

SERMONS

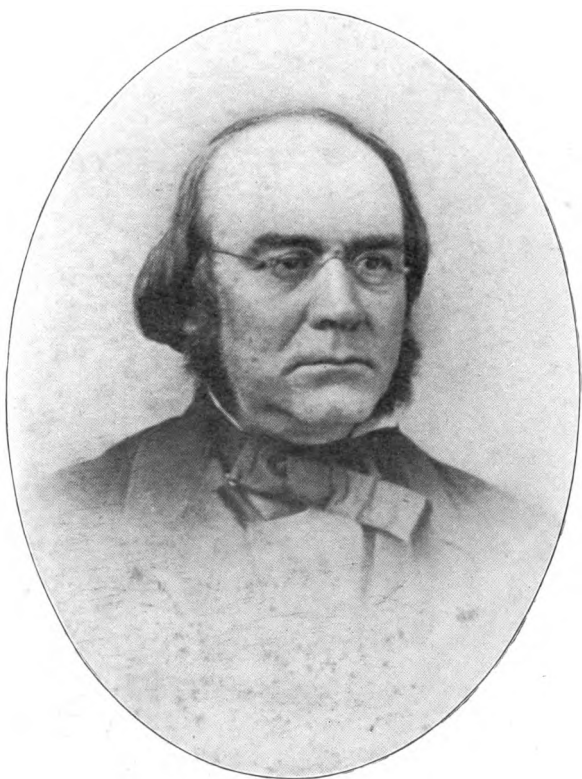
BY

Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D.D.

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I am most truly
Yours
Chas. Bradburn



HARLES WADSWORTH was born in Litchfield, Conn., May 8, 1814. He was graduated from Union College in 1837 and entered Princeton Theological Seminary in 1838

His first pastorate was in the Second Presbyterian Church of Troy, N. Y. It began in 1842 and continued eight years.

From Troy, in 1850, he removed to Philadelphia, Pa., and became the pastor of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, where he labored twelve years, preaching constantly to throngs.

In 1862 he accepted a call from Calvary Presbyterian Church, of San Francisco, Cal. In this church he remained seven years, during which period his great popularity as a preacher continued unabated.

He resigned this charge in 1869 and returned to Philadelphia, becoming pastor of the Third Reformed Church. In 1878 this congregation became united with Immanuel Presbyterian Church under his pastoral care. Here he labored until the date of his death, which occurred on April 1, 1882. It resulted from an attack of pneumonia of but a few days' duration.

He left a wife, two sons and a daughter. Dr. Wadsworth was a born poet, an orator of the highest order, and ranked among the most eminent and illustrious American divines of his day.

NOTE



THESE discourses have been carefully copied from the original manuscripts, and are reproduced here nearly word for word as written by the author's own pen.

They were prepared by him simply for pulpit delivery.

Probably had he consented to their publication at all, he would have revised and remodeled many, if not all of them, before allowing them to appear in "cold type."

But it has been thought best, since his pen is laid aside forever, to attempt no change in them, and to present them in this volume as nearly as possible as they were left by him in their original draft.

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GOD'S TEMPLE

"Ye are the Temple of the living God."

II. Corinthians, vi., 16.



GREAT fault to-day, alike in our Bible reading, and Bible exposition, is a too ready and too rigid analysis. A fondness for critical investigation, is a characteristic of the age. We have no reverence for ancient and original forms. We are sacrificing the impression of the true and the beautiful, to an ambitious searching after their essence or elements. We are digging down the mountains, that we may classify their strata; and mutilating spring's fairest flowers, to perfect our scientific botany; and killing the bird of heaven, that we may measure the tension of its muscle, and detect the secret of its fine mechanism, and tearing the human body to pieces to wonder at the marvels of its matchless anatomy.

And this, perhaps, is all well, because great lessons are learned in the operation, and so full is God's universe of mountains, and birds, and flowers, that, spite of our largest mutilations, they will yet press upon our observation in their original forms, and teach us their finer lessons, as un mutilated thoughts of the creator.

But alas, that this habit should have gone so mightily with us into the sacredness of revelation till every beautiful figure of the Bible is subjected to the same uncompromising analysis, and all the sweet flowers in the garden of God are cut up as specimens, and the glorious landscapes of divine truth in the Bible are mutilated by systematic theology; its spreading plains, measured off into plough-ground by the acre, and the forests crown-

ing its hills, as with a diadem, felled and measured as theological cord-wood.

In other words we do not let the strong and glowing figures of the Bible come to us as they were designed to come, in all the force of their naked and natural loveliness. We want to know the exact theological value of every oracle, and so cut the flower to pieces and tear off the rich dress of the metaphor, and thus lose the fresh and fervent impression—the very expressions they were meant to make in their magnificent rhetoric.

We forget that *figures* are the earliest forms of language, and positively the most powerful expressions of truth, and that, as a flower loses half its eloquence when mutilated by a botanist, so Bible metaphors lose half their sweetest meaning when subjected to the philosophic analysis of language. Take, for example, the figure of the text, "Ye are the Temple of the Living God," and how seldom do we let this, and its fine parallelisms, press upon the thought in their un mutilated eloquence.

Oh, we must find some philosophic meaning in them, which, perhaps, the inspired writer never thought of, or, we must at least, so divest it of its poetic significance as to reduce its whole meaning to the truism, that, as a temple was a building dedicated to a Deity, so a Christian is entirely consecrate to the service of God. This we call the theologic value of the text, and what we find fault with in the philosophic analysis is that, like a flower under the knife of a botanist, the text loses its fresh and fervent impression in the process that would simplify it. This excessive analysis is to be resisted. Instead of subjecting the language uttered eighteen centuries ago to our own severe canons of interpretation, we are, so far as may be, to place ourselves in the condition of its primitive

hearers, and receive as its true meaning the impression it was fitted to make on their unschooled minds.

Now do this with the text. Place yourselves in the circumstances of its original hearers.

Who were they? Why, *Corinthians of the first century*; men living in times when demoniacal possessions, i. e., the positive dwelling of our spirit in another spirit was a common and understood fact, and living in a city crowded with magnificent temples, each dedicated to the indwelling of some *acknowledged* divinity—to such men was the text addressed, addressed by an apostle well aware of these two facts, and not designing to mislead them.

Now place yourselves in just those circumstances, with the fact visibly before you that in some mysterious and transcendental manner one spirit can dwell in another spirit, and with a thousand visible and mighty temples, as the actual dwelling-places of God, everywhere surrounding you; and then, with a meaning how surpassing the meagre result of philological analysis, will the words of the text press upon your understanding, “Ye are the temples of the living God.” Why, you can almost imagine a Corinthian convert startled and overwhelmed by the awful sublimity of the annunciation; *God dwelling in him!* was the tremendous conception that came rushing on his spirit.

And this is the conception Paul meant should rush upon his spirit. And this, therefore, the tremendous impression it should make upon our spirit as we read the text.

The word here translated “Temple” means originally a dwelling-place, and denotes in its connections, not only consecration, but also inhabitation. It meant this to the

Corinthians. Every magnificent temple that rose along their streets was passed in solemn awe as the haunt and home of a God. And so it should mean to us. Give it then this meaning, not frittered away by criticism, but in all its fresh impression.

Suppose there should come into our midst just now a winged creature, declaring that God's dwelling-place had been discovered. Suppose some guided giant of science should discover it. Suppose the astronomer studying through a more powerful glass the constellations of heaven should be arrested by some great central light, whose overwhelming brilliancy and splendor could be explained only as the glory outflashing from the inner pavilion of God. Ah, how awful the interest that would thrill a world at such an annunciation! Even at all this mighty interval of separation with how deep a reverence would the glasses of a world turn to the scrutiny of those dim and distant lustres of the palace-home of Godhead. *Jehovah's visible dwelling-place!* What a mysterious terror invests *it* even. The bush that burnt in the wilderness, the God-mantling clouds of the rocking Sinai, the shechinah in the march of the tabernacle, the deep secrecy of the Holy of Holies, in the great temple of Zion; those visioned and overwhelming splendors of God's heavenly dwelling that flashed in blinding glory to the eye of John. Oh, how unto all hath man approached ever, awed, *yea bowed, yea blinded* by the veiled yet flashing splendors of a dwelling-place of our God. Let a spirit enter here to our midst, to-night, declaring that God's visible dwelling-place had been discovered, and with what deep and solemn awe should we go forth to gaze upon the fashion and furniture of that home of God.

And yet, to the unschooled heart of the Corinthian,

such was the text's annunciation. And such, I repeat it, should be its power to ourselves.

All, then, that this text does to-night is to show us God's dwelling-place.

Come, then, let us go forth reverently and solemnly to gaze upon the habitation of the Eternal—God's Temple Home!

Behold it then! But where? Oh, we see no glittering fane, with flashing pinnacles, and arch, and aisle, and crowding worshipers, and smoking incense. I see no quaking mount, no shechinah fire, no coming down from heaven of the New Jerusalem, with jewelled walls and gates of pearl, as a Home adorned for Jehovah—*God's Temple Home!* But where? Why *there* before you. Behold! a creature of the dust, a child of mortality, a human body, and a human soul, flesh and blood, and an indwelling spirit—this, *this* is the fashion and furniture of Jehovah's temple.

Behold that poor despised disciple of Jesus, there in the darkness and desolation of friendless poverty, with the pallid brow, and the weeping eye, and the breaking heart. *There, there, God lives. Ye, ye, are the Temple of the living God. God dwelleth in you!*

Sublimely awful and mysterious truth, yet a truth never to be abraded of its mysterious glory by any theological analysis of its apostolic metaphor. "Ye are the temple of the living God." The Eternal Spirit *dwells* in every *Christian*. And this *not* as he dwells elsewhere. There is a true and glorious sense in which God inhabiteth *Creation*.

The *universe* is really God's temple; the immensity of the things that are visible, surrounding us on every side, and spreading away into the vastnesses that are far away

and beyond us, is verily God's temple; He abides in it; He is worshiped in it; the sweet songs and odors of earth; the radiant splendors of heaven are but the natural odor of incense and harmony of hallelujah and magnificence of natural ritualism wherewith the Eternal God is worshiped in His Creation Temple.

Alas! not more for the leproused heart than the palsied intellect of the haughty priest of erring science, who, searching after second causes to a denial of the first, finds in creation's mechanism only the unmeaning play of chances, and walks the platform of the universe, reading in its glorious forms not the adornment of a temple to a living God, but the mystic inscriptions on the sepulchre of a God passed away and dead.

Creation is God's Temple; but in a higher sense and holier is the *Christian* God's Temple. In that blood-bought man the Eternal dwells; we know not *how*, we will not let even *sacred* criticism beguile the truth of its magnificence by a solving of the mysteries. It *cannot* solve them. There is more in the language than the idea of consecration to active and unremitting service.

In the heart of the Christian God *dwells*. In the redeemed man *Jehovah lives* as in a glorious temple.

Inhabitation is the great meaning of the text; its philosophy is beyond me. *How* an infinite spirit, in the integrity of his essence and attributes, can dwell in a human nature I cannot tell, I do not want to tell.

As Moses stood before the burning bush, overwhelmed with the revelation, but desiring not to speculate about the reality of the fire that would not burn, and the wood that was not ashes, but took to his full heart the amazing truth that the living God was in it; so we feel in regard of the text. Enough for us to stand gazing upon the

redeemed creature of time and know that out of the wreck and ruin of an apostate race there is reared again a fitting temple for Jehovah. It is a mystery. We want it to be a mystery. Philosophic theology cannot reach its solution, and Christian experience itself can only illustrate it. But that illustration is proof enough. See that mourning saint by the death-bed of the beloved. The mother stands by the dying pillow of her only child. That noble boy of hers, that form of beauty and of love, he that was her staff, her stay, the glory of her house, her home, her heart is looking up his last kind look to her gentle face; her blessed boy is dying. See, he is dead. That eye never to look tenderly again, that tongue no more to speak "mother." Oh, what hath the world for that stricken mourner now? Oh, her house, her home, her heart, how dark, how desolate! And yet look on her! Why, what means it? *Smiling? In her desolate home, smiling? With her broken heart, smiling?* What meaneth that voice thrilling with heavenly joy amid its very mourning of a stricken spirit? Why, it means that all the tender chambers of that heart that seemed so void at that loved child's death are filled, as ocean fills its caves, with the mysterious presence of the indwelling God.

Those smiles through raining tears. Oh, they are not the outward showings of a cold and stony heart, but the radiant inspiration of an indwelling Jehovah, heaven's mystic glory outflashing from the blessed temple of the living God.

And look again—a Christian lies dying in agony. Around that bed of suffering are gathered, apparently, death's dreadest shadows. Ties stronger than life are to be broken; that wife is to be left a widow, that child is to be left an orphan in a heartless world. And in all the

mysterious anguish of the death-strife that soul is rending its wild way to eternity.

Ah me! how dark and awful the shapes that press and brood on the room of the dying.

Dark and awful, did I say? Why look ye, those flashing eyes, that bounding heart, those triumphal words. What meaneth that strange rapture of the departing spirit, that peace, and joy, and glory more rare and radiant on a bed of death than on the throne of kings?

Ah, it means that, spite of the earthquake and the storm, the home of the living God abideth in steadfast peace.

It means that God is in His holy temple and with *His* glory filling its blessed air. No form even of the monster *Death* can cast a shadow of darkness through a temple of God. Yes, spite of all its deep mystery, blessed, unutterably blessed, is the truth that God dwelleth in the redeemed man. To the man of the world it is a mystery. To the cold centre of exegetical theology it is but the exaggeration of a metaphor. But to the humble child of God it is a glorious and rejoicing truth. He knows, he feels that God dwelleth in him. How He *came* there he knows not; how He *exists* there he know not; but that He *is there*, there in the essence and attributes of a gracious and glorious Jehovah, this, *this* he knows.

He asks no outward manifestation, no mysterious and awful utterance, no flashing shechinah-fire, no burning cloud of glory. He feels it in the miracle of those inmost transformations; that peace, and purity, and joy, and love that kindle in the soul as if airs from heaven were filling the chambers, and the light of a Divine face was shining clear in the darkest haunt of the dwelling.

In all this, blessed be God, he feels, he *knows* that a

heavenly guest abideth within him—that he, *he*, is the temple of the living God.

I repeat it, the philosophy of the thought is beyond us; its *truth*, however, is everywhere apparent.

And what we would do now, is, not to attempt to *explain* this truth, but to *ponder* it, practically and believably; not to enter into the temple with a critic's analysis, but to sit without the temple in reverent contemplation.

Come then, let us go forth, solemnly to gaze on the home of the Eternal, as travelers bowing in holy awe in the shadow of some mysterious and mighty temple; pausing reverently before a discovered temple of the living God.

Behold it then: no smoking mount, no flashing cloud, no glittering dome, with crowding worshipers and smoking incense, but a creature of the dust; a poor, despised disciple of Jesus. There in the darkness and desolation of friendless poverty, with the paled brow, and the weeping eye, and the breaking heart, there, *there* God dwells.

And if men ponder solemnly in the shadow of earth's mighty temples, how shall we ponder *here*?

I.—First of all: As ye sit reverently in the shadow of a temple of God learn how noble a thing it is to be a Christian. It looks not so, I grant you, to a mortal eye. To be a Christian, an humble, broken-hearted mourner in a world of sin; to bear every blow, and abide every persecution in forgiving patience. Alas, it looks like anything but nobleness.

And if such be a temple of God, man's first reflector is: "How amazingly in the inhabitation thereof does the great God humble Himself." Yes, and He does humble Himself. God forbid that we should deny He does amaz-

ingly humble Himself to stoop from His eternal height of glory to dwell with man.

Out of the wreck and ruin of a nature, even in its best estate, finite, to build for Himself a temple and dwell in it. To descend from the throne of godhead to seek a lost race and having sought, to save it; to save it by a mysterious union of Himself with the creature, to enter into the finite nature, to bear it through the trials of life, the agonies of death, the glooms of the grave, the miracle of the resurrection, to ascend with it to glory, enthroning it, as the incarnation of God, above the principalities and powers of heaven—this is condescension—condescension to be computed only by the immensity of the interval between the throne of a God and the grave of the worm upon His footstool.

But in all this condescension to the incarnation the divine nature found in the Son of Mary a sinless nature, weak indeed, and finite, but spotlessly pure, beautiful, holy.

While in this virtual entemplement in sinful men God dwelleth in a home, reared from the broken fragments of a nature in its ruins. Oh, we take nothing from the amazing greatness of this humiliation of God; yet, spite of it all, we say that noble amid its ruins; yea, the nobler *for* its very ruins, must be that individual nature wherein the Eternal dwells.

What is a temple? Why a monumental pile reared to the honor of a God; not only a trophy of His grace, but a temple to His glory. And such is a Christian, not only a miracle of God's goodness, but a monument to His glory. And this it is that renders it nobility to be a Christian. Even passively, irrespective of his active piety, standing simply as a redeemed creature in the universe.

Oh, unto nothing else pertains so wondrously the matchless glory of bringing honor to Jehovah.

As we have told you before the displays of God's infinite attributes in creation and providence are as nothing compared to those displays in the work of man's redemption. In an economy of divine governments, moral results outweigh all others. The destinies of nations, the revolutions of empires, the creation of mighty worlds are all as nothing compared with the re-creation of a living human spirit.

From the cross of Christ on Calvary, though reared upon a quaking mount, and dimly seen against a darkened heaven—yet from that cross more than from all the suns and systems of the universe, flashed in the spectatorship of creation the overwhelming lustres of an everlasting God.

I may learn much of God's power, and wisdom, and presence, and love as I go forth on the rushing wings of thought, to traverse the starry fields of immensity, but my noblest conception thus gathered of God, amid the oracles of nature, is weak and worthless utterly, in contrast with those conceptions of His glory, that rise ever, under the shadow of that adorable cross.

A Christian a Temple! Aye, and reverently be it spoken, *a fitting temple*, as far as a finite thing can be at all, a temple worthy an indwelling God.

The *universe* is a divine temple, and when you look upon it in all its vast and variegated splendor, what time night lifts the blazing veil of day, and pours upon the entranced eye, the overwhelming magnificence of creation, it seems almost that glorious as God must be in His infinite being, yet that He is fittingly and worthily entempled in a universe like this. But then God's creation

temple, with its movable and material architecture, shall be burnt up and destroyed in the march of His stupendous purposes.

But this spirit-temple, this human temple; aye, as an architecture of spiritual adamant, the fires of the last day cannot consume it, nor the earthquakes of the last day injure it. As the most magnificent trophy in the universe of God's great attributes it shall stand when the stars of the sky are swept as leaves of autumn—a temple of God amid the palaces of immortality. And however glorious may be the visible enthronement of Jehovah in eternity, and however majestic the home of a God hereafter to be reared in the centre of the universe, as the manifestation of His Being, in the face of creation, yet humbly, as by a lost sinner, be it said, and yet exultingly, as by a redeemed immortal—yet never, amid it all, will the Infinite be so radiantly entempled as in that temple of humanity *“which Temple ye are.”*

Oh, I do not marvel that the crowned creatures of eternity lend themselves as ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation. For what else is their labor but helping to uprear in the face of the universe an eternal monument, all ablaze with the Divine glory.

Nay, I wonder not that Christ died for men. Blessed, blessed is the task of soul-saving. Ye parents, laboring for your children's good. Ye teachers, with your children. Ye pastors, with your flocks; what motives of eternal power come pressing from the text.

Ye are accomplishing work more magnificent than an archangels—opening Temples of Glory to the living God.

Aye, and nobler than all created things; nobler than to be a king on a throne, or a seraph in the glory of

eternity, is it to be a Christian, a dwelling-place of the Infinite; *a Temple of God!*

II.—But consider it again—this mysterious temple, and let the lesson ye learn now be pressingly practical. *That is God's Dwelling-place! How holy then it ought to be.* What peace in all its air, what purity in all its chambers. A temple is not merely a monumental pile; it is a place of *holy ritualism*, guarded from the approach of the profaning foot, and hallowed ever by the appointed service. On the part of the worshiper there must be the hallelujah chant, the precious incense, the constant offering.

And this it is to be a Christian—not an indulger of religious sentiment, not a bigot of a schoolman's creed, not a devotee of soulless sublimated theology, but a *constant* worshiper in an inner temple.

Yea, a Christian is a temple wherein all bodily powers, all mental faculties, all committed talents; wherein *the entire man* is to be laid in everlasting renunciation, as a living sacrifice, on a burning altar.

Oh, my brethren, would to God I could bring this simple thought in power upon your consciences. *Ye are God's house; God dwells in you*, and—mark this well—in regard of such a spiritual dwelling, *your thoughts are things*.

Every imagination of your heart is, to that indwelling guest, a substantial reality.

Think then, what pollutions ye are wont to gather in that home of God, what worldliness, what vanity, what sin.

Suppose it were a material house of God. Suppose it was yonder heaven of purity and you should go up to it, bearing in actual forms, the monstrous thoughts that

move sometimes within you, and spread them out upon its glorious crystal floor—ah, how ye would look for God's rushing whirlwind and blazing fire to blast and burn you into ashes.

God's Home! Oh, how awfully Holy it should be! Why, this blessed sanctuary is, only in a lower sense, the house of God, and yet you would not dare to treat God here as you treat him in your hearts. For just suppose that the thoughts that are even now moving within you were to take shape and substantiality here. You were thinking of your business, or your pleasure, and suppose, fast as ye thought, those boxes, and bales, and bonds, and mortgages, and cups of rosy wine, and couches of guilty gladness, rose up here in visible shape along these aisles; ah, how wildly terrified you would be as at the rushing anger of a God. But then, oh beware of that inner temple. For I tell you that God dwells not in this sanctuary in so sublime and glorious a sense as He dwells in your heart.

Beware of your thoughts; they are *things* in God's presence. Those daily imaginations of yours are the paintings on the canvas and the marbles on the pedestals wherewith ye are adorning the palace of the Infinite.

But ye are God's *house* not only; ye are God's *temple-home*, where the Eternal dwelleth not more as the *Guest* than as a *Divinity* to be *waited on* not merely, but to be *worshipped*. *Your heart's God's Temple!* Take care then what ye worship. Your God is jealous, and if a dead Dagon stand in a place of holiness it shall fall a shattered trunk in the fire of the shechina.

Enter then, oh saints of God, enter into these temples of God and look carefully about you, to see whether any of the soul's incense be offered to idols.

Ah, what was that? It looked like a flitting form of pleasure; it looked like a radiant phantom of ambition; it seemed in face and features something of flesh and blood—a friend, a wife, a child. Alas! alas! what means it? An idol in the Temple of a God!

Beware, beware, I tell you God is jealous. I tell you that incense burnt to sin will stifle aught that is not infinite. I tell you that to lift a creature to God's throne within the heart is to lift it into the very track and fire of His flashing thunderbolt.

Ah, if a noble, it is as well, a solemn thing, to be a Christian.

It is to be a temple of the living God, filled ever with the odor of incense and the responses of worship, so that the whole life becomes a ceaseless service, and the whole man a living sacrifice, and the whole heart an altar where the fire is ever burning, and the censer ever swinging. And is it so, my brethren? Are we *all* living temples? Are there none among us having of all this the form, yet denying the power?

Ah! what see I here? A temple of the living God? Yes, it looks so; outwardly, such is its seeming; for the sunlight of heaven flashes on its pinnacles and over its portals the blazing inscription is, "Holiness to Jehovah!"

But I enter and behold alas! there is no fire on the altar; there is no heavenly odor on the darkening air: there is no guarded priesthood, bringing the sacrifice, and it looks to me, it does look to me, like a temple of glory whence the worship hath departed and the God gone.

Oh! awake unto holiness, ye slumberers in Zion, lest, deserted of its God the temple, like the magnificent fanes in heathen cities stand but as a mournful and mighty ruin, deserted of its God.

Oh, professing disciples of Jesus, ye cannot sin like other men. What in them is sin, in you is *sacrilege*—a pollution of God's Temple. Ye, at least, are not your own. Ye are bought with a price; blood, precious blood, has been paid for you. Body and spirit and soul ye are all redeemed; those eyes, that they should look above the world; those hands, that they should work for Jehovah; that mind, and heart, and soul, to be consecrated as living sacrifices in a living temple!

Alas, then for him, woe and alas! that *dare* let the fire die and the light go out in the Temple of God.

And sadder even than that saddest sight in Jerusalem, its glorious temple deserted by its angels and given up to the destroyer, is the sight of that human form that looketh like a temple dedicated to Jehovah, yet the altar fireless and the God gone.

III.—But consider again this mysterious temple. And passing by other aspects we had thought to insist upon let the closing thought be of encouragement and comfort.

(A.)—How *safe* is the Christian! God dwelleth in him; and however weak in himself and unarmed to resist the assaultings of malignant foes, yet, blessed be God, in that weak heart the Eternal One abides in omnipotent championship, and the mightiest array and enginery of hell will dash themselves as against adamant into shattered fragments against the bulwarks of a fortress, wherein God keepeth ward and watch!

Oh, I do not wonder that Paul, mortal man though he was, yet dared to fling down his challenge to a universe in arms to separate him, if they could, from the love of God. For, weak as his poor nature was in itself, yet he

knew in glorious joy that it was a stronghold impregnable to a universe if garrisoned by God.

(B.)—Meantime, and moreover, how *happy* should be the Christian. For what, after all, renders the heavenly world happy? Oh, not its skies of blue and its fields of emerald, its thrones of power and its palaces of immortality.

No, no—God—the living God, He is the light in its sky and the gladness in its dwellings. Take the eternal God from heaven and seraph and archangel would wander heart-broken through its mansions of glory as a child through the silent chambers of a palace whence the father had fled.

But then a Christian has God in his heart, and having this, why he carries his heaven along with him; yea, he is himself, heaven. His loving heart is heaven, and dark as may be the night of storms that gathers round him yet within are breathing the harmonies and flashing the lustres of an indwelling God. Oh, what meaneth it? This glorious oracle, "Christ in you, the hope of Glory."

"Glory," "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," "a hope of glory"—a steadfast confidence and surety of that coming glory. "Christ"—the Eternal God, the hope of glory. Christ *in you*, a hope of glory! Oh, what wonder that a Christian is happy. Who marvels longer that the soul can bear all things in steadfast peace? Who marvels that the mother will smile radiantly through her tears from that child's grave whereinto hath gone down all that made life bearable? Who marvels that a man will lie amid dying agonies with heart bounding and eye afire; yea, who marvels that up from the wildest flames of martyrdom have risen outbursts of triumphal song, more magnificent than those of conquerors, since

the redeemed man felt within him that omnipotent presence, an eternal spirit, in a temple of God?

(C.)—And as of its present safety and joy so of its future glory. How prophetic the contemplation. You may carry out the parallel at your leisure.

The shifting tabernacle in the wilderness gave place, in process of time, to that most magnificent of all human architecture, God's blazing temple on the crowned heights of Zion, the same, and yet how lustrous a transformation. And such the change in the risen man of eternity; the *body* raised and changed and glorified; and the *immortality* within quickened into divine forms; the *heart* pure as an angel's, and the *thought* sphered for the companionship of the Infinite.

Oh, what shall be the magnificent destiny of the crowned children of God?

Ah! I do not wonder that the lone and mortal wanderer on Patmos fell smitten and blinded to earth before the revealed splendors of a crowned creature of eternity!

I cannot tell you what it means—*A Temple of God!* A thing so flashing outwardly with divine lustres, that, even amid the palaces of heaven it shall stand more glorious than them all; a triumphal monument of God's wonderful working. And yet that monument, a *temple* no standing merely as an indolent and beatific trophy, but with the ongoing ever within it, of glorious service unto God, tasking the fullest powers of the risen spirit, in activities which night shall never interrupt, nor exertion weary, nor eternity end.

Everlasting praises be unto God for the grace here and the glory hereafter vouchsafed unto this poor human nature, a glory and a grace, lifting every man in Christ Jesus to a loftiness of honor and majesty, sphered above

seraphim. For, standing by the picture thus thrown upon the canvas, *this Dwelling-place of the Infinite; this Temple of God*, and taking into my full heart the power of its glorious truth, and feeling that if I be a redeemed man then, as a guard, and a guest, and a gladness, and a glory God dwelleth in me now, and shall dwell in me forever; then, I say, I would not exchange this poor human nature, this framework that getteth weary, this heart that breaks, this intellect so childlike, yet a nature that shall triumph over the last living enemy, a body that shall be raised. spiritual, incorruptible; a heart that shall match even with its God's in its peace and its purity, an intellect that shall measure stature and girth with an archangel, upspringing to the enterprises of eternity; I would not exchange this God-loved, God-saved, God-honored, God-inhabited nature for the burning heart and the flashing plumes and the towering thought of heaven's loftiest seraph. And oh, more precious to my soul, in its present peace, and its prophetic glory, than all those burning and blessed words which speak of the rivers of life, and the mansions of peace, and the thrones of power, and the diadems of glory, is this apostolic assurance, in its metaphor and its mystery—"Ye, ye, are the Temple of the living God."

Tell me, Oh, tell me, who, who, of mortal men would not be a Christian? A *home* of the living God in this life below and a *temple* of the living God amid the palaces of immortality?

Who would not be a Christian? Alas! many of you would not, *will not* be Christians.

And what hath the text for you, oh ye despisers of my bleeding Saviour? Not yours, the picture thrown

upon the canvas. Not you, the temples of the living God. And what then are ye?

Aye, do ye not remember that other oracle which, setting forth the condition of the unpardoned, speaks of his soul as the dwelling-place of a spirit of another shape and power: "A strong man armed, keepeth his palace, and his goods are at peace."

And what a picture, this, upon the canvas. You, you, a creature made in God's image, reared as a radiant temple of God, and glorious even amid the darkness of its desolation but abandoned now by the divine inhabitant and given up to the despotism of an indwelling demon.

Behold, behold the unpardoned soul, *the palace of the strong man!*

Into that God-reared abode he that ruleth in the children of disobedience, hath entered, and by the spells of his infernal sorcery, excluding all the light of heaven, and the visitants of heaven; he hath fortified it as with munitions of adamant, and abides therein in the despotism of admitted chieftainship, and the palace, alas, alas, the palace is at peace.

This, this, the picture God flings upon the canvas of your dread condition.

And therefore it is that the heart of a man of God breaks when he stands face to face with a despiser of his Lord. Oh, we know, for God has told us the secret of His seeming gladness; we know that a demon, whose mighty heart dared to do battle with omnipotence hath possessed that spirit, and it is the power of his moral witchcraft making the lip to smile, and the eye to sparkle. And it is the charm of his foul incantation, coloring the clouds of a perishing life with so strange a beauty, and spreading over all the region of eternal things the

shades of so strange a forgetfulness. And it is the enchantment of his terrible sorcery which soothes the soul to sleep, in its chambers of earthly imagery, and tenants the heart while death's hand feeleth for the pulses, and blinds the eye to the outflashing splendors of the immortal, and deafens the ear to the wild moan wherewith the surges of eternity dash to its foundations.

Oh, it is the foot, not of a God, but of God's great adversary whose armed tread echoes through the dark chambers of the desolated spirit. Therefore, the soul is at peace.

This, this, your picture, and this its interpretation, oh world-loving sinner.

And do not wonder then that our hearts break over you, turning thus in the contrast away from this temple of God, *to this house of the strong man.*

This, this, is what makes us so fearful in your behalf.

Ye are in the power of a destroyer too mighty for your unaided strugglings.

For your wrestling is not with flesh and blood but with principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places, and we know that unless ye admit a championship from on high, this guarded stronghold will stand in its awful repose till the rush of God's earthquake shake it into ruins. And our cry to you to-night is: *Admit that great championship.*

Behold, God standeth at the door, knocking. Oh! He waiteth to be gracious. He wanteth not your destruction. He wanteth your love, your joy, your immortal life, your eternal glory. God waiteth to be gracious. Behold, this very night, the captain of our salvation standeth in omnipotence at that immortal portal, ready to give battle to the

strong man within you. I tell you He is *able*, He is *willing*, He is *waiting* to save to the uttermost.

I point you in our very midst to many redeemed souls, once strongholds of Satan, into which the conqueror of conquerors has entered and taken away the armor and divided the spoils.

I tell you that even now, unto you, the coldest, the deadest, the most fearfully in bondage among you, He waiteth to be gracious. Ever since the Prince of Hell set foot within that immortal fastness, hath the Prince of Peace stood at its portal, knocking for admission. In every sermon you have heard, in every death-bed you have witnessed, in every gush of tears, in every blighted hope, in every sting of conscience, in every shadow from eternity that fell across your path, in every dread foreboding of the almighty wrath of God, oh, in it all, in it all, nothing else have ye heard than the challenge of an Almighty Deliverer, beseeching you to admit Him in His great strength that He may free you from this thrall, and bind the strong man, and trample Satan shortly under His victorious feet.

Thus, thus, has He been pleading. Yes and glory be to God, not yet, even not yet, have His waiting feet departed.

Oh, wonder, wonder of redeeming love; all the hardihood of your infatuated rebellion hath not turned my God away from His work of pleading mercy.

Behold, behold, even now Christ standeth at the door knocking *once more*, and God only knoweth whether this be not the last challenge of that resistless championship. Once more he knocketh, he pleadeth, at the door of your heart.

Admit Him, and the strong man shall be bound with-

in you, and the dwelling shall be swept and garnished for the inhabitation of a glorious Jehovah!

Admit Him not and the embattled might of a combined universe cannot save you.

The standing-place of that immortal palace shall be among the palaces of hell, and the armed foot of the strong man in all his malignant might shall trample and trample on it forever.

Oh, paint me my God, paint me on every heart here to-night, these two immortal pictures. *There*, an immortal soul in ruins—a home deserted by its Diety, a mighty dwelling of a demon, awful eyes looking down from its battlements, monstrous shapes gliding through its immortal chambers of imagery, ghostly sounds, as of demons at their revels, stealing out, distinct and appalling, through its impure portals; and over it all the lurid flashings through a night of storm and the dread and deathlike peace of doom and abandonment, till the mighty rushings of God's storm, and God's thunderbolt, and God's earthquake shall leave it, an immortal soul in ruins; a dwelling-place of demons, a palace home of hell. *That*, one picture. And then again, oh blessed, blessed change, a soul redeemed, risen, God-saved, God-loved, God-honored, God-inhabited; an immortal temple, God's sunlight on its towers, and God's lustres flashing through its mighty aisles; God's heavenly breath, God's loving whisper, God's blessed smile, through all its glorious chambers; a building of God, a heavenly spot of angels, reared of eternal adamant, that no fires of the last day can melt, and no earthquakes of the Judgment rock into ruins.

