an old story of a king who wanted a charioteer. As the solicitous candidates presented themselves, the king asked: "How close can you drive to the edge of yonder precipice?"

"Within the length of a foot, your Majesty, and at a full gallop," said the first.

"And I," cried the second, "can drive within a hand's breadth of the edge."

"I think, sire," said the third, "that I can lap the outer tires, half on the edge of the rock, and half over the precipice."

"And you?" said the king to one who had stood silently by.

"If your Majesty please," said he, "were I your charioteer, I should drive as far from the edge of the precipice as the road would allow."

"You are my charioteer," was the quiet reply of the sagacious king.

The body is the charioteer? Is it a reckless dare-devil that drives heedlessly along the precipice of ruin, or a cautious servant that avoids every appearance of evil?

Royal manhood must have a body that is on the side of the ten commandments and of the gospel

of the Son of God. Refusing to allow sin to reign in the mortal body, it will be transformed into a temple of the Holy Ghost, whence the high priest, Soul, shall offer acceptable sacrifice on the altar of life to the divinity that redeems the whole man with a complete salvation.

CHAPTER VI

IT IS NECESSARY TO HAVE A SOUL

"Mount, mount, my soul, thy seat is up on high."

—Shakespeare.

Man has a body, man is a soul. The body affects the soul, but the soul commands the body.

We may be interested but we need not be greatly exercised as to how the human body reached its present state of beauty, utility and power. Some believe it was by the direct act of a fiat God, and insist that man's body was not less perfect when it came fresh from the plastic hand of the Creator than it is now. Others believe it has been through the long and tedious process of evolution. Both theories presuppose a God, and there are those who affirm that neither contradicts the teachings of the Bible.

But man's body is here, tangibly and sufficiently certifying its reality to consciousness. No one but a speculative idealist would think of denying the existence of the body, and the common-sense of mankind would speedily remand such a speculator to the limbo of fools. Nevertheless man is more than body. He is soul as well. It is about the soul that we must be chiefly concerned. It

cannot be apprehended with the senses, and some are tempted to deny that it exists at all.

"Is there a soul?"

The Mosaic doctrine is that man not only has, but is, a soul. God "formed him of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."* Such is the statement of an ancient and venerable Book, and such has been the traditionary faith of the race. Man has a body, which he wears as the tree its foliage, laying it aside at death's wintry touch.

But there are those who doubt or deny all this. Materialism, the latest form of philosophical doubt, and which scorns to be other than scientific, insists that the soul is only the function of the body, and thought but molecular activity of brain matter. We are blandly informed that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile."

The occasion for this cheering bit of information has been the inability of the materialist to locate the soul. He has searched for it, and found it more elusive than the North Pole to a nineteenth-century adventurer. Materialistic science has resolved and analyzed assiduously, employed microscope and sharp scalpel, made diagnosis after diagnosis, but found no soul. It has come upon cells, nerves, microbes, fatty degeneration, tissue-regeneration, bone, muscle,

* Gen. 2:7.

and cold cadaver—only this and nothing more. The result has been a denial of soul existence, and consequently a denial of man's immortality. Man dies as the dog dies. If there be no soul, there can be no hereafter. One may live as an angel and die as a monkey.

Man is a body, highly developed, wonderfully responsive, infinitely impressible; but this is his limit. He neither is nor has a soul.

Such is the ultima thule of materialistic science in its study of man.

One may sympathize with the difficulties of the materialist in his search for the soul, but can he rest in these conclusions? A savage may not be able to tell how the sun hangs in the sky, but the sun does not fade out, because the savage has difficulties. A scientist may not know much about soul-life. He may find it hard to locate spirit. But would he not best go slow before making a point-blank denial of its existence?

Perhaps materialism has been handicapped by its tools. It has gone forth on its quest for soul, armed with microscopic slides, a case of surgical instruments, and a glass retort. The soul is not captured thus. It cannot be dismembered with a dissecting knife nor photographed with the X-ray, nor bottled up in a glass retort. In the very nature of the case, it is intangible.

Suppose one were to go hunting for honor with a shot-gun, and, because honor refuses to surrender to powder and ball, he were to announce

on his return, "Honor does not exist"? As sensible or as foolish is the materialist who affirms, after his little experiment in the laboratory or dissecting room, "Soul does not exist." Soul flies all such quest. It were as easy to catch righteousness on a fishing-hook or imprison truth in a hemp bag as to apprehend soul with the appliances of science.

A hopeful sign at present is the revolt on the part of materialism against its own conclusions. It has paused long enough to meditate and has discovered that the difficulties of denying the soul's existence are greater than the difficulties of fixing the soul's locality. This modern reaction is toward the ancient doctrine of the soul formulated by the Hebrew sage on the opening page of Genesis.

There is a dismal despair about a soulless creed that is intolerable. It silences all the music of life, paralyzes all noble aspirations, quenches lofty ambitions, topples noble ideals into dust, breaks the harp of life and throws its fragments on a shoreless sea, and forces humankind to wander meaningless through pathless wildernesses with the death chill on the air and naught for life to feed upon but its own empty vanity. From such a conception even materialism turns, filled with affright as well as disgust. It has failed to find the soul, but is saying: "Nevertheless there is a soul." It cannot find the rope of gold which sustains the sun in the sky, but it says: "The

sun shines." From its blank desolation it is turning to Him who taught, "The life is more than meat and the body than raiment."* From its dirty crucibles and flat experiments it is turning to the majestic statement of Moses: "Man became a living soul."

Desjardins has run up on the flagstaff of free thought as the motto of the new philosophy, the statement of Tolstoi: "It is necessary to have a soul." Such is the latest creed of that which affects to be the latest thought.

It is necessary to have a soul! Why? Because there are some things which it is impossible to explain without a soul. One of these is human progress. The race has moved steadily forward. To do so, it has had to sacrifice the body in every imaginable way. There have been wars, martyrdoms, imprisonments, sacrifices, until history teems with the recountal of how man's body has been sent to the block, stake, dungeon and death to make way for progress. The soul has been marching over the body for six thousand years. If man is only body, why this wholesale slaughter? It is necessary to have a soul. Behind and above all human progress has stood the commanding soul. That has been the angel-guide to better things, and has made the sacrifice of flesh possible. Hogs to-day are what they were when the Gadarine swine ran down the bluff of Galilee into the sea, but humanity is pressing up the summits

*Matt. 6:25.

of civilization, holding in its hand the lamp of liberty that lights the path to the land of the immortals.

Annihilate the soul and government has no explanation. Animal life possesses the gregarious instinct, but vastly more than an instinct is needed to explain laws, courts, patriotism, national glory. The gregarious instinct may make a buffalo herd, but soul power is needed to create an American Republic or a British Empire. If there be no soul, there is no explanation of intellectual activities. One volume digs a chasm deep and impassable between man and all other created beings. As materialism wanders through library after library, confronting a thousand volumes, ten thousand volumes, packed with the thought that thrills the world long after the brain which thought it has passed the shadow, what can it say but, "It is necessary to have a soul"? Let there be the evolution of a pig into authorship or a treatise on theology by a hippopotamus, and we may believe that "thought is a function of the body."

Religion is inexplicable without a soul. Why do we find in every community and land these peculiar buildings which we call "churches" and "temples"? They are not for purposes of trade, residence, or amusement. They have no relation to the physical. If there be no soul-life, their "existence is inexplicable and their continuance quixotic." Every chapel is an argument for the

soul, and the majesty of the great cathedral pales before the majestic soul that enters its hallowed precincts to meet the Divinity that dwells in temples not made with hands.

In the face of all this, the doubt which, after its little search, denies the existence of the soul has a credulity that is great and an impudence that is colossal.

There are some things which it is impossible to achieve without a soul. Art and poetry are absurdities without it. That which apprehends the divine in a painting or the seraphic in a song is more than the appetite which is satisfied with a Brunswick stew or a bumper of ale. Art cannot breathe without the atmosphere of soul-life.

Philanthropy is as impossible. Science says: "Be humane," but what is it to be humane? Lions and tigers are not humane. Flesh drives to struggle and knows no law but the survival of the fittest. Yet there is something that calls the strong to the side of the weak, with pity; that shelters the defenseless and makes altruism a fact. What is it? Not blood corpuscles, but soul.

These are some things it is impossible to secure or explain without a soul. The dream of the world is human brotherhood, but how? How is selfishness to be conquered and sacrifice to be achieved? Brotherhood is more than a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle. It is the fellowship of redeemed soul-life. Indeed, how can one even

get so much as a motive for living unless there be a soul? The trials and hardships of life are unendurable, save on the theory that they are divine discipline for that which survives the grave. Immortality is the dream and desire of the race, but what folly if there be no soul! Science can chase matter to its hiding place, imprison dust, house in an urn all that body represents. Soul alone escapes the destroyer, and if after houses, years, and time are all behind us, we are "to stand in the clear light of that happy land," it is necessary to have a soul.

The great thing about man is soul. He is great in proportion to soul-development. It is the grandeur of the soul that makes the grandeur of manhood. Not the biceps of forearm nor the color in cheek, not faultless form nor lordly stature, but princely, peerless, majestic soul makes a man. The Greeks deified physical beauty, but Christianity is as high above Greek culture as the sun transcends a rush-light. Christianity deifies spiritual life.

The soul! Poverty cannot degrade it, slander cannot defame it, fire cannot consume it, frost cannot crack it, obscurity cannot injure it, nor time tire the soul.

Soul clothes manhood with a grandeur that rags cannot reduce to beggary; and a worth all nights cannot hide. "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his soul?"* Men

* Matt. 16:26.

are grinding away for the body. They say that food and raiment are necessities. Yes, but there is a diviner necessity. All the heavens come thundering down to our door to declare, "It is necessary to have a soul."

CHAPTER VII

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF CONSCIENCE

*"What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is completed."*

—Shakespeare, H. VI.

There is a great religion. It is not the religion of dogma, nor the religion of creeds, nor the religion of churches, nor the religion of books, nor the religion of orders. It is not the American's religion, nor the Spaniard's religion, nor the Chinaman's religion. It is not the religion of white man or black man, Protestant or Papist, theosophist or rationalist. Nevertheless, in one sense, it includes all of these, and is essential to any one of them—it is the religion of conscience.

Theodore Parker says that when he was a boy four years old, passing through a cornfield, he stopped at the side of a pond where a large rhodora was growing. Near by he saw a spotted turtle warming its mottled body in the sun. The desire to kill the turtle seized him. He had never killed anything in his life, but he had seen other

boys do so. As he lifted a stick to strike he seemed to hear a voice saying, "It is wrong." Startled, he dropped the stick and hurried home to ask his mother about the strange voice. Wiping a tear from her eye and taking her child in her lap, she said: "Men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you disobey, it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark, without a guide. Your life depends on your heeding that little voice."

For all who stand on the brink of the forbidden there is a voice which declares, "It is wrong." This voice is native to the soul, and exists whether you have ever read a book or listened to a sermon or memorized a line of the decalogue. It is there in the throne chamber of life, speaking with the voice of a monarch, and holding the scepter of sovereign sway over thought and conduct.

Once into the Savior's presence, a company of canting Pharisees dragged a poor fallen woman, and asked him to pass judgment. What did he do?—impanel a jury, summon witnesses, open law-books, and listen to prosecution and defense? There was a judge already on the bench, a jury already impaneled. The witness was on the stand to testify and the books were open. The Supreme Court of Conscience was already in

session, and to the majesty of this tribunal Christ appealed, as he said:

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

Hanging their guilty heads, skulking like whipped curs, "they which heard it, being convicted of their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest even unto the last."*

Conscience! What is it? It is the strangest thing about us. It cannot be tasted, nor seen, nor smelled, nor heard. It cannot be defined in pounds, yards, or gallons; but it is here, more real than the senses, speaking at the most unexpected moments, and living as a constant monitor within the breast. It is the moral sense. To the spiritual world it is what the eye is to the natural world. It deals with the right and wrong of things and avows that virtue is noble and vice infamous. It demonstrates the reality of the invisible and certifies the soul's origin and destiny. Conscience is the soul-voice of royal manhood.

Its authority is supreme. It never pleads. It always commands. Right or wrong, it must be obeyed. It asks but one question: "Is it right?" Not is it easy, pleasant, popular, profitable, expedient, feasible, difficult, dangerous, but is it right? If it is right it must be done. If it is wrong it must be avoided.

* John 8:7-9.

“Conscience! what art thou? thou tremendous
power

That dost inhabit us against our will
And art, within ourselves, another self,
A master self, that loves to domineer
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave!
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds,
Make the past present, and the future frown!
And ever and anon, awake the soul
As with a voice of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long, restless sleep, which idiots hug,
Yea wise men flatter with the name of life.”*

Conscience is universal. It is not peculiar to any race or class, to any clime or condition. It is not the creature of civilization, nor the product of evolution. It dwells in the breast of the untutored and illiterate no less than with the educated and cultured. Paul speaks of those who lack the law of revelation, but who, nevertheless, have a law on their hearts, “their conscience also bearing witness.”† All may not have the Bible, the church, the story of Calvary, but there does not live the man without a conscience. If he will listen to that, he shall learn of God; if he will be true to that, he shall find God.

Conscience is the universal preacher, and its sermon is fundamentally the same in all languages. The conscience of mankind may differ as to how

* Edward Young.

† Rom. 2:15.

God is to be worshiped, but it is one in the belief that God is to be worshiped. Men's consciences may vary in their classification of virtues and vices, but they agree that virtue is noble and vice infamous. Religions may differ in their conceptions of the hereafter, but the conscience of the race is unanimous in the conviction that conduct and character influence destiny.

Conscience is always our friend. It may upbraid and denounce, it may torture with the pangs of regret, and torment in the burning hell of remorse, but everywhere and always conscience is our friend. It is the sworn foe of sin. Sin is the relentless enemy of all peace and happiness. Sin's way is ever downward into deeper darkness. There is no hope for man so long as his face is toward a sinful life. Conscience is a warning. It is a danger signal. It sounds the alarm for the soul on the brink of disaster. It is like the fabulous ring given to the Prince, and which pricked his hand whenever he was about to do wrong. Tired of its constant admonitions, at last in a moment of passion he threw the ring away, and thus deprived of the monitor was himself soon destroyed by evil.

Men are wretched and miserable because they have despised the warnings of conscience. There is not a murderer, not a perjurer, not a thief, nor an assassin but first clubbed his conscience, knocked it down, and over its prostrate body stepped to the infamy of crime.

Conscience is our best friend. Other friends may grow cold, and prove faithless, but there is one the warmth of whose devotion no neglect can chill, whose loyalty no lure can bribe, and who through storm and peace stands constant and steadfast.

In times of sore perplexity, when life is all unrest, and there is need for the counsel that is at once wise, kind, and true, one may look within and listen confidently to the voice of his monitor-friend. In seasons of doubt,

“Go to your bosom,
Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth
know.”*

Conscience may be crippled until its power is diminished and its testimony obscured.

The Bible speaks of those whose conscience is seared as with a hot iron.† The quivering, sensitive flesh is scorched and blistered and burned until it loses the power to feel. Thus some treat conscience. They lay the hot iron of sin against the tender cheek of conscience until, scarred and seared, it loses the power to feel. The Bible also speaks of those who defile the conscience.‡ One may live in an atmosphere so foul with the contagion of disease that every breath fills the lungs with poison. The inevitable result is diminished vitality and a diseased body. There are

*Shakespeare.

†I. Tim. 4:2.

‡Titus 1:15.

those who compel conscience to live in an atmosphere rank with vice and foul and loathsome with sin and wickedness. No conscience can retain its vigor in such surroundings.

One may break down his conscience. He may abuse it until it loses both its sensitiveness and vitality. The shining disc of glass catches on its polished surface the face of the king of day and becomes a miniature sun. You can dim the glass until it ceases to reflect the sunshine. You have not thereby either blotted out the sun or destroyed the glass. You have merely destroyed the power of the glass to reflect the sun. Conscience catches on its undimmed face the holiness of God and becomes a miniature divinity dwelling within us. You can dim conscience until it ceases to reflect God. You have not thereby either blotted out God or destroyed conscience. You have simply taken from conscience the power to reflect the holiness of God.

Is not this deliberate breaking down of conscience strange when one recalls all that men have spent and suffered to achieve freedom of conscience? Not a few of the great battles of the world have raged around this as an issue. Men still live, and many of them, too, who would die rather than be forced to worship God contrary to the dictates of conscience. And yet they themselves sometimes do not hesitate to treat conscience as a vagabond and a slave. They are like the sailor who begins his voyage across an

unknown sea by making wreck of his compass. Some who would not dare to destroy a living page from the Bible, heedlessly mutilate not one page, but the entire volume of this other book of God—the conscience.

A desecrated conscience will be heard from. It may be crippled—it cannot be completely killed. At the strangest moment and in the most unexpected way it will cry out its denunciation of a wicked life. That which one most needs to fear as he sets his hand to sin, is himself,—the witness who sits as a spy in his own soul, and who, as Pythagoras said, will some day accuse him to himself, and do it with such power that he will accuse himself to others. Esau could silence his conscience long enough to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, but in due time conscience awoke and cursed the profligate to his dying day. Jacob could silence conscience long enough to steal the blessing from his blind old father, but conscience saw, and later thundered into his soul peal after peal of alarm. Herod could choke his conscience long enough to have John beheaded, but conscience regained the mastery and haunted the infamous king with the nightmare of an awful fear until he believed that the dead man had come back from the grave to torment the murderer and destroy his kingdom.

Nothing is more awful than the lashings of an outraged and awakened conscience. It turns the culprit into an accuser and the assassin into his

own executioner. It is, as Luther says, "a barking hell-hound, a monster vomiting fire, a raging fury, a tormenting devil."

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale;
And every tale condemns me for a villain."*

The Emperor Constans II., after murdering his brother, Theodosius, could fly the people, but he could not fly his conscience. The visionary form of his brother followed him over land and over sea, ever holding to his lips a cup filled with red blood, and saying, "Drink, brother, drink." Nero could kill his mother, but even this colossal butcher could not escape the Nemesis of conscience. In the still hours of the night he would suddenly start up in his sleep, and ever there seemed to him "ghostly wailings and the blast of a solitary trumpet from his mother's grave."

Brutus could quiet conscience long enough to do treason to Cæsar, but in his tent an awakened conscience would see a huge, shadowy form standing by his side, and hear, "I am thy evil genius, Brutus; we shall meet again at Philippi."

A guilty conscience brands manhood as fallen. It is the scar of lifelong dishonor on the brow of Cain. It sent Judas to the gallows, and wrote the death sentence of a profligate king on the wall of Belshazzar's palace. It was the fire that burned

* Shakespeare, R. III.

hot with the flame of torment in the breast of Dives. May it not, after all, hold in its keep the awful secret of hell?

At last in the glare of an awakened conscience the infamy of an evil life is revealed, and the torture of an everlasting unrest begins to burn the fury of a quenchless fire within the soul.

“How awful is that hour when conscience stings
The hoary wretch who on his death-bed hears
Deep in his soul the thundering voice that rings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,
And, screaming like a vulture in his ears,
Tells, one by one, his thoughts and deeds of
shame!”*

A crippled conscience ceases to be a trustworthy guide. Conscience must be obeyed, but it may have been so abused that it ceases to guide aright. It may be like the great Cunarder which found itself on Nantucket Shoals, when sextant and compass showed that it must be two hundred miles distant. A nail driven by the ship's carpenter too close to the needle had swerved it just a little from the true course until it took the great steamship astray. The needle is conscience; the nail is sin.

Thus it comes about that one can do questionable things with the apparent approval of conscience. He can do without scruple what once

* Percival.

made him blush. There is a nail near the needle; he has driven a sin down into his conscience. His conscience is debauched and deadened until it ceases to be a trustworthy guide. He is no longer qualified to sit in judgment on moral questions. It were as sensible for a blind man to pass judgment on a great painting, or a deaf man to determine the merits of a great orchestra, as for one with a deadened conscience to sit in judgment on the right and wrong of things.

What then? Conscience must be quickened, enlightened, and regenerated by revealed truth.

The Bible cannot take the place of conscience. Neither can the church nor the preacher. Whosoever takes his religious views from priest, preacher, church, hierarchy, as he does his clothes from the tailor, ready made, is a religious automaton. Nothing in the wide universe can take the place or do the work of conscience. But religious truth can arouse conscience. Said an awakened sinner: "I have not been able to eat or sleep for three days and nights. I feel like a perjurer." He was not worse than he had been, but all at once his conscience had leaped into pristine power. What had done it? The truth of God contained in the Bible. This is what we need most—an awakened, a revived, an enlightened conscience. It is worth all creeds and liturgies. The voice of such a conscience sounds the doom of hypocrisy and makes impossible frauds, either within or without the church. An

awakened conscience does not save, but cries out for salvation, and demands a Savior.