But that great temple abides, and garrisoned and glorified by God shall stand amid angelic homes, more fair, stately and glorious than the high palace-home; a temple, *A Temple of the Living God.*

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

"And the house when it was in building was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building."

I. Kings, vi., 7.



THE house here spoken of was the first temple which King Solomon built in Jerusalem. The design of this unusual law of architecture was partly to relieve the metropolis of the din and dust of all preparatory work, but mainly to sanctify by this mysterious stillness the associations of the popular mind with this glorious temple. To us the significance of the record is as a type or emblem of the spiritual.

We have apostolic authority for regarding the tabernacle in the wilderness as thus typical of the earthly church in its militant and migratory state. And as that tabernacle gave place, in due time, to the magnificent temple on Mount Zion, so, to perfect the analogy, we must regard that loftier architecture and service as typical of the church perfected and triumphant in heaven.

We are not now thinking to speak much of the heavenly state. We have designedly taken as our text only that part of the record which has to do with the preparation.

The scene before us is not the Holy City where the temple was being built, but is the forests and quarries where Solomon's workmen prepared the material; and the typical lesson we are here taught is that God is building for himself a spiritual temple in heaven, and that this world of ours is only the place for finding and preparing its spiritual substance—the deep quarries where the

stone is hewn ; the wild forests where the cedar is felled and framed. In a single discourse on so broad a theme we can only glance rapidly at a few of the many thoughts such a text suggests ; and first, and most obviously, this symbol represents this lower fallen world as abounding in the material of which that heavenly temple is built.

Just as from the remote provinces of Solomon's kingdom came the stones and the wood for that sacred temple on Mount Zion, so, from the families of this far-away world are being gathered even now those redeemed spirits that are to be builded together in heaven—that spiritual temple—the glorified and triumphant Church.

We count this indeed a strange thing. If there is to be in heaven an economy of service, having churchly ordinances wherein are to be displayed to the universe the highest glories of the godhead, why should not its membership be unfallen spirits?

Why over this eclipsed and wandering world rather than over yonder unclouded habitations of seraphic life was there heard the song of "Glory to God in the Highest?"

Certainly the whole thing seems mysterious. Surely human thought would not have so ordered it.

But yet so God has ordered it. "The Church of the first-born in heaven is constituted of the spirits of just men made perfect."

In some mysterious way such a Church, bought with blood, makes known more gloriously than all else, unto principalities, and powers, and thrones, and dominions, God's manifold wisdom. In redemption there is a more resplendent display of the divine attributes than in all the

great visions of the universe that break on the eye of the archangel from the very foot of the Throne.

And, therefore, just as from all other forests, Solomon turned away to find material for his temple, amid the rugged precipices of stormy Lebanon ; so, in regard of the spiritual, when the Eternal Son would most glorify the Father, "He took on Him, not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham," and building in heaven the last and grandest temple unto divine honor, He turns away from all the fairer world's of unfallen life unto these desolate homes of apostate humanity, and sends His spiritual artificers to mine amid earth's quarries, for the living stones ; and fell and hew amid earth's wild forests, for the fragrant woods.

Ah, that is why God did not burn this round world into ashes in the first hour of accursed apostasy!

Dark and desolate as it seemed to finite reason—no flowers of Eden gladdening its hills, no forms of blissful life abiding in its dark valleys, yet He saw how amid all the dark chaos only the more precious because gathered from wreck and ruin there was spread over all the face of the forlorn world, noble material for temple building ; the finest of all instrumentalities for the display of the divine attributes—spirits to cast brighter crowns before the Eternal Throne, and to blend sweeter voices in the swelling allelujah!

Far down under its barren soil, spread unwrought strata of immortal rock, and all the statelier for the snows and storms, flourished the immortal cedars in their glorious green.

Passing this, observe secondly, how the text symbolizes the providential and gracious processes whereby souls are fitted on earth for their higher life in heaven.

As it lay in native quarries and forests the material for Solomon's Temple was not fitted for use. The rock must be riven and hewn; the woodman's axe must fall on trunk and bough of the tall cedars, and the mountain be filled with the dust and din of the spoilers. For reasons already seen, not the smallest part of the preparations was to go on in Jerusalem. And all this finely illustrates the divine treatment of redeemed men in their preparation for heaven. The soul is not fitted by nature for that high and holy place. Mighty preparatory processes must of needs go on—rending and felling, hewing and polishing; regenerations earthquake heavings; sanctifications iron attrition, and none of all this can be done in heaven.

Here on the low earth only must be the din and dust of the labor. And so indeed it is. How true is the emblem. How earth has ever resembled the quarries and forests when some royal builder spoils them. Ah me! what heavings, and tossings, and passings-away of kingdoms and nations in the progress of past centuries! What convulsions overwhelming fashion and fabric of the old social systems, and upheaving the orders of life, as the earthquake upheaves the strata. What casting down into dust of glorious and growing systems that were flinging their branches to heaven, like the cedars of Lebanon. What dust and din of eager toil and wild tumult like the noise of the quarriers of stone—like the crashing blows of axe-man.

And in all this—though unto feeble sight it does seem as if God had retired from the presidency of this lower world, and left all human and infernal passion to toss at will, the tides of life, as the tempest sweeps ocean, yet triumphant faith perceives in it all, clearly,

divine processes of temple-building—the earthquake upheaving the rocky strata, the tempest casting down kingly cedars to the woodman's axe, and the artist's chisel.

Or, if you turn from the race to the individual how even finer still seem the moral analogies. Ah me! how truly a Christian's life on earth seems an experience of tribulation. How God seems sometimes bent on disquieting His redeemed children. See how he takes away property, or health, or hope, or takes away the tenderest friendships, or tosses them on beds of suffering, or kindles for them even martyr death-fires, until the trustful soul faints almost in its serene confidence, as if the great temple-builder were leaving his noblest material to be marred by the madness of unskilful artisans. And yet after all, in all this, there is manifest only the fine and fitting preparation for the great spiritual building; only the chiseling of precious stones and the hewing of priceless cedars for the heights of Mount Zion—for the Heavenly Temple of God. And this leads me to remark, thirdly, that the text illustrates the constant progress of God's Church unto perfection.

After Solomon had laid the foundations of his temple there was no intermission in the work until the sanctuary was finished. And so it is verily of its spiritual antitype. And on this point Christian faith needs this consoling illustration.

We are growing discouraged because the spread of Christianity over this earth seems so slow and uncertain. We even fail to discover in it God's great law of progress. In God's material economy, if He work slowly, and in circles of immense sweep, yet He works sensibly and surely. The bud is ever ripening into flower and

fruit; the fire-mist is ever rounding into stars, and marshalling into constellations.

Even the old geology reveals this divine law of world-building—formation upon formation, strata overlying strata, tribes and orders of animal life, each surpassing its predecessor in loftier type and finer organization. All this bespeaks everlasting progress in the infinite artisanship; but it hardly seems so in the spiritual. In the history of Christianity we are often at a loss to discover any law or manifestation of progress; we look in vain for the similitude of the spread of the leaven, and the growth of the mustard-seed, in the earthly churches growth. Alternate seasons of advance and retreat seem the rule of its aggression.

There have been times when the Church seemed nearer her ultimate triumph than she seems to-day; times of exulting faith, when the whole East seemed reddening with the dayspring and the watchman's eyes flashed with glorious hope, and his voice gave back from the battlement his exulting cry: "The morning cometh!" But alas! hard on it came the desponding undertone: "*And also the night!*" Fast on the footstep of every season of promise came a season of despondency, and the light mistaken for a moment for the dayspring hath proved, alas! alas! but the flash of a meteor through a midnight of storm.

Eighteen centuries have slowly wept themselves away over the Nazarene's tomb, and Christianity seems no nearer now a conqueror returning in triumph than when, three centuries after the apostles, the mighty Caesars lowered their imperial Eagles and cast their glittering diadems at the foot of the cross.

And it is not to be wondered at that the man whose

philosophic eye can discover in Christianity no working of God's law of progress, should gather from these phenomena of vicissitude and alternation, data for infidel argument, and even Christian distrust.

But all this doubt and despondency passes forever away from the text's illustration.

What is this world of ours as herein represented? A building place for God's Temple? A depot or receptacle for the accumulation even for the prepared material for the temple? By no means. In respect of Solomon's House, while the material was prepared in distant provinces, only within the royal city was there seen any progress in the architecture. Doubtless there were periods when large quantities of cut and carved cedar were piled together in the groves of Lebanon; but then the rule of the architecture was to transport it as fast as it was finished, to the building place in Jerusalem.

Hiram had expressly bargained with King Solomon to remove it piece by piece, as it was prepared, in successive floats, over sea to Joppa, and thence by land carriage to Jerusalem. And note what a folly it had been in a spectator standing on Mount Lebanon to judge of the progress of the Temple, from the amount of material suffered to remain amid the snows of the forest.

Why, the right reasoning would have been exactly the reverse; the more prepared timber on the mountain, the farther from completion the House in Jerusalem!

And just so would true philosophy judge of the spiritual building. Earth is no place where the gospel of Christ is to be everlastingly glorified. Earth is no site for the grand spiritual Temple. Earth is not even a grand storehouse for its cut and carved material. Earth is simply a quarry of great stones; a forest of great cedars.

God is erecting His Temple not here, but away yonder on the crowned heights of the everlasting and Heavenly Zion, and this world is only to furnish the material.

Sometimes for a little, there seems an accumulation of such prepared material in the earthly church. In seasons of glorious revival, her cords are graciously lengthened, and her numbers increased. But then again God sends His invisible ministry (we call it death—He calls it translation) to float it all away over the sea, and carry it up to Jerusalem. Meantime, in heaven, in heaven, the work is always in progress. Number those dying every year in infancy—those precious little jewels of God, gathered from these mines of earth, that do not need cutting, and scarcely need polishing, and are borne tenderly by the ministering angels, to be radiantly set in the temple's adornment. And number those dying every day in our churches, men and women, in the triumphs of a complete sanctification, to be placed as pillars in that temple, and go no more out forever.

And, oh! what immense transportation is there constantly going on from these snows of Lebanon, to yonder Heavenly Zion. Ah, my brethren, it is only our poor philosophy that is at fault. We judge of the progress of redeeming grace from the increased membership of our churches, or the enlarged success of Christian missions among the heathen; but this is not the question. It is not how much piety there is now on the earth, but how much true godliness has been translated to glory? Passing this, observe, fourthly, how the text illustrates the grand use and design of the Church of Christ. This house built by Solomon at such immense cost was—what? Why, a Temple, i. e., a habitation; a palace, wherein Jehovah was to dwell, that He might show forth

His glory in the midst of His people. It was not to be Solomon's house; it was not erected to display his own wealth, or wisdom, or glory.

Though the product of his own treasure, and the skill of his servants, yet that monarch ever approached it like the humblest Israelite, with holy fear and trembling, because it was a Temple—the House of the Living God!

And in its spiritual analogy, the text teaches us that the ultimate and grand design of the Church, is to stand up in the midst of the loftiest of all monuments unto Jehovah's glory.

And on this point especially does Christian faith need this strengthening illustration. The infidel's strongest argument against human redemption, as accomplished by a divine incarnation, is that its results are not commensurate with such stupendous means; that it is absurd, yea, blasphemous, to think that Deity should so humble Himself to redeem a poor sinful creature. This popular and powerful objection to the doctrine of the Atonement, lies only against a very partial and distorted view of the design of atonement, i. e., the grand purpose of the Divine Son in becoming a sacrifice and a sufferer.

Though the salvation and endless happiness of man the creature, was part of that purpose, it was by no means its most important part. The Bible does, indeed, sometimes speak of redemption as if its only end were the creature's good. But, meanwhile, it everywhere abounds with intimations that it hath infinitely higher bearings, as a design to display to the universe the ineffable glories of the divine nature. The wild bird that sings in the Summer wood, might, if gifted with reason and speech, declare that the mid-day sun in heaven was made to enlighten its path through the air, and enrapture its nest of

love in the dewy grass. And so, indeed, it was; as truly as if that mighty luminary had no other uses, and was set for signs and seasons unto the tiniest insect. But, meantime, it evidently has other and grander uses, throwing its blessed radiance over all this system of worlds, and helping hold in equipoise all systems and clusters of the universe of God.

And precisely so is it of this adorable "Sun of Righteousness," in this stupendous scheme of human salvation.

In one aspect and bearing, it is all for the good of man; all because the heart of infinite love, melted in divine tenderness over its sinful and imperiled creatures. So that you may declare in all truth (glory be unto God for the wonderful announcement—the exulting burden it is of the loftiest hallelujah they sing up in heaven); in all truthfulness may we declare—as if the incarnation had no other end than human salvation: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to die for it."

Nevertheless broader and loftier designs were wrought out by that giving. Inspiration teaches us that in its grander aspects the Church of Christ is that stupendous device of the divine council, whereby unto principalities and powers in heavenly places is made most wondrously known, the manifold wisdom of God.

And this, this is the aspect of redemption which annihilates forever this arch-cavil of infidelity. This blessed Sun of Righteousness which pours its heavenly light over our feeble life and guides our immortal wing through the firmament homeward to glory does meantime stand as the grand central power of the whole moral universe, "that it may gather together in one, all things in Christ, which are in heaven, and which are in earth—all things in Him."

If you regard the salvation of the sinful creature as the ultimate or sole end of Christ's incarnation and sacrifice, then the infidel might well put it as an inexplicable enigma, how infinite wisdom could lavish such ineffable treasure, and set agoing such stupendous machinery on a result so small, and a consummation so insignificant. If you regard this earth as simply the dwelling-place of the human race, or only the schoolroom where the feeble man-child is trained for immortality, then, when you see how God hath rounded it into beauty, and hung it amid the stars, and made it the theatre of the tremendous transactions of Gethsemane and Calvary; then there must seem to you the wildest prodigality of waste in sublime architecture and adornments. But oh! speak of it as the texts type does—as a province of God's empire, whence material is to be gathered for a great Temple of Godhead.

Tell me that the Eternal Son became incarnate, not merely to save poor lost souls, but to set amove omnipotent forces, flinging up strata of immortal rock to be wrought for such a building! Assure me that the Holy Ghost works in all His Almightyness, as a sanctifier, not merely that a human soul may be made meet for heaven, but that great pillars may be chiseled and precious gems polished into beauty for its adornment. Let me understand how all the divine attributes are more wonderfully displayed and thus the infinite Jehovah more ineffably glorified in this redemption of our fallen race than in all His grandest works of creation and providence, and then then there does pertain to this lost world an actual importance, rendering it meet that the heavenly hosts should bend over it in such absorbed scholarship; meet that the morning stars should shout for joy when it was

created and "all the sons of God sing together," when it was redeemed; meet even that the Eternal Son of God—the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person, should become incarnate, veiled in human nature, a sufferer and a sacrifice that this wandering world might become a loyal province of the eternal empire. All this, I say, seems infinitely fitting and wise, when I know that as the final end and consummation there is to be put inconceivable glory on Jehovah, as if with a brighter crown and loftier throne, in the midst of the universe; and learn that this lowly and lost world is richest of all worlds in material for the work; the cedars of immortal forests, the strata of immortal rock, to be quarried and carved for the Temple of God.

Now time would fail to pursue farther the analogy. We only observe, fifthly, that the text may afford negative illustration of some conditions of the redeemed soul in heaven. I say a *negative* illustration, for, as we said at the outset, the scene herein brought to view is *not* the place of the building, but only the place of preparation, and we are not thinking to carry out any fanciful parallel between the temple at Jerusalem, and the Church Triumphant in its glorified state.

This house built by Solomon, with all its exquisite adornments and august service, and the positive splendor within, of the awful presence of Jehovah, was regarded by the inspired apostle as an intended type of heaven.

And so far as anything terrestrial may symbolize the celestial it affords, perhaps, the most fitting of types. For certainly transcending all human ideal was that divinely designed sanctuary; that magnificent pile of alabaster and gold, that flung back to the old Hebrew

eye the light of the sun from the crowned heights of Zion. But for such a parallel we have now neither limits nor occasion. Our text gives us only the negative illustration, and leads us to consider the difference between the heavenly and earthly economies, as illustrated in the manifest incongruities between the dark quarries and wild cedar-groves where the material was prepared, and the glorious Hill of Zion, whereon the Temple was built.

The essential and amazing unlikeness of the Church Triumphant in heaven, and the Church Militant on earth—this is the text's scope and significance.

And verily we need the important lesson. We read and hear descriptions of heaven every day, that sicken us with their sensuousness, if they do not shock us by their blasphemies. Men speak of that eternal world as a sphere where men were especially to be glorified rather than as one wherein, in the face of all the orders of higher life which people the universe, the omnipotent God were to be glorified—as man's rapturous home rather than God's resplendent Temple.

And so they go about to construct their ideal heaven out of finite and sensuous imagery. They take away from our earthly experience all that is sorrowful and dark, and accumulate and magnify all that is beautiful and beatific, and conceive that to be heaven; i. e., they regard heaven as only an expurgated and transfigured earth—the Church Triumphant as no more than the Militant Church, ascending from her final victory, perfected and glorified.

And in all this surely they belittle and degrade the whole condition of the immortal.

Ah me! how poor and pitiful at best were the notion an ignorant forester of Lebanon would have formed of

Solomon's finished temple, standing amid the scenes and labors where the material was prepared. Had such a one ascended the rugged heights of that cold, stormy mountain; or descended into the dark quarries where coarse-clad men chiseled the marble, and seen how all was disarray and confusion—those rough timbers half-buried in snows; those unshapely stones amid dust and debris—and with no anterior knowledge of the grandeurs of perfected architecture attempted out of those things seen, to form their ideal, oh how poor would have been their picture of the splendid house Solomon was building in Jerusalem for the indwelling of Jehovah.

And just so is it of heaven. Alas! we degrade it, we fearfully wrong it when we associate so much of the sensuous with its sublime spiritualities.

Beautiful as may be many a scene on the earth, and lovely as may be many a manifestation of Christian character on earth, and glorious as, even in the mortal are some of God's half-perfected purposes of grace, yet all these are only parts of an economy of preparation.

We see here only wild forests and dark quarries, and not the imperial palaces of the glorious city. We see the timbers half squared, the marble half chiseled, but we do not see, and we cannot conceive the overwhelming magnificence of that Temple that is rising up under those skies where there is no night on the everlasting Zion.

And this, after all, is the truth about heaven, most enrapturing unto faith. The mortal man does not live whom I would have speak descriptively of God's many mansions.

For the bard, for the artist before the canvas, for the rapt idealist in his upsoaring fancy, there may be a wonderful charm in St. John's Revelation; the diadems, the

white robes, the crystal sea, the golden city. Oh, over such things a carnal mind may kindle into seraphic ecstasies; but for the true child of God, oh give him rather the speechless Paul, overwhelmed with the memories of that "great weight of glory;" not essaying, not daring to utter one syllable of "the unspeakable words." Oh! this, this is what makes heaven so glorious; this unlikeness unto the earth, this sublime mysteriousness unto mortal thought of the things unseen and eternal; this moving of formless shadows behind, behind the concealing veils; this towering of mountain pinnacles which our feet cannot climb; this amazing splendor for which our thought hath no image; this, this, is what renders the Christian heart, at times, so homesick for heaven; so full of longings for powers and capacities to ascend all those great heights and comprehend those great mysteries. And yet this is not its true rendering; it should render him only more patient under these earthly providences as being himself only the stone and the cedar-wood under the axe and the chisel, crying joyously, "Oh, cut, carve, polish, till I am made meet for my place of unimagined magnificence." And it should only comfort him in those sad bereavements wherein the pillars of the earthly church—the men and women whose presence seemingly can be so ill spared, who have gone from us only as stones made meet for the nobler building—they are floated away over these mortal seas, and carried safely up to the Heavenly Zion, and should fill our homes with gladness even amid our tears, when those beloved little ones are torn from our embrace, as the precious jewels washed from these sands of time to be set in immortal adornment in the chief places of the temple; it may be, to be worn as very crown-gems in God's great day of manifestation. Sure

I am this is the goodness and the glory of the Celestial Kingdom—its very mysteriousness, its essential and ineffable unlikeness to things present and visible, this impenetrable and abiding darkness, that, unto mortal eye, veils the radiant gates of the New Jerusalem.

And so it is that when I would get more rapturous conceptions of heaven I turn away from all these burning words of John, in the Revelation, and consider the simple symbol in these records of Solomon. I leave for a moment in thought the wild forests and dark quarries, filled with the din and dust of those toiling craftsmen, and stand speechless with rapture within Jerusalem's gates, and upon the heights of Mount Zion.

Oh, change! Oh, wondrous change! I behold now that perfected and matchless Temple, surpassing all my dreams of architectural beauty and strength, lifting its flashing pinnacles into that deep blue firmament. I watch the imperial pomp of that consecrating service; the crowned monarch in his regalia, and the priests and Levites in their splendid courses, and the vast congregation of Israel, crowding beloved Jerusalem, and filling all the air with their voices of rapture. I listen to the outburst of that consecrating anthem, as that vast orchestra of singers, and trumpeters, and musicians of Heman and Asaph, with their cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, lift their hallelujahs heavenward, like the sound of many waters.

And then, then, most overwhelming and enrapturing of all, I see the heavens opening above—the blazing out of the uncreated glory, the visible descent of the Eternal One in the fire of the Shechinah. And thus standing, thus beholding, oh, from the difference, the amazing difference between the preparation and the perfection; the glooms

of Lebanon and the glories of Zion, I gather my loftiest anticipations of the raptures of heaven.

I look round me here, in this lowly mortal world, wherein for long centuries even this Militant Church hath won glorious trophies, and worn wonderful beauty. I note the noble specimens of Christian character that have adorned her long history; this grand company of the apostles, that great army of martyrs. I ponder these wonderful displays of the divine perfections, these resplendent exhibitions of wisdom, and power, and love, brought ever to pass before angel eyes in the progress of the gospel, until, even in its migratory and militant state, this blood-bought Church of Christ does seem "Bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." And then, understanding how all these manifestations of God over which the heavenly hosts bend in absorbed and enraptured scholarship are only part and process of an economy of preparation, I turn away in speechless adoration to struggle with the stupendous conception of what the Church shall be, perfected and triumphant in its eternal consummation; the visible realization in its architecture and adornment, of the grandest and most glorious ideal, of the infinite mind of God.

We have no time left for the text's practical application. Its many encouraging and comforting lessons we must leave for the present. A single word of exhortation we may not omit. Let it strengthen our faith in the gospel's final triumph. It represents that gospel as the grandest work of omnipotence; yea, as the very end and consummation of all other divine works in creation and providence. And surely such a work God will bring to perfection.

Jehovah is no man of Shinar to leave His Building

unfinished. There are no worlds in the firmament begun and abandoned. The fire-mist of the nebula is slowly rounding and ripening into worlds and constellations, and if He leave not incomplete these material dwellings for His creatures surely He will not leave unfinished, to stand as a monumental impeachment of power and wisdom, a scorn and derision to the universe, this great spiritual Temple He hath begun to build as a dwelling-place for Himself.

Verily, as God liveth, the consummation comes. Oh, thou poor proud child of infidelity, with your face against the Heavens, and your foot on God's oracles, you cannot palsy God's great right arm, nor rein in His chariot.

Nay, all your great swelling words but fulfill His prophecies; all your malignant deeds only work out His purposes.

Even your mockings, yea, your persecutions unto death, of God's chosen ones, are only the cutting of great stones for the Temple-walls; the polishing of jewels for the Temple adornments.

With Christ for the foundation, and God as the Master-Builder, and all the great forces of the universe working out the divine purpose, and all the divine attributes pledged in its behalf, no breath of fools can hinder the consummation.

It cometh, it cometh, in the unimpeachable verities of the divine counsels, in the sweep of those stupendous circles, wherein omnipotence ever worketh; it comes, the consummation of this, His grandest design; the triumph over all adversaries of His blood-bought church; the perfected strength and beauty of that Heavenly Temple, built as the monument of His glory, the habitation of His love.

And then, then, oh ye beloved disciples of Jesus,

whose faith sometimes wearies of these poor forms of earthly worship, and who here, amid sore tribulations, are being prepared for that higher service; then, when it is finished, and the last living pillar stands glorified under its arches, and the last polished gem is lustrous in its adornment, and the headstone is brought forth with the shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!" and amid the prostrations of principalities and powers, the unveiled God-head, in His last ineffable shechinah shall enter into his dwelling-place, and throughout all its recesses shall be breathed the heavenly incense, and over all shall flash those uncreated glories—then surely it will be enough of reward and of rapture for a redeemed soul to be in it, even if not like Abraham and Paul, a great stone, or a splendid pillar, or a lustrous and priceless gem; yet, as simply a carved flower on a capital, or a boss on a golden altar, or a tache for a purple curtain; enough for a redeemed soul to be the smallest part of that Temple, which, to-day, amid all these earthly storms, and convulsions, and agonies; these heaving earthquakes of social life; these turnings and overturnings of kingdoms and nations; amid all this dust and din of chisel and axe men; in this place of preparation, groweth, surely, if slowly, yet *groweth* into a habitation for our God.

WHY STAND YE IDLE?

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

Matthew, xx., 6.



THESE words you have all recognized at once as part of our Lord's fine parable of the Laborers in the vineyard; and, separating them as we thus have, from the context, it were aside from our purpose to enter at much length into the vexed question of this parable's interpretation.

You are doubtless aware of the great difficulties which arise to its expounder, and the various solutions which have been advanced in regard of them.

First of all, it is difficult to perceive how the whole parable illustrates the introductory and closing assertion that "The first shall be last, and the last first."

Moreover, it is difficult to understand how any true member of the Kingdom of Heaven shall grudge in his heart the reward offered to another member. And most of all is it difficult to ascertain precisely what is the great lesson intended to be conveyed in the whole of it. In view of these difficulties very different explanations have been given of the parable. Some regard the whole emphasis of the narrative to rest upon the equality of wages bestowed, so that its lesson is, that there shall be no differences of allotment in the celestial economy.

But this is at war with all the representations of the Bible, and out of harmony with the very truth that introduces it—that "There are last that shall be first, and first that shall be last."

Others suppose that it is intended to teach that the reward depends, not so much upon the time spent in

labor, as upon the *earnestness* of that labor. But there is surely in the parable no intimation that those entering the vineyard earliest were the least strenuous in their exertions.

There are others who regard the successive hours of the hiring to labor, as the emphatic thing in the parable. One class of these interpreters regarding these hours as emblematical of the successive dispensations of the Church: the Patriarchal, the Abrahamic, the Mosaic, the Evangelical. The other class supposing these hours to be descriptive of the different periods of human life at which they began the service of God—childhood, youth, manhood, old age. While there are others who regard the complaining of the early called as the emphatic circumstance in the parable; supposing that the great warning therein, alike to the Jews and the Apostles, was against the indulgence of that very temper so likely to result from the long continued possession of great spiritual privileges, thus rebuking the selfish question wherewith Peter had introduced the lesson, “Lord, and what shall we have?” and illustrating the solemn assertion wherewith the whole story is closed, “There are first that shall be last, and last that shall be first.” Now this *last* we are, on the whole, inclined to regard as the parable’s great lesson. Meantime we shall be guilty of no perversion of its meaning if we find in it as well an emblematic history of the entrance of individual men into the Church, at different periods of human life.

For our present purpose, therefore, we take this view of the parable. By the *vineyard* we understand the *Church of Christ*. By the *householder*, the great Head of the Church. By the *day*, the whole period of individual grace in life, and by the different hours wherein the lab-

orders were hired, the different periods in human life wherein men are brought into friendship with God, and spiritual fellowship with His Church. And thus regarding it we shall leave to other occasions the other points of the instruction, and content ourselves—as containing material enough for present discourse—with the text’s record of the householder’s expostulation with the men so long standing idle in the market-place.

“*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*” was his earnest and thrilling appeal to the indolent men in the market-place. And well might his appeal be thrilling and earnest, because it was at the eleventh hour he found them idle. Dividing their day between rise and set of sun into twelve equal parts or hours, their eleventh hour was the closing hour of the day. Had he found them idle at the *third* hour, or the *sixth*, or even the *ninth*, it had not been so wonderful. But alas! the morning coolness had gone and the noonday heat, yea and the long and glorious afternoon; and now, with the shadows lengthening along the plain, in the cool and dewy eventide, they were loiterers still, in the busy market-place. No wonder then, I say, that his language was in indignant rebuke and thrilling appeal, “*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*”

Our text then, is, in general, *a rebuke of idleness*. And had we time, we would apply this rebuke even to the earthly and temporal exhibition of this pitiful idleness. For verily, I do not know in all God’s universe a creature more to be pitied, yea, more to be scorned, than an aimless idler in a busy world.

God’s is a busy and an earnest world, and an idle and inefficient man is a discord amid its magnificent harmonies. Behold how the rivers rush and foam to the sea, and the ocean tosses itself, not in pastime, but in

great labor, and the stars flash and blaze in their wild flight through the firmament, and the earth is earnest with a thousand processes of productive life. Aye, and if you could penetrate behind this sensible veil which hides the spiritual world you would find all the ranks and orders of immortal life busy to the full of their high powers in the activities of some magnificent accomplishment. You would find angel and archangel issuing forth at the command of their great king, in the strength of an earnest purpose and a rushing pinion, glorying in their high privilege of fellow-working with Jehovah. Yea, the Eternal One Himself would you find busy amid the vast and countless enterprises of immensity and eternity. Yea, busy even amid the lower processes of the material universe; moving every planet in its rushing orbit, and painting every flower with His glowing pencil, and guiding the leaping waters as they murmur down the landscape, and lifting the plumes of the wild bird's wing as it mounts with its sweet song to the gates of heaven. God Himself and all that He hath made are wide awake and earnest. Creation is a *laboratory*, not a *dormitory*, and therein all things are busy in their ministries, working out their issues and leaving their impress. And verily from the ten thousand sounds of the working world comes the voice of an earnest condemnation upon every indolent and inefficient man in his day and generation. Oh, God never made man, that magnificent creature, man, to sit with his lily hands folded, and his nerves unstrung, in the midst of these high enterprises, and these rushing activities. God never nerved His great man-child with vast strength that he should sleep in the lap of Delilah. God never equipped genius with its blazing eye and eagle plumes that it should sink softly to its low nest on the

hillside, when the far firmament was all in a blaze of glory above and beyond it. Oh, shame, shame unto you, ye listless dreamers in this bustling world. Ye do after the kind of the sloth and the snail, when seraph and angel woo you to fellowship in their toil, and the glories of their accomplishment. Oh, listen ye to the loud voices of exhortation which the universe gives out earnestly and ever. For the forests that wave on the hills, and the streams that rush to the sea, and the insect that floats in the sun, and the dewdrop that shines on the lily, and every busy creature on the world below, and every burning star in the depths of the firmament. Oh, they blend all their voices into one earnest utterance, crying, *Why stand ye! Why stand ye here all the day idle?*

But it is, of course, in a sense higher and holier, that the exhortation in the text is applied to mankind. If, in one sense, this universe may be regarded as a great vineyard wherein man is called of God to efficient labor; yet the special reference in the text is, of course, to God's spiritual church, as that more glorious vineyard. I say *a more glorious vineyard* because, even in the mighty workings of Jehovah, are Creation and Providence, but subsidiary to Redemption. As there are no after-thoughts in the administration of the Omniscient, so was the incarnation of the Divine One, an eternal purpose. And so this great world was rounded into beauty and hung amid the stars, just as a magnificent standing-place for the Cross of Christ. Oh, glorious thought, surpassing all the conjectures of philosophy. Go back with me to the beginning before creation sprang into life, from non-existence. There is no material system, no spiritual system, and yet no void, no vacancy, no want; for God the infinite, the eternal, unconcealed by these material

curtains, fills all the chambers of space with His overwhelming glory. God, happy in Himself, craving nothing, wanting nothing; God, blessed forever. Now solve me the problem, ye wise men. Why did God make the world? Ye cannot. The mystery is above you and beyond ye. Hear ye the marvel, "All things were created for Christ." "To the intent that through the Church might be known unto principalities and powers God's manifold wisdom." Yes, blessed revelation, all things were made for the Church. Creation, with all its massive splendors, is but the mighty scaffolding beneath which is rising this majestic inner building. The Church from all eternity was the great spiritual ideal of the Infinite; the magnificent temple to be reared for His own great glory. And, at the coming of that cycle of eternity, wherein there was to be a beginning, behold, at the utterance of a word, the universe flashes into being, the standing-place of the cross, the scaffolding of the Temple. And, as a scaffolding is inferior to the building, so is creation inferior to the Church.

All things were made for it. Yea, all things are preserved for it. God created all things with a word, but in the redemption of all things hath He been busy from eternity. Yea, Providence itself is but the machinery of redemption. Philosophy findeth all her final causes in the Church. For her the waters murmur, for her the forests wave, for her the bird warbles, for her the ocean roars, for her the stars flash and blaze in their bright and still glory in heaven. Yea, for her the spiritual and immortal work as well. The astronomer wanders through the skies, the geologist goes down to the foundation of the great hills, the mariner spreads his sails amid the far isles of the ocean, the conqueror drives his war horse through

the red tide of battle, the statesman plays the great game of empire, the mighty man works out his high destiny on the arena of life, the babe looks with its sweet laugh at its mother's gentle face of light and love. Yea, for her, too, the angelic hosts go forth in their high ministry, the seraph burns in love, the cherub towers in intellect, the crowned archangel bows before the throne, or wanders on strong pinions through the skies. God made all things for the Church. God preserveth all things for the Church. In the Church are alike the issue and the springs of all time activities. Glorious is she, therefore, in her progress to perfection. And, oh, then how unutterably glorious in her triumphant consummation. Who shall speak of such things? What saint or sage, what seraph or archangel, what throne or dominion, what mighty morning star, what immortal son of God? Who shall speak of the Church completed, triumphant, a glorious Church ; holy, and without blemish ; having "nor spot, nor wrinkle, nor any such thing." "I go to prepare a place for you," said the Saviour. "Come up hither," said the angel unto the exulting John, "and I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife."