It is a wretched religion that divorces creed and conduct from conscience. We subscribe to a certain creed and are orthodox; we observe a certain conduct and are upright. A man may be orthodox and upright, but if he carries a dead conscience, he lives with a dead soul. There is an idea that religion is mainly holy feelings and pious sensations, or mainly obedience to certain church rules, or mainly the holding of certain theological opinions; but true religion is as high above all this as the sun is above the swamps.

Conscience is not an electric shock of holy rapture; conscience is not a two-by-four rule of conduct that can measure no sin bigger than "cards and the theater"; conscience is not the special property of any particular system of theology; conscience is the irresistible majesty of the voice of God within the soul of man, commanding right for right's own sake.

This sort of religion does not need to be watched. It is not necessary to place a detective on its track to see whether it lives with God twenty-four hours in the day. It is not tremulous and agitated every time its piety may seem to be questioned, for it knows that its life will bear the test of any scrutiny and it invites and challenges rather than whines under investigation. Infidelity is dumb in its presence. Better is a poor religion with a good conscience than a good religion with

a poor conscience. The revival that the land needs from President down to tax-collector, the revival that the church needs from spire to furnace-room, from altar to porch, is a revival of the religion of conscience.

One of the most brilliant and noble men of his day was Sir Thomas Moore. With great difficulty Henry VIII. secured his services. So signal was his ability that he was rapidly promoted from one post to another, until he was in the ministry. He was knighted and became the king's favorite and trusted counselor.

At last the day came when the king's lust demanded that his ministry recognize his marriage with Katherine as illegal. One barrier after another gave way until Moore was reached. Then the lecherous sovereign found that the power of the monarchy stopped short at a man's conscience. The king commanded, influential friends pleaded, the king threatened; but against all Sir Thomas Moore stood firm until he lost his head rather than dishonor his conscience. "I thank the Lord," said Moore, as the boat dropped silently down the river, "I thank the Lord that the field is won." It was the field on which a man dies rather than bend his conscience to a king's bidding.

God give us manhood like that in Church and State, in home and shop,—men who scorn shams and frauds, who hate hypocrisy as much as saint ever hated devil, who live as pure and clean in the

private sphere as on the open square,—tall, sun-crowned, kingly men, because within there sits upon the throne of life the royalty of an unsullied, unimpeached, and unpurchasable conscience

CHAPTER VIII

COMMON HONESTY

*"A wil's a feather and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God."*

—Pope's Essay on Man.

Common honesty, like common sense, commands the highest value in the mart of manhood. Dr. Archibald Hodge used to say that "common sense is the sort of sense without which all other sense is nonsense." It may also be said that common honesty is the sort of honesty without which all other honesty is dishonesty. All great men are simple, all great virtues are ordinary. The plea is not for uncommon, unusual, exaggerated, extravagant honesty. It is not for prodigious, colossal, conspicuous and overwhelming honesty. It is not for the honesty that gets itself advertised in the papers, talked about on the streets, and proclaimed from the platforms. It is plain, common, every-day honesty that keeps its character whether you watch it or not, and is as faithful whether you ask after its health or forget its existence.

Such honesty is basal. Let one be honest in the small, and he is likely to be honest in the great places of life. He who is honest only when

he is expected to be honest is dishonest, just as the man who tells the truth only when put on his oath, is untruthful. To be honest because you are watched is to be dishonest, should you have the chance.

So many despise the lowly sphere and common thing. They would like to be virtuous in some grand way. They are willing to be philanthropists and benefactors of their race, but no amount of top-lofty goodness can atone for a lack of common honesty. One may be a merchant prince, but if his methods of trade are tricky his neighbors lose confidence in him despite his volume of business. A man may give \$250,000 to the cause of missions, but if he has made it by methods of respectable because gigantic robbery his colossal generosity has not saved him from dishonesty.

What is needed is not wingless saints, nor a charity that sets the world a-talking, but plain, honest living, and square-dealing along the whole line. "Any one can be honest," some one says, and that is the grand thing about honesty. The best things in manhood are not those reserved for the elect few, but level to the reach of all.

"Dearly Beloved," says Mr. Burdette, "don't try to be heroes. Don't aim to be wingless saints. Don't aspire to the distinction of martyrdom. Try to be good, everyday, honest Christian men and women, and see if you have not your hands full. Don't waste your time lion hunting; the

lions never hurt anybody; but 'take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.' "

The place where character usually breaks down is not in the large but in the small things of life. The large dishonesty that startles the world is but the climax that discloses the career of petty dishonesties behind. The child that steals an orange from a fruit stand would stand aghast at being classed with the criminal in the dock. The boy that filches a school-book from his companion's desk and sells it to the second-hand book dealer would protest against being placed in the same category with the convict in the State prison; but the difference between them is one only of degree. The boy who is guilty of petty larceny has his face toward the penitentiary and will soon develop into a criminal unless some power of good intervenes.

Honesty is uprightness, trustworthiness and fidelity. It is sincerity of intention, candor of speech, and dutifulness of conduct. It is the absence of hypocrisy, empty pretense, and that disgusting affectation which tries to pass for more than it is worth. It is the thing that goes into any crucible and retains its full weight; is stamped with any brand and passes for its full value. Dress it up in any kind of clothes, and honesty is still a king. It is a quality of character. Blood does not make people honest. Scions of the first families have too often repudiated common obliga-

tions. Wealth, station, education do not make honest men and women. And yet honesty is that which we seek above all else in our fellows. What matters it whether a man agree with your opinions? It is enough for him to be honest in his. Better an honest foe than a dishonest friend. Better a frank antagonist than a treacherous ally. Honesty was the thing, above all others, that Paul was anxious to have exemplified in the dealings of the Christians at Rome, when he exhorted them to "provide things honest in the sight of all men."* He seems to say: "The provision which you make may be small, meager, inadequate, but let it be honest."

The need for such an admonition still abides. Is it true that modern life, with its multiplied facilities for deception, produces a generation less honest than those who lived in times of Spartan simplicity? It is certainly true that modern life is amply equipped with shams. Everything genuine is imitated. There are quacks in all professions and counterfeits of all fabrics. It is a day of shoddy and sham. The warehouse of dishonesty is well stocked, and this wealth of weapon and ammunition necessarily encourages and multiplies deceptions. Indeed, the existence of all these shams and frauds, imitations and counterfeits, is proof positive that dishonesty prevails. Whether it prevails to a larger degree than formerly is a question about which there will be

* Rom. 12:17.

a difference of opinion, but that it is entirely too prevalent all must admit.

There is a lack of common honesty in much of the social life of our times. The "white lie" of society is notorious; and despite its fair complexion it is dishonesty in fact, for a lie is a lie whether its face be white or black. Society abounds in friendships that are feigned, in pretentious displays that have no solid worth to sustain them, in formal hospitalities as utterly lacking in warmth of genuine welcome as an Egyptian mummy is lacking in vitality. Is it strange that people grow cynical in this atmosphere of hollow pretense and vain show? If one does venture to be honest through it all, the knowing laugh him out of court as "unsophisticated and inexperienced," these being the terms of reproach with which upper monkeydom delights to brand sincerity.

What shall be said of political life in this connection? Can it stand a hypodermic injection of common honesty? Is the ballot box ever stuffed? Are the election returns ever falsified? Are laws enacted for considerations other than the common good? Are bribery, corruption, lust of office, greed for spoils but the baseless fabric of a dream?

It is considered the thing to declaim against politics and politicians. Let a man lift his head above the surface of the sea, in political life, and he straightway becomes a target for the small fire of every defamer of character in the land. These

fellows load their blunderbuss of denunciation with anything that comes to hand—scandal, rumor, partisanship, personal malice. Perhaps politicians are not more dishonest, as a class, than the rest of mankind, but the field of their exploits is better for the business of dishonesty, and is at the same time more accessible to observation. It is also the place where dishonesty is more dangerous; for if rulers lack common honesty the entire State is in jeopardy. Hence, dishonesty among those who administer law must be dealt with sternly and summarily.

Judge Childress of the Nashville Circuit Court was convinced that one of the jurors in a certain case then pending, had attempted to get himself bribed. Without any parley the Judge promptly fined the corrupt juror and sent him to jail. The Judge was none too severe, for he was resenting a dishonesty that was nothing short of a crime, since it imperiled the Court of Justice itself.

There is need of a higher standard of common honesty in ordinary business transactions. Avarice is twin brother to dishonesty. Credit is inflated, articles of merchandise are adulterated or branded with a lie, assignments are made for gain and not from necessity. Some one asked a man who was contemplating a new business venture how he proposed to start. "With a closing out sale," was the scoundrel's reply. Business dishonesty dresses itself up in royal purple

and calls itself embezzlement, speculation, but it were as easy to make the devil into an angel by tying wings to his shoulders, as to make theft respectable by calling it high-sounding names.

All the dishonesty in business is not behind the counter. There are dishonest buyers as well as dishonest sellers. The avarice that tries to buy something for nothing is as reprehensible as the avarice that tries to sell nothing for something. Both are alike dishonest. Business dishonesty may be traced to three sources—laziness, covetousness and extravagance. The rascal is either trying to live on his wits without work, or he is over-hasty to be rich, or he is living beyond his income. Either one of these imperils common honesty.

Even in the sacred precincts of the church, dishonesty finds food and lodging. The church fraud sails in under the flag of a noble cause, and the church and the world are both deceived for a season.

"Is there any truth in religion?" was the question asked of a city mission worker, by a fallen woman whose house of shame was frequented by a church official.

"Out of the pulpit I would be the same man I was in it," says George MacDonald, "seeing and feeling the realities of the unseen; and in the pulpit I would be the same man I was out of it, taking facts as they are, and dealing with things as they show themselves in the world."

Formality, cant, "almanac piety," are all species of religious dishonesty. What is wanted to-day is a manly Christianity, that is honest to the heart's center and that out in the open allows itself to be swept by all the winds that blow, and searched by all the lights that flame, and tried by all the fires that burn. God wants us to be honest first, last and always. A dishonest Christian is no credit to Christianity, no matter how eloquently he may preach, nor how generously he may give, nor how zealously he may labor. Honesty is better than popularity, wealth, success. Yea, it is better to be honest than to be orthodox; for God being an honest God is not pleased with a dishonest subscription to a creed, it matters not how good the creed. Be honest, let come what comes.

The following story was told the writer by a prominent Southern banker who vouched for its truthfulness. During the late war a steamer stopped at a landing on the Mississippi River. A planter came to the captain and said: "I will give you \$10,000 to take a boat load of cotton to New Orleans." "I cannot do it," replied the captain, "for I have strict orders not to allow a single bale of cotton on board." The cotton was worth nothing to the planter without a market, and he said, "I will give you \$20,000." "Can't do it," was the prompt reply. "Then \$30,000." "Can't do it." "Then \$40,000." "Can't do it." The planter followed the captain on board, offering

him successively larger sums until he had reached the sum of \$90,000. Entering the saloon, the two began to drink. The planter said: "I will give you a cool \$100,000 to take my cotton to New Orleans." "My orders are strict," said the captain, "and I cannot disobey them." "Then I will give you \$110,000," said the planter as the glasses were drained again. The captain arose to his feet; reaching his hand into a drawer, he took out a revolver, and leveling it at the planter, said with an oath: "Get off this boat, or I will kill you. You are getting too close to me."

That rough riverman was not a Christian, tested by any creed, but he had one splendid, noble, royal, sovereign attribute, which the God that made us loves and honors whatever garb it may wear. He was an honest man. He was of the same kingly fiber with Epaminodas, who, when offered bribes, replied:

"If the thing you desire be good, I will do it without any bribe, because it is good; if it is not honest I will not do it for all the goods in the world."

"Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it; thy actions to them both.

Cowards tell lies. . . .

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;

A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby!"*

Honesty is not only most pleasing to God, but
common honesty is the best for us.

* George Herbert.

It pays the largest dividends in the long run. It is the best policy. Honesty is like granite. It stands when the strain comes. And yet to be honest because it pays is to be dishonest. You would not trust a man who is honest only because it is the best policy. That were a better view held by the slave boy on the block. A merciful man, wishing to save him from unkind treatment, said: "If I buy you, will you be honest?" The boy replied: "Sir, I will be honest whether you buy me or not."

There is honor in honesty. It has dignity and grandeur and influence. The world has confidence in an honest man. It matters not how poor one may be, if he be honest, let him hold his head as high as a king, for he belongs to a royal race.

One mission of the gospel is to people the world with honest men and women. It does not attempt to lay down rules for society. It is no part of its business to exercise a censorship over legislation; it does not exist to regulate commerce nor to determine the rate of interest at which money shall be lent; but it does endeavor to make people honest in all of these relations. This is not to claim that the only honest people in the world are the religious. One may be honest without being religious, but he cannot be religious without being honest. It is absurd to attempt to divorce morality from religion.

Not all the honest people are in the church,

neither are all those in the church honest. Honesty will not save you, but you are not saved until you are honest.

No matter how loud it may shout and pray, if it does not make him honest, a man's religion is vain.

If religion is to make people honest, it must first be honest itself. Away with all shams and frauds, with all cheap deceptions and pious fictions, with impostors and priestcraft whose only fulcrum is the credulity of the ignorant. Down with the ecclesiastical proselyter, who has sold himself soul and body to his sect, and who imagines that this will sanctify tricks of sharp practice, that might be some credit to the devil, but never to him who bears the name of Christian. One need not be afraid to know the truth in religion. A lie could not live in Heaven a second. Why should we want it to live in the church for a century?

Royal manhood must have a religion that is first honest itself, that tolerates no shams and will submit to no self-deceptions, that is no more afraid to think than it is to trust, and that, thus honest with itself, can heartily proclaim a gospel whose demand of all its disciples is that they shall "provide things honest in the sight of all men."

CHAPTER IX

PLAIN DEVOTEDNESS TO DUTY

"Do the duty which is nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer."
—Carlyle.

There is nothing a manly man should love quite so well as his duty.

Duty is a great word in the lexicon of life. Heroism, suffering, endurance, fortitude, self-abnegation are also great words, but duty must sometimes be all of these and more. Duty lives under all skies, inhabits all lands, speaks all languages, is at home with all classes, enters all professions, toils at all trades, tastes all experiences, confronts all opportunities. In the abstract it is the sense of obligation. It is what one ought. Sometimes the obligation is natural, created by ties of blood; sometimes legal, created by law; sometimes moral, existing in the order of things. Everywhere and always it is the divinity which stands over against us and says: "You must do this, or be unfaithful."

It commands with the sovereignty of conviction. That a thing ought to be done is ample reason for its doing. Duty is twin brother to

right. Duty and right are like Jonathan and David, and just as Jonathan surrendered his throne and his life for the sake of his friend David, so duty sacrifices all for right. It is never one's duty to do wrong; it is always one's duty to do right.

Duty bends its knee to nothing under the limitless heavens. It never asks: "Is it pleasant?" "Is it good policy?" "Will it pay?" To come down to such a level would be to find an atmosphere in which duty is asphyxiated. Intention is what one proposes to do, ambition is what one covets to do, sentiment is what one is pleased to do, but duty is what one must do.

Every man has his post of duty, where God and his age have placed him, and upon the diligent maintenance thereof, all, for him, depends. He must view it with the vision of mercy as well as of justice. There are some things that justice tells us we ought to do; but he who stops stone-still the instant justice ceases to prod him, has a cold and narrow view of life. There are some things which mercy tells us we ought to do, and he who rises to that is getting into the company of God. If one is in doubt as to his duty, let him do the thing nearest, however insignificant, and he will find the clouds parting.

It is as Carlyle said; when one has done the nearest duty, which he knows to be a duty, duty itself has already become plainer, easier.

The post of duty is the noblest one can fill, and

from it he cannot desert without proving false to himself, and to his fellow men, and to God. Around it storms and rages the hottest conflict of life, and for one to hold the post means sacrifice, hardship, self-denial. A man must oftentimes put his foot on the neck of ambition, for the face of duty is plain, and to walk its pathway is to be lowly. It is the one thing in the world that can make no compromise. "Sail or sell" was the laconic answer of the Duke of Wellington to an officer not distinguished for devotion to duty, and who asked for a furlough when his regiment was ordered to South Africa.

Absolutely nothing can come between a man and that which he ought to do. One should do his duty if it beggars him. Better be poor and despised by others than to have plenty and fall below the mark of self-respect because conscious of having betrayed your trust and proven recreant to obligations.

But suppose one has done his duty as best he could; suppose he has walked unfalteringly along its unadorned way, giving a stern denial to the voices of ease, pleasure, self-advantage, and advancement, and heeding only the behests of duty,—what then?

He must not boast as though he had done some great thing. He must not play the part of a braggart and placard his fidelity before the eyes of the world. He has only done his duty.

"When ye shall have done all those things

which are commanded you, say: 'We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do.' '* That gives an effectual quietus to the braggart spirit. Why should a man boast of his honesty? It is his duty to be honest. Why should he puff out with conceit because he tells the truth or is free from licentiousness or drunkenness? He has not gone beyond the mark of simple duty.

The spirit of boasting and the spirit of duty move in opposite directions, one toward self, and the other away from self. When they move together and the tide sets toward self-glorification, one of two things is sure—either the man is untruthful or he has no conception of what duty comprehends. The Pharisee could brag about doing his duty, but it was because his dwarfed and starveling soul had no conception of what was due God and his fellow men. Christ measured up to the high mark of sublime duty, but to conceive the Savior of the world boasting of his humiliation or taking glory to himself for his passion, is not possible. One who is genuinely good, does not know it.

The atmosphere of duty is the atmosphere of self-sacrifice, and he who breathes it must get above self-glorification and self-seeking.

Nevertheless, after all this is said a glory gathers about the life of duty, which the world recognizes, God approves, and heaven crowns.

* Luke 17:10.

When one can say, without self-laudation, "I have done that which was my duty to do," God is proud of him and heaven's best is at his disposal.

The place of duty is the place of safety. As long as one is in the line of duty he need not be afraid. Not till Jonah ran from duty did he get into trouble. The safest spot in the universe, for all the storm and battle that rages around it, is the plain post of simple duty, because God is there; and if they kill you they have only translated you into God's nearer presence.

A young man went to consult his minister about his position in a large wholesale establishment, where he was compelled to do certain things which his conscience pronounced wrong. "Refuse," was the minister's advice. "But I shall lose my place," was the reply. "Then lose your place." "But I have no place to go to." "I would go anywhere," said his counselor, "I would do anything—dig potatoes, black boots, sweep the streets, rather than soil my character and dishonor my manhood. Look to God. Do you think he will let you starve because you think more of his commandments than you do of your salary?" The youth acted upon the advice and ere long had another situation where integrity, promptness, and devotion to duty were rated at their proper value, and rewarded with promotion to positions of larger trust and emolument.

What is more beautiful than the resolute progress of an earnest life, day after day plodding

along the ungarlanded pathway of duty? Genius is granted only to the few, fortune favors only the minority, but to all the gate of duty stands ajar, and beyond it is the life divine. In the humblest tasks, so low that to neglect them would be to drop into the category of villainy, there may be found duties, which if faithfully and fearlessly performed, lift life to the plane of heroism. The world's best soldiers, greatest statesmen, truest preachers, have been those who worked not for pay or place or glory, but to do their duty.

When the Gordon Highlanders made their wild charge at Dargai Ridge, the piper was shot through both legs, but bracing himself against a rock, he continued to play the stirring air "Cock of the North" until his comrades swept the heights and won the victory. He did nothing more than his duty that illustrious day. He stuck to his post; but duty done so well is nothing short of sublime heroism.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The book of life no shining record tells.
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."*

Duty may not be allowed to praise itself, it must not care to praise itself, but for all that, the life of duty will be praised. Singers will arise to chant its beatitudes, historians to record its achievements, orators to proclaim its virtues and painters to depict its immortal beauty.

What can Christianity do for a man as he confronts the problem of duty?

It can teach him better what duty is. No one knows his duty clearly until he has been to God. He who fails to do his duty to God, others may well distrust. Are you perplexed to know what is your duty? Make the throne of God your point of departure. We are not likely to improve on that definition of life which says: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever." Get to the highest duty first, and the rest will fall into order.

Religion idealizes duty, transforms it, encircles it with the halo of divinity, until we are drawn to it, rather than driven by it. Not until duty has been seen in the light of the divine presence can one understand the meaning of the poet in—

"I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty,
I woke and found that life was Duty,

* Mrs. Browning.

Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
 Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly
 And thou shalt find thy dream to be
 A truth and noonday light to thee."*

Then the gospel helps one to do his duty. It does three things for the man who puts his trust in Christ. First, it surrounds him with the atmosphere of Christ's life, which is the atmosphere of duty. On the land a bucketful of water in the hand is a burden, but when one sinks beyond his depth in the sea, it loses its weight. So it is with duty. In the selfish atmosphere of the world, duty is a burden, but in the companionship of the life of the man of Galilee duty is no more a weight than wings are weights to the angels.

Next, the gospel makes one indifferent to danger in the midst of the discharge of duty. It teaches him that his is a charmed life. He wears armor that no weapon of the enemy can pierce. He has a certificate of safety from heaven. He shall not be afraid "for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at his side, and ten thousand at his right hand,"† but this man the Almighty has covered with his feathers, and under God's wing shall he trust. Jehovah's truth is his shield and buckler.

* Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

† Ps. 95:5-7.

God is pledged to attend whoever is bent on duty. Such a life is walled around by divine providences.

“Duties are ours, results are God’s.”

Duties are ours, events are God’s.

“Do the duty nearest,
Cling to truth the clearest,
Knowing God is good.”

Again, Christianity confers that moral courage, that patience and steadfast fortitude, that lofty self-denial, which, transforming duty, makes it not only possible, but grateful. The gospel makes us fall in love with that which it is our duty to do, until we not only endure it; we embrace it.

“ ‘Joy is a duty,’—so with golden lore
The Hebrew Rabbis taught in days of yore,
And happy human hearts heard in their speech
Almost the highest wisdom man can reach.

“But one bright peak still rises far above,
And there the Master stands whose name is Love,
Saying to those whom heavy tasks employ,
Life is divine when duty is a joy.”

Religion is a poor affair if it does not make its followers more loyal to duty. It may revel in rapture and ecstasy, it may prate loud of experi-

ence and be bold in profession, but if it does not make us bend with all our manhood toward plain devotedness to duty, it is sounding brass.

Here is a supreme test of character. A life may be showy and brilliant. It may be prodigious of splutter and display, but if behind all its fuss and feathers there is the failure to meet common obligations and the neglect of plain duty, fame is too scant a garment to hide the wretched deformity of such a life.

People are moving heaven and earth nowadays, to find a substitute for old-fashioned duty. Appeals are made to pride, to the love of show, to sentiment, to the desire for recreation. Religion must dress itself up in holiday attire and try to insinuate itself into favor with flatteries and cajoleries; the eternal sanctities must argue for toleration and a degree of reverence by catering to the appetite for amusement; the church of the living God is deemed worth while in proportion to the fund of entertainment it may be able to dispense.

Out upon all of this, and in the name of all that is good and noble, let us have a revival of plain devotedness to duty. Let room be made for a generation marching to the front asking but one question, "Is it our duty?" who are mightily determined to do that at all hazards; and of whom the God of all the earth shall some day be able to say this grand thing: "They have done that which was their duty to do."

“Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses.

“Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro’ the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevail’d,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.”*

* Tennyson in “Duke of Wellington.”

CHAPTER X

THE GOD OF STATISTICS

*"God cannot make best, man's best,
Without best men to help Him."*

What the world needs is not more men, but more man. One man is not as good as another man any more than one tree is as good as another tree, or one ship as another ship, or one government as another government. The difference between one man and another is not the difference between one and one, but may be between one and a thousand. When the old Hebrew prophet went up to heaven in a chariot of fire, the cry was: "The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." The prophet was a host in himself and mightier than all the armies of the nation. He was one of God's "best men," and there has never been a limit to the divine possibilities of such manhood.

Earlier than the day Gideon thinned his band from thirty-two thousand to three hundred, on down to the present hour has it been apparent that the great and immediate need of the world is not men but man.

In the Chronicles of Israel the story of a certain census is related. The historian goes on to say

that "Satan stood up against Israel and provoked David to number Israel."*

He is recording the mournful and pitiable ending of the famous reign of a great king. David is old and gray-haired. He has fought many battles, won many victories, made conquest of vast domains, and given Israel a place in the front rank of the nations of the world. But the old king is in his dotage now, and he makes the finale of his reign a census. He puts the crown of dishonor on a long and noble career by counting the people. What was the harm of it? A census has its valuable uses. Nations deem it worth while to spend large sums of money to secure accurate statistics of the resources and population. The church counts its communicants and contributions every year. If the census returns are encouraging, faith is revived; if discouraging, the church is stirred.

What was there in a thing so simple and a custom so innocent, to make a sin so culpable?

David's sin was the substitution of pride in numerical strength for reliance upon God. After the count was made the senile king shakes his hoary head and says: "I am great. I have a thousand thousand warriors. Who can stay my hand or say unto me, 'What dost thou?'" Thus faith was eclipsed by sight, trust was supplanted by pride, and God Almighty was replaced by the census.

*I. Chron. 21:1.

David should have been the last man to yield to such temptation, for his career, from the day he slew Goliath of Gath with a pebble from the brook to his complete triumph over all foes, was a living commentary on the weakness of numbers and the might of faith.

But the devil solicits. He is the God of Statistics. His business is to make men believe in the divinity of a crowd. He would have them think that bigness is greatness and population a mark of divinity. There is a grandeur about the multiplication table which fascinates the average American citizen. He reasons thus: "We are many; our prairies are wide, our rivers are long, our lakes are large, our resources are limitless, our opportunities are boundless. What of glory is there left to seek? The Nation is immortal and every citizen a statesman." The God of Statistics gets his altar set up in the Sanctuary as well as in the legislative hall. He is worshiped in the pulpit as well as at the polls. The minister mounts to the sacred desk on some anniversary Sunday and does obeisance to the deity of statistics. Another year has rolled around and the "faithful under-shepherd" proceeds to give his beloved congregation the figures which furnish the irrefutable proof of the tirelessness of his efforts in behalf of their spiritual welfare. He tells them he has preached so many sermons, paid so many visits, received so many members, married so many couples, held so many funerals, adminis-

tered so many baptisms, and has been so far busy in the work of the Lord.

The contributions of the year have been so many dollars, the communicants' roll aggregates so many believers, there are so many societies, so many committees, so much machinery, so much size, noise, splutter and splash.

Prof. Drummond used to tell of an officer of an Italian coast-guard who reported to his government a shipwreck in these words: "We saw the wreck and we attempted to give every assistance possible through the speaking trumpet; notwithstanding which, next morning, twenty corpses were washed ashore."

This church census business is of the speaking trumpet variety. Religion charges the world, the flesh and the devil, with statistics. The enemy is scared or amused, as the case may be, and the dead continue to be washed ashore.

The God of Statistics says, "Worship me; I alone am great." We are half inclined to believe him. We imagine that size is a mark of divinity. A denomination has the Lord on its side in proportion as its numbers increase. The preacher that addresses the biggest crowd is the Lord's most faithful representative.

The truth is, however, that numerical strength is no criterion of power. A sermon is not great in proportion to its length. A man has not necessarily preached well because he has preached for some time.

A pastoral visit is not always a means of grace. A man may make a thousand pastoral calls a year and at last have done little toward establishing the kingdom of God in the earth. Statistics are deceptive but wonderfully fetching. Make a glittering show in the census column, and in the esteem of the vulgar you belong to the elect.

Instead of making the census date an epoch of self-glorification it were better to make it a day for self-examination. Rather than boast of what has been done it were better to ponder some of the things left undone, getting back of figures to duty, up above the census to God. Instead of making a beggarly count, it were better to stand with Israel in that palmy and heroic day when her faith affirmed: "There is no king saved by the multitude of an host."

The God of Statistics is a false god. "Figures do not lie" is a lie. Nothing can lie so persistently and dangerously as figures.

Experience has exposed the weakness of mere numbers again and again. History abounds in illustrations. Xerxes sat on a throne of gold upon a promontory of Mount Ægaleos with an army of 2,000,000 soldiers at his call and watched the battle of Salamis, where Grecian sagacity and courage triumphed over the Persian horde and changed the destiny of the world. Little Japan whipped big China. The great movements in the world's history have been started almost invariably by minorities. Minorities have nothing to

gain, perhaps all to lose, and hence are usually true to convictions. Some great heroic spirit has pulsed with a mighty truth. Directly a kindred spirit has caught fire, then another, and still another. Directly they are proclaiming their message. At first they are ridiculed, perhaps persecuted, maybe martyred. By and by some stop to listen, and the cause grows. At last it is on the throne, and the rebels of yesterday become the patriots of to-day.

The triumphant march of the minority is seen in such movements as the Reformation and the struggle for representative government. It is going on under our very eyes to-day in the social movement of our times. Some hearts are burning with the conviction that God never intended such tremendous differences to exist between his children as exist to-day between the fabulously rich and the abject poor; and they are pressing for better social conditions. These apostles of reform are denounced as fanatics and socialists, but their spirit is marching on. Whether their schemes carry or not, the day is coming when their cause will score triumph, because it is on the side of humanity, which means that it is on the side of conquering right.

A little plea as long as your finger appeared in a daily paper. It was from the "Mother of Working Girls." It begged for a law limiting the work day to ten hours. It told of how the poor girls who worked in the factories must go

forth to their toil before the day has broken clear upon the city and return after the twilight has fallen. The then sitting legislature was too much taken up with parks, politics, and microbes to consider that poor woman's plea; but there will come a legislature to the State-house some day which will hear that cry from the weak, and enact the woman's plea into a law. Why? Because the plea is based on mercy and justice. Because it is humane and therefore right.

"For right is right as God is God,
And right the day will win—"

whether it be championed by the monk of Erfurt, a senator on the floor of the national congress, or a weak woman in a little cottage on an obscure street in a great city.

Numerical strength has never been an evidence of power. The little Moravian church has only 14,220 communicants in the United States, but its spiritual power is not to be computed.

The great epochs of church history have not been the dates of numerical triumph. Medieval missionaries baptized thousands in a day, but it was often stark paganism they baptized. Constantine's espousal of Christianity was a disaster to the church, in that it took the eyes of the world off the King of Kings and fastened them on the Emperor of Rome.

The numerical test is inaccurate. There are a thousand church members in a village of three

thousand people, and we say God's cause is a thousand strong. That is not true. All of the thousand are not God's in the real sense, and God has some who are not listed in the thousand. There are some frauds within the church and some saints without.

The numerical test is a boomerang. It refutes itself. The census says the year's work represents so many converts, so many contributions, so much growth. But look at the other side. If one will swear by numbers, let him take a glance at the converts that might and would have been made had the church done its duty; at the money that could and would have been contributed, but for sordid stinginess. Let him look at the unreached field, at the ungathered harvest. No Christian can rise from an honest scrutiny of church statistics without something of self-rebuke.

If numbers cannot be trusted when saturated by religion, can they ever be trusted? If the counting of noses is a trick of the devil when the Lord's elect are counted, how much more a trick of the devil when those outside the pale are the enumerated!

The God of Statistics is a false god, because the finest things of life cannot be counted. They elude the census taker. The statistician can count the pictures on the wall, but he has no place for the soul vision they portray. He can count the books on the shelves, but he has no column

in his tally sheet for the thoughts that throb in the books. One book is as great as another to him. Every man counts one, whether he be President or cart-driver, artist or bill-poster, statesman or street fakir.

Art, literature, genius, imagination, faith, love, culture can neither be weighed nor measured nor counted. We can count how many bushels of wheat, tons of iron, yards of cloth have been produced, but life is something more than flour and calico. Bailey had this in mind when he said:

"He lives most who thinks most."

Tennyson expressed the same truth when he wrote:

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Sidney Lanier pronounced Walt Whitman "poetry's butcher." He said:

"As near as I can make it out, Whitman's argument seems to be that because a prairie is wide, therefore debauchery is admirable, and because the Mississippi is long, therefore every American is a God." What Whitman is to poetry, the religion of statistics is to life. It slashes "raw collops" and serves gristle for the soul to feed on.

It is preëminently true that the finest things in religion cannot be computed by the statistician. He goes through the kingdom of grace counting sermons, songs, services, visits, converts, congregations, periodicals, church buildings, church

societies, and draws breath to tell us Christianity is that strong. No, sir! it is not that strong. It is that weak. Numericals do not voice the strong things of religion. There is no place there to set down divine sympathy, and what is religion without that? They cannot compute self-denial and self-sacrifice. They have no place for the cross, they lack utterly a column for spiritual experience and growth of character. They have no symbol to represent the mercy and compassion, the brotherly love and philanthropy which make Christian fellowship divine. Numbers are all but dumb.

No wonder there is warning against the census devil. God is not after a crowd. He never has been. He prefers one royal man to all the vulgar multitude. His plan is to build within and not without. His kingdom cometh not with observation. He makes a man and the man makes an age. God-made men are age-making men.

CHAPTER XI

THE PEERAGE OF CHARACTER

"The make-up of the man is behind his measures."

—Dr. John Hall.

The only genuine and commanding nobility is that which character creates. It is true that much depends upon the answer to such questions as "Who are my neighbors?" "What is my calling?" "What is my environment?" "What is the time-spirit in which I live?" But of sublimer moment and of farther reaching consequence is the answer to the question, "What am I?" That determines character. Character is the essence of being. It is nothing larger, nothing smaller, nothing other than the self. It is the length and breadth, the height and depth, the sap and fiber, the sum and substance of being. Character! It is capital, credit, opportunity—all.

Back of attainments and achievements, deep down beneath graces and gifts, behind the sphere, back of cunning hand and eloquent tongue and sagacious thought—back of all the measures, lies the make-up of the man, the character; and the make-up of manhood determines its measures. Self is the only infallible

standard of estimation, and character the only commodity in the markets of mankind whose values do not fluctuate according to the law of supply and demand.

The race has much in common. We breathe the same air, are born into one likeness, are subject to similar accidents, and have a wide-reaching community of interests by reason of innumerable ties of kinship in birth, life and destiny. Notwithstanding this, and despite the ceaseless grind of human living that tends to wear away the sharp corners of individual characteristics and personal peculiarities, and reduce all to the same measurements, it still remains a fact that no two of the myriad race are precisely alike; but every human being has an identity of person which distinguishes him from all others, and which no earthly power can efface. What makes the difference? The self.

"The scale

Of being is a graduated thing,
And deeper than the vanities of power,
Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ
Gradation in its hidden characters."

Thus the fact is faced that every step forward and every step backward, every increase of power and every diminution thereof, all loss and gain, find their explanation within. The self is the battle-field. There the greatest fight is fought;

there the superbest victories are won; there the most crushing defeats are encountered.

What is there that can mean more to a man than himself? Life is a complex organism, physical, mental, moral, social, spiritual. Self is all-inclusive. Therefore, self-culture sounds out a summons to physical development, mental growth, moral grace, social virtue, and spiritual life. It sweeps the totality of being and embraces the whole of what we have and are, in a struggle for the best.

Quantity is secondary, quality is primary, self-culture is the highest culture, and character is the most imperial thing in the universe. It determines environment. By this, it is not meant that the self is impervious to outside influences. Indeed, it is such a delicate organism that the slightest touch leaves its impression. It is like the magnolia blossom, whose ivory petals wither, and whose glistening, snowy sheen is dulled and blackened by the slightest unkindly blow. It is like the delicate dust of bronze and silver on the insect's wing, which falls away if barely touched. It is like the rainbow whose splendid iris beauty topples down in ruins before a summer zephyr. And yet it is also like good gold that can go into the furnace and is purified in the fire; like the diamond that gets its flashing luster and deathless brilliance under the stern, strong hand of the lapidarian. Nothing leaves us quite as it found us. The self is undergoing a constant metamor-

phosis. It is like the young tree that will carry with it to its grave the kiss of every sunbeam, the baptism of every rain drop that falls upon it. Every book read, every deed performed, every thought entertained, every habit indulged, every friendship cemented—all the accidents and surroundings of life mingle with the being, and become a part of the self.

In the formation of character there are forces constructive and forces destructive. In the apothecary's shop and in the chemist's laboratory will be found acids that burn and consume the tissues, poisons that fire the blood and rack the nerves with torture, as well as aperients and aromatics and cordials and elixirs. In that greater laboratory to which self has access, there are acids and poisons as well as elixirs of life. Large possibilities are within reach of all. Every life under God may become great. Not showy; not imposing and impressive in any shallow worldly sense, but every one, whatever may be the sphere or sex or worldly opportunity, may in the highest sense attain unto the richest possibilities of being.

Circumstance, station, opportunity, may have much to do in shaping the end, but the self is the supremely dominant factor.

The icicle on the window sill forms slowly drop by drop, freezing until perhaps it measures a foot in length, and hangs there sparkling with dazzling luster as the sunbeams like jets of fire dance

through its crystals, encircling that slender finger of the ice-king with rings of gold and settings of diamond more beautiful and brilliant than any ever dug from the mines of the earth.

Thus sparkles the icicle, provided it was crystal water that trickled down into the frosted lustrum, but if the water was defiled the ice is foul, and the translucent finger catching the glory of the sun-king, and sparkling with adornment of gems of living light, is transmuted into a dull, dead image of insensate clay.

Character forms like ice. It is the same process for all; but what goes into the process determines the result. Circumstances only affect, they never create character. The self determines the surroundings and never the surroundings the self.

There are two widely differing theories of life. An old fashion has been handed down from generation to generation. It is the fashion of charging to circumstances, failings and failures. There are some who look upon themselves as the victims of hard luck and unkind fate. Nature cast their horoscope when the world was all awry. They were born under unpropitious stars and their spasmodic efforts and occasional spurts of energy have always ended in failure. The world may cry itself hoarse sounding the praises of others, but when true worth appears in the person of these victims of unfortunate environment the doxology sinks into silence. Never accom-

plishing much, never counting for much, people of this class settle down into the stolid conviction that they were never ordained to be much more than dead driftwood in the current of events; and they determine as far as possible to help God carry out this decree.

They would regard as quite irrelevant the spirit of the Scotchman who declared:

"For twenty years I hae been praying the Lord to gie me a gude opeenion o' mysel'."

Is their philosophy of life correct? Is it true that any human being is ever hopelessly fated to failure?

There is a sounder philosophy of life. While it is true that surroundings have much to do with conduct; environment with success; it still remains a fact that our deeds find only their occasion in the conditions of life; the cause must be sought in the character. Nature is stronger than circumstance, for nature is permanent while circumstance is evanescent. Character determines environment, and quaint Thomas à Kempis was right when long ago he wrote: "Occasions do not make a man fail, but they show what he is."

Therefore a man must not blame his failures to hard luck and unkind fate. The trouble lies nearer home. It is lodged in the self. One may not be able to control his circumstances, but here is what every high and courageous man can do. He can control himself in the midst of his circum-

stances. We give the world a life of indolence and sloth and it pays us back in unlucky stars and unpropitious fates. One gets what he gives. The old world is very cunning, and marvelously shrewd, and it always pays back in the same sort of coin it gets.

Character will take care of reputation. Now and then the world's plaudits may miss the mark somewhat, now a little scant and now a little full in their meed of praise, but they usually average up to the level of truth, and their grossest injustices can never circumscribe the destiny. Within the humblest self and the most modest calling there is elbow room for the noblest life, and by taking heed to self one may make his own exterior. The stars, under God's guidance, create their own orbits, and immortals are not less than stars. The fish or the bird seeks and finds a medium of life suited to its peculiar organism; the one in the water and the other in the air; and human life moves under the same majestic law.

Just so surely as water seeks its level, do human tastes and human friendships. Every man fixes his boundary lines, thereby limiting or enlarging his possibilities. We are microcosms, in macrocosms, little worlds in big worlds, and every one's little world is determined by himself.

Within the workshop of the self, the sights and sentiments, the deeds and friendships of the lifetime are fashioned. In the world's busy hum

and toil and strife one can not rise above himself and will not fall below himself, for character is the architect of environment.

Character interprets life. Different people see totally different things in the self same landscape. The soul is a window as well as a workshop. Man measures everything by himself. In judging other people and other things he unconsciously throws into them some part of his individuality. He is a sort of reversed chameleon. Instead of changing color with his surroundings he makes the surroundings take on his hue. Man makes himself the standard of orthodoxy and interprets everything, from a theological system down to a town rumor, according to his own little 'isms and 'ologies. He would bring the big world down to the dimensions of "his majesty, myself." The result is that when he looks out, he sees in the world only the reflection of himself. If he discovers that there are people to help and love, it is because his own hand is generous and his own heart is warm. The Orientals are not far amiss when they affirm:

"The rascal, thinking from his point of view,
Concludes that all the world are rascals too."