Oh, enrapturing thought, the Church as the great object of His divine love ; the Church, the bride of the Son of God ; and heaven, her palace home ; and the triumphant hour coming when, in the starry evening of time, up-rushing from the rifled graves of the Resurrection, she shall be carried in glorious robes, with the bridal anthems of creation ; in God's chariot of glory, through the bending ranks of seraph and archangel, through the gates of pearl, through the streets of gold, amid the flashing of the morning stars, amid the glorious shoutings of the sons of God, to that house of prepared mansions, to

that marriage-supper of the Lamb, to that enrapturing festival of everlasting joy. And said I not well then, that, though creation be, in a sense, God's vineyard, yet, by far, his more glorious vineyard was the Church of Christ? How beautiful the comparison. Is a vineyard a choice spot in the householder's domain, specially dear, amid forests and meadows? So is the Church. Is a vineyard a superinduced growth, amid the fields un-fruit-bearing vegetation? So is the Church. Is a vineyard surrounded by strong munitions to keep out the wild beast and the robber? So is the Church. Is a vineyard in a state of constant cultivation and improvement, as the special care of the husbandman's tillage? So is the Church. Is a vineyard carefully watered and warmed with the rain and the sunshine? So is the Church. Is a vineyard vigilantly watched by the sleepless eye of love, that its flowers may bloom and its purple clusters ripen? So is the Church. But there is no need that I should enlarge here on the fitness of the image, or the illustration of its power and beauty. The resemblance is assumed in the text. The very language of the Scripture is, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like the householder who would hire laborers into his vineyard." The Church of Christ is confessedly God's most glorious vineyard. And therefore it was we said that, even in a sense higher than to labor in God's material universe, was man, the great Idler, called to enter with earnestness and energy this spiritual vineyard. "Go into my vineyard," said the householder to the sluggards in the Market Place. "Go into my vineyard," says the Great God unto you. Go now; you have mighty work to do in it. Oh, who shall speak fittingly of the breadth and glories of this vineyard work? You have your own soul to save. Ye were not created, ye have not been pre-

served, that ye might eat and drink, and amass gold, and secure glory. Ye live in a world baptized with precious blood, watched by all God's angels, hollow with consuming fire, rushing in its mighty sweep through the skies to its own final burning—not as a hoarding-place for riches or a building-place for palace homes. No, no, it is but an arena for the strugglings of God's giant man-child after the riches and pleasures and glories of eternity. *Ye have souls to save.* And this, not as the result of a sigh extorted by sympathy, and a tear wrung out by agony; but as the result of a *living* faith, and a *living* obedience—a faith that *trusts* all, an obedience that strives for all. *Believing*, as if ye could do nothing; *working*, as if ye could do all things. Ye have sins to repent of; sins to turn away from; evil passions to subdue; evil propensities to crucify; gracious principles to strengthen; heavenly impulses to nurture; mighty enemies to encounter; the flesh, with its strong lusts; the world, with its seducing splendors; the Devil, with his assaulting legions. Ye have a dreadful Hell to escape. Ye were born its heirs, condemned already, doomed already. God's anger burns against you; his sword glitters; his arm is bared. He will go through the thorns, and burn the briars together. Ye are sinners; sinners against his goodness; sinners against his grace. Your feet are on his holy laws; your feet are on his dear Son's blood; and God's indignation is kindled against you; and this rushing world is bearing you in its terrific speed to the blackness and the burning. Ye have a hell to escape. Ye have a glorious heaven to win; a heaven to which ye have no claim, wherefrom ye are separated as far as sin and shame can sever you. Far up in the firmament of glory, beyond the clouds, beyond the stars, are those blessed

mansions ; and ye have no Babels piercing heaven whereon to climb to them, and no archangelic pinions whereon to soar. No, no ; but, blessed be God, I see it, I see it, a ladder, with its foot on the earth, and its top reaching to the very sparkle of those gates of glory. But if ye reach it, ye must climb—*climb*. Ah ! it is long work, a lifetime's work, a mighty work. To mount from this miserable planet up, up, along those dizzy heights, to the mountain of God, to the City of Holiness. Ye have a glorious heaven to win. Aye, and there are distinctions amid its glories ; palms of fairer light ; palaces of costlier decoration ; thrones of loftier glory ; harps of softer and more seraphic strings ; sceptres of wider and more majestic sway ; diadems of more starry and archangelic splendor ; and, although unworthy the lowest, ye are to strive for the loftiest. Ye have a heaven to obtain. Ye have a sinful world to save. Your home is on a wandering and eclipsed planet—a vast prison, filled with God's immortal convicts ; and God calleth you to be his fellow-workers in saving the lost. Ye are the torch-bearers of eternity in an immortal midnight. Ye are the seekers of eternal pearls, down, down, amid the stormy seas of human guilt and human passion. Ye are the wakers-up of the sleeping Immanuel, when man's great bark labors in the eternal tempest. "The saviours of the lost," "the saviors of a world" ; these, these are the magnificent titles whereby ye are called unto this vineyard labor. Yea, nobler even, and higher. Ye have a glorious God to honor ; a mighty God to glorify. Glorious was He in the sublime solitude of eternity before the Beginning. Glorious was He in that creative hour, when this material universe, this spiritual universe, millions upon millions of worlds, millions upon millions of millions of rejoicing inhabitants,

sprang at the word of His power into being. And, as this burning diadem of starry worlds settled as His awful frontlet, the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted aloud as at Jehovah's befitting coronation.

But above and beyond all this, seeketh He in creation's redemption a loftier crown, a mightier glory; and ye, ye, are in all this His fellow-workers. Oh, in seeking and saving the lost; in going forth with the gospel of our Jesus to the kingdoms and peoples we are, even on this low world, outsoaring the archangel in the moral firmament. We are busy in enterprises more magnificent than Gabriel's. We are gathering the stuffs, and lifting up the mighty platform, and gathering the unwrought gold, and polishing the eternal jewels for eternity's oncoming pageant—the visible enthronement of divine mercy in the coronation of a God.

Ah! this, this, is your vineyard work, oh children of immortality. How mighty, then, the marvel of the text that beings with such work to do should be "*all the day idle.*" Take your stand amid the angelic ranks to-day. Here we are then, upon the battlements of Heaven, looking forth upon God's mighty, moving, magnificent creation. Let the constellations move on in their great, calm glory. System after system of burning suns goes by, each the leader of a glorious host in Heaven. Behold amid them all, yon little star, eclipsed, accursed. It is man's home; and there upon it behold that solitary man. *What is he doing?* Why, almost nothing; building a house, buying a farm, amassing a fortune, seeking a reputation. And this is all; like an immortal child tossing the bubbles, sporting with the toys of this paltry life. *But what has he to do? What to do!* Oh! tell us, ye angels. To do? To do? *Why a soul to save, a Hell to shun, a Heaven to*

attain, a world to bless, a God to glorify. And yet, behold him in God's busy world, the only idler. Oh, who wonders then at the cry from God's astonished universe, "*Why, why stand ye all the day idle?*" Shame, shame, shame, unto you, ye listless dreamers in this glorious battlefield of life; ye that herd with the sloth and the reptile when God's guardian angels wait to attend your mighty forth-going unto enterprises too vast for their sharing, too glorious for their accomplishment. Oh! no wonder God's great universe becomes vocal with one mighty alarm cry; that every living and dead thing cry aloud in your summoning; that the forests that wave on the hills, and the rivers that rush to the sea, and the insect that floats in the sun, and the bird that carols in the blue heaven, and every breathing creature on this low footstool, and every flashing star in the depths of the firmament; yea, every angel and archangel, and cherub, and seraph, and throne and dominion, and principality and power—oh, I say, what wonder that they all lift up their voices in one magnificent and mighty warning, crying, "*Why stand ye, why stand ye here all the day idle?*"

But let us pause here, softly and mildly, and bring this matter home. As thus far considered, there would be no distinctions in the various summonses to labor; but there is a distinction in these actual summonses, in the result. Out in the early morning went the great householder to call laborers; and they went into the vineyard. Again, at the third hour, and at the sixth, and at the ninth, went he also, saying to all that loitered in the market-place, "Go ye into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right that shall ye receive." But then, mark ye, how, going forth at the eleventh hour, it is with a more tender and more terrible emphasis; yea, with more terrible and

tender words, he cries in the ear of these livelong idlers, "Why, why stand ye here, all the day idle?"

Whatever view ye may take of the parable, here will rest the great emphasis. If you regard the different hours of the summoning as denoting the successive dispensations of the Church, then, to us, living under the full blaze of the gospel; yea, living at least in the early twilight of the latter-day glory, how earnest the exhortation to be active and untiring in this vineyard labor. Ah, how, even in man's first, and third, and sixth hour, the called of God bent themselves to labor! How the patriarchs walked with God! How the prophets sent sight and voice through eternity! How kings and conquerors and mighty men in the army of God went forth, even amid the dim twilight of types and symbols, shaking the green earth in the march of their power and the might of their miracles! Verily, verily, there *were* giants in those days. And shame, shame unto us, that in this mighty noonday of the world; when, under the blazing of the full-orbed sun, the world walks the firmament; shame that we should so sleep and dream, under these banners, borne on as by angel wings, even now, to the conquest of the world.

And then, if from this general application, we go on to one more special, how even more earnest and impressive the utterance.

Man's day of probation, man's season of grace, is the day of the text. And to you, then, individually, comes its solemn questioning, "Why, why stand ye here, all the day, idle?" Ah! how earnest, how emphatic, is every word of the questioning, "Why stand ye here idle?" *Here*, here in the *market-place*; the very emporium for eternal exchanges; the very wrestling-place for immortal diadems. If it were in some other world, it were not so

wonderful. In some star that burns bright and still, up in Heaven, ye might smooth the pillow to slumber, amid the immortal intelligences that know no fear, and have felt no bondage. But alas! for this accursed planet as a *sleeping place!* God's fires are beneath, God's lightnings above, God's cross on its standing place, God's angels gathering around already for the great harvest, God's Hell and God's Heaven, stretching away as its awful perspective of gloom or of glory.

Ah! no common world is this. Like a phantom ship of flame it sweeps with the tempest, outward bound through the ocean toward destruction; and amid the sympathies of a shuddering universe the voyagers are starting from sleep, struggling for salvation. It is a wrestling place for diadems, a struggling place with fierce enemies, *the market place of eternity.* "Why stand ye *here, here,* idle?" Why stand ye here? *Ye, ye!* Oh! if ye were beings of another order; if ye were of the seraphs, amid dominions like that established in story, or outcasts in gloom who have passed from probation to the retribution or the reward, then it were not so wonderful; for not to them is now committed this pearl of great price. Or, if ye were the simple dwellers in some other world wherein Christ was not crucified; or if ye were poor heathen, to whose benighted homes no angel with the gospel to preach had gone forth on his wings of glory; then, then, not so wonderful.

But *ye, ye!* Why stand ye here idle? "*Ye,*" to whom the vision has been granted, the eternal curtain lifted, the cross of Christ erected, the immortality and life revealed. "*Ye,*" to whom angels minister, against whom devils war, for whom the pearl-gates widely open, and the hell-flame burns. "*Ye,*" not amid the heathen-hearted, sitting in

the great night of immortality, in the shadow of death ; but, as winged creatures of eternity, sitting with panting heart and uprising plumes in the blaze of the gospel day-spring—unto whom, in ten thousand accents hath come *the calling*; myriads of loving voices, alow and aloud, warning and welcoming, from the seen and the unseen, the temporal and the eternal; calling, calling. Yea, more, "*The High Calling.*" Called unto no pitiful ministry, unto no vulgar retribution; called to be priests, to be kings, to be more than conquerors, to be heirs of God and joint heirs of Jesus Christ; to be diademed with the Immortal, and enthroned amid the Dominions of Eternity. Yea, more, "*The High Calling of God.*" No voice of the finite; not even those great voices full of majesty and power, which the apocalyptic witnesses heard from Heaven. No great voice from the stars in glory, as they sweep the firmament in power and splendor, saying, "Come up hither." No great voice of the celestial hosts, seraph and archangel, throne and dominion, principality and power, crying in majesty, and glory, and power, as the voice of many waters, "Come up hither." Nay, but better, holier, higher, *the calling of God*; the eternal heart inspiring it, the eternal eye outflashing it, the eternal lip speaking it. Yea more, *more*, "the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Not of God as unrevealed, immense, infinite, the mysterious phantom of Deity; the absolute and awful *I am* of eternity; but God in Christ Jesus; the God in a human form, the God with a weeping eye, the God with a bleeding hand, the God with a breaking heart; *His* calling, from the manger, from the garden, from the mount of blood, from the grave of gloom; so touchingly, tenderly, enrapturingly. Oh! blessed vocation. "*The calling,*" "*the high calling,*" "the high calling of God," "*the high calling*"

of God in Christ Jesus." Oh! what mean these glorious words? Tell us, ye redeemed ones, ye angels that excel in strength, ye plumed and palmed children of eternity; oh! what mean these sublime words? "The high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And yet, under this, men slumber. Yes, under this, ye slumber. Ah, ye; then, ye why stand ye, ye here idle? Why stand ye here *all the day* idle? *All the day!* Ah, mighty emphasis, *all the day!* Oh, look ye up, loiterers; the day is already dying; the morning dews have exhaled; the noon-day heats are over; the western sun is sinking to the golden seas; the shadows are lengthening; the dews are falling; the night, *the night* is coming. *All the day idle.* Alas! alas! for these touching and terrible words, "*All the day idle.*" It was at the eleventh hour, the last hour of the sunshine, with the chills and falling dews upon his vine leaves, that the husbandman went forth to the market-place. How emphatic, then, his exhortation. Now, or never, go into the vineyard. And oh! how emphatic unto you, ye *eleventh hour* idlers! And who are such idlers? Of course, the *aged impenitent* are specially designated. Ye, with the silvery locks, with the wrinkled forehead, with the chilled heart; ye, out of Christ still, though the last sands of the hour-glass even now fall through; to you, at least *to you*, hath the eleventh hour come. Nor to you alone. Ye, whose strength is declining, whose health is failing; ye, with the panting breath, the feverish pulse. Oh! for you, too, the arrow of the Great Archer is on the string, the day declines, the night is coming. But to these alone? Alas! alas! no. Go to the place of your sepulchres, and what see ye? Ah, not merely the resting-place of the worn heart, and the wasted sinew; but alas! the mother came with her sweet

babe; and youth with his fair bride; and man with his strong fellow; all, all, to lay the shivered idol to its dark rest. Alas! alas! the dewy bud of childhood, and the bursting blossom of youth, and the glorious flower of splendid manhood, and the sere and leafless stem of age, are all woven into one chaplet of triumph for this conqueror Death. The eleventh hour cometh to the *cradle* sometimes. We cannot tell when it cometh. Judge ye for yourself from the signs God sends you. The eleventh hour comes with a strange chill, as if cold dews were blent with the sunshine. Have ye felt such a chill? Have eternal things begun to lose all their early power? Ye that could weep once, and feel once, in view of eternity, are ye becoming dead to the great things of the unseen, the immortal? Take care! it is the signal of the dew-fall: *the night cometh!* With the eleventh hour, too, there is a turning of everything away from the gardens and vineyards. The bee turneth homeward; the bird rises with one glad song to sink softly and quietly to its nest of love in the dewy grass; yea, the very laborer plies his implements with relaxed muscle as in a task almost done! Have ye noted such signals, beloved? Do ye hear them less often than of old, those winged warblers from eternity, in your hearts, seeking to charm you to glory? Is the spirit ceasing its striving? Are the angels disappearing from your pathway? Alas! alas! it is the signal that the living things are hurrying from the vineyard. Take care, there is a shadow on the vine leaves; there is a chill in the air; the dew is falling; *the night is coming!* These, and such as these, are the eleventh hour idlers. Do I speak to such? Are there such here? Beloved, beloved, are there such among ye? Oh, then, how earnestly would I lift once more God's loud alarm-cry, "Why, tell

me, why stand ye all the day idle?" Ye mean to repent by and by. Alas! and will ye try and see how near ye can go in safety to destruction? There went a vessel freighted with wild animals over Niagara; and men chartered a steamer to go with it for leagues down the river and observe its plunge. As they came within sound of the awful cataract, the more timid were alarmed. They said, "Let us put back." But the master said, "Oh! presently; a little further." And a little further he went, and then put his steamer about. And what then? Why the bark would not go. Right on that awful river she stood still; they had gone too far; and every tree and rock seemed to stand still on the awful shore as the tablet of a living sepulchre. And but for the brave man's maniac courage, that dipped his faggots in oil and put his foot on the escape-valve, that wild water had been their grave. And will ye, will ye see how near ye can float to the eternal shipwreck? Oh, stop, stop, for your lives. Too long already have ye procrastinated repentance. What is religion? A spasm? A tear? A sun-revolution? No, no! A day's long toil in a vineyard. And ye have not begun yet to labor; and, behold! it is high noon; nay, it is even now the dewfall. Oh! arouse, ye loiterers; for eternity, arouse ye. God is calling, and angels are calling; time is calling, and eternity is calling; the earth that sounds hollow under your feet, and the stars that shine in their trembling glory up in heaven, take up the parable of my God, and cry earnestly and ever, "Go into the vineyard." Go into the vineyard; up, up, from your mad dreams, ye giant children of immortality; up, up, for your lives; the vineyard is open, and your work is not done; *and the night cometh! Aye, the night!* These lengthening shadows, these chilling dews,

these departing songs, dying away in the distance, are the heralds of the sunset; and the night, the night cometh. Aye, and what then? Oh, I cannot tell you. Read to us, oh! Lamb of God, thine own touching parable, as written in these glorious words: "And when even was come, the Lord of the vineyard said unto his steward, Call the laborers and give them their hire." Oh! blessed moment, it cometh, it cometh! That starry evening of time; the perfumed dews, the flashing stars of eternity making it soft and lustrous. And up, homeward bound from the vineyard, shall troop the glad laborers, the work done, the reward secured.

And then, amid those glory-bathed landscapes; under those firmaments glowing with the oncoming splendors; in the spectatorship of all worlds, all systems, all ranks and orders of throne and dominion, principalities and powers, seraph and archangel; then, then, shall the labor cease, and the reward be rendered. And then, then, what a blessed and glorious home-going? Amid the perfumed dews, under the blazing stars of that great evening of time; with God's great peace in the heart, and God's angels showing the pathway; wearing the white robe, the palm, the diadem, smiling, and singing, and shouting; to that glorious house of many mansions; to the eternal Father; to the loving elder brother; to the band of sister spirits, watching tenderly, and waiting to welcome the released from the vineyard. Oh! glorious home. Oh! sweet release. Oh! high reward. Oh! golden sunset of life. Oh! starry evening of time. Oh! great pluming hour for these immortal wings. Oh! blessed going home to eternity. *Going home! Going home!*

GOD'S THOUGHTS AND HIS WAYS

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord."

Isaiah, lv., 8.



HE word "thought" is here used objectively. It expresses a result, and not a process. Essentially, perhaps, all thought power is alike. Certainly, in all our attempts to consider God we must reason analogically from the finite. We can form no idea of any divine attribute except from its miniature in humanity. And we are to regard it not as a mere figure of speech that God made man in his own image, as well mental as moral.

The great intellect of the Eternal may be justly spoken of as the glorious archetype from which finite minds were cast. The essential faculties, the grand constituent elements of mind, we are to regard as alike in the finite and the infinite.

So that when the Bible represents Jehovah as possessed of intellect, and sensibility, and will, it speaks not in figure, but literally.

And when it speaks of God as in the experience of emotions, loving a world and pitying His children, we are to regard it as no mere accommodation to a human "usus loquendi," but as an exact record of the movements within that great mind of veritable emotions.

Away from our theology forever with that ideal of Jehovah which regards Him as an unfeeling amalgam of immense power and infinite wisdom.

We do not dishonor God by likening Him to man. We only honor man up to what God honored him when He made him in His own image, when we declare that in

respect alike of faculties in essence, and feelings in exercise, the human mind hath been molded after its infinite archetype.

The assertion, then, in the text that "God's thoughts are not like man's thoughts" is to be understood rather of the results than of the processes of mental operations. And with this remark, which we feel bound ever to insist on, let us go on at once to illustrate the proposition that the thoughts of God are not like the thoughts of man.

Now, the only difficulty we experience here is in the selection of illustrations.

Grant that many of God's thoughts are to us unattainable. For example, grant that in the sublime intellectual intercourse ever going on between the three persons of the Trinity there must be a magnificence of mental process, unto which a crowned archangel may never approach, even so near as to touch the hem of the garment. Yea, grant that unto God's simplest and most comprehensible thoughts, man can never attain in absolute perfection; still enough thereof has been made known to His creatures to make manifest abundantly the proposition under review, that God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Consider a few of them rapidly.

First, creation is one of God's thoughts. I mean the materialism of the universe in its present forms and phases. As every product of human skill is but a human thought made visible; inasmuch as the fine painting on the canvas and the great temple in its marble architecture are but the embodiment in material forms of simple thoughts pre-existing all toil, in the ideal of the artist—just so it is of God's handiwork.

The visible creation that surrounds us on every side, and spreads away into the immensity that is beyond us,

is only an embodied, actualized thought of the uncreated intelligence.

Or, dividing this stupendous whole into distinct parts, each part may be regarded as a particular thought of the mind that is eternal. So you may speak of the great earth as one of God's thoughts, and so of the human body, and the human soul, and the vast ocean, and the cataract, and the volcano, and the singing bird, and the lily, and the dewdrop, the rainbow, and the lightning, and the murmuring stream, and the roaring thunder. Oh, all these are nothing else than God's glorious and goodful thoughts, embodied in beautiful and sublime forms, written radiantly on the blue of the sky or whispered musically in the voices of the universe.

Creation, then, we repeat it, creation in all its vast and magnificent complication, is only a simple thought of Jehovah made manifest in the universe. And tell me, is this like one of man's thoughts?

Give man an infinite imagination to conceive, and an infinite power to execute, and set him to produce a universe, and would it resemble the universe as it is? By no means. Consider a point or two of the contrast. Set a man to create a universe, and it would be a consolidated universe. Into one immense continent would its materialism be gathered, and all tribes of animate nature would congregate upon one great platform of animated being.

It is the taste and the tendency of our nature to gather ourselves together into mighty communities. And yet how unlike all this to the divine arrangement. God's great universe is broken up into parts. You find in it, in comparison of the whole, no great continent of matter, but innumerable worlds, immeasurably separated. Yea, every one so isolated in the strictest seclusion as to be

forever beyond the loftiest reach of each other's observation. And this, we repeat, is altogether unlike man's thoughts, and his agony of regret this day is that he cannot fling the communication of a mighty telegraph from star to star, and thus, even in the face of the immutable ordinances of Heaven, gather its isolated islands of being into one vast, virtual consolidation.

Again, set a man to make a universe, and it would be altogether a motionless and steadfast universe. We build our houses, not on the waters, that they may float from place to place, but upon the shores, that they may be permanent and immovable. But the universe as God hath made it is in everlasting motion.

The world whereon we live, and all the system of worlds that shines out in the firmament that is over us, are in the rush of a most terrible velocity through the chambers of immensity.

And all this is assuredly not after the pattern of a human wisdom.

We may indeed be able, upon an *a posteriori* examination, to assign reasons which seem beneficent for such revolutions.

But we can discover just as well how there might have been arrangements as beneficent in a motionless universe.

And so, upon the whole, most manifest must it seem to us that a material creation, so divided in its parts, so isolated in its positions, and all positions and parts in such rushing revolutions, is not such a universe as an omnipotent man would have created. And standing forth, as it does, as one of God's great thoughts made manifest, how clearly does it illustrate the text's truth that God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts.

Or, descending from this survey of the great universe of worlds, to dwell more in detail on a single world in its economy, how, even with greater power, is the same truth made manifest. Set a man to make a world, and would it bear resemblance to this world?

Would a man have hidden three-fourths of its entire surface under a waste of wild waters? Would he have flung up along its circumference immense ranges of inaccessible mountains? Would he have spread out vast plains of marsh, and morass, and arid sands of the wilderness? Would he have brought forth after their kinds, savage beasts of prey, and filled the waters with monsters? Would he, in short, have made such a world as this? I am not, indeed, intimating that any wise man really thinks he could have contrived a better one.

The man who honestly believes he can improve a divine work is no son of Solomon. And true philosophy will ever confess that what seemeth "the foolishness of God is wiser than men." But I am insisting here that there is a broad difference between a human and a divine ideal of world-making.

And I repeat that such a world as this no wise man would have created. He would have filled up the ocean with plow-ground, and sloped the mountains gently for vineyards, and covered with rich verdure the sands of the wilderness; and the waters should have brought forth after their kind only beautiful and gentle things, and every creature moving in the forests should have been of a race kindly and fair, and the sky should have been without a cloud on its rich blue, and the year without winter or storm in its long summer of bloom. So that a world fresh from the hand of a human creator would have seemed, as well in the economy of its life as in the

adornments of its materialism, altogether unlike the world we inhabit. For this world is one of God's thoughts, and such a world would have been one of man's thoughts—and apparent seems the truth of the text that "Your thoughts are not my thoughts, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Now we might pursue this train of remark to any extent, but sufficient has already been advanced to illustrate the truth under review; and we go on, therefore, at once to another illustration, as apparent, and observe:

Secondly, that Providence is another of God's peculiar thoughts.

As you will suppose, I use the word Providence here in its very widest application, and mean by it God's entire direction and control of all the several parts of the universe, subsequent to creation. And whether you regard the entire economy of that Providence as one stupendous conception, or regard each successive step in that economy as a particular thought made manifest, how apparent will seem in regard of either the truth under review.

Endow a wise man with divine power, and enthrone him in the sovereignty of the universe, and would he govern it as God has governed it, and does govern it?

By no means. Examine the economy of Providence as it had to do with our world anterior to its present inhabitation. Read with geology the earlier annals of God's earthly administration, written as with a diamond's point on the strata of the planet, and you will perceive how, during the sweep of unnumbered centuries, earth was the home of successive races, each race of a higher rank and finer physical organization than its predecessor.

And so the whole purpose of that far-reaching Providence would seem only the evolution of higher, and still higher, types of life through mighty periods of almost

imperceptible progress. And I ask you if man in his wisdom would have governed the world so?

Why, so unphilosophical does all this seem that, even with its history inscribed most legibly out on the planet's crust, we can hardly persuade ourselves that it is a veritable record of a divine administration. Man, be you sure, would have ordered the whole thing differently. Instead of giving the world up for an incalculable series of ages, to be trodden by these slowly ascending breeds of inferior animals, he would have spoken into being at the very outset the loftiest order in the series, and earth from its very creation would have been peopled by man. Or, if you confine yourselves to that aspect of Providence which has only to do with human transactions, how, none the less apparent, will seem the thought under review?

Would a wise man order things as God orders them? Would the history of a human administration be such a history as our world's has been for the last sixty centuries? That apostasy in a primitive Eden; those centuries of the mighty manhood of antediluvian depravity; those oppressions, and wanderings, and fierce wars of God's chosen people; those long ages of barbarian gloom; that epocha of Grecian and Roman glory, ushering in the gospel; those long series of wars, wherein, at least eighteen times, the entire population of the globe has been swept away in tremendous destruction; those long centuries of disastrous night spoken of as the "Dark Ages;" those periodic visitations of famine and pestilence, mantling earth's peoples and realms in mourning and sackcloth—these, and such as these, are the evolution of God's providential thoughts; and, tell me, are they like our thoughts?

Nay, farther, look at the providential aspect of things

even now on the face of this planet. How darkness, even now, covers the earth, and gross darkness the people. Of the eight hundred millions of living men, at least three-quarters degraded in ignorance and debased by the grosser influences of superstition. Behold how righteousness is depressed and vice and iniquity enthroned in high places; how unequal in their distribution the evil and the good; how limited in their diffusion Christianity or civilization! Yea, behold what oppression, what violence, what boastful and unblushing guilt, what throes of agony, what struggles of convulsion among kingdoms and nations, as if, verily, the great heart of the race were breaking in the overstrain of its bondage.

Now, endow a wise man and a good man with almightiness, and would the character of his earthly administration be like to this of Jehovah? I do not ask if he could order things better. I know he could not. I may not understand it, yet certain I am of the great fact that, in the sublime purpose of bringing good out of evil, there is manifest in the present order of things the highest triumphs of omnipotence. But, mark ye, this is not the point of our argument. I am insisting only that God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts, and I repeat it with all boldness, that as Jehovah governs this world no wise man would govern it.

Place at the head of human affairs an omnipotent philanthropist, and how soon would every dark thing be swept away from a groaning creation; how the captive would leap from his chain and the conqueror fling off his war-mail; how the rod of the oppressor would be broken and the outcries of violence would be silenced; how Christianity, borne as on angel's wings, would spread her benign influence over the world, and man, in the glory

of his primitive creation, yea, in the higher glory of his regenerated faculties, would stand magnificently up in a glad world, to mate with the crowned children of the skies, in the looking-for of destinies as high, in the inspiration of energies as unabating!

Yes, ye all know this. It were a folly and a falsehood to deny it. And we insist on it as a fact, without further illustration, that a world under the rule of a human providence would be, in its whole aspects and economy, a world altogether different from the world we inhabit. For such a providence would be one of man's thoughts, while providence as it is is one of God's thoughts. And finely illustrated, therefore, therein is the truth of the text, "Your thoughts are not as my thoughts, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Now, were there the limits, and a necessity, the same train of illustration might be pursued in regard of the Bible as a great revelation of God's thoughts, and in regard of the plan of redemption as a particular thought of that great compend of divine thinking; and quite as apparent would it seem to you that no wise man, even had he the power, would either have written such a book as the Bible, or have devised such a redemptive scheme as that Bible embodies. So that herein, as in creation and providence, quite manifest is the truth that the human mind thinketh not at all in the style of Jehovah. But on this part of our subject we have no limits for farther enlargement. And, indeed, as very possibly we may be addressing some who are disposed to cavil at the Bible on this very ground—that it is not such a book as they think a God would have written—what we have to say on these points may be said more profitably, with a different design, in a personal application.

Leaving at this point, therefore, the illustration of the text, we go on, secondly, to consider it in some particulars of a practical application. And our first remark is addressed to that class of men just adverted to, disposed to reject either the entire Bible, or its embodied plan of salvation because, to their finite intelligence, they seem either unwise or incomprehensible. You will perceive, at a glance, the strong point of the application.

We are not admitting that there are in the Bible displays of aught else than the very loftiest wisdom. On this point simply every cavil of infidelity hath been a thousand times met and triumphantly answered. But we are simply bringing to bear on the skeptic's conscience the truth of the text we have been seeking to illustrate. We have shown you how, in creation and providence, there are many things both hard to be understood and out of harmony with our conception of true optimism; so that, had man been the architect and administrator, there would have been a different world and a different economy of government. And so, mark me, from all this you must draw an argument against both creation and providence as God's veritable thoughts, ere, from the same observable things in the Bible, ye draw arguments against it as a divine revelation. Indeed, had we the limits here, we might make exhibition of an analogy so wonderfully fine, between nature and revelation, that every objection against the one would be seen to lie as fully against the other, and prove to you with the whole power of the argument, from manifest autographs, that the same hand that moulded this world hath written this Bible; for surely, if God's thoughts be unlike man's thoughts, both in creation and providence, we should look even that they should be unlike as well in revelation and redemption.

Alas ! for the consistency of unbelief. Every argument it brings against the inspiration of the Bible would drive the objector to the blankest regions of atheism. You tell me that there are large portions of the Bible, such as its long catalogues of barbaric names, which seem utterly useless. And I tell you, as well, that along the surface of this globe there are vast tracts of morass, and desert, and sand, just as apparently useless. You tell me that there are in the Bible records of brutal and bloody wars which would bear record of God's cruelty. And I tell you, as well, that in the history of God's earthly providence there are records of wars far more bloody and terrible, which will just as clearly proclaim God's cruelty. You tell me that the Bible speaks plainly of the incarnation of Deity, and that it is absurd to suppose that the Eternal would bow from His throne of high majesty to redeem this small planet. And I tell you, as well, that the Eternal One hath condescended to *create* this world, and to *govern* this world, and just as unlooked-for in the physical, as in the spiritual, is the marvelous humiliation. And every cavil against God's condescension to redeem lies, to the full, in its force against his condescension to create and to conserve. You tell me that the Bible sets most obviously forth the great doctrine of election, and that such a doctrine makes display of Jehovah as a partial God and a respecter of persons. And I tell you, as well, that there are islands in mid-sea, hemmed in by impassable barriers from all knowledge of that gospel whereby alone man can be saved ; so that, in that economy of His providence whereby one man is born in a Christian land, and another amid the deep glooms of superstition, there is found precisely the same plea against God as a partialist and a despot.

Aye, and I might carry this comparison between the hard things in Nature, and the hard things in revelation, to any conceivable extent, and fast as ye proved from the one that there was no God in the Bible I would prove out of your own mouth, as well, that there was no God in the universe. Oh, in all these high-vaunted cavils against revelation and redemption, men are forgetting the great truth, written as with sunbeams on the forefront of the universe, that "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are God's thoughts higher than man's thoughts."

The poor insect of an hour, who cannot build a hovel that will not leak, nor fashion a perfect garment to cover him—he, wonderful man that he is—would lift his thoughts into a companionship with God's thoughts, and adjust the complicated sublimities of revelation by the square and the line of his insignificant faculties. Indeed, indeed, the dream of Gideon's henchman was true, there was the tumbling of a barley-cake in its power against the mailed thousands of Midian.

Alas! alas! the skeptic should begin at the right point with his skepticism. As his arguments lie, as well, against creation and providence, why, with them, as with God's earlier mistakes, let him first lift up cavils. Go to, then, ye despisers of the Bible, ye rejectors of a mediatorship; go get you to the councils of eternity and instruct God in your theory of a wise creation and an impartial providence; go free yon great sun from its spots; go stud yon blue heavens with a loftier glory; go roll the vast systems through the skies, in the harmony of more magnificent revolutions; go stop death, pestilence, famine; go persuade the Eternal that your thoughts are the best, when a world is to be made, and a world is to be governed. And then shall ye have free license to lift up hammer and axe

against the carved work of the sanctuary. And then will God sit at your feet learning how best to reveal Himself as a God and a Saviour. For then will the marvel be true, and then will the text be but a lie, and your ways will be God's ways, and your thoughts God's thoughts.

But my trust is that I am speaking to no man whose infidelity hath so bold and so blasphemous a bearing. But I fear—nay, I feel certain—that I am speaking to some whose infidelity, if of a milder type, is yet of an influence as sadly disastrous. There is very much in the midst of us of a setting up of our own intellectual and moral judgment as arbiter over the great doctrines of revelation. Doctrines that are profound and mysterious, if not openly rejected, are yet modified to square with our experience and observation. Positive declarations, if opposed to carnal reason, are frittered away or softened down to harmonize with its canons of credenda. For example, the doctrine of unconditional election seems to be inconsistent with the doctrine of salvation honestly offered to all men. And, therefore, setting ourselves to their philosophic explanation, we either, with the high Calvinist, regard the universal offer as a species of pretense; or, with the anti-Calvinist, regard the unconditional election as, at the most, but a figure of rhetoric. And so with the doctrine of original sin, and the doctrines of imputation, and the doctrines of justification by faith alone; yet never without a practical godliness, and the doctrine of sovereign and irresistible grace, yet its subject working out his own salvation with fear and trembling. And the doctrine of unconditional decrees, in connection with the very widest human free agency. These doctrines, and a thousand of their peculiar type,

are all so to be modified and mitigated in their power as best to square with the tenets of a pre-arranged system; and in all this we are doing only the foulest work of the infidel.

We are rejecting revealed truths, at least in their entire power, because we cannot compass their harmony with other revealed truths in their entire power. We are putting God's fair body of truth to the torture, that by inquisitorial devices it may be wracked to a perverted utterance. We are claiming a wisdom that is altogether omniscient, making our thoughts God's thoughts, and God's thoughts our thoughts.

Alas! foolish reasoner! Dare ye carry the same canons of cavil into the broad world of nature? Are there no things, either in creation or Providence which ye can neither comprehend in their separation, nor compass in the harmony of their co-existence?

Is there no mystery in death?

Is there no mystery in pestilence?

Is there no mystery in virtue depressed, and vice enthroned and triumphant?

Can ye reconcile it all with your Arcadian ideal of infinite love—the barbarity of great national warfare, the earthquake engulfing vast cities, the baleful comet scattering desolation and dread in its rush through immensity?

Ah me! my hearers, we are not yet like gods. The serpent hath lied like a fiend. We are as yet but learners in God's school room—not advisers in God's council chamber. We shall understand things better by and by, when eternity pours the full blaze of its sun on the deep page of our scholarship. But till then, humility is the fitting temper of the learner. Till then, not comprehension, but faith, is the great law of the pupilage. Till then we are to re-

ceive to the heart each great truth in its marvel and mystery. "For your thoughts are not as My thoughts, saith Jehovah of Hosts."

But the truth under review admits of encouraging and consolatory applications, as well as of reproving. For example, consider it in connection with Christian discouragements in regard to the ultimate triumphs of the gospel. The characteristic of the age is impatience of anything but a rapid and a headlong progress.

In the accumulation of wealth, in the diffusion of information, in the processes of locomotion; indeed, in all the march and movement of human life, the old standard of steady but slow advance satisfies no one. And, sad to tell, this impatience goes with us into Christian faith and experience. God's operation in converting the world seems too slow to be real, and we are overborne with doubt and despondency when we see how, after eighteen long centuries of struggle, the gospel hath no fuller course and no greater glory.

We are impatient for moral miracles. We would have nations born to God in a day, and every high thing that exalteth itself against Heaven cast down, as a dead tree by a storm, in the triumphant march of the Redeemer. And yet, in all this, our desire is only, alas! to have "Our thoughts God's thoughts, and God's thoughts our thoughts." For where, tell me where, either in creation or providence, doth God thus hurry to conclusions? How many mighty centuries were consumed in the slow progress whereby this planet became finally fitted for the home of our species? How many great generations of our race have been sepulchred and forgotten, and still, after six thousand years of increase, scarcely half the area of the world is peopled well with inhabitants. Why, the very

fuel that is consumed in your houses is the slow product of ages, and the jewel that shines out in your adornments hath been crystalized only in an immensity of generations.

Jehovah's great law of working is no hurrying and headlong progress. He worketh steadily, He worketh slowly, He worketh in circles of immense circumference. "A thousand years are but as a day" in the majesty of His movements.

And in all this silent and slow progress how verily Godlike He seemeth. Man, poor man, in the evolution of his plans and purposes, is all impatient and restless, because he distrusts his own powers, and the wisdom of his own devices, because his whole life is but a hand's breadth, and he hath no time for serene loitering or philosophic experiment. But in regard of that, God, whose working season is eternity, and whose efficiency is infinite—oh! there is something sublimely Godlike in the majestic quietude wherewith He slowly evolves the magnificence of His purposes. It is a glorious manifestation of infinite power and wisdom and changelessness. It is Godlike, *it is Godlike.*

And as verily so, mark ye, in redemption as in creation.

We should expect, aye, we should rejoice, to find the history of the spiritual written in the same character and style as the history of the physical.

And what is the history of the physical? Why, the student of earth's progress, as recorded in the strata of geology, finds that for long centuries this world was peopled by monsters, and vast skeletons of mammoth and mastodon are the everlasting proof that such generations of monstrous life have constituted the mysterious steps

in the progress of this physical world to its final glory as man's dwelling place. And why, then, should we be astonished? Yea, rather why should we not be encouraged from the analogy to all this, in the records of the spiritual, that, so to speak, the moral geology of the planet should be the autograph of its material. That in its spiritual strata, as well as uncovered in the church's annals of successive generations, there should be found just such monstrous shapes—great heresies, gigantic apostacies, wild semi-heathenisms, foul Romish malformations—the moral mammoths and mastodons of those transition ages of the church, wherein she went slowly on to the glories of her triumph.

Why, we tell you, this is the way God worketh, and if ye complain not thereof in the physical, how can ye in the spiritual?

If ye rejoice to know that the jewels set in the frontlet of a king be the product of ages, how look ye that there can be crystalized well in the sweep of a generation the great brilliants that are to blaze gloriously out in the diadem of a God?

Nay, nay, my hearers, in the slow progress of Christianity over earth, from generation to generation, ye find only a finer proof of its divine origin, and a nobler prophecy of its ultimate consummation.

If the gospel had sprung into full glory all at once we should mistrust it as a triumph of the carnal. It cometh, sure as the Eternal sitteth on His throne of power. It cometh, the glory of a gospel triumphant over the face of the nations. But it cometh not as a man's work cometh; it cometh "not with observation." It cometh in the slow and quiet and resistless might wherewith a great God marcheth.

And alas! for our feeble faith, yea, our feeble reason, that would have it otherwise. We would have diamonds frozen in an hour, like a winter's raindrop. We would have oak trees spring into vast strength in a night, like the gourd of the prophet. We would have the great earth shaken by miracles, and dead empires springing into life in a day, as a victory of the Evangel. We would have God's thoughts our thoughts, and our thoughts God's thoughts.

Now one more brief application and we have done with it.

We have been applying the text's truths to the past and the present. Let us apply it, for a moment, to the future.

Eternity! Eternity! with its economy of great glory, how we love to dwell in thought on its majestic realities. And all this is well, but let us ponder these things wisely. Let us ever remember how unlike human thoughts are the thoughts of the infinite, and beware how we build Heaven's majestic realities after our own imaginations. Man, in his highest earthly estate, is but in probationary scholarship.

Every Christian below is a king's child, under tutors—a poor pilgrim in a desert, making way to a diadem, with no experience at all, either of a crown or of a palace. And just suppose, in respect of the earth, that a king's child, removed in infancy to the stern toil of a pupilage, with an eye that had never rested on the glories of royalty, should set himself to conceive well of his father's court; or that a pilgrim, born and bred amid the sands of the wilderness, should set himself to conceive well of the splendors of a great city. Why, how pitiful, at best, would be their loftiest picturings.

The boy's dream of a monarch's pavilion would be only a larger school room; the pilgrim's picture of metropolitan glories would be only a larger encampment of the wild tents in the wilderness, for a human imagination hath no creative power; its loftiest visions are but tasteful combinations of the seen and the sensible.

And just so of eternity. Of its amazing glories the Bible does tell, and can tell but little. It makes known what there is *not* in heaven, and in a few figures drawn from our experience as pupils and pilgrims it sets forth positively a little of the celestial beatitude. But it tells me no more—yea! it can tell me no more.

But, alas! with this little the mind is not satisfied. It sets itself ambitiously to conceive of the reality. It gathers together the fine metaphors of Revelation, the trees of life, and the rivers of gladness, and the palms of victory, and the thrones of power, and taking what is, at best, figure, to be a literal representation; and what is at most an accessory, to be a magnificent element, dresses up for itself a glorious realm of fancy whose entire fashion and furniture are of the "things seen" and the "things temporal."

Alas! foolish reasoner! All as foolish as the crysalis whose dream of the blue heaven whereinto it is just bursting, should be of its poor dark shell, enlarged a few feet in its circumference; all as foolish as the child's longing to transport to the "many mansions" of God the fine furniture and tinsel bigotry of the rich man's drawing-room.

Oh, beware! Beware how ye make God's thoughts your thoughts!

Rivers of bright water, and gardens of tranquil beauty, and skies of a cloudless blue, and flowers of a magnificent loveliness! Oh, these, and such as these, are but the soiled

drapery of God's trampled footstool. And beware how ye think to lift such a coarse foot cloth and spread it as a true regalia of purple and ermine over the blaze of God's throne.

Take care how ye form models of God's glorious abode after an earthly architecture. Take care how ye paint on eternal canvas save with a pencil dipped in Heaven's own rainbows.

The eternal world, as ye think of it, is but the loftiest dream of a finite imagination. Yon Heaven, as it is, is the very loftiest realization of the imagination of a God. "For, as the Heavens are higher than the earth, so are My thoughts higher than your thoughts, saith the Lord of Hosts."

This discourse, condensed in form, and shorn of much of its grace and charm of diction, has already appeared in an earlier volume of Dr. Wadsworth's sermons.

IT SHALL BE A JUBILEE*

"It shall be a Jubilee."—*Leviticus, xxv., 10.*

I have not selected these words as properly a text, because the occasion does not require one. The theme is already furnished. The word jubilee, in connection with the American Bible Society, expresses gladness in two aspects—gratitude for the past, hope for the future.

We have borrowed the word from the grand old Hebrew economy. Its derivation is, perhaps, from Jubal, the inventor of musical instruments, because the year of jubilee was ushered in with the sound of trumpets, and made joyous to the end with exulting harmonies. It was an occasion of the greatest gladness, a time of general return and restoration; the return of captives, the restoration of estates.

On the tenth day of the seventh month, on the day of atonement, the trumpet of jubilee was sounded over all the land, and the redeemed and restored of Israel sprang exultant to the sweets of liberty, and returned with bounding feet to their possessions and homes.

Such a day is ours—a day of communion and congratulation and commemoration, among the tribes and families of our spiritual Israel. And it is well that there are times, amid our Christian toils and cares, the faintings of faith, the sickness of hope deferred, the overweight of the race, the thick and press of the battle, when, turning from them all, we may go up together, all members of one holy catholic church, forgetting all differences in the one common

This sermon was delivered in San Francisco at the time of the Semi-Centennial Jubilee Celebration of the organization of the American Bible Society, held at the Academy of Music in New York, May 10th, 1866.

love and likeness of Christ. As the tribes of Israel to one national Zion, so we, to faith's serene mountain top, standing together in Christian love, uniting in exultant prayer and praise.

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, oh Jerusalem! Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces." "Praise ye the Lord."

So we come this day to our Zion, our fitting mood, gladness; gladness that we have a Bible; untroubled faith in its glorious revelations, exultant hope in its ultimate triumphs over all the earth. On such an occasion elaborate sermonizing were out of place. Surely you have not asked me to stand here in my humble way to advocate either the excellency or the inspiration of the Scriptures. Perhaps this is useless at any time. The man in whose heart Bible truth hath become a vitality, knows that it is the wisdom of God and the power of God to salvation. He has come to his religion through his love and not through his logic; although approved by reason, its reception is by a faculty higher than reason. And the man who sees no heavenly beauty and glory in the Bible can no more be reasoned into such a vision than can a blind man be reasoned into a vision of a bright landscape. If a man deny that there is beauty and glory in the starry firmament, what can I do more than lift his eyes to the lustrous concave! If he deny it still, and challenge the proof, then logic will be useless, for the question must be settled by faculties apart from reason. And so with revealed truth, if a man insists that he sees in it neither inspiration nor excellence, logic will not serve him. He is either insincerely a liar, or sincerely a fool. Reasoning is always wasted on infidelity. Sure I am it would be uncalled for now.

Ours is a jubilee. The sounding of a trumpet, not sending us forth to battle, but recalling us to triumph.

The Bible comes to man with an amount of evidence as great as God can give it. The evidence of prophecy, the evidence of miracle, the evidence of its own inherent divinity, and its own resistless influences.

Is the Bible a revelation from Heaven? Hark! how unbribed attestation comes back from the universe.

"Yes!" cries the witness of its very materialism, "for revelation on its every page is so exactly in analogy with creation that both are manifest autographs of the same hand."

"Yes!" cry the long line of Hebrew prophets, pointing to the grand train of ever fulfilling and fulfilled prophecies.

"Yes!" cries the yearning soul of man; "for its truths are just fitted to my wants. It instructs my ignorance, it reveals my immortality, it flashes light through my grave, it purifies my nature, it wipes away my tears, it woos me from the dust, it wings me for eternity."

"Yes!" cry voices of supernatural attestation. "Behold stilled seas, and parted rivers, and opened graves, and revealed angels."

"Yes!" cry the living nations of the earth, roused as by an archangel's voice, to life and liberty and joy by these oracles of God.

"Yes!" cry all the higher orders of immortal life. Angel and archangel, principality and power, throne and dominion; singing morning star and shouting Son of God.

"Yes!" cries God the Father, in the attestation of His providence.

"Yes!" cries God the Son, in all the matchless glory of His miracles and His meekness.

"Yes!" cries God the Spirit, following it on dove-like pinions in great moral regeneration, till verily there is no true voice in God's universe that takes not up the burden of testimony in behalf of our faith.

And to all this what says the infidel?

Oh, he gets him a glass and looks at the stars, and, finding that the sun and moon do not actually go around the earth, he looks wise and cries: "Aha! Here is a fact against Moses." He mines amid the strata of the earth, and finding a fish's tail in the rock, or a monster's vertebra in sandstone, lays his hand on his heart and says: "Really, here is a solemn fact against Moses." He draws a line from the ear to the nostril of an Ethiop's face, or pulls a handful of hair from an Ethiop's skull, and with all ethnological grace, cries: "Alas! how many facts against Moses!" He moves the line of his reason into the sphere of immensity and eternity, and finding himself struggling beyond his depth, struggles back from the drowning ocean; and because the revealed God is too large for his logic, thinks to settle the question forever with the portentous deliverance: "Verily, I cannot comprehend all this; and it is all against Moses!"

With such men we are not careful to reason to-day.

We are here keeping jubilee. As creatures of glorious nature, feeling immortal pulses bounding within us; putting our shoes off, bowing the head, to stand in the presence of this Book from eternity. We are here in exulting spectatorship, to see how God's presence attests it; how God's providence guards it; how God's spirit inspires it; how God's glories fill it. We are here, as upon a mount, flung up in the waste of ages, to look back upon its mission over a ruined world! To see how chains have been severed and oppression restrained, and tears wiped away,

and wrongs redressed. How homes are made beautiful, how intellect is winged for its highest soarings; and man, as man, is lifted from degradation, to the true dignity of his nature; standing nobly up in the midst of the universe, in that glorious freedom which the truth makes free; in the glorious manhood which the truth makes man! To behold how angel wings are over it; how man's great hopes are resting on it; how eternal glories are flashing around it; how God's omniscience is surely in it; and God's omnipotence goes, armed, before it.

And we are here, not to war a warfare, but to exult in a triumph. We are standing beside the sacred tabernacle of old Israel, which had the golden censor, and the Ark of the Covenant, whereon was the golden vessel that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant; and over it the cherubim of glory, shadowing the mercy seat. And we are not concerned with the screaming birds that sweep over the desert; nor with the tribes that frown on it in the promised land. But only as the shekinah fire falls on it and around, we are here, to stand still, and see the salvation of God.

The spirit of the occasion presupposes an overwhelming appreciation of these Oracles of God. Even in the presence of God's smaller works, we are impatient of eulogy. We stand before Niagara; we see its mighty shape, we hear its terrible voice, and have no ear for critical discourse upon the laws of hydrodynamics, or the utilities of water power.

We go forth to gaze upon the sunrise. Up from the purpled east springs the resplendent orb, flooding the world with its glory; and awestruck, enraptured, we have no ear for the philosophies of gravitation, or the chemistries of light. Yea, even in the presence of the grander

works of man we are impatient of small criticism. Take some great work of art, say the Saint Peters', at Rome. You come in from Civita Vecchia, along a dreary road, the ruins of a hundred generations around you, and your heart is weighed down as with the death dust of a mighty empire. You lift your wearied eye and behold! leagues away, yet seemingly within an arrow's flight, that wondrous dome! Above the crest of Monte Mario, like a palace seen in Heaven, in all its beauty, bursts upon the view. Even at this distance you need no officious voice to tell you what it is; to proclaim its history, its uses. It rears in its own matchless grandeur, an "image and superscription" of embodied worship! You approach the wondrous portal; you enter. A world of softness, brightness, bursts upon your view! Vastness, grandeur, harmony, perfectness! It seems a divine temple! You stand silenced, thrilled! As at the sound of another voice out of Heaven, as if in the one adorable and infinite Presence. And now along that grand space comes a simpering Italian cicerone, with his dilletante drawl and lisp. He comes, intent upon the small criticism, historic and architectural details. How wise he is in these! The laws and conditions of impression and effect; of cornices and architrave and capital and swelling dome; of statues, inscriptions, pilasters, painting, of such things he would talk. But you say hush, be still, my heart is filled, my eyes are wet. Talk not to me of art, when art would talk of worship; and through symbolic media a spiritual meaning would find way to my soul!

Now, such a temple is this Book of God. From the desolate Campagna of a sinful world, the death-dust of mortal ages, it rises on the soul. A house not made with hands! The dwelling-place of God! The common heart

of man feels it, confesses it, springs toward it. We come near, we enter in, and a new world of softness, brightness, grandeur bursts upon the soul! What pictures of heavenly loveliness, what fragrance, what majestic voices in the enchanted air! Man stands dwarfed, humbled; and the seen, the present, the temporal, belittled, passed away, forgotten, in the symbolic presence of eternity and God! And now, to all honest praise, even of mine, you say, Hush! I am in no mood for small criticism. Break not up those blessed pictures, that I may count the stones in those marvelous mosaics. Quench not the golden lamps, that I may analyze the fragrant oils; break not with words, the majestic silence. Hush! till it comes—that voice out of the excellent glory, to cast me down a blinded man, and lift me up, an apostle with inspired vision, in the awful Presence that fills and glorifies this temple of God.

No, my brethren, you have not asked me to pronounce eulogy on God's word. We are here, understanding, acknowledging all this. Here, to keep jubilee. To unite all the voices of the twelve tribes of Israel in the great Hallel of thanksgiving, for the precious gift. We feel already, that of all God's countless, mighty benefits to man, this is the noblest and most precious. All that we are, temporally, as individuals, as families, as nationalities, as a world; all that we are, spiritually, as immortal beings, up-springing to eternity, we owe to the Bible.

Take it away from us, and what then? A world without brightness, a life without hope; no heavenly airs in the household, no divine light around death, no visiting angel in the grave.

Oh, glorious letter, written by God's own hand, the

Bible! Which speaks of pardon and peace; which reveals the immortality and secures the salvation, guiding safely through the "valley of the shadow of death," and opening wide to the uprising spirit the gates of an eternal world.

This Bible! The heightener of my joy, the solace of my sadness, the lamp that lightens my desert pathway, the pole-star guiding through roaring billows, my title-deed to everlasting inheritance; assuring me that, though poor and friendless and forgotten on earth, yet if a child of God, I am rich in the treasures of eternity; mine, a place in the house of many mansions, in the kingdom of God.

To-day we have no fears, no misgivings. The history of the Bible is a history of wonders; fuller of miracles than the Bible itself. Go back to its origin. Trace its progress and preservation through all the wars and captivities and apostasies and changes and sorrows of that grand old Abrahamic race; kept as a thing which fire could not burn, nor floods sweep away, by the mighty hand of Jehovah. And when the glory passed from Mount Zion, and the Shemitic race yields the sceptre to Japhet, setting forth on a new and nobler progress, safe alike against the corruptions of its false friends, and the assaults of its armed enemies; kept secret from evil searchings, kept safe from kindled fires; a Book of Heaven, in-consumable, immortal, covered as with the hollow of Jehovah's hand; glorified as with the shadow of Jehovah's wing.

Or take simply the history of our English Bible. Go no further back than our own version. In its origin, one of the strangest facts in all history. That a man like King James, childish, cowardly, coarse in his tastes, brutal in his pleasures, so inferior to the chivalrous and strong-

minded sovereigns that ruled England before him for two hundred years, that, though for the first time uniting under one peaceful sceptre all the British Isles, yet he sank the empire to the rank of scarcely a second rate European power; that such a man should have devised such a work seems, at least, marvelous. And quite apparent it is, that at no other period of English history could the great work have been accomplished. It could not have been done earlier, for the scholarship was wanting. It could not have been done later, for never since would sectarian jealousy have accepted any common standard.

Protestantism was then so united against, and occupied with, one common error and enemy, that there was no desire on the part of the translators to impress upon the work any sectarian features. Surely it was a divine thought that brought forth such a work, in such a generation. And the preservation and progress of that work proves that the same hand which brought forth, hath been upon and around it.

Infidelity has opposed it, reviled it, trampled on it, prophesied its destruction. Voltaire, a century ago, threatened to cut down the Christian tree in twenty years. The very printing press used to disseminate his attacks upon the Bible has since been used in printing the sacred volume. Verily, "there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again."

The host of infidels that, alarmed by the triumphs of British Christianity with that British Bible, leagued themselves against our faith in the last century, have been as thoroughly routed, disbanded, as Napoleon's army at Waterloo. And, though a smaller, meaner race of men have followed their footsteps, yet ours, and Britain's, and

the world's, is to-day an era of Bible societies and missions; ever-increasing Protestant unions; ever-enlarging Protestant triumphs. We may well keep jubilee.

For half a century has this American Bible Society, in the face of opposition and infidelity, kept its way onward. Fifty years ago, sixty Christian men met in a small consistory-room in New York to devise ways and means to unite the few feeble, scattered Bible societies of the country into one more efficient, central organization; and this society was the result. What it has done, and is doing, you all know. Sufficient for us here and now to rejoice in its marvelous success. This society is now issuing every day as many volumes of the sacred Scriptures as in the whole first year of its existence. Fifteen mammoth presses are scattering these leaves from the tree of life, literally, over all the world, for the "healing of the nations." They have fallen as a heavenly vision upon the eyes of the blind; as the voices of angels upon the hearing of the deaf. They have been cast into the land's Sabbath schools and common schools; into the emigrant's cabin, the sick man's hospital, the prisoner's cell; into the dormitory of the inn and the saloon of the steamer; into every vessel that floats on the sea, and every soldier's tent pitched on the land. This society has given this book to every reigning monarch. With the history of such a past there is surely hope for the future. A society, whose cradle was rocked only fifty years ago amid the storms of infidelity and which rose up and walked abroad in the power of a life that knew no decay, until now, like the Apocalyptic angel, it stands, literally, with one foot upon the sea and one foot upon the land, clothed with a cloud, a rainbow on its head, and its face

like the sun, and its cry, with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth.

We will say little of our enemies. They would rob us of our faith, our hope, our Heaven, our Christ. They would make our death, annihilation; our eternity, despair! They cannot do this. They cannot quench the immortality that lives and loves within us; nor bar, nor blacken, the eternal world that woos and welcomes us.

Christianity, armed with the Bible, is in progress, and nothing can stop it. All obstacles will pass away. Surely this is a time for rejoicing. And it is a time for exhortation.

Our jubilee, like the old Hebrew's, is with a grand purpose—that joy for the past may give us strength for the future. If this society stand before us to-day in the prime and bloom of manhood, it has as surely before it all the task and toil of a grand manhood. Never before did such fields open to Christian labor. The need of the Bible is seen and felt everywhere. This whole land needs the Bible—a land, disenthralled, and yet weary, well nigh unto death, from the mightiest conflict the world ever saw. Manifestly, as in no other crisis of her national life, does America, from all her mountains and valleys, cry aloud with all her voices for these healing leaves from the tree of life. Yea, and in the same sense, and with the same mighty need, does the whole world call for it.

The influence this American conflict is to exert upon the world must be tremendous. Republicanism, that before was reckoned a fair thing, but all weakness—fitter perhaps for a nation's young, pastoral, holiday life; utterly unfitted to the tasks and antagonisms of its earnest and mighty manhood—stands now, in the face of the

world, on a height never before approached; its head haloed with splendor of matchless military exploits; its heart beautified with the purer glory of matchless self-control and self-sacrifice; thus enamoring the popular love of the world until every throne is shaking in the uprising of a great, world-wide sentiment going forth in a march of principle. Surely, God's great plow-share has been breaking up the broad, fallow ground; and now is the time to cast in the good seed of the kingdom. To carry this Bible, in which the philosophic world now sees the real germ and genius of republican institutions; to carry it forth from the narrower fields of Sabbaths and sanctuaries into the broader field of the secular, pouring its divine light upon the speculations of philosophy, laying its sanctifying hand upon the energies of commerce, lifting its resistless voice in the halls of legislation, standing in celestial majesty in the presence of haughtiest monarch and noble with a divine power; wielding for the divine glory all the world's arts, and literature, and jurisprudence, and politics, and governments, this blessed Bible shall seem unto the admiring world no longer a weak fanaticism, but the "power of God, and the wisdom of God, unto the salvation of men." Surely, never before had the Church of God such a call to earnest, united work in this blessed Bible distribution. And never before seemed the Church of God so prepared for this labor. What the Church has most needed in this work has been a strong Christian brotherhood among the various denominations; such a oneness in heart and soul, in love and labor, as the Saviour prayed for, "To the intent that the world might believe," that the heart of such a united Church hath come down from Heaven.

This is a common jubilee of all the tribes of our

spiritual Zion. Here we stand under the same great banner, brothers all, in a purpose to carry it in triumph over all the world. I do not mean that we are to ignore all our denominational peculiarities. We are thankful that, for the exercise of all our tastes and judgments—differing educationally, perhaps constitutionally, in minor matters—there is space and sphere in our American Zion. And we would no more change all these healthful, happy sects into one great, compelled composite of denominations than we would transform all our beloved homes, with their separate boards and firesides, into one broad pantisocracy of socialism, or consolidate all the shining orbs of astronomy into the huge bulk of one, starless continent.

Christian men, standing up, side by side, in a grand effort to give God's Bible to God's world, must "love one another, with pure hearts, fervently." Here comes in the play of the great law of compromise, subordinating all smaller, meaner things to the sublimities of a great end. Sects, distinct, conservative, strong in the love of their own faith and forms; yet for man's good and God's glory, working together as the stars work, each in its own orbit, and with its own periodic motion, and time, and velocity, and temperature, and internal economy of life, and external glory; yet all moving together in the grand harmony of system, and cluster, and universe; lustrous, each, as a distinct gem; yet all blazing together as the regalia of the one, only wise and true God.

Such a broad, deep, composite, catholic Christianity this Bible society both demands and develops. The time cometh, yea, now is, when in a cause like this all small differences are forgotten in one great purpose. Praise be unto God that we all have but one Bible. One great

cause, one great enemy, one glorious chieftain, only one Bible! Not a Methodist book, nor a Congregationalist book, nor a Prelatical book, nor a Presbyterian book, but altogether and only a Christian book, committed to the whole tribes of Israel as a common birthright gift, that we may give it to the world. Precious Bible! And its very preciousness, the measure of our obligation to give it to others.

Amid our rejoicings this is the question we are to solve: What is the Bible worth to you? Personally, socially, intellectually, spiritually, what is its true value? For how much of earth's gold and silver will you barter it, and go back to the old heathenism from which it has rescued you? You are a freeman. For what will you go back to the old feudal bondage? You are a parent. For what will you cast your dear child into a heathen's altar-fire? You are a dying mortal. For what would you bar your door forever against that heavenly ministry which can so fill the dying with gladness that the expiring sob becomes a shout of victory?

You are a Christian, an heir of God, a king and a priest unto God; upward bound, to the palace, the throne, the diadem. And for how much gold from the mines will you tear the "pearl of great price" from your immortal brow and lie down with cattle and creeping things forever to perish? Oh! what is the Bible worth to us—this one Bible, this only Bible?

And this is our motive. Its value to us, the measure of our obligation to give it to other men. Let us accept it then, to-day, and go forth under its influence. To this we are pledging ourselves in this glad jubilee. And this American Bible Society comes with a divine call to all men. Philanthropists, who love their race; patriots, who

love their country; Christians, who love their Church and see in these Christian denominations only bands in the same army, advancing to the conquest of the world; to men of wealth, and talent, and station; to men weaker and humbler, who yet would labor for Jesus; men with the ten talents, and men with the one; spirits mighty to lead, or earnest to follow; to one and all it comes as the call of a living God; uttered by every voice of every kingdom and people and tongue on earth; as the dying cry of great nations as they stretch drowning hands for aid from all earth's islands and continents; a call eloquent with all tender motives, all blessed memories, all glorious hopes; the memories of a Saviour's wondrous love, when He sought for and saved us; with a call so tender, so irresistible, so divine does it come to us; this day bidding us go forth together with one heart, one spirit, one grand catholic purpose, one constraining, overmastering love for our common Redeemer, to win back to His sceptre earth's revolted nations, and give God's one, glorious Bible to God's one, ruined world.

THE NIGHT

"The Night."—*John ix., 4.*



REGARDED simply as an emblem, and we are greatly surprised at the use inspired men make of night in the sacred Scriptures. Designed for man as a great blessing, so that God pronounced it "*good*" in Paradise, and every day felt to be good in our experience, yet in the Scriptures it is used uniformly as an emblem of evil, of ignorance, unbelief, adversity, and death. So that all the higher enjoyments of life, are emblemized by "*the day*"; and among the most glorious representations of Heaven has ever been counted the prophecy, "*There shall be no night there.*" Night is manifestly, in the Scripture, *a favorite emblem of evil*, and yet in human experience is everywhere seen to be *productive of much good*. And therefore, had we time, we would carefully consider it generally as a beautiful illustration: First, of God's wonderful way of bringing good out of evil; and secondly, of the influence of sin to make all good an evil. But we are necessarily to-night confined to brief limits; and, in this regard, can consider it in only a single particular.

In our text "The Night" is used as a striking emblem of death; but in considering this we are always to remember that *the death* which God at first denounced as the punishment of sin, did not mean *merely* the dissolution of the body; it meant the opposite of life; the destruction of all which, within or around man, rendered the present being blessed.

It included all penal evil; so that our glorious Redeemer has in the believer's behalf, actually destroyed death,

because he has torn away his sting; although every believer still, in its outward manifestation, must pass under its power. Whether if man had not sinned there had not been something resembling the separation of the soul from the grosser materialism of the flesh, in his translation to higher spheres of life, we may not conjecture; but we do know that unto the redeemed soul the evil of death is changed into an ineffable good. So that the inspired apostle puts it into the covenant as even a higher blessing than earthly life, when he declares to the Corinthians that "*Death is their's.*" Thus, then, our emblem leads us to consider it, as illustrated by "*The Night.*" In this regard it is the fitting close of our earthly probation. Of the toilsome life on the earth, "Day" is God's favorite emblem.

The early morning, with its opening flowers and bursting sunlight, is an apt image of childhood's exuberant and exulting life. And the glorious *mid-day*, when the burning sun pours down its fierce rays on the world's restless and magnificent, yet ever wearying empires, is a true emblem of *manhood*. And the evening time, when the strong light passes away from the landscape, and the consuming heats are over, and though the shadows of the hills deepen and lengthen, yet the heavens above are clothing themselves in the indescribable glory of purple and golden clouds; this is beautifully significant of the closing years of the aged believer. And then, then, behold "*The Night,*" starry and beautiful, comes on. The sky has a deeper and intenser blue, and the stars in their different magnitudes are set in it, as gems in an imperial canopy. And as you gaze on them, you are overborne with a yearning to know more fully their meaning and ministry, and a rapturous desire for wings to go up and join their shining ranks, and journey with them as they sweep the firmament in

their stupendous revolutions. And thus, "Night," beautiful, mysterious, all-glorious Night, seems the very fittest emblem of a believer's death. And it is just this emblem that our text presents it. Let us contemplate it simply, and shortly, in two aspects, of first, *Encouragement*, and second, *Exhortation*. Think of it first as *encouraging*! "Night," self-considered; what a glorious thing it is! Its natural associations should be altogether joyous. In this world of labor and anxiety, we think of the going down of the sun as of the departure of our great taskmaster Day, and of the brightening of the stars in heaven as the kindling lustres of a great festival. To man the night brings three great beatitudes, Repose, Instruction and Delight. First, *the night brings rest*. This, indeed, is its grand purpose. To man, since the curse which doomed him "*to eat bread in the sweat of his brow*," dayspring is literally a great alarum, calling unto labor, and, good as work is, in our spheres of development and discipline, yet no mortal man loves it. Constitutionally, all men are indolent; for even the most active and successful worker in the street, to whom business seems a very pleasure, is really quickened with the *hope of future repose*. His brightest dream is of a golden future, when, his fortune being made, with a splendid townhouse and a sumptuous country seat, and gardens, and stables, and servants, he shall have nothing to do but to enjoy the fruits of his life work and have *a good time generally*! And, as simply *giving rest from labor*, the night is a blessing, the ox is loosed from the furrow, the *artisan* turns from his workshop, the *merchant* closes his warehouse, the burning sun sinks into the west, the twilight star twinkles above us, and "*The Night*" brings us *Rest*! Secondly, *Night imparts knowledge*. Even in regard of *moral* and *spiritual* wis-

dom is night an instructress! It teaches us what *poor, weak* creatures we are, when a few hours of continuous work so exhaust us that, like a little child, man is compelled to pause in his bravest labor and be refreshed by the night. And it teaches us how sinful we are by nature, to observe how all the viler passions of the multitude that hide themselves in the daytime, come forth as evil birds, to flap wing and scream in the shadow; so that we are accustomed to speak of great crimes as *deeds of darkness*. And it teaches us great lessons of *humility* when we are thus forced to let go for a season our strong hold on the world, and on all these bravest careers. The scheming politician, and the triumphant conqueror, must all alike become as invalids and infants in the needful refreshments of night. And so on, through all the list of moral truth, there is experienced a fine discipline and development in this reign of darkness. And it is the same story of Gethsemane ever repeating itself—God's angels descending to strengthen us in the shadows of night. But, beyond this, specially does night instruct us in *intellectual* truth.