There are pessimists and optimists. There are people who wail over the decadence of the times. The world is going to the bad as rapidly as possible, sin is making gigantic encroachments, the church is becoming hopelessly secularized, the

liberties of the people are in jeopardy, things are no longer what they used to be, since the fathers fell asleep all things have gone wrong, and it is only a question of time when society will plunge down into the blackness of hopeless and universal chaos.

On the other hand there are people who fairly rave over the magnificent and colossal achievements of the times. Their minds are cast in hyperbolic mold. They discover infallible tokens of millennial dawn on the sky of the present. They feel like shouting all the while because it never was so good a time to live as it is now. All creation is hastening down a shining and unobstructed track toward the ultimate goal of splendid and consummate victory, and the hour of final triumph speedily approaches.

Put these two classes together—the pessimist and optimist. How comes it that the same facts and figures lead people to such diametric conclusions? There can be but one answer. The difference is within and not without. These people have cast creation over in the mold of their own being. They have indexed the world by the self.

Character has interpreted life.

“Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time,
Some that do evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,

That they'll not show their teeth by way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

One finds in the world an opportunity for contented usefulness, for happy, helpful activity; or a place of carping discontent, of anxious, care-encumbered and wearisome labor, just as he furnishes the self fitted to move in the one or the other of these spheres. Jesus Christ looked down upon the world and saw something to save and died to save it. Satan looked out upon the world and saw something to destroy and lives to destroy it. Jesus Christ has given the world a Calvary and a heaven. Satan has given it a hell. It is precisely the same world on which both ministries fall, the one to bless, the other to blight.

Character also determines rank and measures influence. There is a mad strife ever going on for place and preferment. Multitudes are concerned most of all with the securement of position and power, but there is something infinitely more important—character. With that achieved, rank and place will take care of themselves; and when they come, can be taken care of. We pay involuntary tribute to him who cannot be bought, who will not swerve from truth and duty, who counts right of larger value than success.

Solid character commands respect. It was said that Russia needed no constitution during the reign of the first Alexander, for the personal character of her emperor was equivalent to a

constitution. Knowledge is power, but with a better meaning it may be said that character is power.

What is it that gives respectability and luster and renown to a city or State? Not its banking institutions and railroads, not its tax lists, and clearing house receipts; not its business blocks of iron and granite. It is its citizens that make a city renowned or infamous. Who are the solid, substantial, influential citizens in any community? Not the men of brains, nor the men of wealth so much as the men of upright character. The public knows that intellect may become trickery, wealth treachery, but character stands like Gibraltar.

What was the most resplendent gem in the career of England's greatest statesman? Mr. Gladstone was a man of vigorous intellect, of dauntless courage, of peerless statesmanship, but transcending any and all of these was his unchallenged honesty, his unstained integrity.

But there is something more precious than rank and place. It is service. The Son of God has taught the children of men that great truth. Character is the measure of service.

If the Christ-life means anything it is that he who helps no one is a marplot in creation. The divine life is ever his who goes about doing good, and the finest of the race are those within whose hearts has sounded the keynote of Christ's own life, until, like him, they have gone about doing good.

Service, helpfulness, sympathy for others, are sparks struck out from the divinity whose peerage outranks the angels. A hand-grasp, a kind word, a look of love have often meant much in the world with its crowded streets of discouraged and distressed men and women.

Many a poor fellow has gone down, down from waywardness to disgrace, from disgrace to debauch, from debauch to infamy, because society was heartless and unhelping. And not once or twice but often has a prodigal been brought up, up out of the black pit of moral wreck and wretchedness because some Christlike man or woman reached down a helping hand and said: "My brother, come up and stand beside me."

Service will decide the dignity and determine the worth of manhood. The noblest character is crowned in Christ, who became himself the servant of all. "He laid down his life for us and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

"Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
Where'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares."*

* Longfellow.

What is it that equips for service? What is it that lies back of ministering? Once it was deemed the acme of religious devotion to lead a hermit's life, and by self-crucifixion merit a great reward; but we have risen out of the darkness of such medieval error, and while unselfishness must ever be esteemed a cardinal virtue, we have discovered that unselfishness and selflessness are widely different; that to be unselfish is to help others. In other words, one can be unselfed only by being reselfed. And yet in these days there is danger of running into another extreme, as is often the case in reformations. There are advocates for a species of philanthropy which regards self-culture as sin, self-help as folly, and self-adornment as vanity; a kind of benevolence which feeds on theological syllabub and exhausts itself in maudlin sentiment.

Such service is without value. There can be no giving without something first to give. There can be no serving without a server. One must first care for self before self can care for others. In other words, character limits service. Selfishness and unselfishness in the highest sense are nowise contradictory. By a divine law they are wedded together. Like the lines on the old Corinthian column, at first thought to be parallel, but afterward discovered to meet if carried high enough, these two traits of character, selfishness and unselfishness, that seem antipodal, if only carried high enough, will be found to meet, to

blend, to fuse, to become one. Behind Christ's ministry was Christ. Behind your ministry is yourself. What Christ did for mankind was limited by what Christ was himself. What any one does for the world is limited by what he is himself.

But we have been considering character only in the light of time. Make the horizon ampler. Widen the perspective. Get under the larger and clearer light that beats from the white throne of God. The self is immortal. When life undergoes its great, strange change at last, it is divested of all the accidents of time, and solitary and alone goes into the great mystery of the hereafter. Time, circumstance, rank, possession—all are temporal; only the self is eternal.

Here grave questions come to perplex. What of the hereafter? Which is the right way? What is the surest hope? Which is the soundest creed?

There is a question of far greater moment lying back of all these? It has to do with self.

Character creates destiny. Every soul goes to its own place. The soul must be in sympathy with heaven, else heaven would not be heaven. Satan would be wretched in heaven. He is wretched anywhere, for he carries hell about in his own bosom. A deaf man cannot enjoy Haydn's matchless oratorios, nor can a blind man be moved by one of Raphael's Madonnas. The soul that comes into contact with the great melodies and masterpieces of the Lord in glory must

have an ear to hear and an eye to see, else heaven will be stark chaos.

The "soul createth its own destiny of power."

"I sent my soul into the invisible,
Some question of that after-life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me
And answered, 'I myself am Heaven and Hell.' "*
"

Character determines environment.

Character interprets life.

Character measures influence.

Character limits service.

Character creates destiny.

Is that all? Is that enough? It is only the surface. There is an unconscious incompleteness about everything so far. It will be admitted that character reaches and measures and limits and creates all claimed for it, but something lies back of character.

The momentous question still to answer is: What makes character? God. God is the maker of manhood. We are complete in Him. Take God into character, and let environment be what it may, come storm, come sunshine, come favorable winds or adverse gales, come the strifes and struggles of this uncertain life or the blinding mists and mysteries of the great hereafter, one will not be overwhelmed, for above the din and

* Omar Khayyam.

noise of all tumult faith will lift its head serene
and say, "All's well; all's well."

"If I stoop

Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my heart; its splendors soon or late
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge some-
where."

Back of all, we come to God's grace at last.
Jesus Christ is the embodiment of perfect character, and piety is the heart-beat of royal manhood.

There is a primrose that blooms only in the night-time, and so soon as the light of day falls on it, its color fades, its petals droop, and its poor, ruined flower is tarnished with all the marks of shame and death. Then there is the lily, pure under starlight, fresh under sunlight, fragrant with grateful perfume through all the livelong day and shadowed night. There are primrose lives that look well enough in the shifting and uncertain gloom of this life's night-time, but when the everlasting gates are lifted up, and the endless day dawns, they wither and fade with the death marks of sin and shame upon them. Then there are lily lives, stainless and fragrant here, and blooming into fairer loveliness and celestial beauty hereafter. The primrose life is the unredeemed life, and the lily life is the life that has been

cleansed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

Character is the only peerage in the kingdom of grace, and even unto that may we all attain, if we will but go and stand in the presence of him who is "the express image" of the Great Father himself, and gaze upon his heavenly character until we be what we see, and until, drawing nearer and nearer that divine embodiment of peerless manhood, we shall have his radiance flood our souls and be transformed into the same likeness, as "the moonbeams that touch the dark ocean, transfigure its waves into a silver radiance like their own."

CHAPTER XII

THE CHAMBER OF MEMORY

*"Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art staring
at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows
rise and fall."* —Tennyson.

He is a coward who dares not remember. It is a poor life that has no treasures in the past as well as hopes for the future. A great life hangs the wall of its home with pictures as time goes by, and gladly now and then shuts itself in with the spent years, while memory looks on old faces, listens to silent voices, and revives the experiences of other days. One should live so that memory may pull aside the veil that discloses the beauty of the world, and the goodness of Him who made it beautiful and keeps it young.

The 145th Psalm is a sweet old strophic song that celebrates the glory of God. As measure after measure is rendered the singer is lifted to successively loftier summits, from which he obtains more rapturous visions of God. He has chanted God's greatness, his majesty, and his splendor.

Then an unseen hand touches the harp-strings,

and the voice of an invisible singer floats sweet and clear. As one listens to this measure, something diviner than greatness or majesty or splendor is proclaimed. It is God's goodness that rises on the wings of song to mingle the notes of its melody with the music of the angels. Whose is the unseen hand on the harp? Whose the invisible voice that sings the strophe of divine goodness? Memory is the singer. "They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness."*

It is a great song from a strange, weird singer. It is a great message from a strange, shadowy messenger.

Man is wonderfully made and is ever suggesting the high hour of his creation. He cannot scrutinize himself in any part of his being without finding there the traces of divine origin. God made man in his own image and gave him dominion over all his creatures, and naught that swims or flies, that walks or breathes, can successfully challenge this God-given lordship. Of all the strange powers, of all the wonderful faculties, of all the marvelous possibilities which speak in man of a God-fashioned birth, and for a God-prepared destiny, none is stranger than this fact of memory.

What is memory? It is the faculty of bringing back into consciousness that which has passed out of consciousness. It is the power to people

* Ps. 145:7.

the present with the population of the past. Memory walks in the silent city of by-gones. It stands amid the graves where lie buried the experiences and achievements of other years. As it wanders through the shadowy world of departed spirits, it speaks, and at its command the dead are instinct with life again.

Memory! It is the angel of the resurrection at work on this side of the grave. Once a long time ago, Jesus stood at the tomb of Lazarus and said to the man that had lain dead four days, "Come forth!" and Lazarus came up from the grave to live and speak and move again in the living present. Is it not just this miracle which memory is achieving as it takes its stand at the mouth of some tomb, wherein have slept not for four days but perhaps for four decades the pulseless forms of life's vanished experiences? With the sovereign command of God, Memory says, "Come forth," and the dead live again. Old faces, old voices, old friendships steal forth out of the shadows and stand with us in the light of the living present.

What is memory? Aristotle called it "the scribe of the soul." Hood defined it as a golden thread linking in one all of the achievements of the mind and all of the experiences of the heart. If you give it kindly treatment it becomes a guardian angel, but if you treat it ill, it becomes a demon spirit mocking you with fiendish glee, casting the baneful gaze of remorse on all the

past, and obscuring with the weird, black shadow of doubt all the future.

"Memory," says Basile, "is the cabinet of imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience and the council chamber of thought." It is life's battle abbey, on whose walls are hung the flags that tell of the struggles through which we have marched. It is the heart's mausoleum, in which are treasured the loves that made golden the days that have dropped into the sunset.

Into every life is built a chamber, over whose doorway is "Memory." In some lives the chamber is more richly and splendidly furnished than in others, but no life is without it. To open the window of this chamber may mean to flood the soul with sunshine or shadow it with the sullen frown of the storm-cloud. But whatever its work, memory is a fact. You cannot run away from it; no surgery can amputate that which calls back the past. The very effort not to remember makes memory more insistent.

It is capable of prodigious feats. Vincent could repeat the entire New Testament and the Psalms from memory. Innumerable instances are on record illustrating the marvelous ability of individuals to call back into consciousness that which had passed out of consciousness. Dr. Kidston affirmed that if the whole Bible had been lost Prof. Lawson could have restored it from memory.

It is an old story that tells of Voltaire's confusion when Frederick of Prussia charged him

with having stolen a long poem he had recently composed and just read in the king's presence. A man who had been secreted behind a screen and who had heard the poem came forward and repeated every line of it from memory. Feats such as these raise the inquiry as to whether, under favorable conditions, the memory may not bring back into consciousness the entire past of a lifetime. Indeed memory seems sometimes to call back that of which we had no conscious impression at the time it was received. An illiterate servant girl, in the delirium of fever, recited long passages from the Hebrew Bible and the Latin classics. It was found that she had been employed in the family of a minister, and while about her work, had heard him reading aloud in Latin and Hebrew. The impression had been made on her mind, although she did not understand a word of what she heard, and under peculiar conditions memory ushered it to the front.

Is it possible that a silent sentinel is on guard within us, keeping ceaseless vigil, making a full and accurate record of all that touches our life, to come forth when God calls, and testify of all that it has seen and heard?

Certainly memory must be reckoned with in the making of manhood. No one lives a royal life who does not secure for the future a memory that can exercise its functions without the curse of regret and the penalty of remorse. One should

build so well all the wall of life that when in coming days it shall be scrutinized under the searchlight of memory, it shall show solid masonry from base to capstone.

Association is a powerful stimulus to the memory. A scrap of paper, the fragrance of a flower, the note of an old song, a bit of landscape, a breath of summer air may be enough to call back the old days, until the past rushes in with a flood of forgotten memories.

A friend told the writer of a visit he made one summer to the home of his childhood. He had not been back for many years. The old place had passed into the hands of strangers. The present occupant took him from room to room until he had reached the attic. There, draped in cobwebs, stood an old spinning wheel. At sight of it his heart went to his throat. "It is my mother's spinning wheel," he said. "If you will look just there you will see a blood mark. One day, when a little boy, I cut my finger and the blood trickled down on the spot while my mother tied up the wound. You must let me have this old wheel to take to my home and to my children. It brings back to me my mother and my childhood as nothing else has done."

Only an old spinning wheel that would not bring a farthing in the market, but under the magic spell of memory it paints pictures that no artist can paint, and sings songs that no voice can utter. You have stood there yourself. Some-

where there is a house that is more sacred than any other. As you pause at the gate the people of other years fill the doorway and wave to you from the windows, and airy voices speak to you in the language of happy childhood. Who is it that has not a silent and solitary literature of the heart? Who is there, whose memory does not possess a gallery hung with vanished pictures where he may sit and listen to melodies sung by an invisible choir?

“Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood’s years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eye that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!”*

Memory deals with the future no less than with the present and the past. It proclaims a message in behalf of the immortality of the soul. Can it be that the faculty which possesses such strange and lasting power over the world of the dead, is itself to be conquered by death? Every dead face recalled, every dead joy recovered, every dead friendship revived, every dead expe-

* Moore.

rience resurrected, becomes an argument for the immortality of that which remembers. As these departed spirits of the shadow-land come forth from their sepulchres, at the majestic summons of memory, their voices join in the mighty acclaim of a great chorus, declaring: "Because we live, that which makes us live shall live also."

Unbelief suggests that thought may be only certain impressions made on nerve cells or brain matter. If so, how is memory to be explained? The body is constantly undergoing waste and repair. The tissue of to-day is replaced by the tissue of to-morrow. If the mind is only brain matter, how comes it that thought lasts after that which thinks has been replaced by new tissue? How comes it that memory calls up the record long years after the page which contains the record has perished? There is no explanation of the phenomena of memory unless the mind is superior to the law of disintegration which goes on constantly in the tissues and nerve cells of the body. One fact called up into consciousness out of the past proclaims that man is more than matter, and encourages the hope that after death has done its worst, there is something which its fetid breath cannot poison nor its law of decay impair.

But memory is more than a proclamation of the immortality of the soul. The Bible indicates that it is to play a most important part in the final adjustment of destiny. One mission of the Holy

Spirit is "to bring to remembrance." Among the books of heaven is a "book of remembrance." Evidently God is careful that the functions of memory shall be kept unimpaired. Why? Because memory is to testify at the final assize. "Son, remember," was God's sufficient answer to the cry of lost Dives in hell. That will be argument enough for every judgment rendered by the Supreme Arbiter of human destiny. "Son, remember." Who knows but that everything will rush back into consciousness then? Under the mighty stimulus of almighty associations, all that was dim shall flash vivid, all that was silent shall become vocal, and everything that was forgotten shall be marshaled into consciousness. A man shall be his own witness and his own judge. That testimony will be unimpeachable; and that sentence will admit of no appeal.

But memory has not done its best nor performed its highest function until it stands where the old Hebrew singer stood, and with innumerable remembrances, certifies the fact and fortifies the conviction that God is good. This is what we need most to believe. We can stand the loss of everything but the sense of God's goodness. Blot that out and the world is doomed. Blot everything else out but that and let that live, and the world will still be at the springtide.

When memory does its best, when all the past has been recalled and every incident stands out

distinct, and all the events of life fall into harmony, the most conspicuous fact to appear will be the goodness of God. All things will bear witness to that. "They will abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness." A pictorial word is used in the strophe. It is that which describes a fountain when it "wells up" or "boils up" from the earth.

So will be the memory of God's goodness. There will come an hour when all streams shall converge, an instant when all days and years shall meet. Then the law of association will do its best, and all that has ever been, will stand forth to declare the greatest of all truths. There at that central instant, when the light breaks and consciousness holds everything, the one supreme fact which shall outshine the stars will be that God is good. In the calm, deep, unbroken conviction of that eternal truth, heaven's seraphic peace will fall around us, and we shall know that rest has come at last.

If all this be true, memory is doing its best for us now, when it keeps well to the fore the thought that God is good. If one doubts God's goodness, it must be because memory fails him. The trouble with the wayward is that memory never walks in the hallowed past, nor keeps fresh and green the goodness of God. Not until he remembered did the prodigal set his face once more toward home.

A blessed memory makes an immortal hope.

While memory lingers in the subdued glow of life's sunset, hope catches the morning light that gilds the dawn with glory.

Some wanderer may need only a holy memory to set life aright. Let him remember how good God has been. Let him think of the Savior on the cross. That is the supreme fact that God would have us remember. This is what the sacrament of the Holy Supper means. It is the Savior saying, "Son, remember," until there wafts itself into the heart a bit of the fragrance of Calvary, a note from the song the angels sing when heaven is glad at the prodigal's return, a glimpse of the Father's face of unwearied and eternal love that peers forth from the shadows behind the cross. Then, under the more than magic spell of blessed memory, who would not exclaim, "Yes, Lord, I will remember."

"Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee."

CHAPTER XIII

THE CROWN OF CONTENTMENT

*"My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is called Content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."*

—Shakespeare, H. VI.

The crown of royal manhood is contentment. It is a badge of preëminence which produces no pain, causes no sleepless nights and anxious days, nor has the calm of its reign ever been broken by rebellion.

Its trappings are not imposing. It does not care for the barbaric splendor that dazzles the eye and glories in an impression. In a letter to his young friend Timothy, Paul said: "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content."*

What meager assets for a royal estate!—food and raiment, a cloak and a slice of bread. With these one is told to be happier than a king and as satisfied as though his dwelling were the vestibule of heaven. If one's pantry is full, his wardrobe ample, his bank account large, he can readily accept this philosophy of a life free from fret and worry. It takes no great effort for the well-fed,

* 1 Tim. 6:8.

well-kept, well-housed, well-to-do, to prate glibly of contentment; but to the poor devil whose only suit is on his back, whose only meal is on his table, and at whose door the sharp barking of the wolf of want is heard by night and day, a homily bidding one to be content with food and raiment rings in a different tone.

Yet it was a poor man who wrote the letter. Paul had no Episcopal residence, no ecclesiastical perquisites. As the Archbishop of Canterbury, alighting from his carriage in front of the palace, said to a questioner: "Times have greatly improved since St. Paul's day." The apostle was thankful if he had enough to eat and wear, and he bids the followers of Christ be satisfied with as meager a supply. "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content."

What is meant by contentment?

There is the contentment of incompetency, dull, ambitionless, unaspiring. This could never be called a crown.

There is the contentment of indolence, which lacks not only the spirit to aspire, but the inclination to attempt, the energy to achieve, and the soul to enjoy. Royal manhood could never consent to wear this. It is the badge of serfdom and slavery rather than the token of power.

There is the contentment of despair, over whose head the sky is leaden, and which gloomily resigns itself to the inevitable.

There is the contentment of ignorance and

inexperience, which serenely dreams that all the heavens are in the strip of sky that roofs in its narrow valley; like the Greenlander, who indignantly repelled the compassion of the foreigner with the remark: "Miserable! I have always had a fishbone through my nose and plenty of train oil to drink. What more could I desire?"