We should know almost nothing of the immensity of God's universe if the sun were ever shining. Suns, systems, constellations, clusters—all that stupendous mechanism of the heavens which makes up creation, we catch even our imperfect glimpses of it only when this curtain of daylight is parted at eventide. Then the veil of the great temple of knowledge is rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and full on the gazer's eye burst the splendors of the most holy place! The golden wires break round the imprisoned eagle-thought, and on strong wings it mounts the empyrean and wanders away through the universe.

Debar man's mind from study of the nocturnal canopy,

and you leave it undeveloped forever. Day gives to man's little world the seeming of the positive centre and sum of creation, thus falsely magnifying humanity; but night shows earth to be only a little outlying island in that creation's immensity, and thus truly glorifies Jehovah. And thus, as reading us great moral and philosophic lessons of the Infinite and Eternal, night imparts knowledge. Meantime, thirdly, night affords us delight. It is not only a rest call, but a home call. The overladen bee flies straight to its hive, and the bird with one long glad lay, sinks to its nest in the dewy grass, and in human dwellings lights are kindled and boards spread; gentle eyes keep watch at the cottage lintel, and the wearied man turns to what God meant to be a type of heaven—his "home!" "*home!*"

Thus, and with many another loving ministry, is night a *benefactress*. The long, hot, wearisome day comes to its close, and the shadows of the mountains deepen and lengthen, and the air is cooler and sweeter with the dew fall, and the sunset clouds assume shapes and colors of wonderful loveliness, as if through a crystalline transparency were flaming the lustres from towers and pinnacles of the city of God! And, lo! the helots of our race, the children of perpetual toil, look up from the great taskmaster, day, and thank God for the night. And thus, and in many another even fairer resemblance, beautiful night is a fitting emblem of death. I. Death, too, brings *rest*. (a) Rest to the *body*. For the fruit of the tree of life in the midst of the garden is not eaten like earthly bread, in the sweat of the brow! (b) Rest to the *mind*. For there will be no things hard to be understood, nor problems difficult to be solved when we sit at the great Father's feet, and drink in heavenly knowledge, as the flower drinks in light from the sun. (c) Rest to the *spirit*. For the whole

rule of gracious growth will be changed, and, as we become freed from sin, Godliness will become positive self-gratification. No longer *the race and the battle*, but the conqueror's triumph and the monarch's reign! Surely *death* will bring *rest*! Meantime, secondly, *Death*, like night, *imparts knowledge*. On earth even, the eye of faith "*sees but through a glass darkly*," and imperial, but unsanctified genius, like a dazed night bird, looks even heavenward, only to be blinded by the mysterious splendor. But when death comes, then the golden life-mist, like earth's blinding sunshine, passes away, and the whole spirit firmament is blazing with stars—*stars*. Then, eternal truth takes on its symmetry and its glory; the spheres and conditions of immortality, and the ineffable wonders of the divine attributes, and Creation, Providence, Redemption, Eternity, Godhead, shall all come out radiantly unto the eye of the soul. Surely Death is a great Teacher!

Meantime, thirdly, Death, like night, *affords delight, for it brings us to our home*. Earthly life, even in its highest religious rapture, is an *exile*; an *exile-pupilage*, an *exile-pilgrimage*. This *thorny path* lies not by the bright water. This darkened school-room is not our Father's palace. But death comes; and, although to us who abide in the shadow it seems terrible, yet on the other side of the death cloud there is the roll of the wheels of the fiery chariot, and the upspring of the triumphing spirit, unto all the wonderful beauty, and holiness, and love, of those heavenly mansions—"going home," "*going home*." Thus much, and far more, does our text teach us. Thanks be unto God for His own precious emblem, *the night, the night*. How it comes with consolation! Who cares for the dark shadow it casts for a brief hour upon the earthly; that these fading, mortal flowers seem to lose their bright colors, and

these bitter waters of earth their false sparkle as the night comes. Oh, lift the eye up from these poor, passing, unsatisfying things, and see worlds, systems, constellations, *the stars! the stars!* The great city of the living God seems lighted up for festival. You behold its outflaming splendors! You catch the swell of its rapturous hallelujahs! Oh, ineffable consoler! Oh, blessed angel of God —“*the night,*” “*the night.*”

But we are not to forget that our text hath another, and not less important, lesson. Let us study our emblem: Secondly, *as an exhortation.* To one who in any worldly work, hath been a sluggard through all the hours and opportunities of the busy day, there is nothing more solemnly startling than *the coming on of the night.* See! the *school-boy* hath idled away the moments, when his fellows toiled over their tasks. See! the *husbandman* came late afield in the morning and rested long at noon-day, and the golden grain is not gathered.

See! the *fisher* heeded not the deceitful currents, and hath floated far out to sea! See! the *traveler* loitered and rested by the way, and the city toward which he journeys is yet many miles away, over the mountains.

And note now how they, each and all, bend to the task, spring to the labor, with agonizing earnestness, as the startling truth takes hold on the soul that “*the Night comes!*” “*the Night!*”

And so, surely, should it be in regard of the *immortal!* In that higher regard, I am persuaded, there is not one of us who does not feel that we have been *listless scholars* over life's great problems; *inactive husbandmen* in earth's ripening harvests; *thoughtlessly afloat* on these waters of time; sluggard travelers on the highway to eternity. And, if so, as we study our emblem, and the lengthening

shadows seem to fall on the lessons we are studying, the harvest we are gathering, and the paths we are treading, tell me if there is not something to alarm as well as to console in the simple thought, "*the Night cometh!*" "*the Night!*"

1. *Even if we are Christians*, the thought is eloquent of exhortation. Note how inspiration puts this whole matter. (a) We are runners of a race! Before us is flashing "*the prize of the high calling of God,*" and around us, filling all the heavenly galleries, is the "*great cloud of witnesses.*" And, tell me, tell me, are not the swift runners outstripping us?

(b) We are fighting a battle! The trumpet hath sounded, and the banners wave in air, and all around us are corslets broken, shields pierced through, plumes scattered to the wind, and before us, through the thickening dust, there is the press of mighty men struggling for the mastery! And far above and beyond outflames the heavenly cross leading to victory. And tell me if we have won enough of eternal spoil in the fight, and are near enough to the glorious champion who, even now, leads captivity captive in the van of the exulting hosts?

Oh, ye workers out, under God, of your own salvation, are there riches enough in your heavenly treasure? Are there gems enough in your immortal crown? If you die to-night will the eternal gates be flung wide open and all the bells ring out enrapturing welcome as if greeting a great conqueror returning in triumph? "According to our works," so shall our rewards be. Even in heaven, "one star differeth from another star in glory." There are, even unto redeemed spirits, sceptres of wider sway, and stations nearer the throne! And do you think the crowns you and I are to wear are begemmed like Paul's? And

that the palaces we are to inhabit will rise side by side, with Abraham's and Daniel's, and John's, in the chief streets of the city? And if our own hearts condemn us of any half work for God, then let our emblem quicken us! Behold! the day of life is ending, the shadows lengthen, the air chills with the dew fall, the golden sun of opportunity is sinking into the clouded west, and *the night cometh! The Night! The Night!*

2. And surely, then, if we are *not* Christians, more earnest is the exhortation! For such, alas! have not begun the great life-work! They have not yet girded on the armor for the life-long battle; and, behold, brave hearts are stemming the tide and gathering the life-spoil. Oh, ye procrastinators of repentance, take the exhortation! You are like the mad fisher, who slept on the seas, wind and wave bearing him outward bound, and the hoarse moan of the gathering tempest in his ear, and along the wrathful deep, the thickening shadows of the evening! Oh, awake, immortal voyager! Mistake not this rocking bark for a cradle; this wailing wind for a lullaby! Awake, for your life, awake! Spread the sail! Ply the oar! Strain the limb! for life, for immortal life! for, behold, *The Night! The Night!*

"But what of it?" methinks I hear you ask, "Have you not just shown us that night brings a blessing?" Yes, indeed! And to the true believer, that blessedness is ineffable! "*Night, Night.*" God's angel visitant! with its calm repose, its starry revelations, its rapturous home welcome, its glorious dreams!

Oh, what shapes of beauty, what sounds of harmony, what dwelling places of splendor, what communings with the risen dead! What goings forth with angel and archangel! What transcendent powers of an endless life! What

enfoldment within the arms! Yea, upon the very bosom of infinite love shall be the redeemed souls when this golden life-mist lifts and parts, and full on the eye descends imperial, azure-robed, star-crowned, "*The Night*," "*The Night!*" But, behold the emblem! Know ye not that *only to the eye, looking heavenward*, night bringeth forth stars? To one with vision fastened on this low earth, behold! from dens, and caverns, come forth things of monstrous shape, and terrible voices, to ply their frightful ministries and breathe in ghostly life, when night rules the world! And dreams, too! Oh, dreams are not all beautiful. God speaks of such things, "*In visions when deep sleep falleth upon men, and fear and trembling, and the limbs quake, and the hair of the flesh rises up.*" Then, know ye not, like him of Uz, how shapes of things shadowy and awful, come forth out of the silences of immensity, and stand, huge and deformed, in the life-path, and walk weird, phantom-like, through the soul's immortal chambers of imagery? Dreams! Dreams! are they all soft-voiced, and fair, as visiting angels? Alas! alas! Night hath its great *terrors* as well. Behold our emblem! Let the unquenchable fire-light shine through! And what means it now? "Night," moonless, starless, homeless, eternal Night, Night! And it comes, too. Behold the lengthening shadows of the mountains along the life plain, and thicker glooms are darkening all the sweet pastoral vales! And all around on the air a strange chill and hush! And, behold, all the joyful and wearied children of God are turning from the gathering gloom and hastening homeward; and yet, you, you, all hopeless and homeless for eternity, are lying down in the wilderness and sleeping on the sea, while starless, and songless, and endless, comes "*The Night!*" "*The Night!*"

HE SHALL GO NO MORE OUT

"He shall go no more out."—*Revelation iii., 12.*



THIS Book of Revelation, with all its mysterious symbolism, is yet replete with simplest truth. Our text sets forth the permanency of the heavenly state. At first thought, indeed, it suggests the idea of indolent repose; not merely the quietude of a dweller in a mansion, but the absolute fixedness of a "pillar in a temple." And it strikes us almost unpleasantly! We meet to-day, after weeks of Summer recreation. We have been on excursions, more or less "*going out*" with glad hearts and bounding feet, into beautiful places, and it seems almost a shadow on this apocalypse of heaven to be assured that the risen spirit is not to go forth, even from the New Jerusalem, in some such world-voyaging through the outlying islands in the great seas of our divine Father's empire. Manifestly, not a little of earthly good results from impermanency. Human progress is, indeed, nothing more than a "going out" from an imperfect present, to seek a future good that is far away and beyond it. (a) Intellectual development depends on it. Knowledge is only an accumulation of the discoveries of restless spirits "going out" through God's universe. The elements of every science are gathered from widely separated fields, and God has scattered them in diverse and distant places, just to encourage and impel this "going out" after them. (b) Meantime, physical comfort and happiness depend on it. We should possess few of the simplest luxuries of life but for this "going out" after them. Even now, for the furniture of our houses, men are felling forests in Ceylon, and gathering resins in In-

dia. For our adornment, hunters are chasing game in the mountains of Peru, and divers holding their bated breath in the depths of Indian archipelagoes. For our daily food, caravans are traversing earth's farthest deserts, and argosies fanning their way amid the billows of remote oceans. And so, in manifold ways, does the comfort of the individual man result from this very restlessness of the human spirit, which drives it abroad dissatisfied with all present good; "going out" and going on, to seek better things in the distance. And this principle works even more broadly and grandly in regard of the race. As the inspiration and very genius of all commerce, it not only tends to bind widely separated communities into confederacies and nationalities, but it is surely, if slowly, uniting all peoples and nations in one great industrial brotherhood. Every ship crossing an ocean; every highway or telegraph carried over a continent, proves another brain-fibre and heart-cord of the personal life of a universal confederacy of nations. And, presently, just because of this restless "*going out*" of the human spirit, will the whole world become virtually one people, no longer dissevered, discordant, belligerent empires, but in the resistless, all-pervading power of common interests and sympathies, a grand composite world.

Thus, and otherwise, truly beneficent, yea, indeed, indispensable in man's present condition, seems this law of mutability and restlessness, which our text affirms, will cease altogether in heaven. Instability, mutation, is manifestly God's great law of progress. The whole universe is an "*outgoing*," because an *on-going*, universe. The rivers are ever rushing to the seas, and the stars are on everlasting march through the firmament, and all peoples

and nations, and tribes of men, are heaving in the restlessness of progress.

And to change this condition were a sad mistake and disaster. And to bring earthly things under this revealed law of the heavenly "*ye shall go no more out*" were to make all its waters stagnant and mantle all its skies in sackcloth, and (in the perpetuity of its present imperfection) to bring upon our race a woe and a curse, such as fell on the inferior types of life in the petrification of an adamantine geology. In short, so far as we perceive, "restlessness" is the great law of life, and "repose" the law only of death. And, therefore, the assertion of the text at first strikes us strangely and almost sadly, that, in that higher and heavenly life, "*we shall go no more out forever.*" Nevertheless, upon farther thought, we perceive that, however good may be this condition in regard of all *imperfect* things, yet it would be only evil if carried forward into the perfection of heaven. (a) There, in regard of the individual, there will be no longer need of this "*outgoing*," either for knowledge or pleasure. There will be no going out "after knowledge." Hear ye that, oh men, who to-day, as unblessed spirits searching in desert places for truth, toil painfully to spell out God's thoughts, as written on the tablets or syllabled in the voices of the universe!

There! *there!* as children taken from tutors, you will sit at the great Father's feet, receiving by direct communication new and wonderful lessons of divine wisdom, and glory and power and love, as the restful flower fills its cup with fragrance and beauty, looking up to the sun. And there will be no "*going out*" after pleasure! Hear ye that, oh men to-day traversing the wide world in search of new delights; as birds with weary wing, ever following the

Summer, as the child with aching heart, ever reaching toward the disappearing rainbow. You will not need there to go a-pleasuring, seeking, recreation for exhausted powers, in nature's Summer holiday; for your blessed homes will be built where the river of life sparkles, and the tree of life bears its ever varying fruit, and around you will all conceivable perfections, of city and garden, be blended in one Paradise, and melodies such as mortal ear hath not heard will rise in magnificent hallelujahs forever!

But this truth ends not here. Our text plainly intimates a marvelous change, alike in the constitution and condition of the risen spirit, as it puts on immortality. (a) A change in the constitution of such a spirit, examined carefully, and the cause of this universal unrest in the heart of man will be found, *not in our circumstances, but in our character*. There is a jar, a discord; nay, rather, a wanting element in the mortal spirit, a result of sin; and so long as it remains goading a soul, then, even from the Paradise of God, such a soul would wander away in the agony of an unquenched desire, and it would be only an eternal imprisonment, if even those glorious walls should close round it forever. To tell me, therefore, that this quietude is to be a law and very element of heaven is to foretell a great change in the nature of the soul itself as it comes into that higher life, and there is no prophesy of the immortal state more glorious than this; that there, the soul, amid all its ever growing aspirations, which render the mortal life only a conflict, will find its great bliss in the fact that it "*shall go no more forth forever.*" Meantime, there is here (b) an intimation of a vast change in the soul's circumstances and conditions. Certainly, we shall not be more easily satisfied in heaven than on earth. The law of human progress is an ever

increasing strength of desire ; as a child contended to-day with its toy breaks it scornfully to-morrow ; as the boy, Cæsar, exulted when he had mastered only a fiery horse, while the man Cæsar wept for another world to conquer ; so shall these desires and aspirations of the risen spirit to the mortal man's be as a giant's to a child's.

And, considering this, when I am assured that the aspiring soul will be wholly satisfied in heaven, then there is to me a new and marvelous revelation of heaven's transcendent and ineffable splendors. For, if feeble and child-like as the human mind now is, and surrounded by all the beauty and glory of God's material creation, it yet yearns intensely for things more lustrous and lovely, and weeps for mountains grander than Mount Blanc, and for waterfalls more wonderful than Niagara, then, tell me, oh, tell me, what must needs be the manner and measure of beauty and glory gathered round the soul, when, possessed of the infinitely enlarged desires of the immortal life, it shall be perfectly satisfied with the possessed good, and absolutely exult in the thought that "*it shall go no more out forever!*" Hear ye this, oh men of yearning desires, whom the world cannot satisfy ; souls of such boundless aspirations that, with a conquered world at your feet, you yet weep for other worlds to conquer ; spirits with such out-reaching thought, that you must leave these suns and systems behind, as you journey through the universe ; hearts swelling with such inexpressible affection that all the loves of this mortal life seem only frail and fading flowers, poor fleeting phantoms of the mist and the night !

Oh, hear ye this, and learn the indescribable, inconceivable glories of heaven, when you are assured that these words of our text, "*He shall go no more out,*" seem no

longer the ban and barrier of the soul's progress, but only the secret of the rapture of its eternal life.

But just here there is need of great caution in regard of our text's truth. It would seem at first to intimate that there will be no intense activity; no rapid and everlasting progress in heaven. But this certainly cannot be true! There is, indeed, no more false and feeble notion of the heavenly world than that which regards it as a condition of sacred repose; a dreaming elysium of sentiment and psalm-singing! And against any such belittling thought we are warned in our very context. Here, the content, the perfect and permanent rest of the soul, is, indeed, predicted. But under what laws? In what conditions? As that of a restful sybarite, ever reclining and harping in the palaces of a golden city or on the banks of a crystal river? Oh, no, no, no, thank God, no. He shall rest as "*a pillar in the Temple of God!*" We do not understand the full meaning of this sublime symbolism. We are not satisfied with anything which our best commentators have said of it! But, remembering that the allusion here is to old monumental pillars, which were both constructive and ornamental; set in the architecture both for beauty and strength; we are taught here that the heavenly life will be one of constant and all-glorious achievements. "*A Pillar in a Temple*" both supports and glorifies. And when you remember that John says elsewhere that "*God and the Lamb are the Temple of Heaven,*" as an eloquent preacher puts it, "The heavenly Temple builded of God-head; its walls his attributes; its roof his majesty; its furniture his affections; its gates his eternity!" then, there is something significant of everlasting activity and splendid achievement in the thought that the redeemed soul shall be set as "*a pillar*" in such a temple! It certainly

suggests no idea of indolent repose. It is co-labor, yea, it is even *common-life* with God! Tell me not then, that when God calls us from the watch and warfare of the militant church, we shall have no more work to do for our Saviour! Though we may no longer win spoil in the conflict, yet even more glorious still will be the service, when, as trophies of our Captain's all-conquering grace, we wear white robes and diadems!

The monumental pillars in old temples were written all over with the glorious deeds of the old heroes, and so a Christian in heaven stands up in spheres and styles of blessed testimony for Christ, to which that of martyrs and confessors on earth is as nothing. And, therefore, I say, as combining the two thoughts of endless rapture and endless service, there is nothing in all scripture more enlarging and elevating of our conceptions of eternal life than our text, "*He shall be set as a pillar in the temple of God, and shall go no more out.*"

We have no farther space for argument, and little for application. Enough for our present purpose, if it so sets forth the higher conditions of the heavenly life, as to nerve us afresh for the conflict in regard of which John presents it here as the reward. It sets forth the inconceivable, the infinite differences between the mortal and immortal. Here the law of universal life is change, vicissitude, removal, a "*going out*" forever. Upon this depend alike our earthly sorrows and joys. (a) In some aspects it is very sorrowful. Even from the few bright Eden-spots of earth, it drives us forth, either in exile, or exodus. We pitch our tent under palm trees and beside still waters, and yet, from the depths of our restless souls comes ever the same disturbing cry, "*Arise and depart, for this is not your rest!*"

And ever and anon, from the sweetest chambers of our home and heart some beloved one passes away under the sway of this pitiless law, "*going out forever.*" (b) Meantime, in some respects, it is very joyful! It stamps the character of evanescence as well upon our sorrow. The storm cloud and the rainbow vanish together! The demon and the angel are alike driven forth by this great law of progress, and in our pilgrimage we depart as well from the dark valley of Achor, as from the sweet groves of Beersheba. And from our desolate chambers of anguish we are ever "going out" into the beautiful sunshine of life and love! Even the grave's sore bondage is but short, and from the dark shadows of death, and through the iron portal of the sepulchre, presently, into the full gladness and glory of the higher life, shall the redeemed man of the resurrection "*go out forever!*"

But whether for the present this law of earthly life seem joyous or grievous, let it ever, by its very contrasts, comfort us in view of the higher and better law of the immortal life. "They shall go no more out!" Hear ye that, ye of the tearful eye, and the breaking heart! ye that sit in sorrowful houses and mourn over dark graves, because of beloved ones who have "*gone out*" from you! Thank God this law of disturbance and unrest ends with the mortal. Separations and sorrows are not felt nor known in the Kingdom of our Father. *There* we shall not sit in desolate chambers, nor weep over graves, for "*they shall go no more out.*"

Hear ye that, even ye returning ones, that, thinking now of the brighter world outside of these pent-up cities, the mountains and forests and green, cool waters wherein you have delighted in your Summer holiday; amid

radiant forms and musical voices ; almost sad as you come back to take up life's loads again ! Thank God you will not need even these sweet changes hereafter ; for there, there, will the trees of life bloom, and the river of life sparkle, and the mountain of God rise, and the angels of God sing, and you will not need to "*go out*" for recreation or rest, for "*in God's presence is fullness of joy ; at His right hand are pleasures forevermore.*"

Let us then rejoice in the higher law of life that awaits us, when this mortal shall put on immortality, for *this* is the preparation, and *that* the perfection.

Oh, blessed figure of this "*Pillar in a Temple.*" Here on the low earth the marble is thrown up from the quarry and cut and carved with the pitiless chisel. But *there!* there, where the storm never comes, and the night never darkens, there, all perfected in the symmetry of God's architecture, as a monument inscribed all over, with the matchless achievements of Christ ; there it will be set as a finished pillar in the Temple of God, and "*go no more out.*"

Therefore should we look forward alike from our joys and our sorrows to that high heavenly life ! Not that we should be impatient. Against any sentimental discontent with our present life, this very text is a warning ! This world is the only sphere of experience where the material of the heavenly temple can be better fitted for its service ! And the more exquisitely polished, the better. The columns of old temples have come down to us through the waste of ages, whereon were so elaborately wrought the names and deeds of old monarchs and conquerors, that those wonderful marbles have ever been the admiration of the world. And thus, advancing as we are to a reward greater or less, according to our works, we should thank

God even for prolonged sorrow and suffering, for they only chisel unto finer symmetry the pillar, and inscribe it with nobler records of battles and victories.

Nevertheless, we should the while, with aspiring souls, ponder the glories that are to come, and long for their accomplishment. "*He shall go no more out!*" Oh, write these precious words in your hearts! And then, then, amid all these heavy loads of life, these withered hopes and fading joys, when the fever of the world is on you, and its idols seem of clay, and its diadems only thorn-crowns—nay, then, even when mortal life is at its brightest, and all its voices sing, and all its waters sparkle; then, as the freed eagle, alike through the storm cloud and rain-bow, soaring to the sun, so will you as well, from earth's sorrows and joys, aspire to that higher life of love where, gathered with all the dear ones who have gone before, in those blissful places prepared for you, you comprehend as you cannot now the full meaning of the text, "*He shall go no more out.*"

LEFT AT ATHENS ALONE

"Left at Athens alone."—*I. Thessalonians, iii., 1.*

HE scene is in Athens. I need not describe the city. Every schoolboy has its picture in his fancy and knows its history. Situate amid magnificent scenery and, though not on the coast, with every facility of commerce, it was for ages the metropolis of Greece and the center of European civilization. Beyond all the cities of the ancient world it was distinguished for philosophy, learning, and art. There were found the noblest models of architecture and sculpture. There abode the most celebrated warriors, statesmen, philosophers, and poets of the world; and, though its glory has long since faded from the earth, its name still haunts us as a dream of beauty. The charm and glory of that

"Clime of the unforgotten brave,
Whose land from shore to mountain cave
Was freedom's home or glory's grave."

Although at the time of the Bible record much of Athens ancient military and political power had departed, and after the Roman conquest the seat of government had been transferred to Corinth, she still remained the centre of the world's refinement; her streets frequented by rhetoricians, philosophers, statesmen. Her temples and porticoes and statues were the masterpieces and models of art—the study and wonder and worship of the world.

Through its palatial streets we behold, wandering, a

forlorn, friendless, fugitive from a far country : Paul, the apostle, "left in Athens alone."

The picture is touching ; and we may learn a lesson of individual Christian sympathy. Amid the busy thousands who passed him there was not a single human heart that beat responsive to his own. And how deeply Paul felt this is manifest when he informs the Thessalonians that his anxiety for their spiritual welfare had become so intense that, in order that Timothy, his fellow-exile, might hasten to them, he had consented to be himself left alone in that stranger city.

Paul's temperament was melancholic, the whole tendency of which is to drive the thought back from the world without into its own inner chambers of imagery ; and such a temperament ever experiences its deepest sense of loneliness in a great and strange city. Through God's world it goes abroad, peopling the solitude with its own creatures, but in man's world it shrinks into itself and craves sympathy.

In Athens, Paul was a fugitive Christian ; perhaps the only Christian ; and this separation from all godly fellowship gave his loneliness almost the intensity of desolation. And this very picture enforces the duty of Christian sympathy with the stranger ; and this is an especial want in the churches of a great city. Many a stranger enters them, perhaps worships there stately, and yet meets among God's people with no Christian brotherhood. And they feel this deeply ; and, notwithstanding all plausible excuses, the thing ought not so to be. Sitting by your side there may be one spiritually as very a stranger as Paul was at Athens. For aught you can tell, his pressing burden even now may be a broken heart, a wounded spirit. His loved home may be far away ; over his daily life a

great cloud of sorrow broods ; a fierce storm of temptation rages ; and within him moves a bitter memory or a stinging conscience. And from you, a kind word, a courteous enquiry, a Christian consolation, would come as the rain on a drooping flower, with the blessed power of a ministry of angels. But you say, "I do not know the man, and to address him would be a violation of etiquette." Yes, the pitiful punctilio of the fool who sprang not to rescue a drowning stranger, because he had not been introduced to her !

I tell you, Christian sympathy is the law of all spiritual life ; that every man who goes into God's sanctuary is glad of such sympathy, and I would fain quicken yours into exercise as you behold this picture. See this solitary man as he wanders through those streets and pauses in those market places, and gazes with the listless eye of a solitary, on statues and temples ; no kind voice greeting him, no Christian heart loving him. Ah me, would not his eye flash and his heart bound at the greeting of some kind voice saying, Won't you go with me to the house of God ? Won't you go with me to the prayer meeting ? Let your Christian sympathy kindle toward every stranger in your midst, as you seem to hear Paul's own plaintive words, "Left alone in Athens."

We would consider Paul now particularly as a model of Christian conduct. As a model, not exclusively for Christian ministers, but for all Christian men.

Paul's visit to Athens had more the character of a private disciple of Christ than of an accredited apostle. He seems to have had no intention when he entered the city of there preaching the gospel ; he had only fled thither for shelter from the persecution in Macedonia, until the way should be prepared for his further labors in that prov-

ince. But while remaining there, his great heart kindled within him at the surrounding iniquity, and he could not keep silent; and even there his labors had most the seeming of a private Christian's.

We call his speech on Mar's Hill, a sermon yet it was no more than his own defense when arraigned before the municipal authorities, on the capital charge of having interfered with their religion and set forth strange gods. Certainly his short sojourn in Athens is as full of instruction to all men as to ministers. Indeed, it seems to me that the distinction between clergy and laity in this regard is a modern refinement. We know that in the early church all the members of it "went everywhere preaching the word." Paul was an inspired man, and specially called to be an apostle, yet he seems to have regarded his call to tell the story of Christ crucified, as involved in his conversion, his first call to Christ. I am not insinuating that it is every man's duty to preach sermons from the pulpit; I am only asserting that we learn from Apostolic teaching and example that every truly converted soul should labor for the conversion of others. Christ's own commission is in the express command, "And let him that heareth say 'Come.'" We are all alike, witnesses for Christ. You, in the workshop, the counting-room, the city streets, as we are in the sanctuary. Therefore, we repeat it, Paul in Athens is an example unto every disciple of Christ.

"Left alone in Athens." Let us learn here a lesson of personal individual responsibility.

Responsibility is a positive and not a relative gift. You cannot divide your accountability with any other creature. Suppose you had the only copy of the Bible, and of all this crowding multitude you alone had ever heard of

Christ as a way of salvation. Then, tell me, if upon your soul would not come pressing such a sense of personal responsibility that midnight would scarcely bring slumber to your eyelids in your labors to impart your blessed knowledge to others. You have each in his own sphere some work which no other living creature can do for you ; work which if you do not do, will be left undone forever. And walking forth among thousands of immortal creatures, unto whom God hath set you as lights on the shore of life's stormy sea, and whose destinies, under your ministry, are settling for eternity, you are to feel as Paul felt, "Left alone in Athens." How he felt the record tells us ; under a sense of his individual responsibility, "his whole spirit was stirred within him." As we have already supposed, he probably entered the city with no design of then preaching the Gospel in it. He was a man, by nature, of exquisite taste, and by culture trained to the enjoyment of art, and Athens was just the city to charm him. Around him were gathered all the wonders of the old Grecian genius, and those temples and porticoes were thronged with statesmen and philosophers and scholars of all science, and students of painting and sculpture and architecture, who had wandered within, to sit at the feet of great masters. Athens was just the place that Paul needed, that he might repose a little from exhausting labor and gather energy for future work. And, as we read the record, we rejoice in his behalf. We say, he can have a little repose. In thought we see him, hastening to the city, entering its gates, passing through its palatial streets, arrested at every step by those wonders of art ; and we look that his heart should bound and his eye sparkle—and they do. For a moment, the scholar of Gamaliel bows almost to adoration before these monuments of Grecian

genius. But for only a moment; then his spirit stirs within him, "as he sees the whole city given up to idolatry."

As Paul felt in Athens, so we should feel in our cities. But you say, so *I* should feel in like circumstances; in a city filled with statues and altars and temples consecrated to the worship of false gods; then, my spirit too had been stirred within me in the midst of such idolatry.

What is idolatry? Why, the supreme love of something other than Jehovah. And what are idol temples and altars and shrines? Why, works of art where such worship is rendered. Walk through the streets of your city, and will you find it any less than Athens, "given up to idolatry?"

Look yonder, where a thousand brilliant lustres flash on the cut crystal, and the young men of your city throng, when with fragrance and sparkle the red wine "gives its color." And, again, behind massive walls and concealing veils, scenes as splendid, where men crowd the livelong night, staking their fortunes on the wild hazards of gaming, and here, opening on every grand street, outshining the splendor of the mid-day sun, doors of theatres opening to the surging crowd, where peace and purity are lost forever. And what, I pray, are all these, and such as these, and worse than all these, but temples built unto idols, where, as verily as in the great fanes of heathenism, alternate peals of mad laughter and screams of despairing anguish thrill through arch and aisle, and the poor frenzied devotee casts peace and purity, and parental hopes and filial affections unto the demon gods of pleasure as immortal burnt-offerings?

Or behold, again, those grand buildings of massive architecture; warehouses, banking houses, where greedy

avarice toils for riches as for the crown gems of eternity, wherein with daily toil and nightly anxieties, with a self-sacrifice of heart and conscience, perhaps with wiles of fraud and rapacity of extortion. Surely, with a sordid grinding of sinew and soul vast multitudes of the worshipers of Mammon are toiling for gold. And what are all these, I pray you, but great temples of idolatry, where living men cast mind and heart and spirit and immortality to be consumed as a sacrifice unto an idol's altar-fires.

Alas, my brethren, whosoever he be that loves another more than God is an idolater, and whatsoever he so loveth that is an idol. And is there less of all this here than by those blue Grecian seas?

Oh, bring Paul back again from his second and higher rapture into heaven, and let him walk these thoroughfares crowded with these godless worshipers of pleasure and wealth, and, methinks, more earnestly than ever in Athens would his heart burn within him as he saw the vast multitude crowding to idol temples, and scarcely one in a thousand bringing offerings unto the humble altar of the "unknown God."

And yet, here, Paul is our pattern; and, having our lives and conversation among men, thus trampling God's laws under foot, our lives should be filled with anxiety for the salvation of the imperiled, and our eyes should weep and our hearts break as did Paul's, Paul's, "left in Athens alone."

Let us learn here a lesson of individual labor for the impenitent.

This passage in Paul's life is no scene of idle sentiment, but of active, ardent service. Though only visiting Athens as a stranger and sojourner, yet the moment his heart moved in pity for dying men, that moment sympathy

swelled into an inspiration of earnest labor to save them. We now only briefly consider him in his more private work as a solitary Christian man in that great and sinful city.

The record in the Acts is, "Therefore disputed he," or reasoned, "in the synagogues—with the resident Jews—and in the market-places daily with them that met with him." This is simply the description of a private Christian man, telling them about Christ crucified. And even in this respect there were peculiarities in his circumstances which modified his conduct. Had Paul been a fixed resident of Athens, he would, doubtless, as he did in Corinth, have wrought industriously at his craft as tent-maker. He would have been "diligent in business," and his tents would have been the best tents sold in the market-place; and in the business hours of the shop you would not have found him lounging about street corners even to talk of eternal things. Nevertheless, we cannot doubt, as travelers came to purchase an outfit for a journey, he would have found occasion wisely to say a word about the dissolving tabernacle and the eternal mansion; and the house of his sojourn in Athens, like that of his employer in Corinth, would have had a "church in his house." But as a simple visitor in Athens, Paul had proper leisure to devote all his spare time to this service of Christ.

No Christian is expected to neglect his worldly business; for that is what God has set him to do; but in the midst of that business, as truly as Paul, he is in his private life and sphere to labor for sinners. As to the right way of laboring, Paul's life is our model. We are not told how he introduced the matter of personal religion into the market-places of Athens, but we do know how he did it on Mars Hill, and should study that address as

a model. He made no rude attack on their religion. He uttered no denunciation even of their idolatry. He commended even their religious zeal. He used not one word of severe reproof or rhetorical invective. He admitted as far as possible the principles of their philosophy, and quotes with seeming admiration their own favorite poets, and never, till he has disarmed all their prejudices and won the consent of their reason and the sympathy of their affections, does he say a word about Christ and the resurrection. The whole manner of Paul in its prudence and gentleness and common-sense should be imitated by every Christian in his efforts to save men.