There is the contentment of recreation, diversion, amusement, which crowds out the disagreeable and annoying for an hour or a day, but lacks utterly the power to cure life of its unrest.

Genuine contentment soars high above all this. God means for one to make the most of himself and his surroundings. It is not the contentment of stupid indifference and soulless despair that men covet, but that of industrious fidelity and fruitful activity. Poverty is not necessarily a virtue; wealth is not necessarily a crime. The pauper is in no more danger of becoming an angel than is the millionaire. If God has the attributes of God he must fill God's place and do God's work. Likewise a man must measure up to the brim of his gifts and opportunities. Out upon incompetency, indolence, indifference, despair and all that encourages a human life to dwindle down to nothing. Discontentment were better than such contentment. If any one has it, the best thing to do is to put him in his coffin and nail down the lid, for he is no longer of any service to the world.

It is one thing to be contented with ourselves.

It is another, and a very different thing to be contented with our surroundings.

It is contentment with surroundings that clothes life with power and emancipates it from worry. How may this content be achieved? Few things are more desirable. Discontent ruins everything. A discontented man is a curse to himself, and a bugbear to others. He is not ready for work nor fit for society. We must get above this infernal spirit of unrest, up to contentment, to self-control, to serenity of spirit, and placidity of soul, to freedom from vexation, envy, jealousy, and that wearing friction which irritates, disorganizes and destroys life's delicate machinery. Seventy years is too short a lifetime to lead a discontented existence. Home is too holy to be turned into perdition with discontent. If true contentment is to be satisfied with your surroundings, then two ways suggest themselves for its achievement.

First, improve your surroundings. This is the method which most of us adopt. We are optimists in the day of prosperity and pessimists in the day of adversity. Let the world go well with us and it is an age of gold. Let the world go ill with us and it is an age of iron.

"Let me accumulate a fortune," says the man of the world, "and I shall be contented. Let me prosper in trade, let me give my family the advantages of the best education, the best society, the most extensive travel. Let me lay aside a competency for old age, that the evening of life

may be free from care, and I shall snap my fingers in the face of every devil of worry and discontent, and be at peace with myself and all mankind."

It is not necessary to rail against the honest acquirement of wealth. Money is a great power, and rightly used is beneficent. It is not money, but the unholy love of it, that works the damage. A parvenu may go as swiftly and irretrievably to perdition through love of gain as a money king.

Nevertheless wealth does not bring contentment. Some of the most unhappy, discontented and disagreeable people in the world are wealthy. They have bettered their surroundings, but they are miserable still. When one has passed from cottage to palace he has not necessarily left anxiety, perplexity, unhappiness behind. The notion that one is saved by his surroundings is utterly false.

Paul's message to Timothy cuts up this theory by the roots. It reduces one's belongings to the bare necessities of life, and then says: "Be contented."

Indeed, money very often destroys the little contentment one may have. The atmosphere of gain is not conducive to nobility of soul. Too often in the passionate quest for wealth men sacrifice their finer sensibilities, and, growing callous and inordinately selfish, put themselves forever beyond the pale of contentment. The very atmosphere of gain is chill and cold.

"And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say Go;
There's plenty that can if you can't: we know;
Move out, if you think you're underpaid.
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid;
Trade is trade."*

Even if one escapes this worst curse of money-making and money-getting, and is able, through all his gains, to keep a heart fresh and sweet and merciful toward the world, his accumulated wealth is weight rather than wings. He must take care of it. He must be anxious about it. It becomes the cause of discontent rather than its cure. The most that he can use of it is what he eats and wears. He is like the king who asked a stable boy what he received for his work. "I have nothing except my victuals and clothes." "Be content," said the king, "I have no more."

What a poor bargain man has made if added gains bring with them additional care, increased worry, sleepless nights, burdened days! He has improved his surroundings but he is not contented.

In the very nature of the case, wealth is powerless for the problem in hand. It were as easy to reform a criminal by changing his residence, or to regenerate a sinner by a drop of the barometer, as to cure discontent with the betterment of one's circumstances. A crown of gold does not cure the headache, neither will finer clothes and richer diet bring content. Hence we find that Christ

* Sidney Lanier.

makes no provision for the wealth of his followers. He does for their poverty. God gave Israel in the wilderness but a day's supply of manna at a time, and when they attempted to accumulate more the food became a stench in the camp. The prayer our Lord taught his disciples to pray is:

"Give us this day our daily bread."

God's promise to his children always is: "As thy day so shall thy strength be." He thinks somewhat of a man even if he is poor. The sky of true contentment may bend above one's head, even though his earthly estate consist of only "food and raiment." The effort to achieve content by improving surroundings is the world's way. It is a failure.

There remains a second method—improve self and let surroundings be determined by an improved manhood. This is God's way. The gospel lays itself out on the man rather than on his surroundings. It teaches that what he is is of greater importance than what he has. The man is greater than his property. The inner life, the soul life, and not meals and millinery make heaven. Hence it is not stark fanaticism that says: "Having food and raiment, be therewith content."

When one begins to have a true conception of the value of character compared with things, and of the value of the other world compared with this, externals and surroundings lose their power to

annoy. He is emancipated. Circumstances become his servant. The true optimist is not he with whom the world goes well, but he who has brightness at heart; and the dreariest pessimist is he whose inner life is empty and desolate.

All that Jesus had on earth was food and raiment, but never was there a life of such sweet and perfect contentment as his. The secret of it all he gives us when he says: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me."

Christ opens the doorway to the contented life. He can build a chamber in the soul whose perfect peace no fret or worry of the discontented world can ever disturb. Do God's will, follow God's way, and around the brow will gather the halo of a peace that more becomes its wearer than ever crown became a king. First learn to pray, "Thy will be done," and then you will not care to ask for more than "this day our daily bread."

God improves us until we can be happy in any surroundings. We try to improve our condition, and in the selfish effort abide miserable in all conditions. God's way is the best way. When we have learned to trust in God until we hear Christ saying, "Take no thought for to-morrow, for to-morrow will take thought for the things of itself," we have made it impossible for the world to make us wretched. We have not become sentimental, impracticable dreamers. We are simply not disturbed about that which worry

never cures and for which God is pledged to provide. When one has tasted of eternal life he can say: "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." He can quit fretting about clothes and pay more attention to character. Let a man lay up for himself treasures in heaven, and whether he wear broadcloth or homespun on earth, whether he sit down to a feast or to a dish of cold porridge, he can manage to be contented.

Robert Louis Stevenson, than whom no truer heart has beat and no nobler pen has written for many a year, had this for his evening prayer:

"Go with us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us with morning faces and morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion." "Morning faces and morning hearts" make a morning world. If our God will give us but that much, we shall wear the crown of an imperial and ineffable contentment.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ETHICS OF A SMILE

*"Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defense,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense."*

—T. Tickell.

There is something radically deficient in the man who lacks the sense of humor and is unable to enjoy a joke. Smiles are the sunshine of life, and when other angels of light have failed, it may still be possible to "smile the shadow from the heart."*

In one's creed there should be room for the ethics of a smile, the morality of merriment, the medicinal value of good cheer, the religion of a merry heart.

It is easy to understand why there should be homilies on judgment, death, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin, but what bond of union can there be between piety and merriment?

It is a common conceit that religion and smiles should be kept as far apart as possible. Religion is all seriousness. It is a thing of weighty solemnity and deals in lugubrious themes. It is concerned with the grave and the hereafter. It is intimately associated with the hearse and the undertaker.

* T. B. Read.

In response to this conceit everything in religion is toned down. The sanctuary must have a dim religious light. The priest is garbed in somber vestments. The religious tone is holy and sepulchral. It is when we are gloomiest that we can easiest read our title clear to mansions in the skies. The appearance of the minister in the family circle is the signal for the suppression of all levity. He is most a saint who is most miserable. That servant is most faithful in the vineyard of the Lord who

“Grunts up a solemn, lengthened groan,
And damns a’ parties but his own.”

There is an impression that people who enjoy life are superficial, frivolous and flippant, lacking a serious purpose, and having neither depth nor conviction.

There are those who even go so far as to regard a smile as the badge of an unregenerate heart, like the old lady who very much feared that her niece had never experienced the work of grace, and when asked for her reason said: “I have noticed that she is as much addicted to laughter as ever.”

But one may be serious and smile. He may be sunny-souled and also have a serious life-purpose. He may be strong in conviction and at the same time merry of heart. Some of the best men that ever lived were good laughers. Some of the best women that ever blessed the world

with angel-ministries, had their faces baptized with the sunshine of smiles.

"Five of the greatest humorists," says E. P. Whipple, "that ever made the world ring with laughter were priests—Rabelais, Scarron, Swift, Sterne and Sydney Smith."

A smile has an ethical value. Good nature and morals are intimately associated. Good-will makes one worth more both to God and man. It is a woful blunder to imagine that religion takes all the merriment out of life. It adds to rather than subtracts from joy. Away with the strait-jacket, smile-if-you-dare, skull-and-cross-bones, hark-from-the-tomb-a-doleful-sound, sour-faced, cross-grained, tasteless, lifeless, smileless sort of religion! It is rank old hypocrisy.

God has nothing to do with it. It is counterfeit, coined in the mint of the devil. The devil can't smile. He can only chuckle, and simulate with ghastly and sardonic grin the glory of a smile. Heaven smiles, the sun smiles, goodness smiles, peace smiles, love smiles. Smiles are born of God; smiles are the tracery of angels' fingers on the countenance of the child of redemption.

Of course the eternal fitness of things must be observed. There are times and places when a smile is like a note of discord. A hanging is no place for laughter. A funeral is no time for smiles. "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of fools." The prodigal brought to a halt in a swine lot was in no condition to

smile. There is a time to mourn and a time to laugh. When the heart is heavy and the spirit broken, God gives us tears. But even then God can encircle the brow with a halo of hope, and transfigure the countenance with the smile of peace, and change tears into prisms of joy, through which the soul sees a bow of promise in the sky of cloud.

To have an ethical value it must be the right kind of a smile. Behind it there must be a kind heart and a clean thought. As some one has said, "To do good, laughter must be had with and not at others." Never laugh at the awkwardness of others, nor at their accidents or mistakes. It is wretched humor that makes merry at the expense of age, or over the foibles and frailties of one's fellow men. A smile, to be a blessing, must be like the dew in its origin—distilled; like a sunbeam in its mission—cheering; and like a dewdrop transfigured by a sunbeam in its beauty.

Thank God for the power to smile. There was a man whose laughing muscles had been paralyzed. His laughter degenerated into a sepulchral chuckle that smote on the nerves like a voice from the tombs.

Hail to the apostles of laughter and to the messengers of merriment! They help to build a happier world. They find us glum and uncommunicative, sad and depressed; they leave us full of hope and good cheer. They work in the key

of Jesus' ministry at Cana of Galilee, where he changed water into wine.

Christ's presence was not a frown, but a smile to that wedding feast. He would always have his presence be like the smile of love and the sunshine of happiness.

“Dear friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious words benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine;

“Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary line on line,
Revive our souls and let us see
Life's water turn to wine.”*

Let us see if we can analyze the ethical value of a smile. In what sense may a merry heart be regarded as a moral medicine?

A smile is a tonic. It invigorates the system and helps us bear our burdens. It takes the mind off the things that are grinding us to death, and gives to the machinery of life a pause for rest and repair. A smiling face in a sick-room is sometimes worth more than a whole apothecary's shop of drugs. A long-faced doctor is the fore-runner of death. The cheery voice and beaming countenance of the physician are contagious and do for the wan patient what prescriptions fail to

* Dr. Jas. Freeman Clarke.

accomplish. Back of all the vagaries of Christian science is the fact that mind and spirit need to be at their best in the battle with disease.

"Never say a discouraging word while in this sanitarium. You are all here for one purpose," is the conspicuous announcement of a famous health institution.

A pleasant smile is an antidote as well as a tonic. It is a specific for growlers. Some people seem to be born with the bear nature. They are surly and never speak but to snarl. They are persistent growlers at home, in business, at church. It would help them to smile. It may come hard at first, but perseverance will win. Lock yourself in your room and practice smiling. Smile at your pictures, furniture, looking glass, anything, just so the old stiff muscles are brought into play again.

Life is too short to be a growler. A bristling porcupine is not a comely model for manhood.

Smiles are good for the calamity crier, for prophets of tribulation and knights of the rueful countenance. There are people who are at outs with themselves and all mankind; nothing goes on right, no one does his duty. The sharp metallic complaint of these malcontents makes discord of the music of life. What shall be done with them? Baptize them with sunshine. A merry heart is the sure cure for a chronic sorehead.

Smiles are as essential to success in life as

capital, brains and energy. As long as a man smiles he is on top. The man who loses his temper loses the fight. Laugh loudest when you are the maddest. A smile wins in the fight of fierce business competition.

Two men open stores side by side. They are equal in the capital invested, in diligent and capable attention to business, but one wears a frown and the other a smile. One is glum, cross and disagreeable, and when you leave his store you feel as if you had been through a bleak, chill shower in early spring. The other is all smiles and good cheer, and you pass out as from a spring morning without clouds. After a while the first man makes an assignment and the other moves into handsomer quarters. A smile made the difference.

"Smile and the world smiles with you, weep and you weep alone," is not quite true. The people who greet you with a smile are often quickest to sympathize with you in trouble because their hearts are filled with good-will. Nevertheless, it is true that the public is not willing to pay for disagreeableness. It would rather face smiles than frowns, and buy from Mr. Good-will than from Mr. Sour-face.

A smile is also the token of a sound Christianity. God means for us to have smiling faces. The same God that made the tear glands made the laughing muscles. A face wreathed in smiles is the song of the angels at Bethlehem, caught

and imprisoned in a living picture. The gospel is all gladness and joy. The very mission of religion is to make us happy enough to smile; to help us bear our burdens with serenity, and endure our trials with composure.

What a pity for religion to degenerate into a new trial and an additional burden! The Savior takes hate out of the heart and frowns off the face, that love may rule and peace may smile.

A smile is an evangel of good will. It is the face of a soul that has learned to love God supremely and neighbor as self. True it is hard to practice this kind of religion. It is difficult to achieve the ethics of a smile. It is also easier for some to be good-natured and merry-hearted than for others. The conditions of life have much to do with it. How can one smile with a millstone around his neck? How can a man be sweet-natured with a termagant for a wife? How can a woman be sunny-souled with a worthless vagabond husband? How can people be pleasant and serene with exasperating servants, untrustworthy employes, incessant worries and ceaseless friction?

A cart-horse has little to laugh over. One is the victim of common drudgery, and the daily load is hard. How can he make merry?

The temperament also has much to do with the question under discussion. Some people are naturally light hearted and sweet spirited. They should have no credit for being agreeable. They

can't well help it. Dispositions differ. But if religion is worth anything it can cure an ugly disposition.

Grace can always change frowns to smiles, because it supplants hate with love. And as for the hard lot, it is not usually so bad as we make out. It depends very much on what we are looking for, as to what we find. People with large estates sometimes get as badly befuddled as Higginson's boy in his dream.

The lad wakened crying, and when asked what was the trouble, replied: "I dreamed I was a man and did not have enough money to pay my taxes." After all our dirge over the hard lot of life, few but are loath to leave it. "Folks keep findin' fault with this here life," said Uncle Eben, "but jes the same, dar's mighty few but wishes dar was more of it."

Turn the face in the right direction and the sun will fall on it. Many are walking with faces away from God, and that is the reason there is no happiness. Back of a smiling face must be a pure heart. If one wears a frown on his face the probability is there is an unforgiven sin in his heart. Smiles cannot be worn as a mask very long. The countenance is a fair index of the soul. First, get the heart right with God, then get the face turned toward the light, and as the eastern sky breaks into glory before the rising sun, the face will beam with the joy of sanctified merriment.

Here is a good compass for the ethics of a smile: "Look out and not in; look forward and not backward; look up and not down." Look to Jesus, he is the Light of the world. His life was a sad one. He was the world's great sufferer, but no portrait satisfies us that paints a frown on that countenance of majesty and love. That picture pleases us best in which a smile of seraphic peace and yearning love is half concealed and half revealed in the face that the world worships as divine. Catching the glory that lived on the face of the Christ, our own will be transfigured.

What is all of this but a plea for a life that worships God and loves its fellow-man—a life that by kindness rather than by abuse, by love rather than by hate, by smiles rather than by frowns, tries to build for all it can a brighter, gladder, sunshinier world?

The great Artist that paints hope on the morning's dawn and heaven in the sunset's glory, can paint a smile on our faces, and teach us how to make our lives musical with the melody of love, and merry with the gladness of hope.

CHAPTER XV

THE PROBLEM OF DESPONDENCY

*"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him
For the health of his countenance."*

—David in Psalm XLII.

Despondency discrowns manhood. It humbles it in the dust. It is a disease that saps manhood of its strength. But despondency is not an incurable disease. This fact should be understood to begin with.

The darkest, dreariest, most depressing and distressing spell of despondency that ever made life a burden and the world unendurable can be completely and gloriously cured. If so, we can bear the discussion. If the disease is curable, we can stand a diagnosis.

Perhaps the best way to discuss the problem of despondency is to introduce the case of a man who had the malady in its worst form and last stages, and who was cured.

The sick man is none other than the old Hebrew prophet Elijah. He is found praying God to let him die. He is out in the wilderness, fit environment for the desponding mood. He is

down on his back under a tree begging God for the grave. He is on the verge of suicide. Life has lost its zest. Work has lost its charm. Death will be a sweet release from burdens too great to be borne, and a wretchedness that drives hard toward the brink of insanity.

And yet this man is no coward. His has been a mighty faith. He has dared to hope when he had nothing but the brook Cherith and the charity of the ravens between him and starvation. He has stood majestic on the summit of Carmel and fought to death the priests of Baal. He is no common dreamer whose voice has changed to a whine because his castle in the air has toppled to nothing. Elijah was the incarnation of faith and the deification of courageous hope. Yet now he is begging God to let him die. That is what despondency does for its victims. It reduces giants to pygmies. It brings the conquerors of kings to the verge of suicide. It takes from the prophet his holy vision, and confronts him with the horror of nameless despair.

Do you know what it means? Have you ever experienced its awful depression? If so it is worth your while to turn to the pages of the Kings, and read once more the old story of this man whose imperial spirit quailed for once before the spectral figure of despondency, but whom God called up out of the depths of despair to a mountain top from whose summit he was lifted so close to heaven that he caught the

whisper of a "still small voice" and knew that all was well.

Despondency may be discussed under three heads—first, its character and prevalence; second, its causes; third, its cure.

Despondency is the loss of courage and hope, accompanied with more or less of mental depression. A mild form of the disease is discouragement. A more serious form is hopelessness. This may be followed by despair, which in turn may drive to desperation. An acute form of the malady is home-sickness. A common form is that which is popularly called "the blues." The most aggravated form is melancholy, when reason staggers and falls from its throne. Who is there that does not sometimes feel the clutch of this hideous fiend at his throat? There may be nothing in the conditions of life to create the melancholy mood, but the shadow falls and the spirit is depressed. Men of wealth have been known to become despondent lest their last days should be spent in penury; and men of great influence, lest their work should prove valueless. But oftenest there is some correspondence between mood and environment. A barren wilderness has been reached, across whose empty stretches the defeated soul cries out its despair in a petition for death.

The minister sees little fruit from his labors and grows despondent. The merchant makes poor collections to meet bills that are fast falling

due and grows despondent. The physician loses his patient and the lawyer his case, and they grow despondent. Genius is no defense against this demon of despair. There were times, it is said, when Shakespeare thought he was no poet and Raphael doubted his right to the name of painter. Occasionally there stands out a granite nature like that of Samuel Adams, of whom Mr. Bancroft says:

"Difficulties could not discourage his decision, nor dangers appall his fortitude. Of despondency he knew nothing; trials only nerved him for superior struggles; his sublime and unfaltering hope had a cast of solemnity, and was as much a part of his nature as if his confidence sprung from insight into the divine decrees, and was as firm as a sincere Calvinist's assurance of his election."

But the ordinary mortal is made of weaker stuff. To the great majority there come hours, like that to Elijah, when life loses its song. The effect of despondency is most disastrous. It produces complete paralysis of effort. It utterly unfits and disqualifies for living. Saul might have conquered his enemies, but for that fateful visit to the witch of Endor. As the mantled phantom in the mystic cave rose before the pale and haggard king, hope died in his heart and despair dug a grave for his soul. It is this enemy that so whips us in the conflict with itself that we have no chance to win in any other fight. Despondency

is most frequently the cause of suicides. Where is the river flowing by a populous city that has not received into its sable bosom the poor, mad victim of despondency? How its waters, as they murmur along, seem to be crooning Hood's dirge of despair!

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!

* * * * *

"Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses,
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

"Who was her father,
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or, was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all others?

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home, she had none.

* * * * *

"Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast."

The causes of despondency are partly within and partly without. Those without may be divided into two classes, as they reside in people or things.

There are dishearteners whose words are like a knife that would stab hope to death. There are cold cynics whose message is a dogma of dreary doubt. There are apostles of despair, who find us buoyant and leave us comfortless in the darkness and ashes of our hope. If one cannot make life brighter and richer with his message he would better be dumb. Better set one tired heart singing with hope than write all the books that

unbelief has ever written or achieve all the victories that doubt may have for a million years to come.

There are also insuperable difficulties that pile across our pathway. As we confront them our spirits fall and the fight seems hopeless. But none of these should be dignified as causes of despondency. The cynic is mistaken. The apostles of despair are liars. The obstacles are not insurmountable, and it is never as bad as it seems.

The real causes of despondency are within. At the head of the list place physical debility. This was partly the trouble with Elijah. He was worn out and broken down in body. His dejection was reaction from the tremendous physical strain of the preceding week. Here is where despondency starts, nine times out of ten. The body, which is the citadel of life, has been broken down, and the man falls easy prey to every devil of doubt that would harass him. It was at the end of Christ's forty days' fast that Satan came to tempt the Savior. It was when John was weakened by prison confinement that the gloom of a great doubt fell upon his soul. It is when one is broken down physically, that he falls the easiest prey to despondency.

A second cause is an undue estimate of one's importance. Despondency is always accompanied by self-conceit. This was another trouble with Elijah. He said: "I am not better than my

fathers." Of course he was not. Who ever intimated that he was better than Abraham or Moses or Samuel? Elijah is placing too high an estimate on his own importance. He says again: "I only am left and they seek after my life to take it away."

Some one has said that "discouragement is disenchanted egotism." We are thinking too much of ourselves. Directly a mountain stands in our path and our arm is too weak to pitch it into the sea. Then down on our backs we go and ask: "What is the use of living?"

Another prolific cause of despondency is a false view of life. We see the wrong things. We take our eyes off encouragements and look at difficulties. We exchange the outlook and uplook for the inlook and downlook. As long as Peter looked at Christ he walked on the water, but when he "saw the wind," he began to sink.

To state the cause is to discover the cure. If this diagnosis be correct it is easy to name the remedy.

First, the body must be strengthened. If one is subject to fits of despondency, he would do well to consult a skillful physician and change his cook. Bad eating has more to do with bad theology than some are willing to admit. Dyspepsia and despondency pitch their tents side by side. The first voice of the angel to despairing Elijah was: "Arise and eat."

The next was: "Arise and go." Get up off

your back and go at your work as though you meant to succeed. Refuse to believe that the worst has come. "We are fallen into the hands of the enemy," was the message which a soldier brought to the Theban general Pelopidas. "And why not they into ours?" was the general's reply.

It was Great Heart that killed Giant Despair and destroyed Doubting Castle. "You will not hear me now, but the day will come when you will be glad to hear me," was the great word which Disraeli flung into the teeth of his political enemies when they hissed the future Premier of Great Britain from the floor of Parliament.

Believe that you can win, and you will. A man can do almost anything he is determined to do.

"Never go gloomily, man with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what we take with a tear.
All will be right.
Look to the light:
Morning was ever the daughter of night:
All that was black will be all that is bright.
Cheerily, cheerily, then, cheer up!"*

It is also well for the victim of despondency to reconstruct his estimate of himself. "If a man thinketh himself to be something when he is

* Tupper.

nothing, he deceiveth himself." If we could keep out the traitor Egotism there would be no one to unlock the door to despondency.

But back of all this must be old-fashioned trust in God. Faith is the sufficient and unfailing cure for despair.

There should be faith in God's promises. He has a promise for every hour and place in life. Believe that he will keep his word and rest there. It is always "as bright as the promises of God." Added to this, there should be faith in the decrees of God; for back of the promises are the decrees. It is a fact that staunch Calvinists are less subject to fits of despondency than almost any other class. It is a part of their creed that everything happens for the best, because God has foreordained whatsoever comes to pass. Such a creed and despondency cannot live in the same house, nor dwell together in peace under the same roof.

Cromwell's Ironsides were invincible, because their creed was invincible. But if God's decrees are behind God's promises, God's love is behind God's decrees. There must be faith in God's love. It is this faith which takes one above the clouds. God loves me and all must be well. Let the victim of despondency rest his case here. Let him bring his trouble to the mountain top of faith and sun it in the glory of God's love.

Then he can sing with Pippa as she passes:

“The year’s at the spring
And day’s at the morn;
Morning’s at seven,
The hill-side’s dew-pearled;
The lark’s on the wing,
The snail’s on the thorn;
God’s in his heaven—
All’s right with the world!”*

* Robert Browning.

CHAPTER XVI

MANHOOD AND CITIZENSHIP

*"Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy."*

—J. G. Holland.

The problems of government will never be settled by platforms and parties. Whether they be the problems of national, state or city government, they will never be settled right until they come under the masterly sway of honest, straightforward, unadulterated, unterrified, unpurchasable, unimpeachable manhood.

Men must rate higher in the political market than partisan planks and official plunder. Platforms fall to pieces, parties decay, but true manhood is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Citizenship in America is confronted with colossal problems. Whether it face national or municipal politics the task is great. The conditions are perplexing and the stake is as big as the destiny of the world. Anglo-Saxon people will make the future and it is already a foregone conclusion that it is in America the Anglo-Saxon people must make themselves. For the age and its problems and possibilities there is needed, as

never before, a citizenship that is royal manhood from plume to spur.

What is to produce this? What divine alchemy shall transmute the partisan into a patriot, the ward boss into a man? For the making of such citizenship all that is noble and good must confederate.

In the biographies of the kings of ancient Israel, there is a quaint and vivid incident which narrates how a soldier and a priest joined hands in the effort to purify the nation. It is the story of Jehu and Jehonadab.*

As one holds aloft a blazing torch and waves it in the blackness of night, so this old story takes the zeal of two resolute patriots, whose hearts are afire with hostility to evil, and waves that in the black night of a nation's infamy and decline. It was the era following Ahab's foul reign. Jezebel survived, and the land was reeking with rottenness and idolatry. One day a stranger entered the camp of Israel, and taking aside Jehu, anointed and commissioned him to become the nation's reformer. As he returned to the camp his fellow-soldiers saw in his shining face that something had transpired, and learning what it was, they placed him on an improvised throne, and with wild enthusiasm hailed him as the people's deliverer.

Jehu began his work with a bold hand. It was a war of extermination. He is in the midst of the

* II. Kings 10:1

campaign, driving to Samaria, racing with the wind, until "driving like Jehu" becomes a proverb for all time.

Suddenly in the way a strange figure appears. A man of austere life and venerable appearance has met him. It is the priest Jehonadab, who, with his father, founded the order of Rechabites. In this man Jehu's eye detects a valuable ally, and reining in his foaming horses sharp upon their haunches, he cries out to the prophet: "Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?" "It is," was the prompt reply. "Then give me thy hand," and reaching down from the chariot Jehu gave Jehonadab his hand and lifted him into the chariot by his side. Then they drove furiously on to Samaria, where the temple of Baal became the storm-center and where they paused not until that licentious hierarchy was dealt its death-blow.

Politician and preacher, soldier and prophet, king and priest—there they stand side by side, in the same chariot, with heart aflame with the same zeal, with hands joined in the same cause, with faces set toward the same undertaking, driving down upon God's foes to rid the land of infamy and the nation of its curse.

It was a unique, unusual, powerful combination, the combination of state and church, of citizenship and religion, of the kingdom of the world with the kingdom of the world-to-come.

There is a deep-seated prejudice against such a

combination. Let the politician and the preacher stay far apart. Let a chasm deep and wide be dug between politics and piety. Let a wall high and strong be built between the civil and the ecclesiastical. The politician performs a work of supererogation when he meddles with the church. The preacher stains his holy vestments when he dabbles in politics. Politics is sound as it is practicable; religion as it is sentimental. Let the politician drive like Jehu along the highway of the practical, and the preacher plod in a jog-trot along the pathway of the sentimental; but let each keep to his own side of the road. Such is the prejudice.

It is the legacy of old battles. There was a time when church and state were regarded as one. It resulted in disaster to both. Government became despotic, religion mechanical, and the page of history was blackened with atrocity and crime. The Reformation was a protest against this, and to-day, in America at least, we believe that state aid to the church is a calamity to both. A lobby in the National Capital is none the better for being a religious lobby; perhaps it is all the worse.

Nevertheless the conviction is growing that these two mightiest forces of the world were not meant to be total strangers. Religion cannot afford to be utterly indifferent to the causes of good government. Politics must not be absolutely soulless.

There should be some common meeting place for politician and preacher; some spot where religion and citizenship can strike hands; where the strength of the state and the strength of the church may confederate against vice, and with mutual helpfulness strive to right wrong.

After all, their ultimate and supreme goal is the same. Both are arms of divine power for the defense of the weak, the punishment and suppression of evil, the enthronement of truth and goodness in the hearts and homes of all people.

They need each other. The church needs the state. There are iniquities, such as the saloon, the gambling hell, and institutional immorality, which only the strong arm of the law can reach. They do not yield to psalm-singing and the prayer book. You would as easily kill a Bengal tiger by striking a lucifer match as to close a grog-shop or a gambling den with a religious service. The state also needs the church. It must have its moral influence. It could not govern for a day without the majesty of moral ideals. As this increases, crime and the need for a larger constabulary decrease. As these decrease, the cost of government decreases and the tax rate diminishes. As the tax rate diminishes, the people are happy.

Citizenship and religion are bound to react on each other if either amounts to aught. If political life possesses any nobility it must be a menace to evil. It should make vice difficult and iniquity

dangerous. It should do more than wear brass buttons and draw a salary. The city government that can do no more than fill the offices and collect the taxes should be sent to the rear. An administration that depends for its backbone on the approving nod of the populace and the plaudits of those who profit by its knavery, is too weak to be decent, too treacherous to be trusted. On the other hand, what shall be said of the church whose religion is so emasculated that the devil turns away from it with a smile? The pulpit which in this day has no ringing message against municipal corruption is fast asleep. The church that has no power to mold public opinion into hostility to political treachery and municipal rottenness has lost its virility. The gospel that is unable to create a sentiment for righteousness that is as potent at the polls as it is unctuous at the prayer-meeting is little better than a corpse.

Because they have a common goal, because of a mutual need, because life is so constituted that each must react on the other, the bond between religion and citizenship should be as warm and strong as the hand-clasp of Jehu and Jehonadab. How can a man divorce his citizenship and piety? Are they of such character that he can carry one in one pocket and the other in another?

Dr. Dabney was once berating a Virginia lawyer who was also a prominent churchman, for becoming the attorney for a very questionable cause. "Oh, Doctor," said the legal light, "I am

doing this in my professional capacity." "Yes," said the great theologian, "and when your professional capacity is sizzling in perdition, where will your religious capacity be?"

No man can utterly divorce his political views from his religious convictions, if either is a reality. There must be a common meeting ground for the politician and preacher. Where?

Not on the platform of a political party. Not that there is anything degrading in standing there. The vocation of politics is honorable. The ranter who makes politics synonymous with lust for office is likely to be himself a demagogue.

"A statesman," says the Hon. Thos. B. Reed, "is a politician when he is dead."

There are politicians clean of life, sincere of motive, and patriotically devoted to the best interests of the State. If we are to hold that no man can be a politician without besmirching himself, let us relinquish at once all hope of good government.

Nevertheless the preacher cannot become a politician. The church must not espouse the cause of any political party. The party may have a moral issue as a plank in its platform, but the church cannot even for that reason become its champion. The preacher may have his private opinion on political questions. He must, if he thinks at all. But the church cannot subscribe to a political platform, because the power behind it may be un-Christian or anti-Christian. On the

other hand the politician and the preacher cannot strike hands on the basis of an ecclesiastical creed. The State cannot espouse the cause of any religious denomination. Not that the State is to be godless or politics irreligious, but because religion was never meant to fight its battles by the might of political favor. The church cannot become partisan and the State cannot become sectarian. How, then, shall they ever get together?

Just as Jehu and Jehonadab got together. Both were royal men. Jehu's heart was right. It was hot against iniquity and idolatry. Jehonadab's heart was right. It was hot against the same things. Their motive was the same. They were afire with a common indignation. Hence they joined hands and fought a common foe. Their meeting place was the heart, the citadel of the life. On the surface Jehu was a soldier and Jehonadab a priest, but beneath the surface, at the heart's center, both were true men. In calling, Jehu was a politician and Jehonadab a preacher, but in the citadel of the life, where conviction reigns, politician and preacher were one. Their manhood was forged by the same smith, on the same anvil, from the same bar.

There is the meeting place. Does this seem hazy, impracticable? Does one say, "Better a few ballots than all your experience meetings"? But such experience meetings as this make ballots, and that, too, of the right kind. Note a

few things which this sort of confederation would bring about.

It would mean good men for public office, for politics would then be dominated by conviction rather than by party fealty, and the sway of conscience would be mightier than the dominion of the party lash. There is little danger of any political heresy wrecking the country so long as public men are honest and upright. If such legislation is ever enacted, it will not be because the representatives of the people lack brains. It will be because they lack character.

We must have public men of clean lives and as clean motives. A man who will stoop to a trick will never make a trustworthy statesman. We cannot afford to elevate to positions of public honor any man whose private life incarnates some glaring vice or whose conscience is at the call of any lure. We must have the best and it will mark the dawn of the millennium in politics when character, irreproachable private life, and stainless honor, count for more in a candidate's favor than devotion to a political party.

It will mean, again, a citizenship that is interested and progressive. It is a fact that many good men take no part in public affairs, save to growl. They do not vote. They say the business is too rotten for them to touch; and why so rotten? Because your ideal citizen is too indifferent to cast a ballot in favor of civic soundness. In the meanwhile the slugger from the slums, who votes

early and often, beats in the final count. "What do you think of the foreign-born Irishman who votes twice in the same day?" was asked of the president of a Northern college.

"I think more of him than of the native-born American who does not vote at all," was the laconic reply. Not to vote in this land is worse than neglecting a privilege. It is shunning a duty, it is shirking a responsibility, it is little short of a crime against one's country.

It will also mean a citizenship inspired and controlled by the highest motives. This is what Jehu meant when he took the Rechabite up into his chariot. He was taking up his moral strength and religious purpose. He was taking up his faith and holy ideals. That is what your practical politician needs—an ideal. It is better to be defeated at the polls than to carry an election by fraud. The truth is, that an election carried by fraud will prove a defeat in the long run.

"Our politics is in heaven," wrote the apostle, by which he meant, among other things, that the citizen is to get his ideals from on high, until there shall be produced a political life which, after He has scrutinized it with the blazing searchlight of heaven, God can pronounce "whole." It means a religion that believes in municipal purity as much as in temple sanctity. "God is in his holy temple." Yes, to be sure he is. God is in the church and Sabbath-schools. God is in the world on Sunday. But God is also in the

court-room, the legislative hall, and at the ballot box if only one has faith to see him. God may be in the world on election day as well as Sundays. God is not some monk-divinity dwelling in a cloister heaven. God is a ruler dwelling in the midst of his people, and heaven is a redeemed city coming down from above to earth, in which citizenship shall be so harmoniously attuned to worship that the city shall have no need of a church—"the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

Let religion and citizenship strike hands in the chariot of royal manhood. Let preacher and politician be mutually helpful rather than mutually distrustful. There is enough to fill our hands and more. Laws are laxly administered and iniquities flourish which are the standing and everlasting foes of everything that is sweet and good. As darkness falls upon the city, vice swarms forth from its hiding place in the under world. Every now and then some dead body is tossed up on the sea of the city's sin, whose ghastly face of soulless despair shocks society for a day, and the sensation passes. God give us a citizenship that will say that a clearer day must come in the political life of the nation.

"Where shall we find the man to guide the state,
Like skillful mariner who knows the seas,
The rocks, the shoals—and steers his ship with
ease,

Past dangers that are looming near and great,
Or like an ambushed foe, in silence wait,—
Who holds his constant crew in duty bound,
Nor spares himself to keep his vessel sound,
But meets with equal mind unequal fate?

“A leader such as this must be a man!
Honest in purpose, pure in life and thought,
Free from mere party rule; in danger's hour,
Strong to put forth and furnish all he can
For others' good; nor willing to be bought
By any love of wealth, or praise, or power.”

Manhood must dominate party fealty. Good men must confederate, regardless of political expediency. Wherever one drives, with the fury of God against evil, in the whirl of his chariot wheels, let the people hail him as the nomination of the Almighty.

Whenever the voice of a stout-hearted, clear-lived, incorruptible, royal man rings out, “Is thine heart right as my heart is with thy heart?” let every lover of righteousness speak prompt, “It is,” and stepping up into the chariot of citizenship, drive down upon sin, baring the double-edged sword of municipal law and religious zeal against every infamy that makes a nation weak or an age inglorious.

CHAPTER XVII

THE TOMB OF HYPOCRISY

*"And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."*

—Shakespeare in Richard III.

Hypocrisy not only discrowns but destroys royal manhood. It is a word with a mean sound and a worse significance. The figure it conjures is neither comely nor commanding. The Great Teacher exhausted the possibilities of language in the effort to anathematize hypocrisy. No denunciation was too severe, no ridicule too scathing, no sarcasm too biting. He compared the hypocrite to a tomb whose white walls shone dazzlingly in the glory of the sunlight, but within whose vaulted gloom lay the shame and weakness, the corruption and decay of helpless, pitiable, loathsome death.

Hypocrisy is an acted lie. It is deception in its worst form. It speaks with the voice of sanctity and wears the mask of devotion, but it is false to the heart's center. It is deception for the express purpose of seeming to be free from deception. Its sanctity is simulated and its virtues are all fictitious.

The hypocrite is the basest counterfeit that circulates in the mart of life. He may escape exposure, but that does not save his soul. He is the embodiment of fraud. Nothing worse can be said of any mortal than this—"He is a hypocrite."

That touches the deepest, blackest depths of depravity. Profanity, drunkenness, adultery must be given higher places in the category of human frailty and transgression. Let one be honest at all hazards. We may have some respect for the villain, who pretends to be nothing more than a villain, but for the scoundrel who tries to pose as saint, we can have only unutterable contempt.

Hypocrisy is cosmopolitan. It enters all ranks, plies all trades, dwells in all climes. Society has its hypocrites; shallow, superficial, silly hypocrites, whose thin veneer but ill conceals the sham beneath. There are hypocrites in the political world; unreliable, inconstant, weather-vane politicians; nickel-plated statesmen, whose convictions are weak by nature and exhausted by cultivation.

There are hypocrites in business life, tricky tradesters, whose duplicity is equal to the emergency, and whose readiness to make a contract is exceeded only by their facility in breaking it.

Then, perhaps worst of all, there are religious hypocrites. We must define between religion and Christianity. They are by no means the

same. One may be very religious and in no sense a Christian. Paul found the Athenians "too religious." James says: "If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

One trouble with much of our church life is that it is religious, but not Christian; devout, but not spiritual; ritualistic, but not experimental. Hence there may be such a thing as religious hypocrisy.

No one can deny the fact that sometimes a knave gets dressed up in church uniform, and poses as the Lord's representative; while all the time his heart is black and his deeds infamous. Now and then some awful disclosure reveals the double life of the religious hypocrite. And yet when one falls it is not always true that he is a hypocrite. The best of men may be overtaken by sudden temptation. An old minister was found intoxicated. The physician had prescribed liquor for physical weakness, and the aged preacher had gone beyond his limit. But drunk as he was, he was no hypocrite. Hypocrisy is cool, calculating villainy. It wears piety as a mask. It lacks principle and conviction. It is fair outside, but throw it down on the hard floor of trial and sacrifice, and instead of the clear ring of true coin, there is the dull thud of base metal.

It is inevitable that the church should be afflicted with some of these. Church authorities are not

omniscient. Besides, everything good is counterfeited. Why should Christianity escape?

The twenty-third chapter of Matthew's gospel contains Christ's sermon on religious hypocrisy. It is a stereopticon lecture in which various types of religious hypocrites are presented.