To rush into a man's workshop or counting-room and tell him, if he does not believe, he will be damned; to enter a social circle as a guest, and pour out at board and hearth fiery declamation about the judgment and eternity; to denounce every man as an atheist or an infidel who thinks he has found in science some fact at variance with revelation; all this is more like Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus than like Paul the Apostle, "Left at Athens alone."

And it is not the way to save men. A mother sees her dear child gathering flowers on a precipice; its little feet are on the very verge! And the verge is slippery and crumbling; another step, and her darling will perish! What does the mother do? Does she rush toward it with the wild cry, "Oh, you will be dashed in pieces!" Oh, no! From such a cry the child would recoil and insure its own destruction. But she speaks tenderly, "My child, look here, what a beautiful flower I have found! Come, come to me, my darling." And the child looks and approaches, and she clasps it to her yearning heart! Saved—saved—from destruction!

And such must be the wisdom of him who would win souls. "Behold," says Christ, "I will make you fishers of men." And it is only the meanest sort of fish that will lie still in the sun to be pierced by a spear or bite at a rusty hook tied to a hempen cord and baited with a scorpion.

A rod, soberly colored and pliant as a reed, a line, exquisitely tapering to an invisible hair; a reel, playing like nicest clockwork, a foot noiseless as a fairy's, and an eye like an eagle's and an arm like a steel spring; these are the implements of the man who knows how to catch fish. And surely no less care and skill should be his who would fulfill his mission as a fisher of men.

We must have Paul's exquisite discretion and consummate common-sense, or else Paul's burning zeal will be only a deadly savor. We must have Paul's zeal, too. Paul's deathless love of souls, Paul's bounding heart, Paul's whole soul stirred within him at sight of a city given up to idolatry.

As we have said, our circumstances appeal as earnestly to our Christian sympathies as did Paul's in Athens.

These streets are full of idols. These houses and market-places are full of dying men, and they are bound to the resurrection and the judgment; and Christ died to save them. These, these, were Paul's motives; and these, too, are ours; and we are as truly bound to labor for these men's salvation as was Paul the Apostle, "Left in Athens alone."

Would to God we might feel it. Oh, if you were the only Christian in your city, how you would feel it. If your home were to-night in the midst of some great metropolis of paganism; if yesterday you had been a poor pagan, knowing nothing of God and eternity, and to your dark and desolate home there had come a shining angel

bringing this blessed Bible ; telling you of a redeeming Saviour and a blessed immortality ! Oh, then, then, as you read its enrapturing truths, and thought that no one else knew them, then methinks you would rush forth to every dying chamber, to every dark grave, to every poor, suffering child of a race so lost and imperiled to warn and to comfort. Oh, how you would talk of Heaven and the precious Saviour to the sorrowing and the broken-hearted ! How you would speak of the judgment and eternity to the outcast and abandoned ! And yet, we repeat it, our own personal responsibility is the same as if this had been true of us. Responsibility is a personal and not a relative matter. We cannot cast it off on another, nor divide it with another.

To-night in God's house we may be thinking of the shortcomings of others ; of some fellow Christian who will not work in the Sunday school, nor come to the prayer-meetings, nor labor for sinners, nor do anything for Christ.

But to-morrow may come to us this terrible thing, death, and the solemn realities of the judgment, and standing there, face to face with the Judge, we shall be thinking not of one another, but each man of himself. Then, you will not be gazing on the flaming earth and the dissolving firmament. You will have no eye for the surrounding multitudes. You will have no ear for the arch-angel's trump, and the pealing thunder. Then, neighbor will forget his neighbor and friend forget friend. To every one of us it will be as if we stood absolutely alone ! Every finite thing gone forever ! Each one face to face with the Divine Form on that judgment seat, listening as if in some tremendous solitude to catch the first utterance

of the Divine One. Its blessed "Welcome" or its dread "Depart."

And would to God we could feel it now that we are living, each man in his own lot and sphere, a living epistle of Jesus! Unto every man, woman and child we meet, "a savor," an omnipotent savor either of life unto life "or of death unto death."

Oh, if we felt it, then should we go from God's house as if the great waves of eternity were dashing at our feet, and the thin veil of eternity, lifting, parting before us; and on the morrow there would be a pentecost in Zion, and this city would shake at your footstep, and melt and move at your presence, as that Grecian city at the presence of Paul, "Left at Athens alone."

PAUL DEPARTED FROM ATHENS

“Paul departed from Athens.”—*Acts xviii.*, 1.

WE have here another of the scarcely noticed and seemingly unimportant passages in the life of the great apostle of the Gentiles. And yet, taken in its connections, and as it lay, doubtless in the divine mind which inspired the record, it is among the most significant and touching pictures in his eventful life. His earnest words as an unknown man among the humble Athenians, seem presently to have arrested universal attention. The Jews in their simple synagogue heard a voice more earnest and eloquent than the monotone of the sanctimonious Rabbi expounding the law. And the buyers and sellers in the stalls and porticoes of the thronged marts, and the curious idlers sauntering through the public squares were arrested by the solemn words of the stranger Israelite, as he reasoned about eternity. And men of higher culture turned aside from their stately walk; the voluptuous epicurean, to smile in contempt on one speaking so ungraciously of the pleasures of time; and the sterner Stoic in indignation at one who, daring to intermeddle with eternity, seemed a setter forth of strange gods, in his discourse of the Crucified. And, as day after day the interest deepened, and the multitude increased around this stranger, and rumors of popular commotion reached the ears of the magistracy, contempt and curiosity deepened into apprehension, and he is summoned as a disturber of the public mind, and a despiser of the religion of the state, to answer for himself before the high court of the Areopagus. “And Paul stood on Mars Hill.” Perhaps never before or since has there been such discourse before such

an audience. Before him spread away unto the bright isles begemming those sparkling seas, the fairest of Grecian landscapes, embosoming in one grand amphitheatre of mountains, the monuments of Athenian architecture and art. And around him, crowding all that open, august court, the solemn judges in their robes, and senators and philosophers, and poets and orators; the wise men and the mighty men of all the world. And, standing before them, their equal in genius and culture, and lifted immeasurably above them all, by his knowledge of God and eternal things, we wonder not that his thought swelled into the highest ranges of masterly and magnificent speech.

With all exquisite courtesy and consummate art, he removes all prejudices against himself as a stirrer up of strife or a setter forth of strange gods; and, having gained their reason and sympathies by grounding his argument on the best principles of their own philosophy, and gathering illustrations of his theme from the contrasted glories of God's own works of nature and their own proudest works of art, he rises suddenly into the full height of his own ardent and enthusiastic eloquence.

"God, who made the world," he cried; and the very thought fell on their ears as a new revelation from Heaven. They had never dreamed of that! To them the world had been the poor work of chance, and the gods they worshiped themselves, weak creatures of the finite. "God who made the world and all things that are therein." And as his grand glance and gesture, taking in that whole matchless landscape, arched with that glorious heaven, sank down toward their temples, so comparatively insignificant, how irresistible the concealed logic.

"God who made the world dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

And though right before him, so as almost to overshadow him, rose the colossal image of Minerva, the armed and avenging protectress of Athens, and all around were their worshiped deities, how fearlessly he pointed to them all, as he cried, "The God who made the world is not like unto gold or silver or stone, graven by art and man's device." And then, as if with the attesting voice of all human and divine things within scope of his vision, having set forth the being and omnipotence and independence and absolute infinity of the God he worshipped; how terrible the practical appeal wherewith, gathering all his yearning love into language, he warned them of the resurrection and the coming judgment, and proclaimed the glories of the risen Christ. And in the name of the Infinite Maker of all things, commanded them "to repent."

Verily, it was a speech worthy of the man and the occasion, when, in a scene so strangely blending God's stupendous work in nature and man's noblest work in art, before the most august array of the world's philosophers, Paul, the apostle, preached a crucified Christ.

It fell on that assembly as a flash of lightning falls on a child's eye, only to dazzle and blind it. And, therefore, is the scenery of that apostolic life changed abruptly.

Behold! We stand now at that grand city's gate as it opens toward the sea. And there the apostle of the Gentiles, his head bowed down with sorrow, his eyes filled with tears, his sandals bound and his loins girt for travel, moves slowly on with the multitude, to the grander world without, his work done.

"Paul departed from Athens." Here let us learn the true spirit and genius of Christianity. As an unregenerate man, Paul would hardly have left that splendid emporium. To his mind, versed in the beauty of Grecian literature,

and attracted by its philosophy, and fascinated by its wondrous art and eloquence, Athens possessed every charm. As an unconverted Jew, gladly would he have sat down amid Athenian tentmakers and wrought at his craft; or, rather, gladly would he have gone abroad in the higher walks of life, and by the brightness of his genius and the fervor of his eloquence have secured a blaze of reputation among the noblest men of Greece. But not now! No! As he journeyed on his way to Damascus, suddenly there had shone round him a light from heaven! A light, in whose brightness man's nature seemed to stand out only in its essential spirituality, and earth seemed no more than the cradle of immortality.

Temporal distinctions, whether intellectual or social, seemed only accessories or accidents, the toys of its childhood. To him the whole world seemed desolate, degraded, imperilled; "dead in trespasses and sins." And to him with that voice out of heaven had come a gift and a power of God, to raise the immortal man from his degradation, to rescue the imperilled, to save the lost. And thenceforth he was wedded unto one blessed and mighty work; one calling, one high calling of God in Christ. And the wide world had nothing that could turn him back from his course. The idolatrous offerings of the Lystran priesthood could not allure him; the perils of robbers and of waters unto death could not alarm him. He thought of the outer darkness of despair, and what were Roman dungeons? He thought of the glories of heaven, and what were all Grecian splendors?

He had looked upon the world from the heights of Calvary, and who marvels that, when unto its blinded philosophy, that glorious cross seemed foolishness, then, Paul, the apostle, the converted soul, the redeemed spirit, that "Paul

departed from Athens?" And who marvels that forth from all the splendors of that Grecian city, forth unto all the toil and ignominy and anguish of the Phillipian dungeon and the Roman death; forth from a splendid idolatry, given up to its idols; unto the sin and shame that might be won unto Jesus; that Paul, the redeemed persecutor, that "Paul departed from Athens."

Let us learn here the worthlessness of merely intellectual culture upon spiritual life. Herein lies a grand evil of sin upon our nature; the practical divorce of our intellectual and moral states. The fairer the one, the fouler oft-times the other. Greek genius lifted her fair land up from the mists of barbarian ignorance into the highest sunshine of the purely earthly life. But, alas, the higher, spiritual life that lay far away and beyond it seemed only the more unknown for this very splendor, as the one little sun of our system conceals by his very shinings the glories of all the systems of the universe that come forth in the night.

Athenian poetry wreathed flowery garlands for the portals of the tomb, but filled not its dark chambers with a vision of angels. Athenian faith sanctified every valley and stream and mountain into the haunt of some fancied and fairy divinity. But the omnipotent, omnipresent, all-glorious, all-loving God who made the world was an "unknown God" still. And so is it ever. "The world by wisdom knows not God." Nay, the world's proudest wisdom ignores and denies God. Genius works out her fairest creations now as in Athens, as shrines and temples for the worship of deified brutality. Philosophy stands on her Areopagus, amid the grandeur of God's great hills and the glories of His firmament, only to smile in scorn at Christ and the resurrection.

And, alas for it all, all this progress without God is

that of a poor thirsting soul turning away from the living spring unto the broken cistern. Alas for all the earthly glory from which the heart must turn if it attain unto the heavenly. It is but the fair and fading Grecian dream of time from which the immortal thought turns to the humblest reality of immortal life, as unto all the toil and agony of apostolic life, "Paul departed from Athens."

Learn again, the weakening, deadening influence of worldly things upon our higher, spiritual nature.

Not only had Grecian philosophy failed to find out and adore the "God who made the world," but Grecian art in its ministry to Athenian voluptuousness had increased even man's natural dislike to the "truth as it is in Jesus." We have said that unto Paul as an ambassador for Christ, man only as an immortal creature was an object of loving labor, but we did not say that in regeneration Paul lost any of the higher taste and sentiments of the cultured "Hebrew of the Hebrews." There was much in Grecian genius and art to captivate the imagination and heart of this scholar of Gamaliel. Gladly, methinks, would he have established a church of Christ beside those splendid temples of false worship. Gladly would he have tarried to preach Christ crucified, in such surroundings. As his Divine Master wept especially over beloved Jerusalem, so was Paul's "heart stirred" even beyond its wont, when he saw Athens, Athens "wholly given up to idolatry." We are not surprised that here, forgetting his need of repose from exhausting labor, he went forth to reason daily about salvation with the multitudes of the market-places. Never, probably in his whole apostolic life did he preach as he preached on Mars Hill. And when we remember that before the eloquence of Paul in bonds, when only reiterating old and familiar

truths, the Jewish King was almost persuaded and the Roman governor trembled, and are told that here, under his most impressive appeals, when his whole heart was roused within him, and his utterance was of those new truths, about God and the resurrection, which must have fallen on the Greek mind as the thunderbolts of new revelations that under the superhuman powers of such eloquence, the men of Athens only smiled in admiration, or mocked in derision, then we are forced to exclaim, Alas, alas, for the exquisite beauty and refinement of this fairest of earthly cities.

Paul felt then, as never before, that even when armed with the power of God, the human heart was too hard for him. And, therefore, here, only in his whole life, did he leave it despairingly. His was a spirit that shrunk from no hardship, was appalled by no danger. Neither the supercilious smile of the epicurean, nor the roused indignation of the Stoic, nor the armed terrors of the awful Areopagus could have stilled his utterances for Christ amid the market-places of Athens. It was his joy and his glory to suffer shame for the name of Christ. But in the very calmness of the indifferent Athenian mind he perceived a voluptuous insensibility unto spiritual things, too mighty for him to wrestle with. Sunk in the very loveliness of their delicious life, they thought not of a higher life. To them the doctrine of the resurrection was but another poetic dream. The incarnate Christ of Galilee but some strange god of mythology. The harp and the viol and the tabret and the wine were in their feasts, and the trump of the Archangel sounded only harshly to their ears.

A thousand temples of rarest architecture rose radiantly around them, and the altar of "the unknown God"

was a deserted shrine. They turned in mocking from the preaching of a crucified Christ. They counted themselves unworthy of eternal life. And with a heart breaking, yet despairing of their salvation, "Paul departed from Athens."

And this leads us to learn from the text, fourthly, the sad doom of the final rejector of the Gospel. To the busy tradesmen in the Athenian market-place, and the exquisite voluptuary of the Athenian pavilion, and the complacent philosopher of the Greek school, and the august judge of the solemn Areopagus, it doubtless seemed a matter of small moment that a poor Jewish traveler had departed from their city. But to us, looking back from our Christian heights, through the waste of ages, remembering though we do all the wondrous events in which Athens was a sharer, yet the moment in her history fraught with most terrible consequences was the very moment recorded in our text when this forlorn exile from Galilee turned, an outcast, from her gates. Those blue heavens might still bend above her palaces, and the soft wind from the Grecian hills still breathe through portico and temple, yet the living airs sweeping down from the paradise on high had passed away forever!

A thousand eloquent voices might be heard on Mars Hill, but the voice telling of Christ and the resurrection would no more be heard there! Stately courses of white-robed priests might minister in her majestic temples, but he that had stood, in love, by the altar of the "unknown God," had gone from his place forever! And what to Athens, henceforth, were the splendors of her summer skies and the lustres that blazed in her sumptuous palaces, and all the murmur of her bright streams and the joyous winds sweeping down from her mountains? Alas,

alas, there was no heavenly voice to whisper at her death beds, no immortal radiance to flash round her graves. When the Athenian walls shut him from their view, the massive folds of an everlasting curtain fell between them and all the glories of God's everlasting mansions. And therefore it is, that by all that is blessed in eternal hope, and all that is dreadful in immortal despair, is there put a terrible meaning into the simple words, "Paul departed from Athens."

In his brief sojourn in Athens, Paul uttered one solitary discourse upon Mars Hill to the smiling fashion and scornful philosophy of Greece and the world.

Some few believed! But of the great multitude, the fearful record is, "Some mocked, and others said, 'We will hear thee again of this matter.'"

"Some mocked!" And upon the scornful sneer upon the lip God set the seal of eternity! "Others said, 'We will hear thee again of this matter.'"

Nay, on the morrow I looked, and behold, the form of the Galilean stranger, his sandals bound and his loins girt for travel, his head bowed with sorrow, his eyes filled with tears, was moving in silent sorrow through the gates of the city. And I looked again, and a lonely bark was rounding Sunium's rocky headland; and there a gleaming sail, like some white-winged bird of heaven, was fading away amid the fairy isles and bright blue seas of Greece. And his mission was ended, his work done.

"Paul departed from Athens." And it seemed to me as if the light had faded from her skies and the glory was all gone from her temples, and upon that city of the procrastinator and the scorner had fallen a cloud, a shadow, a gloom, like the blackness of darkness forever!

And such, such, ever unto the immortal soul of man

is a solemnly preached and a rejected gospel. God, write my simple text upon your heart! God, pour through our simple picture the light of eternity—that glorious city, that preaching apostle, that lone bark, as its white sail fades away over those blue seas of Greece.

“Paul departing from Athens.”

RETURN UNTO THY REST

"Return unto thy rest."—*Psalms cxvi.*, 7.



THIS is a return season. We have been abroad through unfamiliar scenes, sojourning in strange places, and we are returning.

It may be, and sometimes is, sorrowful, but it should be pleasant to come back from wandering, to re-enter the old familiar spheres and scenes; to come home; to come home. The birds that have been charming us with their sweet music are gathering in flocks for departure unto fairer climes, which are waiting to welcome them. The streams, by whose green banks we have lingered, are hastening bright and musical, to their sea home, whence they came. The thought is pleasant. It seems more so in revelation. The first curse was removal; a going forth from Paradise, and the final restoration will be only a return unto the long-lost rest.

And so, as we utter the word, it sounds joyous. The return of the wandering dove to the ark from the stormy waters; the return of the captive Jews to beloved Zion; the return of the poor prodigal from the far country to his father's house; all these are divine illustrations of experiences pleasant and longed for; the coming back of laborers unto rest; of wanderers to their home.

The one hundred and sixteenth psalm is a long thanksgiving. Its date is uncertain; its author unknown. If written by David, it was either anticipating Israel's future restoration from captivity, or expressive of his joy upon return from some of his many forthgoings to his own beloved Zion.

That captivity or exile he compares to death and the

grave. "The sorrows of death compassed me; the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow."

But in the midst of the distress and darkness he heard a divine voice calling him back to the old home, the old sanctuary; and his eyes flashed and his heart bounded, and with new purposes of consecration, new prospects of consolation, he cried: "Return unto thy rest, oh my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee!"

As we shall see presently, its higher spiritual reference is to Jehovah, the soul's great refuge and rest. It has an immediate and temporal reference to the earthly Jerusalem, the dear old familiar home of the exiled or captive Israelite; and the practical lesson to us is, that we should come home to our familiar scenes and spheres of life, as the Jew came to his. Observe that, as set forth in this psalm, that return was very joyful. We know little of the personal experience of the captive Jews in Babylon. From the few glimpses afforded us in these inspired records, it would seem outwardly not to have been oppressive. We read of their harps yet in possession, as they sat under the willows by the great river, and we know that some of the noble Jewish youth were tenderly cared for in the king's palace and preferred to high places at his court. And certain we are that as they abode amid the scenes of that magnificent city and kingdom, their surroundings were vastly fairer and grander than those of their countrymen who still abode in the distant and then desolate Jerusalem. Babylon was then "the glory of kingdoms; the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency." And we can scarcely conceive now of the scenes of splendor that burst on Jewish eyes amid those marvelous hanging gardens and palaces and temples, whereon their mighty conquerors had lavished the spoils of nations, in making

his imperial city the wonder of the world. And we know that then, in the contrast, Zion was a wilderness, and Jerusalem a desolation; and "the holy and beautiful house wherein their fathers worshipped was burnt with fire, and all her pleasant things were laid waste." And we know as well, that from all those circumstances of splendor, unto all those conditions of desolation, the hearts of the Jewish exiles turned in yearning fondness. To them, the lowliest home on a hillside of Judah was fairer than all the palaces of Babylon; and it was with all the rapture of a returning conqueror that they at last turned their feet from the splendor of the far country to their desolate homes.

And so should it be with us. Sweet as it may have been for refreshment and recreation, to go abroad for a season, climbing grand mountains, or floating on bright waters, yet there is no true heart that should not rejoice to be at home again. And the more so, as we remember the perils we have escaped and the mercies that have been given us. As we come back to these familiar scenes, and hear again these familiar voices, should our rejoicings take the form of thanksgiving unto God, who, as our Almighty Guide and Guard, has been with us in all peril, and tenderly brought us again to these tried hearts and homes?

Again, as set forth in this psalm, this return of the Jews to Jerusalem was with new consecration. They came not to repose. As they stood on the hill tops and looked on Zion, their first question was, "What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits?" Their wanderings in the far country, and their sojourn among strangers, had strengthened all their graces, "To run in the ways of God's commandment." And the very peo-

ple that had inhabited the glories of Jerusalem, almost unmindful of, or disobedient to, Jehovah, returned to the desolations of Zion strong to upbuild her ruins and restore her old splendor. Their joyous songs as they re-entered their old homes, were not the carols of a May day, nor the carousals of a revel. They were the deep, resolute, though exulting, strains of the strong laborer going afield; of the helmed and plumed soldier rushing to battle. Their beloved city was a waste, and the very end of their return was to reconstruct and restore.

And so should it be with us. While a Christian remains on earth, he can have no permanent rest. His seasons of refreshment and recreation are only to recruit strength for more earnest labor; and he should ever return to his old sphere and place, feeling that his home is not only his happiest, but his most useful place; that here, more than when wandering abroad, his own Christian life is to be edified, and others are to be benefited by his ministry. Feeling, too, that these seasons of spiritual labor are fast passing away, and that by the ever strengthening motives of greater obligations unto God, and a constantly enlarging sphere of Christian work, and a rapidly diminishing season of work, is every disciple called to renew his covenant vows, and go forth for Christ's cross and Christ's church, and His crown, and His kingdom, under an ever-deepening impression of the sweet, yet most solemn thought, "The night cometh, wherein no man can work." We can easily imagine the power of this motive upon the common Jewish heart, at their return from their successive dispersions from Zion. We fancy we hear their earnest words on the re-entrance to Jerusalem. We seem to see the strong man crossing the threshold of his dilapidated dwelling and saying, "Oh, I must restore and

refurnish these halls and chambers for my honored parents, or for my beloved children ;” and to see the earnest youth, standing in the midst of neglected gardens and vineyards, saying “Alas! for these faded flowers and these blighted fruits. I must outroot these thorns and repair these trellises ;” and to see, indeed, every son and daughter of Abraham, as they gazed upon the desolations of their beloved city and temple, exclaiming, “Alas! Zion is a wilderness! Jerusalem is a desolation! We will arise and rebuild the walls and restore the waste places.” And we know, historically, that never did the tribes so work for Jehovah ; and never did the holy city so resound with the noise of implements of toil ,and the shoutings of earnest laborers, as in those days, when, from sojourn in distant lands, they returned to their homes.

So let it be with us. Coming back from weeks of rest or recreation, and seeing around us so many things to be done for God and our generation, and feeling a joyous gratitude that we have been strengthened for new labor, let us re-enter, each his own particular sphere of religious work, determined to do it with our might ; resolved that the record of the coming year shall be better than that of the past ; that God’s temple service shall be holier, and these family altars burn brighter, and the blessing of God’s presence be more manifest in the precious savor of our hearts and lives as we cry, in the language of the psalm, “What shall I render unto God for all His benefits? Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. Return unto thy rest, oh my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.”

But the higher and more important reference of the psalm is metaphorical or symbolical, setting forth the

Lord, the Jehovah, as the soul's great refuge and rest. As we have seen, again and again, God is the only true home of his mortal creatures. The word is a very strong one; it comes from a root, meaning to keep close or fast. A residence may be temporary or local, but a home must be fixed and permanent. We may sojourn in other dwellings; we can only *live* in our homes. A true home is the center of all those earthly joys, hopes, affections, purposes, which alone render our fleeting mortality a true and real life; and such a home for the spiritual is found only in God. In Him alone does the intellect find a sphere wide enough for its ever-unfolding faculties, and objects lasting and lovely enough for its tender and holy affections. Denied a knowledge of, or belief in, a personal God, alike maker and manager of the universe, and with whom we may hold loving intercourses, and the mind of man is like a blinded giant struggling to solve impossible problems; and the heart, like an unblest spirit, wandering through a sepulchral Edom, lavishing all its yearning affections upon phantasms and death; and the whole soul a forlorn exile and outcast, with no home in the universe, and no resting place but the grave.

Every truly philosophic man perceives it; every true child of God feels it. But perhaps few of us have sufficiently considered this truth. A sincere and entire rest in God includes various exercises and experiences. There must be a cordial complacency in his character and government; an exquisite delight in the thought that we are not mere chance, natural creations, but true children of God. An exulting joy that there is a holy and righteous and loving Father, whose eye is ever on us, and whose sovereign power controls us. It implies an entire submission to, and serene trust in Him, an assured faith that

He that feeds the birds and clothes the flowers in their beauty will so order all our earthly providences that they shall ever work together for our earthly good, and for our exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

It implies, above all, such a faith in Christ, our atoning and interceding Saviour, as gives Him the seeming of our only Redeemer Christ, the "way" whereby we can ascend from the earthly to the heavenly. Christ the "door" through which we enter the Golden City, and so cast ourselves upon the very bosom of our Father and our God. And implying all these spiritual exercises, perhaps there are few of us who come fully up to our whole Christian privilege of returning unto God, our rest; of reposing in God, our home. And quite certain am I that some who hear me are absolute strangers to this blessed experience. Your own consciences bear me witness that amid all life's seeming of joy you are still restless, dissatisfied, unblest spirits. Even amid the pleasures of life you are as eager children chasing butterflies through sunny gardens, from bank to bank, from flower to flower; and when at last, with flashing eye and a noiseless footstep, you have approached it, grasped it, you open your hand to find, alas! only the glittering dust of a ruin.

And when life deepens into its serious and earnest labor, then you are as a weary and overwrought pilgrim in a desert; the immortal thirst within only mocked by the deceptive mirage. You see in the distance the palms and sparkling waters, and you press on, to find, alas! only hotter and drier sands of the desert, and to cast yourself in agony to the earth, despairing of relief, and desiring to die. Sing as you will, they are only the songs of a restless spirit, of a forlorn and wandering bird that has no sweet home of love in the dewy grass. Revel as you

may, your dances are not with the bounding feet of joyous exiles returning to Zion, but of doleful creatures that cry in the desolate palaces of Babylon.

Alas! You are not happy without God. Restless orphans without a father's love. Wandering outcasts with no home's sweet shelter. Prodigals amid the splendors of strange cities, wasting your immortal inheritance, or, even worse, poor slaves to sin, amid the husks of the swine feeding. And our gospel message to you to-day is pitiful even in the blessedness of its consolation, as we cry unto exiles and outcasts, "Come home! O! come home!"

In its reference unto God's own dear children it is altogether comforting and enrapturing. Oh! blessed home-going! when the rest is in God! And as emblemized in this record, such a home-going is mortal life. Every Christian is on the returnward to the Heavenly Zion, and the significant and joyous emblem is to-day all around us.

The whole land is alive with the glad noise of the home-going multitude; steamers and cars are overloaded; hotels are overcrowded; and city streets and highways and byways are thronged with people who, for the season, have had enough of the wider and ruder world, and are returning to the dearer and sweeter experiences of domestic life. They have climbed lofty mountains, they have floated on broad seas, but all the majesty of nature's lofty forms and loud voices seems as nothing to them now, in contrast with those forms and voices of love that brighten and gladden their dear old homes. See that group of travelers gathered in the public parlor, or on the steamer's deck; they have been for weeks sojourning in strange places, but now returning, it is of the old home they

are thinking. It may be a princely mansion on the avenue, or it may be an humble cottage on some quiet hill-side, or some sweet pastoral vale; be it where or what it may, of it they are thinking now. Ah! the old father is there, or the loving mother, or the fair sister, or the sweet child, and busy hands are getting the old house ready; the windows are opened to the fresh air, the dust brushed away, musical instruments tuned; and presently, lights will flash, and boards be spread, and loved forms come forth to stand at the open door with joyous welcome.

And thus, all these passing strangers are thinking of their homes; and thus should every Christian think of his home in heaven.

And here, I am persuaded, is one grand fault of our heavily meditation. Not that we gather about the higher spiritual life too much of grandeur, for in this regard it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glorious realities which God shall gather around the immortality of the soul that loves Him; but that we do not think of it enough, in this, its very sweetest aspect, as the dear old home of God's children.

We have all been treated to descriptions of heaven, got up for sensation, and illustrated with pulpit fireworks, which, to say the least, were not, to the humble Christian heart, very tasteful. Speaking of the music of heaven, there was a description of a grand orchestra, immense galleries of the host of heaven, striking all manner of instruments, and Jesus standing before them all with his wounded hands, conducting and keeping time for the music. Then there was delineated the business of heaven, under figure of a grand military review, battalions of martyrs and regiments of philanthropists, and

cohorts of prophets and apostles, all cavalcading on prancing horses, led through the streets by Christ, the Great Captain; and then there was a picture of the entrance of the redeemed individual soul into glory, something like that of the old conqueror entering pagan Rome from a foreign campaign, or of an ancient reveler crossing the threshold of Belshazzar's banquet hall. I speak not of such blasphemous things to-day, except to say that God would not have His children so think of heaven. He taught the old patriarchs of a soul returning unto God, and being "gathered to the fathers;" and the apostles about being with Abraham in social delights, and with "Jesus in a garden." And so setting himself to bring all the ineffable glories of heaven into conditions of sweet familiar life, so that death might seem a home-going, a "return to our rest."

Here we are only pilgrims; there we shall be at home. And good as may seem these mortal dwellings, so that from all the grandeurs of broader landscapes and princelier mansions we come back to them gladly, yet for each redeemed spirit there is a brighter home in heaven.

And in our walk by faith we are even now coming nigh unto it; and these faith senses should be ever growing stronger, so that we may catch the shapes of beloved ones moving behind these dissolving vapors, and the welcoming voices of the father, the mother, the sister, the child, sounding down in the marvelous sweetness which immortality and heaven can put upon loving words; knowing that presently, when our exile, too, is over, and through the storm and the conflict and the "valley of the shadow of death," out of the chill airs of this earthly night, into the blessed heavenly day, we shall have crossed the radiant threshold and sat down a redeemed home circle, which

separation shall no more distress, nor death again ever darken ; then, then, we shall understand, as we cannot now, the enrapturing meaning of the metaphor which sets forth God as the soul's eternal home ; and why, even from his mortal throne and kingdom, the monarch minstrel, as at best on earth, only an exile and a captive, cried so earnestly, "Return unto thy rest, oh ! my soul, for the Lord hath dealt mercifully with thee."

PHYSICAL

FIRST OF THE SERIES.

"And Joseph was a goodly person, and well favored."

—*Genesis xxxix.*, 6.

IN regarding Joseph as a self-made and successful man, and in this respect *the young man's model*, our business is to ascertain those qualities of his character, physical, intellectual and moral, which, under God, enabled this shepherd boy to overcome so many obstacles and to attain positions of such pre-eminent usefulness and honor.

Of course, in such an inquiry we must begin where nature begins—with the *Physical*. For whatever gifts and graces a man may have, he can manifestly accomplish little on earth without bodily health and strength. Whether our theory be the infidel's, that mind is only a function of the body; or the Christian's, that the body is only an instrument of the mind, we shall be at one on this point. As, *in this mortal* state we cannot think without a brain; nor move without muscles, nor feel without nerves, then, manifestly, the best condition of nerves, muscles and brain is essential to the greatest excellence, whether of character or conduct.

So it was with Joseph. The text expresses the extraordinary excellence of his physical nature. And with this agree all the Arabic and Jewish traditions. They all ascribe to him marvelous bodily beauty and strength.

The Persian poets vie with each other in this very regard, and Mohammed wrote the whole twelfth chapter of Al-Koran in eulogy of his beauty and perfections. And

sure we are that nothing but the very strongest and most fully cultured and constantly cared for physical constitution could have carried him through all those trying labors and exposures of shepherd, slave, prisoner, executive magistrate, and brought him at last to a vigorous and healthy old age of a hundred and ten years. One of these modern young men, lily-fingered by effeminacy, or sore-throated and cadaverous by indolence, or thick-blooded by inebriety, if the first wild animal invading his sheepfold had not frightened him to death, or he had not been smothered in the pit, or died of prison fever in the dungeon, certainly could not have endured a single year's labor such as was required in Joseph's oversight of the royal revenues of Egypt. Therefore, this, in the biography of Joseph, is the *first* point to be studied. Indeed, traced carefully to its source, and the failure of the majority of men will be found in an ignorance or neglect of the laws of their physical constitution. In this regard, especially, are young men ignorant. Of all possible objects of investigation they know least *of themselves*. The human body is a living machine, constructed for the manifold uses of the spiritual being. And it is the most complex and wonderful of all material machines. And yet how little do most men know of it. How constantly, through ignorance, do they mismanage and injure it! If men thoroughly understood and obeyed its laws, the majority of the race would live to be a hundred years old. How strange, then, yea, how sinful, how simply suicidal, is this ignorance! If a man thinks to regulate a chronometer, or keep a musical instrument in tune, he spends months and years in a careful study of its mechanism. And yet most men live to the end of life as ignorant of the true laws of food, and exercise, and respira-

tion, and digestion, as a babe is of the wheels of a watch or the stops of an organ. And surely this is madness. There are few men in your city who would attempt to navigate a steamship down the Delaware, or even to sail a yacht up the Schuylkill; and yet the mechanism of a steamship is not half so wonderful, nor its management half so difficult, as that of these human bodies, floating on the stream of time. And who wonders that so many young men *die* young men? True it is, we excuse our ignorance in this matter on the ground that we rely for health on the wisdom of our physicians. And the excuse would be valid if we employed the profession *to keep us in health*. But, alas! we do not make use of the physician's knowledge till the injury is done. We run the noble vessel into wild currents and amid rocks and breakers and then (often when it is too late) hoist the signal flag for a pilot to work the imperiled, perhaps shattered bark, into the open sea again. And such ignorance is shameful and *sinful*. Every one to whom God has given a body should know enough of its organization and functions to preserve it in health and strength until its mechanism is worn out in a long and well-spent life. Men in this generation ought to outlive the old patriarchs. First, because the use of machinery relieves them of most of the wear and tear of labor; and secondly, because medical science enables them to set many diseases at defiance.