First, there is the avaricious hypocrite. He devours widows' houses, and for a pretense makes long prayers. He is devout but covetous. He sells out his manhood for money. He is devotional, but usurious. He may have a holy tone and a skewed-up expression of face, but he needs to be watched in trade. This is the most common form of hypocrisy. It heads the list. Nowhere does the rotten inside of a sham life reveal itself so unmistakably as when a dollar is at stake. In the wrestle for shekels people are what they are rather than what they seem. What does Christ say of this class? "They shall receive the greater damnation."

Next is the proselyting hypocrite, who compasses sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, becomes two-fold more the child of hell. The proselyter imagines that religion is an affair of names and dates and rites. He cares little for the soul, but much for the title. He reduces religion to a theological logomachy. Let a parrot be able to recite his creed, and the fowl becomes fit for the kingdom of heaven. What does Christ say of the proselyting hypocrite? He calls him a fool. He lacks sense.

His religion does not come within a thousand leagues of saving piety.

If God were the sort of deity that comes down to fight for the miserable scraps about which the proselyter contends, we would not only cease to worship him,—we would cease to respect him. Proselyters are pygmies fighting over a single grain of sand, while the untouched beach stretches its limitless miles of gold to right and left.

The next slide reveals the formalist hypocrite. He tithes mint, anise and cummin, and regards himself as a saint. He neglects judgment, mercy and faith, but gives himself no concern for the neglect. Why should he? Doesn't his name head the subscription list? Is not that passport enough to heaven? He is a hard man, punctilious in the outward demands of religion, but utterly lacking in its spirit. He pays his pew rent, but is known as a merciless collector; and his business companions say that if heaven is to be populated with such as he, they prefer to travel in the opposite direction.

Beside the formalist is placed the self-indulgent hypocrite. He is outwardly circumspect and smiling, making clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within, full of extortion and excess. He is an agreeable sort of an old fraud, and passes as decent, but get on the inside and the hypocrite appears. He is the sort of man that lives luxuriously himself, and denounces the

church for extravagance. Seated in his comfortable home with rich carpets on the floor, expensive pictures on the wall, and servants galore, he proceeds with merciless criticism to pick to pieces the missionaries who have left all to tell the lost of Jesus' love.

The series is completed with the sanctimonious hypocrite. He is the worst of all. He builds the tombs of the prophets and garnishes the sepulchers of the righteous, and says: "If we had been in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets." This sanctimonious sham is a tomb builder, a sepulcher garnisher, a post mortem benefactor. He is deaf to the cries of starving children, but mighty kind to the dead. The people he helps are all in the graveyard. He wears upon himself the general air of holier-than-thou. Drawing down the corners of his mouth, and looking as though suffering from inward pain, he crosses his hands upon his breast and announces, "I am sanctified." He is a hypocrite. It is the worst sort of a sign when a man begins to think himself holier than his fellows. "I'm sanctified," said a man to Mr. Moody one day. "I'll have to ask your wife about it before I believe it," was the reply. Moses wist not that his face shone.

Genuine goodness is always unconscious of itself. What does Christ say of sanctimoniousness? What is his verdict against these graveyard frauds? He empties the vials of his indignation

upon them. "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! How can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

Religious hypocrisy is the garb of empty worship clothing the sordid greed of avarice. It is the bigotry of ignorant zeal concealing the coarse fiber of the proselyter. It is the ritualism of soulless devotion veiling the gaunt and ugly nakedness of formalism. It is the criticism of the ecclesiastical fault-finder diverting attention from his own sinful extravagance and selfish indulgence. It is the groan of the sanctimonious whiner trying to imitate the voice of a lamb with the nicker of a goat. The religious hypocrite is he who is whitewashed with orthodoxy but guilty of impurity, galvanized with activity but repudiating common obligations, veneered with sanctimoniousness but notorious as a note-shaver.

"He was a man

Who stole the livery of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in; in virtue's guise,
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread;
In holy phrase transacted villainies
That common sinners durst not meddle with.

At sacred feast he sat among the saints,
And with his guilty hands touched holiest things,
And none of sin lamented more, or sighed
More deeply, or with graver countenance,
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,

Whose infant children, at the moment, he
Planned how to rob.

In style he bought,
And sold, and lied. And salutations made
In Scripture terms; he prayed by quantity,
And with his repetitions long and loud,
All knees were weary; with one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.

On charitable lists—those trumps which told
The public ear who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of, took themselves to keep them
sounding—
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there
Than in the book of life.

Seest thou the man!
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrewed! And yet few were
deceived,
His virtues being overdone, his face
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities
Too pompously attended, and his speech,
Larded too frequently, and out of time,
With serious phraseology—were rents
That in his garments opened in spite of him,
Through which the well accustomed eye could see
The rottenness of his heart.

None deeper blushed,
 As in the all-piercing light he stood exposed,
 No longer herding with the holy ones;
 Yet still he tried to bring his countenance
 To sanctimonious seeming; but meanwhile,
 The shame within, now visible to all,
 His purpose balked; the righteous smiled, and
 even

Despair itself some signs of laughter gave,
 As ineffectually he strove to wipe
 His brow, that inward guiltiness defiled.

Detected wretch! of all the reprobate
 None seemed maturer for the flames of hell,
 Where still his face, from ancient custom, wears
 A holy air, which says to all that pass
 Him by, 'I was a hypocrite on earth!' '*

Religious hypocrisy is hypocrisy living in the very atmosphere that is supposed to stifle hypocrisy. If people are not honest in religion, will they be honest anywhere? If one is false when the eye of God is on him, he is not likely to be otherwise when only his fellow men are to be considered.

The world demands that the church be clean and sincere. It says that hypocrisy may be tolerated anywhere easier than there. This is the world's tribute to religion, and voices the common faith of man in the divine character of Christianity.

* Robert Pollok.

Perhaps nothing does more to discredit the gospel in the eyes of the world than hypocritical professors. The church can survive a great deal. It thrives on poverty and persecution. It easily survives misrepresentation and abuse; but it cannot afford to be false. That means that it has lost its own soul and repudiated itself. Hypocrisy is argument enough for hell somewhere in the universe. It must be burned up.

The life that has committed treason against God by counterfeiting the coin of his realm must go to the prison house of lost souls. The man who has led a life which in its every breath and pulse has been a lie must not be permitted to enter heaven.

Religion must be solid masonry; no stone front and brick back affair. It must be as honest in the dark as in the light; as good in obscurity as in publicity, as faithful when alone as when all the world is looking on.

The only kingdom worth building is the kingdom of character. The subjects of that kingdom are not those whose only grace is to cry, "Lord, Lord," but faithful, conscientious men and women who strive to be rather than to seem, and whose thoughts and words and deeds can stand the searching scrutiny of broad daylight and ring true in every test.

CHAPTER XVIII

LIFE'S LOST CAUSES

*"They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who losing have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget."*

—Jean Ingelow.

"My life has been a failure." Such is the finale of many a career whose dawn was all aflame with promise.

The goal is fixed, and through the weary years of toil and struggle a man presses with all his strength and purpose toward the goal, only to fall short of its attainment. Life is full of bitter disappointments, and the chamber of memory is furnished with regrets.

What of life's lost causes? Has one failed because he has not scored the goal? What part do the losses of life play in the career of royal manhood? They may be life's superbest victories, but they wear a disguise. Failures are the hammer strokes of destiny, forging raw existence into living character.

"For life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot in burning fears,

And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the stroke of doom,
For shape and use."

What matters it whether one makes the goal, so long as he makes himself? It is better to be than to have, to live than to last, to achieve manhood than to win success. The leaders of the world have shown that true greatness consists not so much in getting, as in becoming.

Moses' life-dream was to see his people settled in the land of promise. This dream sustained his courage and revived his faith. As he drew nearer the realization of his ideal the desire to see Canaan was intensified. It became his grand passion. "Let me go over," he cries out to God; "let me go over and see that goodly land"—as though one glimpse of Canaan would atone for all the weary years of sacrifice and struggle.

Moses' dream was to remain unfulfilled, his ideal unrealized, his goal unreachd. God gave him much, but on the very verge of fulfilment God said: "Pause." As he was all but ready to take the single day's journey that would carry him across the border, God said: "Go up and die." There is an indescribable pathos about it all. It was like a swimmer who battles through the surge and drowns within touch of land, like a ship that has made its long voyage but is wrecked in sight of the harbor lights.

Moses failed of his ideal, and his cause is numbered with the lost causes.

Nevertheless, as we look back upon it now, it was not lost in the highest sense. The summons to death was also a summons to life. The years of dreary battle and hot marching were not in vain. They made a man. They left their impress upon Moses' life and character. They created a hunger in his heart which the earthly Canaan could never satisfy, but which was satisfied somewhere. It was more important for the old Israelite to reach God-like character than a land flowing with milk and honey. This he did through those years of struggle. He lost his cause but gained himself. He did not see, but he became. Therefore, when he lay down upon the rugged summit of lonely Nebo it was to fall into a sleep whose waking was upon an everlasting inheritance.

The story of human life is that of dreams unfulfilled, ideals unrealized, goals unattained. We journey for a lifetime toward something we have never seen. Youth steps forth with ambition beating high, and paints its conception of life in the colors of the dawn. Days of fierce heat beat down and nights of chill close in. There is disappointment and failure. At last the voice that cannot be resisted, says, "Go up and die," and another human life passes beyond the curtain, its dreams unrealized.

This is the pathos of life; always striving, yet

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never attaining; full of aspiration, empty of achievement. In a large way life is like the story which the old nurse used to pour into our eager, childish ears, of the fabulous pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Nevertheless, in all this, is there not a suggestion that life's true mission does not consist in reaching the goal? One has not failed, because he has failed to achieve his ideal. Ideals are not worth less because unfulfilled. We must not count them vague and shadowy because we never hold them in our hands nor dissolve them into our deeds.

Life is crowned by its lost causes, for a cause that has enlisted noblest powers, evoked highest endeavors, won love, consecrated and commanded bravery, patriotism, self-sacrifice, can never be utterly lost. Time may say to it, "Go up and die," but it will be a call to the mountain-top again. In the summons to death there will be found larger life. It will mean only a grander fulfilment of the dream, a larger realization of the ideal, the substitution of heaven for Canaan, and of the angelic choir for the clangor of camp and the strife of battle.

Thus life's lost causes become life's divinest achievements. The death call becomes an invitation to a summit whose privileged altitude lifts high, and whose vision is blessed with mountains beautiful and plains celestial, whose charm and worth far transcend the brightest pictures of our dreams.

This is true because growth rather than goal is life's true destination. He has a low conception of life whose ambition is satisfied with some place he can fill. The ideal that can be contained and is satisfied with name and place is lean. What one is, is of more value than what he has. Truth teaches us to be rather than to get. Growth of thought, soul-stature, character, development, are the great things. Ideals help us on to this. They evoke and uplift. We tend to become that after which we aspire.

Suppose the goal is never reached, is the work a failure? One has grown if he has not obtained. He has become if he has not possessed. That is everything. What matters it as to the pot of gold, if search for the fabulous treasure has developed what is beyond the power of all gold to purchase?

Therefore, let the ideal abide even if it is never reached. Let it be high and live across a mystic stream which never can be passed. Dream after the unattainable. Strive after the impossible. This is the divine motive.

Life's lost causes are transfigured, because discipline rather than success is the great need of life. What the ore in the mountain needs most is not a market, but flame and forge and hammer stroke with which to make itself into steel.

Struggle is essential to strength. If nature would grow a pumpkin, she lets the thing lie

close down in the lap of earth, and covers it over with broad leaves and surrounds it with rank vegetation. Thus sheltered from wind and sun there is nothing for the lump of pulp to do but vegetate. When nature wants to grow an oak tree, she makes the sapling stand forth in the open, bare its life to all the storms of heaven and bend its strength against every wind that blows. Thus the oak acquires fiber, and grows into the forest's pride. There are pumpkin-made men, and there are men with the strength of the oak in their frame.

For the making of royal manhood discipline is far more necessary than success.

Suppose in the midst of discipline one has been reduced to beggary, has he failed? If in the turmoil of life his heart has been scarred with sorrow, his forehead seamed with care, his shoulders bent with many burdens, still if the heart of the great oak be within him, and the stiffness of steel in the fiber of his life, he has not suffered loss.

In the old Virginia town of Alexandria there is a monument erected to the memory of the Confederate private. It is entitled "Appomattox." On a granite base stands an heroic figure in bronze. The face is sad but determined. The pose expresses weariness and dejection. The uniform of the soldier is still there, but there are no arms. Lee has surrendered, and this man, who has fought his last battle and lost, has turned

his face southward toward his ruined home and his desolate country. There is no more striking and eloquent memorial of the lost cause than this mute statue of the Confederate private. As one stands before the figure and comprehends the conception of the sculptor he involuntarily uncovers his head in reverence. What difference does it make that the issue of war has gone against him. He still possesses all that is of worth in manhood. Were he returning flushed with victory, enriched with the spoils of battle, to an estate not annihilated but enhanced by the results of war, he could be no greater than he is now in his loneliness, dejection and poverty. He has endured discipline and achieved heroism.

Among the treasures that are sacredly kept in a certain building is an old overcoat whose color is faded, and whose skirts are ragged and worn, but around which there gathers a story of heroism and devotion to duty as sublime as ever held the rapt attention of an admiring auditor. The old coat was sent by an ex-chaplain of the Northern Army to the editor of the Confederate Veteran. It would not bring a farthing for trade, but its price is above rubies for patriotism, and like Elijah's mantle of old, the spirit of the mighty dwells within it. It was the overcoat worn by the young Tennessee hero, Samuel Davis, on the day of his execution. Arrested, convicted as a spy, and sentenced to be hanged, he was offered pardon and a safe escort home if he would reveal

the name of the man who had given him certain papers found upon his person. He was young and life was full of promise, but he mounted the steps to the scaffold without a tremor, and to the earnest entreaty of his captors, said:

"I had rather die a thousand times than betray my trust."

The young hero died with his life dream unfulfilled, but no hangman's noose can throttle such dauntless valor. It goes marching on, commanding the adoration alike of friend and foe.

Once a year in some Southern city a strange and thrilling sight is witnessed. The cause which the Southern heart still sings and which we have come to call "the lost cause," is to the fore. The tattered remnants of an army as noble as was ever marshaled, march through the city's gates to be the welcome guests of all the people. With all the land's approval of her hospitality the city takes to the best her hearts and homes can offer, these veteran soldiers of the lost cause.

Dressed in their gray regimentals, they march through the streets with the strains of Dixie vibrant in the air. As the people watch and listen the tears spring to their eyes and their shouts storm the sky with loud acclaim. Comrade greets comrade. The past lives in the present. The story of immortal campaigns is told by those whose knightly valor made them immortal. And all of this for love of a cause that is lost, of a flag

that is but a memory, of a nation whose only territory is a name.

The South is not disloyal. Since sons from Southern homes have died side by side with sons from Northern homes in the trenches before Santiago, fighting for the glory of the stars and stripes, the South's loyalty may not be questioned.

But the South loves to linger, now and then, adoringly over the memory of her gallant sons whose heroism so transfigured "the lost cause" that it never can be lost as long as men preach patriotism, glorify valor and worship sacrifice. That period of struggle was a period of discipline. It was providence placing the idle ore in flame and forge. God said, "Go up and die," but already the South has learned that the summons to death was also a summons to life. It was a call to transformation rather than to a grave, and so lying down on the rugged summit of her defeat and despair she is awakening to a future whose glory, while it may not eclipse, will certainly not shame the past.

Thus life's lost causes become life's divinest achievements when glorified by a noble purpose and served by unselfish devotion. As history unfolds, all this becomes plain. We lie down on rugged summits and awake in glory everlasting.

The ideals of a lost cause survive the issue of battle and the hour of apparent defeat. Majorities cannot touch these ideals. Majorities can decide pending conflicts, alter conditions, shape

the rough externals of life; but a majority fiat can never touch the spirit.

Ideals survive the hour of defeat. His enemies could nail Christ to the cross, but they could not quench the ideals he embodied. Tissot has a wonderful picture of the face of Christ. The brow is crowned with thorns, the countenance is marred beyond the power of words to describe, the visage is haggard with the weariness of battle, but the eyes shine with the light of victory, and are aflame with a glory that is invincible.

The cause of the Cross seemed to be a lost cause, as the darkness fell on the great tragedy of Calvary; but out of what seemed Golgotha's irretrievable defeat has come the world's only and eternal hope.

The ideal is the great thing. Let the symbol perish if only the ideal survive. The great thing in the picture is not the price it may bring in the market, but the thought in the soul which you endeavor to make live on the canvas. That is the ideal. The niggardly market cannot touch that. As long as that lives one is an artist, whether his income be a million a year or—penury.

The virtues which a lost cause has created and consecrated can never be lost. They are, if the cause be noble, such virtues as bravery, patriotism, self-sacrifice, loyalty to duty. These are great, whatever cause they serve. Suppose the cause which enlists them goes down in defeat, they survive. Bravery has not lost its soul because it

dwells in the breast of the vanquished. Self-sacrifice is not dishonored because it is crucified on the cross. Patriotism is not dead because its children are in the minority. These virtues survive all battlefields. The issue of battle is only an incident. Let success fall which way it may it cannot change character. Better to incarnate these virtues than to win all battles, for they live on after the storm of conflict, and have power to beget their kind. The patriotism that has power to kindle itself in other souls and warm its cause in the heart glow of succeeding generations can never be accounted lost.

After all, this life of lost causes is but preparation. We must throw the future into the perspective. The incidents of life have more about them than the present. All the ages gather around them. Destiny is to speak a word over the lost causes of earth. Then it will appear that what we retain is not what we have acquired, but what we have become.

Because of all this men may glorify their lost causes. In them there is something to recall, to reverence, to worship. The worst is not to fail, but to fail and be ashamed to recall the failure. But a lost cause whose memory fires the heart, mantles the cheek with pride and makes all that is great and glorious in manhood and womanhood surge to the front, can never be a calamity. It is a priceless treasure, and its splendor is beyond the stars.

"I like the man who faces what he must,
With a step triumphant, and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear,
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust—
That God is God; that somehow true, and just,
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better, with love a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humble lot,
But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

CHAPTER XIX

A MANLY RELIGION

"Let it be not a creed, but an experience; not a restraint, but an inspiration; not an insurance for the next, but a program for the present world." —Stalker.

A manly religion must be free from cant on the one hand, and from bigotry on the other. It must live in the sunshine and fight shy of professional sanctimoniousness. It must be able to respect itself before ever it can hope to command the respect of others. Its philanthropy must do more than grow maudlin over misery and tearful over trials. It must have more than a rule for its guidance, and a dogma for its faith. As Dr. Stalker suggests, it must be experience, inspiration, and program for the present world.

Nevertheless his summary states but one side of the truth. Let it read this way:

A manly religion must be not only a creed but an experience; not only a restraint but an inspiration; not only an insurance for the next but a program for the present world.

Religion touches three realms of life—consciousness, conduct and destiny.

In the realm of consciousness, a manly religion is not only a creed, but an experience. In the

realm of conduct, it is not only a restraint, but an inspiration. In the realm of destiny, it is not only an insurance for the next, but a program for the present world.

A manly religion is not only a creed, but an experience. It is certainly a creed. Think of having a religion without a creed. Think of trying to believe and having nothing to believe in. It would be as easy to nourish an elephant with mist or hang a planet on a moonbeam, as to have a religion without a creed. Creeds are to religion what the bones are to the body, what scaffolding is to a house. They are not life, but they are essential to life, and a vast deal of the minimizing of creeds indulged in, is either palpable absurdity or ecclesiastical demagoguery.

But creeds are nothing new. The world has always had its creeds; not so good, to be sure, in the quality of truths embodied as the creeds of Christendom; but admirable, nevertheless. The dearth of the world has never been a dearth of abstract truth. The main trouble has been that the truth was a thing apart from the life.

A creed is worth nothing by itself. It must be incarnated. It needs to be clothed with flesh and blood. The place to keep it is not on a parchment page or a library shelf, but in the life. That is the glorious thing about Christ. He is divine truth, clothed in flesh and blood. He is heaven's creed, incarnated.

We must do vastly more than hold our creeds.

We must experience them. When Nicodemus came to Christ to inquire the way of life, Jesus said: "Nicodemus, you must be born again. You are a teacher of the Jews and are familiar with religion as a system. It must become your life."

To the woman of Samaria at the well, he said:

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.

What are we to understand by that central and cardinal fact of the new dispensation—the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the believer's life—if it be not that our creeds are to become our experience, and our truths to pulsate with our own life-beat?

Here is the mistake too often made. It has been deemed sufficient to stop with an orthodox subscription.

Ecclesiastical machinery has been substituted for Holy Ghost energy. Pleasurable emotions and approval of pious efforts have been mistaken for regenerated life. Many a man will applaud to the echo Daniel's allegiance, but will not make the first effort to live Daniel's life. That is not Christianity. It is only baptized paganism. You cannot make a lawyer out of a ream of legal cap and a copy of the State code. You cannot make a physician out of a box of pills and a case of surgical instruments. You

cannot make a merchant out of a show window and a full page advertisement in the Sunday morning paper. Neither can you make a Christian out of the Shorter Catechism and the Prayer Book.

True religion is an experience. It is God in the life. It is not so much copying after Christ as it is having Christ formed within you, the hope of glory. The denominational name is not the great thing. The experience is the same for all churches. What makes a Christian in the Presbyterian Church, is precisely the same that makes a Christian in the Baptist, Methodist or Episcopal Church. It is the experience of God's life. The trouble too often is that we lift our denominationalism into undue importance. Men come into contact with our ordinances and forms, and are made Church-men. We need Christians rather than Church-men. It were as easy for a boy to become an astronomer by looking through a telescope, as for one to become a Christian by subscribing to a creed.

Wanted—A religion that is not only a creed but an experience, a religion that incarnates its convictions, until its truths pulsate with the heart-throb of its own being.

A manly religion is not only a restraint, but an inspiration.

It is certainly a restraint. It is manifestly a poor religion that does not put fetters on vice, and curb unholy appetites. The gospel frowns down

all that is sinful, saying to every disciple: "Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good." Calvary is not in conflict with Sinai. Christ came not to destroy but to fulfil the law.

"In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The ten commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing."

But there are numbers who stop here. Their piety exhausts itself with a restraint. They regard religion as a pruning knife whose only mission is to lop off their excesses and probe their debaucheries. If you ask them what it means to be a Christian, they will tell you that it means not to do so and so. They dwell much on what they must surrender. It is a dreary prospect which confronts them—sacrifice, self-denial, Puritanism.

Christ moved away beyond that. He substituted the "Thou shalt," for the "Thou shalt not," and taught that religion was to be a restraint, to be sure, but a restraint only because it had become a glorious inspiration. He puts a spring in the step, and a song in the heart of all those who follow him, when he says: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Here is a black abyss of awful danger, and yonder is a man running from it with all his might. You do not need to build a barrier to keep him from toppling over the brink into that black pit of horrors.

His safety is in that which speeds him in the other direction. There are Christians who crawl as near to the brink of the non-permissible as possible, and who think that the gospel's mission is to exercise some sort of restraint that will keep them from falling quite over. The true Christian needs no such restraint. His face fronts away from evil. He is running God-ward with all his might. His inspiration is his restraint.

Religion was never intended to be an incubus to life. We have trouble enough without making our faith an additional burden. The gospel is intended to help us front life's duties with courage, endure its misfortunes with serenity, surmount its obstacles with hope, and achieve its victories with humility. What an unspeakable blunder to quench all this with the dismal creed that one's piety is as potent as it is somber, and that glory and gloom are synonymous!

True religion is an inspiration. It curbs the evil by enabling us to fall in love with the good. The religion that would capture the world must be an inspiration. The faith of those heroic souls whose sacrifices and martyrdom have glorified the history of the Church, was not only a restraint, but an inspiration. The men and women who, in far distant heathen lands, amid privation and persecution, proclaim the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ, have for the sustenance of their souls, not a dismal restraint, but a glorious inspiration. If one's religion is to bless the world

he must quit thinking of what he needs to sacrifice. It must be song, not dirge. There must be some magnetism, some glory crown upon it, that will transform defeats into victories.

Wanted—A religion that is not only a restraint but an inspiration; a restraint because an inspiration.

A manly religion is not only an insurance for the next, but a program for the present world.

It is certainly an insurance for the next world. Think of a religion without a hereafter. It is like a kingdom without a monarch, or a nation without citizens, or a ship without a sea on which to sail. Think of religion without the supernatural. It is stark idiocy. A good woman had a skeptical husband. He was troubled about the supernatural. She went to her pastor, and telling him of her husband's spiritual difficulties, asked him to preach a sermon on the "Supernatural." He consented, and did his best in the construction of an elaborate discourse that was to annihilate the most pugnacious skepticism as to the supernatural. Sabbath morning came for the delivery of this masterly piece of pulpit apologetics, and the good woman was there early, and, with her infidel husband, occupied a conspicuous seat in a front pew. Hardly had the text been announced and the preacher gotten well into his introduction when the skeptic dropped his head and started for the land of nod. He slumbered soundly through the entire sermon,

awaking only to catch the flashes of the closing pyrotechnics in the preacher's peroration. The minister left his pulpit that day, a sadder but a wiser man, convinced that the only effect of his sermon on the "Supernatural" had been to make a supernatural fool of himself in attempting to discuss religion with a man who began by denying the existence of the supernatural, without which there can be no religion.

But religion is not all supernatural and hereafter.

It is a mistake to suppose that the gospel is only a scheme by which to dodge hell, or a contrivance by which to get into heaven. Selfishness is none the less damnable because it gets itself baptized with the name of religion. True religion is vastly more than insurance against fire in the world to come—or an endowment policy for the hereafter.

It is chiefly a program for the present. Christ taught this unmistakably. He said something about the hereafter, to be sure, but only enough to assure us that it was there, and that the way to obtain the best there, is to be and do the best here.

When we are converted we are started out on service. We are not to be so much concerned with getting up to heaven as with getting heaven down to earth. All that Christ had to say to the woman taken in adultery was: "Go and sin no more." When Zaccheus was converted, instead of regaling his religious imagination with visions

of the bliss of paradise, he gave half his goods to the poor, and to all whom he had defrauded he restored fourfold. No wonder the people began to ask whether the end of the world was at hand. If a few conversions like that were to take place in any city, the people would begin to suspect that the millennium was just over the hill-top.

The place to find God is in the needy world. Some of us are down on our knees gazing away off into the distant heavens, expecting a celestial vision of the Deity suddenly to break on our sight. God does not appear at that point of the compass.

“A parish priest of austerity
Climbed up in a high church-steeple,
To be near to God, that he might hand
God’s word unto the people.

“And in sermon script he daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven;
And he dropped it down on the people’s
heads
Two times each day in seven.

“In his time, God said, ‘Come down and
die,’
And he cried from out his steeple,
‘Where art thou, Lord?’ and the Lord
replied,
‘Down here among the people.’”

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

Wanted—A religion that is not only an insurance for the next, but a program for the present world, that goes about doing good now, that can change its surplice for a trowel and melt its dogmas into deeds; that founds asylums and hospitals, visits the sick, comforts the disheartened, clothes the naked, and that by thus making this life worth while, makes heaven a surer heritage.

Let religion be all of this and it will need no other defense. There are various evidences for the divine origin of the Christian religion; prophecies, miracles, providences, evidences external and evidences internal. Should there not be in the gospel itself something to certify its divinity? The sun does not need to prove that it shines. It just shines. So, if Christianity is of divine origin, there should be that within it that would ray out the divinity. There is. Let the gospel be itself, and it will need no other apology.

Ninety-nine hundredths of all the attacks made by infidelity are directed against caricatures of Christianity. Men have gone down into their prejudices and preconceived opinions and brought up a conception which they have called the Gospel, and they have attacked that.

Infidelity has taken for granted that Christianity is only a creed, a formula of words, a dry,

dead dogma, and it has pitched into that. Perhaps it has rendered service of some value in exposing mental frauds, and heaping sarcasm on the Pharisaism that professes more than it puts into practice. Christ himself has done as much. But wait until the creed has become an experience. Wait until the truth takes hold of the life, subduing base passions, transforming character, begetting higher ideals; then infidelity's guns are spiked. Let the skeptic himself get an experience of God in his own life, let him form a personal acquaintance with the Almighty, and he will get a conviction of the reality of religion which all the devils of doubt cannot quench.

Infidelity has taken for granted that religion is only a restraint; and it has ridiculed the endless forms, the petty rules, the prayers and liturgies, the sacraments and vestments with which the mortal-fain would fit himself for immortality. But wait until a man's religion becomes an inspiration. Watch it lift him out of selfishness and vice, and send him out to do the best and most self-sacrificing acts. Infidelity has no ridicule for that, and its shaft falls harmless from an unnerved hand.

Again, infidelity has taken for granted that the Gospel is only an insurance for the world to come. It has denounced the *a fortiori* God who brings creatures into existence to be damned; or, after he has done his utmost, can only keep a certain proportion of them out of the torments of

hell-fire. It has branded as infamous the God, who, sitting safe in some distant heaven, sates his greed for adoration on the prayers of his victims, while humanity writhes in the throes of innumerable ills.

But wait until it gets a better conception of God. Wait until infidelity sees divinity, in the person of Jesus Christ, coming down into the lost world to live a life of infinite sympathy and transcendent relief for suffering brothers and sisters. Infidelity cannot criticise that. Then wait until men and women, baptized with the Christ-spirit, go about the same blessed ministry, reaching out helping hands to all around them, and finding God in the beggar at their door and in the paralytic in their hospital. That gospel is not infamous; it is divine! It needs no trumpet blast, for itself is its sufficient vindication. You say you cannot believe in the hereafter. It is far more important that you believe in the now and the here. These are the elements of a manly religion. They clothe Calvary with a perennial rejuvenescence.

Not only a creed, but an experience.

Not only a restraint, but an inspiration,

Not only an insurance for the next, but a program for the present world.

CHAPTER XX

THE DIVINE MAN

*" 'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh,
that I seek*

*In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand like
this hand*

*Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the
Christ stand!"* —Robert Browning.

Jesus Christ was the full embodiment of royal manhood. He is the lofty and inspiring ideal of the best. Criticism finds fault with Christianity's Book, with Christianity's Churches, with Christianity's professors, but criticism is dumb in the majestic presence of Christianity's Christ.

Jesus is faultless. In moral grandeur and personal worth, in precept and practice, in conduct and character, in his attitude toward God and in his attitude toward man, as patriot, preacher, physician and philanthropist, "he is the chiefest among ten thousand," and the "one altogether lovely."*

Christ is the light and glory of the gospel. Everything points to him. The Bible is of value as it reveals him.

* Cant. 5:10,16.

"In the volume of the book it is written of me."* Faith has found no resting place until it reaches him. "Whosoever believeth in me." The church is charged with spiritual power only as it proclaims him. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw . . . "† The believer is cheered and strengthened in his journey and for his conflict as he enjoys the saintly and protecting fellowship of the Christ. "Lo, I am with you alway. . . . All power is given unto me."‡

Not what he did or said, not what he had nor what he promised, but just Christ was and is the gospel.

His personal presence is the transforming power of religion. Not as one subscribes to some creed or conforms to some rule of conduct, not as one embraces some dogma or practices some ritual, but as he takes into his life the Divine Man, Christ Jesus, and submits all to the sovereign sway of that kingly presence, is the unrestful clamor of passion stilled to peace, and the turbulence of selfish strife and discord subdued to perfect calm.

Christ is the same now as always. He has not changed. God paints the portrait of the Divine Man for the twentieth century, and it is the very same portrait he painted for the first century. Not an eyelash is changed, not a feature, nor an expression of countenance. It is the same quiet,

* Ps. 40:7.

† Jno. 12:32.

‡ Matt. 28:18-20.

patient, compassionate, majestic friend, with the Galilean hills in the background, and the fisherman's lake at his feet, with a light such as never shone on land or sky upon his brow, and with words such as never man spake on his lips. The hungry, needy multitudes press about him. They bring their sick and dying and lay them at his feet. They tell him their sorrows, and show him their sins and deformities.

For all, he has love and help and hope. That was Christ, two millenniums ago. It is the same Christ that sits on the throne of manhood as the dawn of the twentieth century breaks upon the world. We have outgrown everything but Christ.

Isn't it a bit strange? Art, literature, philosophy, theology, statesmanship, science, civilization have made colossal strides forward, but Jesus stands just where he did two thousand years ago, and the world is still at his feet.

Why is it? The Gospel is an old story, the preacher's sermon is an old message, religion is an old song, and yet the heart of the race stops to listen, and ever and anon some soul, mantling with the light of Calvary's glory, rises up to confess that the old song has brought the new life.

Christ is the same because Christ is the best. There is no progress beyond him. He is all the heart longs for.

We are "complete in him." He reveals in himself what we ought to be. He shows us in the

conspicuous and undimmed glory of his own personality what royal manhood is in its divinest revelation, and then somehow he helps us to be what we see.

The religion of imperial manhood is the religion of Jesus. What is needed is not the Ten Commandments in stone nor the golden rule in gold, but both embodied in the living person of the Divine Man.

If one would achieve royal manhood, he must let the will of Jesus be the supreme rule of life. The highest test of Christian discipleship is not the doctrinal, nor the liturgical, nor the historical, nor the educational. It is the will of Jesus Christ.

Some never get beyond precedent, others stop short at prejudice, while still others dare not go one step ahead of public opinion. Often Christ reversed precedent, rebuked prejudice, and denounced public opinion. Any true man will frequently find himself under the same necessity.

Manhood can endure the loss of everything but its inspiring ideal—the Divine Man.

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him,"* was the cry of agony wrung from the heart of Mary Magdalene as she stood weeping at the door of the empty sepulcher.

Jesus had been everything to her. She had loved him with the intense and passionate

* Jno. 20:13.

devotion of her life—loved him for what he was rather than for what he had done or could do. She did not love him merely because he could work mighty miracles and preach great sermons and gather a crowd. Doubtless she would have loved him had he never worked a miracle, nor preached a sermon, nor had a crowd. There was a personal element in her devotion to Jesus. He had revealed her to herself.

The crucifixion was the great sorrow of her life; but there remained the melancholy comfort of visiting the Savior's tomb. Now even that is taken from her, and it is the despair of all but a broken heart that sobs out: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

The last ray of light has gone out in the darkness. The last shred that kept her in from despair is severed and she is drifting out into a night whose air is chilling and whose sky has no stars.

Just there Mary Magdalene represents those who have had Jesus and lost him. One may exercise faith, and experience love, and cherish hope, and then lose the joy of it all. He may climb out of the swamps and through the mists and beyond the clouds to a lofty summit peak, where breaks upon his vision the unclouded face of the King, and then somehow he may lose the glory of that transfiguration hour until, with faith in eclipse, he shall wander down again into the dreary night.

There is no more pathetic figure than this of a life that has seen Christ and lost the vision. Once there was peace and joy, once there was the divinity of communion with God, and the victory of answered prayer, but into this latest garden of Eden the old serpent of doubt makes its way and, with devilish insinuations and damning suggestions, wrecks the soul's happiness until once more Edenic happiness becomes a memory and paradise a dream.

A man has no greater enemy than that which robs him of Christ. The way to meet doubt is not with the smile of approval and the pose of tolerance, but with the sword of opposition and the battery of denunciation.

This does not imply that one has any doubt of Christ's divinity. The fear is not that Christianity will be overthrown and Christ destroyed. The gospel can take care of itself. It has stood too long and successfully fought down too much opposition for any uneasiness to be entertained as to the final outcome.

One need not fear for Christ; but he needs to fear for himself. There are books which it is best not to read, for no other reason than their tendency to weaken faith in Christ. There are lectures it is wisest not to patronize. There are pleas for infidelity it is the part of reason never to consider. Why? Because they assail the hope of life and take away the Lord. They destroy our ideal.

When some vile tongue of slander attacks the fair name of mother, shall a son suspend his judgment as to his mother's virtue and goodness, and consent to sit on a jury of investigation to ascertain whether or not the charge be true? Will he not rather brand it as a lie at once? He has experienced his mother's purity of heart and life. It was at her knee that he learned his first lessons of God and received those impressions which have been to him, in times of temptation, as a light in the darkness and a haven in storm. He knows, without an investigation, and his soul is afire with indignation when falsehood tries to blacken the white soul and angel life of mother.

Shall less be said for Jesus, when unbelief would cast a cloud upon his divinity or charge him with imposture? Shall the soul that has caught its glimpse of heaven through that holy, radiant life, consent to suspend judgment until all the enemies of Christianity have stated their objections? It is not necessary. Faith has experienced Christ's divinity and knows. That experimental knowledge is a Gibraltar against which all the batteries of infidelity are hopeless.

For faith to suspend judgment as to the claims and character of Christ until his enemies have made their utmost plea is not toleration, but treason. And yet it is just this which is demanded of the Christian, before he may clear himself of the charge of narrowness and bigotry.

Suppose that during those memorable weeks when the American fleet waited off Santiago de Cuba for its chance to destroy the Spanish squadron, Acting Rear Admiral Sampson had steamed into the harbor one day, and dropping anchor within easy range of the Spanish warships, had given Admiral Cervera the opportunity of turning loose all his guns upon the American warships, that it might be known whether or not the Spanish shells could destroy the American fleet.

It is a similar course advocated by infidelity. But the common-sense of the world would pronounce it idiotic, and the United States would deal with it as treason.

Christianity does not beg for special favors. Christ takes his stand in the open. He lived an exposed life, and the book which reveals him welcomes all the light that can be poured upon its pages. At the same time it is simple justice to demand that he who proposes to investigate Christianity shall give his attention to its evidences rather than to its objections, to its sources rather than to its critics, to itself rather than to its caricatures.

Let one study the Bible. Let him scan the history of the church, let him consider the system of Christian truth. Yea, let him come into the matchless presence of the personal Christ, and confront all that is incarnated and revealed in the divine manhood of the Savior. He will find the

sky becoming clear and cloudless overhead, while the foundation beneath will stand firm as the everlasting hills.

The condemnation of some things that seek a following is that they take from us our Christ. They have some truth. They inculcate much that is beautiful and worthy. They set forth many admirable maxims, and advocate not a few noble virtues. But if you let them have full sway with your life, by and by you will find yourself standing dreary and cheerless, with the shadows deepening on every side, and within the heart the agony of a great despair and the sense of an awful loss which sobs out the cry of its pain, as it exclaims: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

Spiritualism has some truth, to be sure. Who is it that would not hail with joy some tidings from a loved one that has passed beyond the shadow? Nevertheless the suspicion may be entertained that if it be permitted the inhabitants of the spirit-world to communicate with their dear ones who are still in the flesh, a way may be found without the aid of darkness and without the services of a paid professional medium. But waive, if you please, all the complaints that can be justly lodged against spiritualism, and follow it to the end. What has it done for you? It has given you the inarticulate suggestions of some elusive ghost, the vapid platitudes of some

phantom spirit, and taken from you the living word of the living and eternal Lord.

Christian Science unquestionably has a great truth at its center. It is the fact that the state of mind has much to do with the condition of the body; so much so that in certain nervous troubles, a cure can best be wrought by the mind asserting its sovereignty over matter. But this is nothing new. Medical science was familiar with it and used it long before Christian science set up a system which is neither Christian nor science. It is, however, a tremendous leap from this simple fact that the state of mind influences the condition of the body to the amazing postulate that all suffering is imaginary. Christian science denies the personality of God and pronounces the sufferings of Christ on Calvary unreal. It takes away the glorious personality of the Lord and proposes to substitute therefor a theory of human pain.

Theosophy speaks volumes and looks wise. It pretends to represent all that was ever good and to create all that can ever be great. It stands one knee-deep in mud, and surrounding him with an impenetrable fog, bids him believe that he is in heaven. What can theosophy do for the life? It can mystify faith and blot Christ from the sky.

For all its learned jugglery of unpronounceable names and pompous affectation of philosophical profundity, it is as empty as a wind bag, and in the storm hours of life as worthless to the soul as a jib sail to a modern man-of-war.

Christ alone can make life strong. He has pity on what we are, he reveals what we would and may be, and then by the glory of his own personal saving presence he helps us translate our vision of royal manhood from dream to reality.

Just Christ, only Christ, on to Christ, up to Christ, must ever be to royal manhood creed and ritual, goal and glory.

It is not our culture; it is not our education, nor our wealth, nor our art; it is not our civilization nor our churches, but our Christ that brings us to the best.

Jesus is the Divine Man and in him royal manhood is crowned with imperishable glory and everlasting power, and takes its place in the ranks of that nobility whose worth all worlds must recognize and whose illustrious lineage "hath neither beginning of days nor end of life."

"Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God."*

"If Jesus Christ is a man—

And only a man—I say

That of all mankind, I will cleave to Him,

And to Him will I cleave away.

"If Jesus Christ is a God—

And the only God—I swear

I will follow Him through heaven and hell,

The earth, the sea, and the air."†

*I. Jno. 5:1.

†Richard Watson Gilder.

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