And yet, alas! the modern man is regarded as superannuated, and indeed dies, and is buried, at an age when, amid the grand old Shemitic manhood, the youth had not finished his education. We call a man very old at *seventy*, but Abraham was not so called of God till he was *a hundred and seventy*! And Moses was not thought to be fitted for the leadership of Israel till he was past eighty.

And this, mark you, was after the judicial shortening of the life of the antediluvian manhood. Alas! the modern man is the shortest lived of the species. And if the shortening process continues we shall presently have young gentlemen of ten and old gentlemen of twenty. The ancients did this thing better, just because they regarded physical culture as a main part of education. In their classic language, "*Schools*" and "*Gymnasias*" were convertible terms. Their poets, and philosophers, and statesmen received the same physical culture as the professional athlete. And akin to this is God's theory of human culture, as revealed in these scriptures. Indeed, one grand aim of *Revelation* is to teach men to take care of their bodies.

Jesus Christ wrought most of his miracles in this very behalf, and never does he say, "*Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace;*" but he has added, "*Thou art healed of thy sickness;*" as if a perfect health were part of a perfect salvation. And so everywhere the three great enemies of man's life and health are indolence, intemperance and licentiousness.

And how earnestly in regard to them all does this Book of God lift up its alarm cry! How it points to the stinging adder that is coiled around the drunkard's cup. How over every byway of impurity it writes its fiery warning, "*This is the way of hell, leading down to the chambers of death!*" How it launches its terrible invective against the effeminate "*sluggard*," "who folds hands to sleep," in the midst of God's waking and working universe! Yea, in the revelation of the grand doctrine of the *resurrection* does it assure us that the body, as truly as the soul, is a redeemed part of our being, and bid us take care of it as of the soul itself, that it may share alike in man's

mortal toils and his immortal triumphs. So divine science has ever regarded man's physical nature. It will surprise you, if you have not carefully considered it, to observe how much care God took of the bodily health of his chosen people. The Levitical code abounds in laws having no other purpose. The vigorous exercise appointed them in the old pastoral and agricultural life. The *rest* of every seventh day from bodily labor. The great family and national *festivals*, authoritatively enjoined as seasons of recreation. The severe prohibitions of all ill-regulated passions. The careful precepts in regard of their food and drink, and dress and habitations. The directions to secure personal cleanliness and to guard against contagious diseases. All these make manifest how important God regarded their physical culture. Therefore, in studying as our model this biography of Joseph, here we should begin. The text tells us of his extraordinary physical perfection, and the history teaches us how he obtained and preserved it. Observe, then, first, Joseph's habits in regard of *food*. This is obviously the most important point in regard of bodily culture, for food is both the material of which the human machine is constructed and repaired, and the fuel force whereby all its processes are kept a-going. Now in this particular, Joseph evidently conformed to the old patriarchal customs. This is manifest in the record that, first, he never ate like, or with, the Egyptians; and secondly, that when preparing a dinner for his brethren his steward was obliged to slaughter his own meats for the occasion. Obviously he maintained, amid all the temptations of the Egyptian metropolis, the simple regimen of the Hebrews. And you all know what that was; how carefully God regulated the kind and quantity of their food. Many kinds of birds, and beasts,

and fishes eaten by other nations he absolutely prohibited. In general, their chief food was lentils, pulse, grain, milk and honey, and ripe fruits. Animal food was used very sparingly, and, indeed, chiefly reserved as a dainty for the sick, or a special luxury for guests, or on some extraordinary occasions of rejoicing.

In regard of Joseph, three things appear in the record : That he always ate discriminately, temperately and seasonably. And in all these particulars do modern men need the power of his example. For, on these points especially, do they violate the laws of health. They eat indiscriminately, either food in itself unwholesome or rendered so by preparation. The popular ignorance of this whole philosophy of diet is simply marvelous. Modern chemistry is busy analyzing soils, to ascertain what fertilizing element they need to produce the finest grains and fruits ; and the selection and preparation of the best fodder for horses and cattle and swine has attained the dignity of a science. And yet, in eating, the modern man consults only his appetite ; and this, in full face of the patent fact that upon the kind of food he eats (to a degree, at least) depend his physical, and, indeed, intellectual condition.

The indolent Esquimaux lives on oil, and the savage Tartar on horse flesh, and the effeminate Chinese on rice ; and, alike in all cases, the kind of food is the exponent of character. Coarse food inevitably produces coarse men and women ; and depending for repairs, as the various parts of the body do, upon the elements of our diet, there is a profound wisdom in the prayer that asks even divine direction in its selection, saying "*Give us our daily bread.*" Alas ! then for our folly in devouring food either in itself unwholesome, or rendered so by preparation. In its end-

less variety of meats, clean and unclean, and their seasonings, nourishing or noxious, the modern cuisine is not unlike the stygian broth of Macbeth's witches. And when such a compound is washed down with the drugged drinks, disguised under the various modern names of wines, the whole affair would afford a fitting banquet for Hecate.

Meantime, secondly, they eat even their wholesome food intemperately, either in extravagant quantities or in extravagant haste, until all the organs are clogged in their functions, the fluids rendered too thick for healthful action, the whole system overloaded and oppressed, and derangement and disease rendered, sooner or later, inevitable. Moreover, thirdly, they eat unseasonably. The dining hour of Joseph, as a matter deemed worthy of divine record, was exactly at *midday*. Certainly the best of all hours for a man's principal meal. First, because then no extravagant appetite tempts to excess; and secondly, because sufficient time is given for digestion before the proper season of sleep. It would be curious and not unprofitable to inquire how far the late hours of moderns have tended to their physical deterioration. We know certainly that the old Hebrew patriarchs dined temperately *at noon*; and the Jews who, in the time of our Saviour, ate their principal meal in the evening, were hardly worthy to be called the children of Abraham.

The early Greeks and Romans followed the same temperate laws, and their descendants to-day have not the strength of those armor bearers. In France, in the fourteenth century, the Parisian shops opened at four o'clock in the morning, and the King and nobility retired to their chambers at eight o'clock in the evening. In England, in the time of Elizabeth, the nobility, like the laborer, dined

at midday. And confessedly, in physical development the modern European is a pitiful degeneration from the old feudal and chivalrous manhood. We have small doubt that, to even such seemingly unimportant violations of God's physical laws as late rising, and late dining, the physical infirmities of the modern may be traced. Certain we are that in all these respects the habits of Joseph are worthy of all imitation. The habits of the epicure, to say nothing of the glutton, are the last any aspiring young man can afford to cherish. And he who cannot, or will not, be rigidly simple and temperate in his diet may as well retire from life's battle at once, for to him its great prizes are impossible. He may possibly, and will probably, become a huge animal, but by nothing short of a miracle can he become *a great man!*

Passing this, observe, thirdly, *Joseph's habits in regard of drinks*. It is unnecessary, at least at this point of the biography of the patriarch, that I should enlarge on the moral subject of temperance. For certainly on this point the young men of our time have had "*line upon line, precept upon precept.*" But, as part of the physical regimen of Joseph, we must, for a moment, consider it. That the early patriarchs, and Joseph among the rest, drank wine (at any rate, on occasions of special rejoicing) is a simple matter of record; and that our blessed Lord Himself furnished it at a marriage feast, and used it at the passover, should settle the matter forever that such a use of it is not sinful. I am not just now discussing the matter of the morality of the thing, though if I were, I should show how this admission has no bearing upon the modern subject of temperance. There are, in the sacred Scriptures, several different Hebrew and Greek words which are rendered in our English version by the same word

"wine." The word "wine," which designates that *good thing* which the patriarchs drank, was the *pure juice of the grape*, and not the mingled and fiery liquor which the prophets so sternly denounced. And, therefore, the fact that Melchisedec "set wine before Abraham," and that Paul prescribes it for Timothy, no more justifies the modern imbibing of this compound of drugs and rum which men will insist on calling "*wine*," than the fact that "Abraham called on the name of the Lord" justifies modern profane swearing; or the fact that our Lord "*rode on the foal of an ass*" justifies modern horse racing.

I need not pursue the argument. I am speaking only of *earthly successes*, and certainly no young man habitually indulging in strong drink will ever, in the end, become eminently successful. To fight well the great battle of life requires a cool brain and a steady nerve; and no habitual drinker has them. Alcohol has a true and important use as a medicine, but in all scientific classification it is ranked with hemlock and belladonna and strychnia, as a virulent poison. Taken largely, in a concentrated form, and it destroys life almost instantly. And even diluted, and in small quantities, it is an irritant, like arsenic, and cantharides, increasing the action of the heart, inflaming the lungs, deranging the whole system, and predisposing to, and positively producing, various types of disease. Its baleful effects are seen every day all around you, in the decrepit, the diseased, the bloated, the squalid, the staggering, the utterly outcast and abandoned wrecks and lepers of humanity. And, as it has wrought in their case, so it will upon you. At such a hazard alone can you indulge in its excitements. And if you have one solitary aspiration for any manly future—competency, respectability, usefulness, a happy home, an honored old

age, a human life successful on earth, and as such developing into a glorious immortality—in this respect at least you will make Joseph your model!

Passing this, observe, fourthly, *the habits of Joseph in regard of vigorous exercise*. As we have seen, Jehovah provided carefully for this in the case of his chosen people. The elder patriarchs were all shepherds and herdsmen, and in their later history the Jews were a nation of farmers. From first to last their condition was most favorable to bodily health and strength. Rising at early dawn, abroad much of the day in the open air, their nerves braced and their muscles strengthened by vigorous, though not exhaustive labor, it is not strange that the old Jew was a man of splendid physical development. And from his earliest boyhood we find such to have been Joseph's life. Nor did these habits cease as he grew older. Even as an Egyptian noble such was the law of his life. He made no sinecure of his imperial office. Considering his age (for he was then only thirty) we should almost expect that he would have given himself up to a life of easy pleasure, that he would have established an agricultural bureau at the capital, filled its offices with a host of subordinates, ridden down from his palace, perhaps daily, to lounge an hour in ostentatious idleness, and then driven abroad through the city and parks to air his new dignity, and then returned to his vice-regal pavilion to receive the visits of the nobility, winding up the day's display with a grand banquet, or among the young princes and "bloods" at the theater.

But instead of this, the inspired record is that, applying himself at once, personally and earnestly, to the duties of his office, he went forth over all the land of Egypt, taking constant care of the husbandry and the harvests.

And surely, in this respect, he is the young man's model. Without some system of daily, vigorous, systematic, bodily exercise, a healthful and successful life is impossible. Physical labor is God's great law. It naturally develops and strengthens the whole physical system. The bones, muscles, nerves, blood and brain are dependent for health on bodily activity; and as of these functions the same law obtains, comparatively, the indolent man's would well be weak, his senses obtuse, his affections torpid. There is, alike, intellectual inspiration, sensational enjoyment, and true ethical culture, in a carpenter's saw, a blacksmith's hammer, a vigorous walk over breezy hills, a hearty romp with little children, a game of ball with the boys, an hour's earnest work with oars on the river, or ropes and leaping bars in the gymnasium. They are God's own means of moral culture, and may be true means of grace. Therefore, if God has so cast your lot as that you must earn your daily bread by the sweat of the brow, accept the dispensation with thankfulness; but, if otherwise, and your occupation be sedentary, then arrange for yourself some system of daily, vigorous, enjoyable exercise in the open air. Without this your life will, in the end, be a failure. It may be crowded with sensations and excitements; perhaps it may secure you the reputation of youthful prodigies like Chatterton, or Kirke White, but the laurels of such prodigies are wet with the dews of death. All the truly great poets, orators, statesmen, authors, merchants and professional men who have lived out half their days have felt the necessity of regular and vigorous bodily exercise, and no young man can successfully violate that law. *Work, work, bodily work*, is God's divine ordinance for his man-child.

And in this, Joseph is a model; a working shepherd

in his youth, a working statesman in his manhood. And if we would emulate his success we must imitate his example.

Passing this, consider, fifthly, *Joseph's habits in regard of dress*. This is indeed the *first* noticeable thing in his biography. At the age of seventeen we find him arrayed in a coat of many colors. The phrase, in our version, is badly rendered. It probably was the goodly robe appropriate to all the first born of the old patriarchs, designating their princely and priestly prerogatives; its body pure white, with ornamental fringes. Be this as it may, Joseph had no right to it, and his wearing it is significant. Like many foolish young men, he seems to have begun life with a strong relish of dandyism. And in this he is a warning to all youth emulous of fashionable man millinery, who waste their small earnings in extravagant dress. It got Joseph into a pit, and very nearly killed him. And it will do the same thing always if persisted in. If it does not kill the young man himself, it will kill all *his true manhood*. Happily for Joseph, he got well cured of his fit of foppery in time for the nobler development of manliness. His experience in the pit and the prison, to which the absurd costume brought him, effectually drove all peacock instincts out of him, and lifted him forever above the nauseous and dawdling dilutions of a merely fashionable life. So that when he came to the kingdom, though clothed in royal vestments, and riding in royal chariots, you never find him either simpering with the perfumed exquisites of the court, nor swaggering with the stylish and begemmed jockeys of a club room; but abroad in the earnest and unpretending ways and work of a true statesman and gentleman. Nevertheless, to the end, you do find him, both in regard of himself and his father's house,

especially careful about the kind and quality and changes of his raiment. In this he followed the old patriarchal customs.

God did not leave this matter of dress to the caprices of the mode or the whimsies of individuals. Both the material and fashion of Hebrew costume were authoritatively prescribed. The grand peculiarities of their dress were: First, that the *inner garment* should be always of *woven wool*, good honest flannel; secondly, that the *outer garment* should be of a fashion that could be thrown off when the wearer was indoors, or in actual work, thus securing (1) a healthful condition of the skin; and (2) an equable temperature of the whole body in all weathers, and whether laboring or at rest. To these Joseph carefully conformed. And in this respect, one page of his biography is worth all the fashion plates of Paris for a dozen generations. Give the young, first, loose garments; second, woollen flannel next the skin; and third, outer garments so chosen and changed as to keep the body of the same temperature in all atmospheric changes, and then certainly it would not happen, as alas! it does happen, in our foolish and fashion-rid generation, that, alike of little children and young men and maidens, they are often either *frozen to death, or laced to death*, and the most busy of costumers is the undertaker with his shroud. We cannot enlarge on many other particulars like these that we find in the record. There is, however, one other point to which we just call your attention. Observe, sixthly, *Joseph's habits in regard of cleanliness*. This is strikingly exemplified in his first introduction to Pharaoh. Greatly terrified by his mysterious dream, he sent in haste to Joseph in prison, and yet, urgent as the case was, he would not appear at court till he had carefully "*shaved himself*,"

and washed himself, and changed all his raiment," so thoroughly was he imbued with the old patriarchal appreciation of purity. With them, as, indeed, with most Oriental nations, daily washings and ablutions had attained to the importance of religious rites. We are struck with the value the Scriptures everywhere attach to these things, and do not wonder that that most sagacious and Scriptural man, John Wesley, declared that "*cleanliness was next to godliness.*" Certainly too great importance cannot be given to it. The effect of simple habitual bathing upon the skin, and consequently upon the blood, lungs, brain, indeed the whole muscular and nervous system, is incalculable. We have no hesitation in ascribing more than half our prevalent diseases simply to *dirt*. Dirty skins, dirty clothes, dirty houses, dirty streets, a dirty atmosphere; these are the precursors, yea, the very phenomena, of death.

And living in times when we cannot expect our city fathers to turn from the important matter of taking care of themselves to waste a thought on such trifles as public health and life, every man must, in this matter, be his own sanitary reformer. Gladly would we hail the advent of another John the Baptist, to plunge this whole young America, of scribes and pharisees, in some river Jordan; for we have learned it, not only from Joseph's life, but from life-long observation, that soap and water are our best moral reformers; *and daily ablutions are true means of grace.*

Pausing here with our argument, our object thus far has been to urge upon the young, and all who have the care of them, *the vital importance of careful attention to their bodily health.* To excite to such a study of the *laws of our physical constitution* as will secure the grand desid-

eratum of the old philosophy, "*A sound mind in a sound body.*" Such, surely, was one great care of Joseph! *Medical science*, in that comprehensive sense which includes the *preservation* of health, as well as its *restoration*, seems to have been one of his special studies. For you should notice the remarkable fact in his biography that upon the death of Jacob he commanded the physicians who were in his family to embalm the body. The reason for so many medical attendants, Herodotus explains. He tells us that in Egypt the profession was divided as follows: Physicians for the *eye*, for the *ear*, for the *teeth*, for the *head*, and for internal diseases. There were then, as in our time, oculists, aurists, dentists, surgeons, et cetera. Indeed, the Egyptian physicians were so renowned that they were sent for, in extreme cases, by foreign monarchs, and Joseph seems to have had them in his house, not merely to tend him when sick, *but to teach him how to keep well.*

And herein we should imitate him. There is nothing more foolish or fatal than this modern distrust of true medical science. That this science is, as yet, imperfect and uncertain, the truest physician is himself the first to acknowledge. Indeed, a very eminent practitioner has thus put the case. He says: "A man is sick—nature is fighting with a disease. A blind man with a club (i. e., a doctor) is called in to settle the dispute. He first tries to make peace. If he fail in this he lifts his club and strikes a blow at random. If he hits the disease he kills the disease. If he hits nature, he kills nature." In other words, the physician is very much like Walter Scott's Irishman, who, coming to a street where there was a great row, seized his stick, and looking up to heaven, cried, "*The Lord grant I may take the right side!*" and rushed in and laid about him. This is, just now, rather

the popular view of the matter ; it may be funny, but it is certainly very foolish. Medical science, if as yet imperfect, is immensely important, upon the great principles of experiment and induction. (1) It has mastered the anatomy, or whole mechanism, of the body. (2) *Physiology*—all the functions of its organs and tissues. (3) *Materia Medica*—the effect of every drug on all conditions of diseased organs ; and *Hygiene*, whose laws of health are as reliable as gravitation. By thousands of years of patient observation it has done all this ; and if there be a practical lunatic on earth, it is he who confounds the true physician with the quack, and true medicine with nostrums.

In this, Joseph acted wisely. There were a thousand patent medicines in the Egyptian markets, advertised to cure all manner of diseases. The devices of ignorant and unprincipled men, doctoring symptoms, treating latent diseases with external applications ; firing upon the flag of distress instead of storming the citadel. And as the multitude used them, it is not wonderful that Egypt needed so many professional embalmers to take care of the dead. But Joseph both *availed* himself of and *acquired* true medical knowledge, and let him be our model.

On the whole, then, as it lies in this biography, this matter of physical culture should seem all-important. Indeed, every philanthropic heart breaks at the sight, so constantly recurring, of young men destroyed through a violation of the simplest laws of health. In subsequent lectures we shall consider Joseph as a model in the higher intellectual, moral and religious life. But, as a matter absolutely fundamental to all earthly success, in an earnest care of the body you should begin the imitation. For surely that body, as itself a priceless gift of God, is worthy of all care. For *what* a gift it is ! What a noble palace

for the soul's inhabitation! What an exquisite equipment and machine for the soul's work! No wonder that this princely patriarch watched it as essential to all earthly successes, and gave commandment for its embalment and careful preservation, as something to be raised and rendered back to him as an equipment even for his higher heavenly life. Let us know ourselves, then, even in this so strangely forgotten respect.

Go study this marvelous work of God in all its organs and functions, all its exquisite mechanism, all its complicated movements, until you bless God as the giver, and take earnest care of the gift. Never before, or elsewhere, did men need such true physical energy. The Grecian athlete, who gave his whole soul to bodily exercise and regimen, was training for a struggle whose only prize was a poor fading laurel, but before Christian young men what immense, *everlasting glories*, rise around them as rewards of victory. But such rewards are not to be won either by *sickly men* or *sluggards*!

You might as well set one of Plato's cripples to wrestle for the old Olympian crowns as to offer the grander prizes of a successful life—its riches, its influence, its honors—either to one of these weak, narrow-chested, cadaverous, dyspeptic youth, who shrink from the summer's heat or the winter's hurricane, or to one of these plethoric youth, over-fed and over-slept into premature Jeshurun; or to one of these exquisitely diluted youths who mistake primrose gloves for the iron gauntlets of battle. True American life demands nobler and manlier stuff, and he who aspires to the prize must prepare himself for the conflict. Before him are aims to which Joseph's were as nothing. As a development of our grand industrial civilization, one

true American man is worth the whole peerage of the old Egyptian nobility. But to be *successful* as Joseph you must be *diligent* as Joseph, not only with your *mind* and your *heart*, but as well with the glorious body that embosses and equips them.

INTELLECTUAL EXCELLENCIES

SECOND OF THE SERIES.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art."—*Genesis xli.*, 39.

WE are studying these inspired biographies to discover the elements of success which, under God, rendered Joseph a prosperous man. Our last consideration was of his *physical* culture. We pass now to his *higher* qualities. Our text has reference to his *intellectual* excellencies. It tells us that, practically, he was "*discreet and wise.*" He was, unquestionably, a man of rare native genius. It is fashionable just now to regard the old patriarchs as only half-developed men. But really we imagine Abraham and Job might have maintained a very creditable conversation or theological argument with our modern infidel philosophers. And Joseph's corn policy, as a simple administrative transaction, might well be studied by Congress before they give away any more public lands to these great railroad monopolies. Moses was certainly a man of very respectable parts. "The founder of a state which has outlasted every ancient kingdom," with a glorious history, running through fifteen centuries, and a political economy whose principles are to-day the power and life of every civilized nation; he, I say, might have appeared modestly among the solons of Washington. If Moses was only a half-developed mollusk, it is high time, methinks, for modern science to give our legislators a fresh start in their march to perfect manhood. The character of Joseph as a great *statesman*

is worthy of study. Even if there appears something despotic in the gathering and sale of the corn, yet there was in it, manifestly, no stretch of the royal prerogative; and, indeed, nothing of which the people themselves complained. And certainly there was profound sagacity in a policy which carried the nation, without popular tumult, through that terrible crisis of famine; and in the issue, while it increased the power of the sovereign, yet rendered the subjects only more grateful retainers of the throne. With all this we are not now concerned. For, regarding Joseph as a model, it is not his extraordinary gifts and genius we are to consider. These, of course, no culture can impart. Our business is only with such qualities of mind as may be exercised by every man, and without which *genius* itself will prove a failure; and with which even ordinary talent will be sure of success. Leaving, then, what are usually termed the *moral dispositions*, to another occasion, let us consider some of those simply intellectual qualities most strikingly displayed in the history of Joseph. And we mention, *first*, what we term *Aspiration*, i. e., an ardent desire and determined purpose to make the most of himself. I am aware that here I am treading on dangerous ground, but it is not dangerous to wise men. It is common to reckon *ambition* among the vices, and a vice it is, in its ordinary developments, when the aspiration is altogether unto unprincipled self-aggrandizement. But, as seen in Joseph, it was only a laudable desire for true eminence and excellence. And as such, all good men approve it; and God's word encourages it; and it was a prime and controlling quality in the character of Joseph. If he rose to places of usefulness and honor it was because he *sought* thus to rise. If he won his father's special affection, and the favor of

Potiphar, and the jailer's confidence, and the trust of his sovereign, it was, under God, all the result of his own earnest desire and steadfast endeavor. He *aspired*, and, therefore, succeeded. And without this quality all success is impossible. Every prosperous merchant, or mechanic, or professional man, or artist, has, from the outset, aimed at excellence in his particular calling, and with an inflexible purpose pressed on to attain it. He does it, of course, in all noble and honorable ways, for the man who seeks lofty ends through unworthy means cannot truly be termed *an aspiring man*. He may attain riches by avarice, and rise to places of power by artful duplicity, but such success will be only degradation, for the serpent is a serpent still, even on the top of a pyramid, and the swine will be no less a swine in the palace of a king.

Excelsior may be the watchword of infamy, exciting only to the pre-eminence of a fallen spirit, great in energy and great in crime. *Excelsior* has been the blazon on the banner borne by mistaken souls along the precipices of criminal ambition, climbing into regions of moral winter, where every great, generous, beneficent impulse withers and dies. The ambition which does not include a desire for the highest moral excellence is no more than the desire of a beast to become a bigger brute, or a fiercer monster. Alas! for the man who, with his face set against God, strives to build himself a Babel in Shinar. For, in the end, the thunderbolt will strike it, and the tower and its builder go down together. But to the true man, seeking life's higher prizes, only for the sake of their moral and beneficent uses, it is the inspiring device on a glorious banner, "Excelsior! Excelsior!"

Having chosen a business wisely, the young man

should determine to succeed in it. I say having chosen it *wisely*. Every occupation demands some particular gift or grace. A blacksmith must have strength; a machinist must have ingenuity; a goldsmith must have taste; a bookkeeper must have patience; a very nervous man can never become a great surgeon, nor a very bashful man a great lawyer, nor a very timid man a great sailor or soldier. If, therefore, a man finds himself in any business for which he is essentially unfitted, striving to paint landscapes without imagination, or to practice medicine without common sense, let him change his business at once for some other that befits him. But having chosen his business wisely, let him determine to excel in it, and his success will be always, if not fully equal to his desires, at least in exact proportion to them. This we say, was the first noticeable quality in the character of Joseph — *a true and lofty aim; a well-regulated ambition!*

And the *second* was *Self-Reliance*. He appears in Egypt a *poor slave*. He rises to a station of the first influence and honor. And all this, humanly speaking, was his own work. True it is, God imparted to him a special gift for interpreting dreams; and just as true it is that God gives every man his own peculiar faculties. But the making the most of the faculties was, with Joseph, and must be with all men, the result of determined self-reliance.

He depended on no ancestral honor, or influence, or wealth; no outward and accidental accessories and aids. Like all permanently successful men, he was strongly self-reliant. We are not disparaging hereditary possessions and honors. It is a good thing to have a great grandfather and a rich grandmother; but so little are these things to be relied on, and so liable are they to abuse, that, generally, the most successful men have begun

life without them. Trellises strengthen vines, but only cramp and limit and enervate oak trees; and so, as a matter of fact, we very rarely find either fortune or fame going down into the third or fourth generation. The truly eminent men of all time have been *self-made*; and self-made because *self-reliant*; men who, when challenged for their credentials to strive for the great prizes of life, did not point to the escutcheoned sepulchre of some noble ancestor, but to the broad patent of nobility God had set on their own brave spirit; men who felt that if they would *wear* crowns they must *win* crowns. And so, not waiting for helps and opportunities, for rivers to run by, and precipices to crumble, but in the strength of a fixed purpose plunged into the torrent and breasted the precipice.

Such a man was Joseph. I do not mean that he did not feel his entire dependence upon God, and did not accept assistance from men. I am not praising *self-conceit*, for it is a mental weakness and a moral iniquity. I am speaking of that true self-reliance which, depending on God, works earnestly with God. There is a false and presumptuous reliance on God, which only destroys men; the very sin to which Satan tempted our Saviour. God does, indeed, order and dispose every man's lot. He does not, however, dispose it arbitrarily, but according to the great principles of his moral administration, which all men should understand and act on. He disposes that a house built on the sand shall go down in the torrent. He disposes that a fortune accumulated by dishonesty shall ultimately curse its possessor. He disposes that a drunkard shall fall into a ditch and a lazy man come to want, and a knave to dishonor.

Divine predestination is not unto *ends* merely, but

unto ends *through means*. He predestinates a husbandman to a strong team and a sub-soil plough. He predestinates a successful mechanic to diligence in, and a thorough knowledge of, his business. He predestinates a successful merchant to the pleasing manners which draw customers, and the integrity which retains them. And, in general, He predestinates the successful man not merely to the prize in the race, and the crown in the battle, but to a strong hand and a swift foot, and a determination to use them. Every true man assumes that God desires his success, and, looking for divine aid, determines to achieve it.

And such a man was Joseph. Meantime, *thirdly, he was industrious!* I am aware that this quality has small charms for the young. Man is constitutionally lazy. The love of labor is a superinduced affection. The result of the experience of the work is good for a man. I do not believe the child ever lived who, for the simple pleasure of the thing, preferred a school task to a holiday, or pulling up weeds to eating strawberries. And even in the ethics of the mature, industry is ranked with the meaner virtues. But regard it as we will, it was a grand element in the character of Joseph. He was a busy *shepherd*, a busy *steward*, a busy *ruler*. The amount of business he did in the various stations he filled, especially in managing the royal revenues, was unprecedented. He was pre-eminently industrious, and *diligence in business* was a secret of his success. And so it is of all men. This is not mere philosophy ; it is, as well, revelation. God's own word declares, "*The hand of the diligent maketh rich.*" "*The hand of the diligent shall bear rule.*" "*The man diligent in business shall stand before kings.*"

Without industry all success is impossible. Indolent

talent will remain ever a hewer of wood, and indolent genius a half-clothed, half-starved dreamer of dreams. The man who, with no true love of work, drags himself to it, as a snail carrying his shell in the sand; the laborer who watches his employer's departure, that he may lean on his tool and study the sunshine; the apprentice or clerk who does not enter with all his heart into his employer's business as if it were his own; the mechanic who is always consulting somebody's watch, to know if it is not twelve o'clock, or six o'clock; the merchant, or professional man, who sleeps late of mornings and goes to his work like a slave in the field, and leaves it with the delight of a child going out on a holiday; such men are sure to be cast up as wrecks on the shores of life. True industry is an inbred inspiration, an indomitable purpose to do something constantly, and to do everything well. Such a quality was Joseph's. He walked with swift foot after his brethren in Dothan; he drove a fast team over the broad land of Egypt; and the man who imitates him can hardly fail of success, for he is a true worker, and work governs the world.

Meantime, as an effect of this, or, indeed, only another phase of it, observe, *fourthly*, that Joseph was a *prompt man*. On the whole, perhaps, as a business man, this was his prominent excellence. Foreseeing the future with an inspired prescience, it was this native characteristic, *promptness*, which led him to prepare for it. Through all those seven long years of plenty he was diligently preparing for the years of famine, watching seed time and harvest. Probably many honest, plodding Egyptians thought him a fool as, season after season, he garnered the harvest. They said, "Thieves will steal it; or vermin eat it; or it will be injured by keeping; or, at any rate, it will turn

out a poor speculation." But the time came at last, when "wisdom was justified of her children!" When that terrible dearth began, he was prepared for the emergency. And so, always and everywhere, we find him prompt, punctual, prepared for all things, larger or smaller, from his dinner, precisely at noon, to his mighty storehouses filled for a famishing world. He never kept anybody waiting, but was always beforehand with his work; and in this he is a model. *Promptness* is, indeed, the law of God's universe. From the stork, that knoweth her appointed time, to the stars that in their courses keep time for the universe, no creature of God, except a foolish man, is ever behindhand. And no *successful man* ever is. Punctuality is the hinge, the mainspring, the very life of all business. The workman who always appears ten minutes after time; the schoolboy who always gets marked for tardiness; the merchant who always keeps his watch five minutes slow; the editor scratching and scrawling at copy just as the sheet goes to press; the professional man, working under high pressure all night, on pleading, or speech, or sermon, which he is to produce in the morning; the man who is always overtaken by night in the woods, or always left on the wharf by the ferry boat, or always running, as for dear life, to get aboard a train, or overtake a stage coach; in short, the man who, in regard of time engagements or money engagements, or labor engagements, is proverbially behindhand, so that *his business is always driving him, and not he his business*; that man will inevitably fail in the great struggle of life. For life is a *journey*, and he is *left by the train*; life is a *business*, and he comes with deposits after bank hours, and finds his paper protested.

Meantime, observe, Joseph was a *persevering* man. I

use the word in its widest sense, as expressing a *grand composite of patience and energy*. He was *patient*, waiting uncomplainingly upon men, because man is ever *slow*; waiting trustfully on *God*, for God is ever sure! He was *energetic*, for neither God nor man would do his work for him. And so he walked his grand stage of life, a noble specimen of the truest manhood; a harmonious composite of the *progressive* and *conservative*; having a patience that was not a stupor, and an energy that was not a convulsion.

And in this was he our model. *Patience and earnestness, conservatism and progress*. These must be found together in the character of the truly successful man. These qualities are not opposites; they are only different manifestations of perseverance. They answer respectively to the steam power and the brakes of a train. Without the *first* life has no movement at all; without the *last* it moves only to disaster and destruction. Certainly, in times like these, there is need of conservatism. Men are striving for life's prizes now as fast men hunt foxes, not merely along the plains of honest labor, but up the mountain sides of agonizing toil, and through the pathless forests of inexperience, and down into the dark valleys of ignorance, and athwart the bogs and fens of mean and infamous artifice, and along the beetling cliffs of unscrupulous speculation, regarding all divine laws and all restraints of morality only as so many thick hedges and barred gates, over which to display their daring horsemanship. And the result is, for the most part, that the game is seldom brought to bay, always doubles on the pack and finds its burrow uncaught; and the fiery huntsman breaks his neck over a precipice. The guiding spirit is not one

of God's angels, going up Jacob's ladder, but Titania's mad fairy—

“Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
Wandering wildly everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere.”

Unquestionably, our *fast horses* require strong bits, and *fast men*, conservatism. Nevertheless, there unquestionably is, in these latter days, a poor, miserable counterfeit—moderation—which is only another name for a stubborn timidity and laziness.

Even the true Christian moderation, which Paul so earnestly commended, was no sleepy, sphynx-like conservatism, but rather a flaming zeal, that sent him forth seemingly beside himself under the tremendous impulse of a constraining love for Christ. And of such conserved energy is there need in our times. Intense excitement is the law of modern life. In business, in pleasure, in literature, in politics, in science and art, in little things and great things, in mean things and mighty things, from the child's shouting play to the man's struggling battle; from the twisting of a shoe latchet to the conquest of an empire, the whole race is in a furor; and the tides of life are roaring and foaming, as an advancing deluge. And the man who would manage the age, even to serve and bless it, and would not be cast up as a wreck on the headlong torrent, must drink of its foaming cup and be bathed in its fiery baptism. We may not “affection” the law, but we are under it, and must accept it. We may think it

more respectable, more dignified, more graceful, to move with measured step and stately presence along the thronged thoroughfare ; nevertheless, as the multitude do not think so, we must either quicken our footsteps, or stand aside from the crowd ; or, as sure as we live, we shall be jostled and run over, and trampled in the mire. You might as well match Noah's ark to run against one of your new Philadelphia ocean steamers, or enter Balaam's ass for the sweepstakes with a thoroughbred Arabian, as to bring forth a slow man, however solid, to compete for the prizes of life. Men will not have even a cart horse that cannot go "inside three minutes ;" and what such times require are good men with the energy of "fast" men ; spirits that can beat Satan with his own fiery weapons, carrying his own fastnesses by storm, and not satisfied with spiking his guns, but turning them point blank on his own routed forces ; more earnest for the good than for the evil ; earlier afield with the *wheat* than he, with the *tares* ; men, while earnestly trustful in God, to do *His* work, as well as wide awake and eager, and armed, to do *their* work ; who see in the tremendous energies, yea, in the noisy sensations of the times, indications that the race is yet only in its fiery infancy, and feel that theirs is a high calling of God, to watch the cradle and keep ward in the playground, so that the might of the upspringing manhood be not a blind Samson's might, rocking the world's pillars into ruin, to die and be buried, a poor suicide, beneath them.

Such a man certainly was Joseph—a rare and glorious composite of conservatism and progress ; a human machine, exquisitely provided alike with steam power and brakes ; a man who could sit patiently long years in a prison, waiting on God, but who, when manifestly en-

tered by divine providence for the prizes of life, distanced alike Ishmaelite and Egyptian in the race and in the battle!

Now, time would fail me to pursue this analysis farther. I shall dwell hereafter on those higher qualities of the intellect which, for the sake of distinction, are usually classified as the *moral*; and which will be found, even more than these (as the real elements of an estimable character) to lie at the foundation of all permanent success.

But these moral qualities are not *all* that a man needs. A truly virtuous character may, for want of intellectual force, utterly fail of life's great aims of usefulness. The poorest gold can be made into either sword or ploughshare. As the simple innocence of the lamb and the dove will not preserve them from the superior strength of lions and vultures, so is it, in man's world. Nowhere, save in some of our goody Sunday school books, do we find a special Providence that will make every good little child a great man without diligence and industry. The patriarch Isaac was probably the most truly amiable of them all, but he could no more have done the noble work of Abraham or Joseph than a lily of the valley could have mated with a cedar, amid the tempests of Lebanon. Into the character of the grander patriarchs entered much of the granite and iron without which the purest gems and gold of moral excellence will never make a great building. In the character of Joseph you find everywhere prominent and practical, as elements of success, *aspiration, self-reliance, punctuality, industry and perseverance*. And surely, in all these he is *pre-eminently* the young man's model. The man in whom, underlying true moral excellence, these qualities are found, *will* succeed, *must*

succeed. He will not be the creature of circumstances, for these very qualities are the mental forces which *create* circumstances. Let all the circumstances in the universe conspire against the force of nature, embossed in an acorn, and they cannot compel its development into a gourd or a thistle.

Never did adverse circumstances more severely conspire against any living man than against Joseph, but instead of yielding to them he only made use of them as positive helps in the great battle of life; and even Pharaoh admiringly and justly pronounced him "discreet and wise." As we have seen him the most careful of all men in training his *bodily powers* for his great life work, so we see him now as earnestly developing those faculties of the intellect without which physical force, and even moral excellency, will prove inefficient and unavailing. But for these, man would never be lord of this lower world; the swifter horse would outrun him in the race; the mightier lion overbear him in the battle. Therefore, it becomes him, surely, to make the most of the *mind* God has given him.

If his be a calling requiring constant intellectual culture, he will rejoice in the condition; and if not, then in those precious intervals of labor which are so often spent in idleness, or merely worthless amusements, he will be storing his mind with all useful knowledge. He may not become technically a learned man; the old classics, the higher mathematics, the more abstruse sciences, may be altogether out of his sphere, and beyond his reach; nevertheless, by that noblest thrift and industry that toils and saves for the intellect, he will be attaining that highest and only true education, which stores the mind with truth and teaches its uses; learning every day great les-

sons of God's world as it is, and man's nature as it is. The grandest intellectual triumphs have sometimes been won amid the dust and din of life's busiest occupation. Franklin was a printer's boy. Æsop was a slave. Drew wrote his treatise on Immortality on the bench of a shoemaker. Abercrombie produced his matchless metaphysics amid the largest medical practice of Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott published his series of romances, unrivaled in all literature, indeed in themselves a magnificent literature, in those intervals of an active profession which his compeers spent in indolence. Sir William Jones acquired more than thirty languages though chained to the bench eight hours a day. Not that any man, in mental tasks like these, should forego needful recreations; but the true law of recreation is not rest, but *change*. The jaded body may find just the refreshment it needs while the mind is busy over some useful volume; and the overworked mind may find its refreshment while the body walks the field with a botanist's tin box or a geologist's hammer. There are recreations that are innocent, yea, that are truly invigorating, which are evil because usurping the place of others as invigorating, but meantime more useful. Nero, the emperor, spent his leisure in fiddling; the royal Macedonian in making lanterns; the Lydian monarch in filing needles; and the imperial Parthian in catching moles; all well enough in their place, but hardly the true recreations for men ruling mighty empires and controlling the destinies of a world. And surely, many a young man wastes the intervals of his business in the reading of things that are printed, or the repose of foolish recreations that are utterly unworthy intelligent and immortal beings. We are here to make the most of our minds as well as of our bodies, and the grandest problems of life are not solved

when we have answered the questions, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Though we have seen Joseph working his way up from pit and prison to imperial place and power, yet, had he done no more than this, his life would have been only a splendid failure. It was in the glorious type of manhood which he displayed and developed in that high career that he showed himself a success. He took care of his body, indeed, for he regarded it as a priceless gift of God, a marvelous instrument for the soul's work, a magnificent mansion for the soul's inhabitation; but how intense, then, was his care for, and culture of, the soul itself, that immortal Being, so mightily equipped, so marvelously impalaced! This invisible, yet all-living spirit, the selfhood within; who shall speak of it fittingly; of the works it has accomplished, of the victories it has won? Arts, sciences, literature, civilization! These are its achievements; descending to all depths, mounting to all heights; careering over all obstacles, controlling all elements, chaining the tempests to its chariot, sending the lightnings on its errands; yea, in the inspiring consciousness of its own immortality, lifting up thought and love to higher spiritual fellowship; recognizing the omnipresence of crowned creatures of eternity; feeling after God; finding God; aspiring and ascending unto sonship and heirship with God! Verily, it has approved itself a spirit made in God's image, only lower than the angels! And what more it may achieve, even in its lower rudimental life, no fancy can conjecture. As yet it has but begun to think, investigate, invent, acquire, accomplish.

Who says this earth is about to be burned up? Why, it is not yet half peopled. God's grand man-child hath

not yet got through with his playthings, nor cast away his swaddling bands. Before this thinking spirit lie, even in the mortal, arts, sciences, literature, civilizations, ever rising and receding mountain ranges of progress, unto which all the past is as the small dust of the balance. Oh! what a creature *Man* is, regarded only as of the earth—its mighty master and lord! And how glorious, then, regarded as a winged spirit, resting on earth but for a moment, and then springing heavenward! And to make the most of himself, not of the body only, as the soul's palace, with its splendid chambers of imagery, but of the soul, the giant guest within, that lifts him into fellowship with God and His angels; this, this, is his life work, to give it intellectual food and development and culture, not merely that he may secure all true earthly successes, and become thriftier mechanics, more prosperous merchants, more skillful artists, profounder jurists, more sagacious statesmen, winning triumph and spoil in the mortal race and battle; but to give it such culture, most of all, for what it is in itself; an immortal intelligence to which these prizes of earth, arts, sciences, literature, civilizations, will seem, presently, only dust, breath, vapor; the flower wreaths brought to the cradle of the infant, before whose strengthening feet rise, as loftier ranges of progress, mightier prizes of ambition, the everlasting pleasures, the immortal honors, the palaces and palms and thrones of an eternal world. I have not come yet to speak of the *moral nature*, the inner spiritual and divine life, but only of those intellectual faculties and energies which, here in our earthly work, we are to develop and strengthen. And when I look round, to behold young men equipped for such a work, instinct with such energies, here in God's great schoolroom and gymnasium, just fitted for the cul-

ture of such a nature; these vast cities their workshops; these mountains and valleys their playground; this broad, cavernous earth, this all-glowing, everlasting Heaven, their cabinets of science; creation, providence, redemption, their star-writ literature; and the infinite Jehovah their Master and Teacher; when I think of them as they are, not merely young merchants, young artisans, young physicians, young lawyers, young princes and monarchs, but better, higher, nobler, as young men, young immortals, spirits, *spirits*, to whom all earthly prizes, riches, pleasures, honors, are but as the sheen of pearly shells, so soon to break and fall from upspringing plumes and pinions; and find so many of them, even the most earnest in their earthly work, mindful only of these things material; these earthly goods that perish with the using—then, alas! the fearful representation of Scripture seems simply a solemn truism. Dead, dead, dead, they seem.

It is the old fairy tale over again. A great Eastern city, on which the spell of a mighty sorcerer had fallen, transfiguring all its swarming population into stony and dead statues; the foaming war-horse; the helmed and plumed rider; the princes and nobles in their splendid array; the silken and sauntering crowd of fashion; the artisan at his bench; the bustling throng in the marketplace; the careworn miser, sitting amid his gold; the fair-haired children in the busy ways—all, all, the noisy and tempestuous tides of that mighty life, changed by a terrible enchantment into stirless, stony, pulseless, frozen death. So they look; and my cry is for that mightier magician's trump, whose peal upon the air broke the awful spell, and sent the tides of exulting life beating and

bounding through heart and brain ; or better, holier, truer, my cry is "Oh, for the voice out of heaven, in all His almighty power, as death's great conqueror, to utter His heavenly mandate: *'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life!'* "

HIS GODLINESS

THIRD OF THE SERIES.

"And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man."—*Genesis, xxxix, 2.*

IN considering Joseph as the model for young men, we have exhibited successively his physical, intellectual and moral excellencies. Our text to-night leads us into a yet higher range of thought. It ascribes to him the true piety, or godliness—a truly and thoroughly regenerated nature; and teaches us that this personal godliness was the grand secret of his worldly successes. And here, perhaps, we approach the most difficult part of our theme.

Perhaps every hearer will agree with us that in order to any great permanent success, there must be a healthy body, a vigorous mind and a stainless moral character. But it is by no means likely that all of you will agree with me, that personal piety is, as well, and even more manifestly, essential to such earthly and temporal prosperity. Indeed, the common notion probably is that such piety is unfriendly to great success in this life; that to become a true Christian, one must at the outset give up all expectation of and labor for the riches and pleasures and honors of this life. And it is just this most false notion of *what true godliness is, and requires of us*, that our text leads to consider. It teaches that sincere personal piety, so far from being a hindrance, was, in the case of Joseph, and will be in the case of all men, a positive and powerful help to all earthly prosperity. That while, as its higher aim and result, godliness prepares for

and gives promise of the world that is to come, it nevertheless meantime gives promise of and prepares us for all the best things of the present world. "*The Lord was with Joseph.*" This is only the common scriptural form of asserting his personal piety; and (i. e., therefore), "*he was a prosperous man.*" In other words, *he succeeded in this world because of his true religion.* Now, in illustrating this truth, the argument is very short and conclusive. It is, indeed, patent to a child's comprehension; because every one of those excellencies, physical, mental and moral, which we have seen to have been Joseph's elements of success, was either an outward form or an actual result of his personal piety. In other words, it was Joseph's personal, practical piety that constrained him to take such care of his bodily powers, and mental faculties, and moral affections, as to render them most efficient in his merely earthly prosperity. Let us consider this thought, most concisely generalized. All the great ends and objects of man's pursuit on the earth, or those on which this prosperity depends, may be regarded as three—riches, pleasure and honor; and each of these, to their fullest extent, Joseph attained, just because (as the text tells us) he was a godly man. And surely, this is the law of all earthly life. We are not pretending that every truly pious man will become as rich and happy and honorable as this patriarch. We have heretofore guarded ourselves from any such misconstruction. There are natural differences in men's bodily and mental powers which even divine grace will not equalize. Joseph was a man of rare genius, but all young men are not geniuses; and they will not become geniuses, either by going through a college or joining a church. Spite of Mr. Everett's eulogy, George Washington did not become great simply

because he was good. It is not every little boy that will tell the truth about his hatchet who, when he grows up, can beard the British lion.

I am not saying that every godly man is sure to become very rich or very famous; I am only saying that, *other things being equal*, the more pious he is, the more likely will be his true success in the world; that whether you regard wealth, or happiness, or honor, true godliness has the advantage. Take *first, Wealth*, a competency of this world's goods, secured by diligence in business, and our truth is apparent, simply because godliness develops and strengthens all those qualities of character by which honest riches are obtained.

For example, (a) *Industry is one of those qualities*. A man must rise up early and retire late, and give himself earnestly to work, if, amid the crowded professions and competitions and rivalries of life, he would accumulate even a competence of this world's goods. You all understand this, but then observe that this very industry is one of the first graces which personal piety develops. A man may be industrious without piety, but he cannot be pious without industry. As God and his angels are constantly and indeed essentially active, so industry is one of the qualities of the divine nature, reproduced in the human spirit in regeneration. And thus God imperatively commands every living man to labor; and tells us that "*diligence in business*" is as essential a part of the real service of God as "*fervor of spirit*;" yea, declares that the idle and indolent man, who by such diligence in business "*does not provide for his own household, hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel*." Meanwhile, (b) *Honesty* is another of these qualities. Let a man's other gifts be what they may, if there rest on

his character a suspicion of double-dealing and duplicity, he is rendered at once incapable of any large and permanent success. While, on the contrary, an established reputation for integrity is in itself a success. It secures friends, credit, patronage, and compels the assistance even of selfishness in its behalf.

But observe again, that this very honesty is a cardinal Christian grace. I do not say that a man may not be honest without true godliness; I only say that he cannot be a truly pious man without honesty. For God's word and the world's judgment agree in pronouncing a faithless and untruthful professor of religion an impostor and hypocrite. Moreover, (c) *Forethought*, as producing *promptness* and *preparation*, is one of these qualities. So that whosoever is habitually behindhand in his business can never be successful, because *life is a journey*, and he is always left by the train; *life is a race*, and he is always distanced by the prompt and swift runner. But observe again that the very faith by which a Christian lives is essentially nothing else than a sanctified forethought; it is only that very looking beyond the present moment, to perceive future opportunities and prepare for future emergencies, whereby in its natural exercise the successful merchant prepares for commercial crises, and the successful mariner perceives the tempest afar off and puts his bark storm-trim. A man may be precautions and forecasting without piety; but no man can be a Christian who settles contentedly down, satisfied with the present, and does not lift thought and eye to things far away and beyond it.

Then, (d) *Decision of Character* is one of those qualities. Let a man be whatever else he may, unless he can say "*No*" and "*Yes*" with right-down earnestness and

determination, he will utterly fail, as a man unstable, unreliable, in the great battle of life.

And this, too, is an excellence which personal piety develops and strengthens. The first thing we learn in the school of Christ is that firm decision of character which, with earnest emphasis, says "*No*" to the evil and "*Yes*" to the good. I do not mean that the Bible encourages stubbornness, for stubbornness is not either a moral excellence or a Christian grace. A mule is a serviceable beast in a mill, but out of place altogether in a race with chariots. A noble and magnanimous yielding in all things, save great principles, is vital to success. A rock yields to nothing, and is always a stone; a reed yields to everything, and is always a shrub, blown about and despised; but it is the glory of the oak that it will yield, branch and spray and leaf, to the gentlest zephyr; and, the while, stand all unmoved in its rooted strength against the rush of the hurricane. And if a man attain true eminence in any walk of life, rising above the insignificance of the stolid rock or the facile reed, into the oak's great height and strength, it will be as a result of that grand composite of *gentleness* and *firmness* (natural to some men, but always inwrought by true piety) which made Paul, on the one hand, "all things to all men," and on the other, a resistless champion, against the world in arms; and made Joseph the most amiable and, the while, the most glorious of the patriarchs. I cannot pursue this thought farther. Do it for yourselves, and you will perceive how every element of character tending to lasting success in any earthly business is developed and strengthened by personal piety; so that (other things being equal) the man most truly religious will prove in the end most securely prosperous.

Indeed, so patent and proverbial is this, that the veriest infidel will choose as his partner in trade, or his physician, or his banker or counsellor, or his house builder, or his bookkeeper, or grocer, or huckster—will prefer, indeed, in any sphere of work, the really pious man to the avowed infidel; and will think twice before he employs any man, or deals with any man, whom he finds reading infidel or licentious books; and will rely almost instinctively on one whom he finds studying his Bible and observing its moral precepts.

And if, through years of toilsome and trying life, a merchant or mechanic or professional man has proved himself in public estimation a sincere and humble Christian, then the whole community will delight to employ him and deal with him and trust him. And therefore in this respect is Joseph a grand model. His godliness was manifestly the ground of his success. He himself everywhere ascribes his prosperity to the divine presence; and all the men with whom he had to do so ascribe it. Potiphar, and the jailer and Pharaoh, all saw and bore witness that Jehovah was with him, and *therefore* he was successful. And there is scarcely a page in his whole biography on which almost the very words of our text are not repeated, that "*The Lord was with Joseph, and therefore he was a prosperous man.*"

Passing this, observe, *secondly*, that *precisely the same thing will be found true in regard to the real and lasting honors of this world.* This is even more strikingly seen in the history of Joseph. He was made to sway the power and sit in the high places of this world, just because "God was with him." So Pharaoh himself declared. And in this direction, the operation of the principle we have been considering is even more apparent

than before. Godliness tends directly to develop and strengthen all those qualities of character on which all true greatness depends.

(a) Take *aspiration*, and manifestly this is almost the first feeling of the soul that regenerating grace quickens. It finds man fastening his supreme regards on the poor, perishing objects of the present life, and lifts up his eye and directs his energies to the grander realities that are far away and eternal. A man may be aspiring without godliness; but he cannot be a truly pious man without aspiration. Regeneration is the new birth within him of that mighty impulse, which will not be satisfied with anything less than an immortal kingdom. It is that gift of new spiritual senses which opens his ear to all those great voices of the universe which John heard out of heaven, crying, "*Come up hither;*" and reveals to the eye, as the mark of the prize to be struggled for, even heaven's "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Nor, meanwhile, does it render the Christian for one moment unmindful of the nobler prizes of the earthly and temporal. As godliness makes a man *industrious* in his earthly calling, so it urges him on to attain all excellence and pre-eminence in that calling. There are men, indeed, who, under pretence of submission to divine Providence, sink indolently down to the low places of the earth, content to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, unto more ambitious and aspiring spirits; as if God's Providence were a system antagonistic to God's natural laws, busied specially in forbidding oak trees to grow mighty and eagles to soar.

And all we have to say now of such men is that their piety is not at all of the old patriarchal and apostolic

pattern. Such a quiescent and imbecile godliness would have kept Paul to the end in a Corinthian tent-shop, and Joseph till his death in an Egyptian prison.

But the true religion which comes upon the soul in regeneration, as a gift from heaven, is the very impulse which urged this aspiring patriarch to stand in the presence of Pharaoh, and this aspiring apostle to preach the gospel at Athens, and in Rome. Surely, true religion makes a man *aspiring*. Meanwhile, (b) it inspires him with indomitable energy to work out practically his own aspiration. The reliance upon God (which is its real essence) is itself a quickening impulse, encouraging all honorable effort, just because it has omnipotence for its help and a great God to rely on. It does not reason after this fashion: "Oh, I shall presently be very glorious in heaven, and therefore am willing to remain mean and grovelling on earth," but rather just the opposite. "As a true child of God in this world, it is my duty to make the most of it, and strive carefully ever for its power and honor to be used for man's good and God's glory." Thus it reasons, and thus it works. And it was just because God was with Joseph that he set his heart on those high prizes of life which he might use for the benefit of his species, and the honor of Jehovah, and then went forth with indomitable energy to struggle for and secure them. And it was especially in regard of the stations of *power* and *honor* he attained to in Egypt that our text declares that "*The Lord was with Joseph, and therefore he was a prosperous man.*"

Meantime, observe, *thirdly*, how precisely the same thing will be found true in regard of the greatest and truest earthly happiness. This, indeed, is fully implied in all we have been saying, for earthly riches and honors

are sought only as means of such happiness ; and in increasing the *means*, religion surely, and in the same proportion, increases the end. And even more strikingly still is this principle seen everywhere operative, in the experience of Joseph. His whole history is that of a genial and joyous spirit, always looking on the bright side of things and making the most of life's pure and true pleasure. And the source and secret of his earthly happiness was most manifestly this, that "*The Lord was with him.*"

And so it will be found always. True religion tends to secure and increase all true earthly pleasure. And here I use the word "pleasure" in its common popular sense, as denoting the delight arising from the gratification of our natural senses and affections. And I do not know of any great popular mistake more utterly unfounded than the notion that true piety is inconsistent with the very highest enjoyment of the very best things of this world. Religion denies no man anything which tends really to his happiness. Godliness made Joseph a temperate man, because thereby his body and his mind were kept in modes and conditions of the highest physical enjoyment.

Godliness made him a pure man, because unrestrained and impure passion, so far from being in themselves permanently delightful, are only instruments, yea, are absolutely of the very essence of pain. And so it is always, in all those apparent restrictions of gratification which religion imposes. If it does require me to "cut off a right hand" or to "pluck out a right eye," it is only in cases where "they offend," i. e., positively injure me ; precisely as a wise and humane surgeon will amputate a limb when life and all the pleasures of life are to be

preserved by the operation. Indeed, the Bible not only *allows* man, but positively *commands* him, "to rejoice always" in every good thing God gives him. And the direct and philosophic effect of personal piety is to quicken into keener susceptibility of enjoyment every natural desire or affection which finds in the surrounding creation its counterpart gratification. Yes, and it is worth your attention to consider how true religion, instead of practically curtailing our natural pleasures, has always from the first been busy in enlarging their spheres, and adding to their instruments and objects. Christianity is confessedly the grand principle of our industrial civilization. It comes to the poor savage, whose food is raw flesh and roots, and whose clothing is skins, and whose bed is the hard earth, and it builds him a comfortable dwelling, and clothes him in soft raiment, and covers his board with the luxuries of all climes. Arts, sciences, manufactures, literature, commerce, these are positively the creations of practical Christianity. You go to your homes to-night, and all that makes them pleasanter and fairer than the rudest cabin of the savage; the carpets on the floor, and the soft couches in the chambers, and the musical instrument in the parlor, and the paintings along the walls, and the books in the library, and the viands and spicery that make your board luxurious, all, all those innumerable objects and accessories of bodily and mental delight, which fill the dwellings of the multitudes of this generation with more, both of bodily and intellectual pleasure, than the imperial palaces of old barbaric kings, are as positively and directly the productions of operative Christianity as the Bibles and psalm-books we use in our sanctuaries. And to talk of personal piety as in any way unfriendly to earthly enjoyment is to contradict not

only God's Holy Word, but the whole world's observation. So far from this (we repeat), it both accumulates and sometimes creates around the man the very objects and appliances of pleasure; and quickens within him all capacities for their higher enjoyment. And so it gives him a finer ear for the enjoyment of music, and a keener relish for the fragrance of flowers, and the flavor of fruits; a nicer taste for all things beautiful, either in nature or art. It gives him, in short, a healthful body and a vigorous mind, thus harmoniously developing the entire man into the higher conditions of pleasure, and denying him nothing that will not degrade and brutalize him; bids him enjoy every pleasure which remorse will not turn into an agony, and drink of every cup of delight in which sin has not mingled an anguish.

Oh, away with this foul blaspheming of our Heavenly Father, which represents him as clothing his children in sackcloth and feeding them on ashes; while, with the best robe and the fatted calf, he feasts the enemies of his righteousness; which represents the glorious shepherd of Israel as opening before the ravening wolves and roaring lions of iniquity, the green pastures and still waters of earthly delights; and only leads the precious sheep of his fold, and bears the lambs of his bosom, through the dark passes and along the fearful precipices of the valley of the shadow of death. Oh, no, no, no, it is not *holiness*, but it is *sin*, that shuts men up in prisons and hospitals and almshouses, or drives them staggering and starving through the street, and gives them eyes that are blood-shot, and limbs that are palsied, and hearts that are broken, and homes that are cursed. It is the end and aim of religion to make men happy in this world. So was it in old time. Says the inspired man, "Happy, happy

is the man that findeth wisdom; for the merchandise of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared with her! Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left, riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

And in the same spirit, says the inspired apostle: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Where this strange notion came from, that the true interests of time and of eternity are somehow in antagonism, so that a man must be poor on earth, if he would have treasure in heaven; or sorrowful in time, that he may be joyful in eternity; or despised here, if he would be honored hereafter; I do not know. Sure I am, it was not taken from this Bible, for here the very promise of Christ, even unto his disciples in the midst of persecutions, was that for every good thing sacrificed in his cause they should "*receive, even in kind, a hundredfold in the present world.*"

And these divine promises, all history and observation prove to be true. Study the history where you will, and they will be found ever nobly fulfilled, as in the biography of Joseph. And manifestly it was his godliness that made Joseph successful. But for it, he would have died an Egyptian slave. It was his personal piety which gave him favor with Potiphar, and grace in the sight of the jailer; and raised him to positions of honor and power second only unto Pharaoh's.

And it was true of him, and will prove true of all men, that sincere piety tends to, yea, is a very means of success in the present life, for "*The Lord was with Joseph, and therefore he was a prosperous man.*" We repeat

it, that even *in regard of the things of this world* his eminent piety rendered this patriarch successful. Meantime it did more, incomprehensibly, infinitely, eternally more than this; it led him steadily upward, from an Egyptian prison, to an Egyptian throne. But in his glorious progress all this was as nothing; for had his career ended there, then manifestly unto him now it would matter little whether he died in a prison or a palace.

His life, apart from his immortality, would have been like all such human life, only a splendid failure. Like a star sweeping the magnificent firmament of heaven, only presently, by its own terrible and self-fed fires, to be burnt into ashes. But no, no. Joseph's success was only just begun when he sat enthroned in the high places of Egypt. Of him, as of the other patriarchs, the apostolic record is: "*They all died in the faith,*" i. e., in earnest expectation of some future good, not as yet attained. "Not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." "For they looked for a city which had foundations, whose builder and maker was God"—i. e., a city so ineffably glorious in its architecture and adornments that Egypt's imperial palaces seemed, as verily as Jacob's pastoral tent, only the poor, perishing tabernacle of a pilgrim. Joseph's ultimate and loftier aim was unto the resplendent realities beyond the grave; pleasures that never pall; riches forever incorruptible; honors deepening into "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Even his *body*, how he cared for it, as something through the resurrection, to be eternally glorified; so that when he might have left it royally sepulchred, in one of those old pyramids; yet he would have it embalmed, and remain

unburied, for nearly three centuries, that it might be buried in the land of promise and rise up in the last great day, with God's own chosen people. And for his soul; the sentient, thinking immortality within; oh, how he cared for it, and gave it culture, as for a glorious life, presently to spring from these earthly scenes into spheres of eternal life; to grasp destinies of unbounded splendor, and to be a king and a priest unto God forever and ever. And it is in this regard mainly that Joseph's piety made him successful. And it is because true religion opens a way and prepares the spirit to ascend unto all the glories of an eternal world that we speak of it in general as a great means of success. For here, at least, ungodliness makes no promise of profit or prosperity. Sin does, indeed, afford in the present some poor, unsatisfying destructive delights; but beyond this it does not make even the pretence of a promise. The words of its wisdom have no higher inspiration than this, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"

Of anything beyond the present fleeting life sin neither speaks, nor thinks. It does not even affect to dispel the clouds that brood over the mortal end, and flash on the uplifted eye the resplendent realities of an eternal world. This, this is the power and prerogative only of true godliness. While, even in this world, it has the advantage over sin, yet its surpassing goodness is that it has as well "the promise of the world that is to come." And in this, surely, it renders human life a success.

"The promise, the promise of the life that is to come." The promise, i. e., God's promise! Not a hope, not an aspiration, not a fair and blessed dream, a philosophic inference of the immortality of the soul! Oh, no, no, but the positive "*promise*" of the unchangeable God, "of a

life that is to come." Of course we cannot speak of the substance of that promise, for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him!" Two simple elements of calculation we have: the *identity* and *higher development* of the soul in eternity. 1—We have the *Identity*. It is the *same life* continued. This, indeed, in regard of those old patriarchs, is clearly revealed. They went home to glory, four thousand years ago; and yet Scripture calls them by their own familiar earthly names; "Abraham" and "Jacob" and "Joseph" still, even as they walk through eternity. But meanwhile: 2—We have the *development, the life that now is, becoming the life that is to come*. The same being, yet how wonderfully transfigured! Of such progress, we have even on earth some feeble illustrations. The dark seed cast yesterday into the earth; to-day, a flower, all fragrant and lustrous! The worm crawling in the trodden dust to-day, to-morrow, flashing through the free air, with plumes and pinions. And if such changes are possible unto these *soulless* things, what transfigurations are too glorious for the soul itself when it "puts on immortality?" We cannot tell what it implies, but surely there is enough in these simple intimations to make godliness seem profitable. "Life," "*life to come!*" The same old life, becoming at once rapturous and glorified. Life purified of all evil, and made perfect in godliness. Life in spheres and scenes, which our Heavenly Father hath prepared for it! *Life* under skies which no night shall ever darken! *Life* amid landscapes of surpassing loveliness and in palaces of eternal glory! *Life* with the beloved dead who have gone before us, and with the shining angels and the revealed Jehovah! Mean-

while this same higher life, under the *great law of development*, its powers ever increasing, its spheres ever enlarging. When ten thousand thousand ages have passed away, still "*Life to come, Life to come,*" new prizes to be awarded, new kingdoms to be won. That *same Joseph*, who here, in the flesh, went steadily upward, from a prison to a throne; still, yonder, amid the princes of eternity, winning new stars to his diadem, new cities to his sceptre.

And, therefore it is, we call Joseph a truly successful man—successful, because he made the most of both worlds. And, therefore, we hold him forth as a young man's true model. Therefore it is that we press upon your acceptance this heaven-born piety. Ah, me! how strange it is that any mortal man should reject this great salvation! What is it to be a Christian? Why, simply and only as it was with Joseph, to have "*The Lord with you.*" Oh, *what a thought it is*, the Lord *on* our side, the Lord *at* our side, our glorious guide, and guard, and comforter!

Suppose it were only an angel! Only Gabriel in his surpassing splendor and power, to think for me in my perplexities; to act for me in my weaknesses; to stand up between me and all enemies; to fling out his enrapturing splendors in all hours of gloom, and render its very gladness more blissful with his heavenly presence. Why, even this were a delight beyond all that man's heart can think. What, then, is it to have "*the Lord with us?*" the omnipotent, the omniscient, the great and glorious Jehovah; God walking at our side, in guiding and guarding love, always thinking for us, always acting for us; leading us in the way, as a feeble child is led by a loving father; beguiling all toil with sweet words, as a trustful child, whom a mother comforteth; His beloved hand wiping away our tears, even on the earth; His beloved face mak-

ing even this mortal night and storm rapturous with its uncreated light! Surely, this, this, would make even our earthly life a success. For what could we fear? What enemy could injure us? What obstacle or adversary withstand us? Oh, no, no, oh wise David, "The Lord is at my right hand; I shall not be moved." "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me!" "Thou shalt guide me by Thy counsel." Surely here was enough to render David's life a rapture. But there was more than this: "Thou shalt guide me by Thy counsel, *and afterward receive me to glory.*" The Christian's prosperity ends not with the mortal. Religion comes not as a gliding and terrible phantom from eternity, to drive us into gloom, or beguile us of gladness; but as the all-glorious Jehovah, to lead the soul up from the low, dark valleys of sinful sadness, in paths which lie along earth's high places, where the air is sweet with heavenly odor and the skies lustrous with uncreated light. And presently, after a life crowned with earthly usefulness and honor, standing on those eminences which made Joseph the prosperous man he was, even in time; then, to the risen spirit, the everlasting doors shall be opened and it enter in, in the fuller development of that perfect manhood; to walk those great paths of the higher life, putting forth influences of resistless power, and grasping destinies of unbounded splendor, *a man, a perfected and successful man*, "guided by God's counsel, *received into glory.*" Surely this is a success. Surely, to have the Lord with us, is to make life prosperous. Oh, that men would be wise. Oh, for one hour in the midst of us, if not of the faith, at least of the fancy of the grand old dreamer of Bedford Jail.

1. Behold a man successful only in this world. See

a terrible precipice, and below, down, down in unfathomable depths, the gleam of billows of devouring wrath, as they dash and roar, and the cry of drowning souls coming up. And here, on the dizzy, crumbling verge, a man, with a muck rake, bowing his immortal energies down to gather dead leaves and straws; and above him an angel, holding a crown of eternal glory, set with heaven's own stars.

2. But look again. There in the bending firmament, gates of pearl, opening to let Christian in. "And I looked, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps in their hands. And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

MORAL EXCELLENCIES

FOURTH OF THE SERIES.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: There is none so discreet and wise as thou."—*Genesis xli*, 39.



IN our purpose of exhibiting Joseph, as a young man's model, we have considered his methods of physical training, and strictly intellectual culture, whereby his life was rendered so signally successful. We are now to attend more directly to what may be termed his moral excellences. Even without these men physically and intellectually vigorous have attained earthly wealth and distinction; and yet their lives can hardly be regarded as successful, for, in the end, they seemed unto themselves even lamentable failures. In the heart of the gayest capital of Europe an aged man sat in his princely mansion, writing, wearily and sadly. It was Talleyrand, that man of matchless sagacity, who, through all the revolutions and restoration of dynasties had maintained his marvelous ascendancy, rising from the ruin of every government he had served and every cabinet he had counseled, as powerful, and conspicuous, and controlling as before. And yet these are the words that marvelous man wrote: "Eighty-three years of life are now passed; years filled with anxieties, agitations, vanities and all with no other result than a great fatigue, a profound discouragement of the future, and disgust of the past." In a darkened chamber of a German metropolis reclined in dying anguish the mightiest genius of that land of genius. Successful in every department of learning; with a fame that filled all lands, and an intellect that had bewildered

and captivated a world of worshipers, but now descending into the dark valley, that imperial mind, full of all splendid philosophy and poetry, but with radiance poured from the eternal throne, he could only cry pitifully, "Oh, dark, dark, dark! Oh, open the windows and let in more light." In a royal pavilion, surrounded by all the pomp and retinue of an Oriental despotism, lay a dying monarch. But there was no triumph in his spirit. Above him floated the banner he had borne through a hundred glorious battles; but he pointed to the white winding sheet at his side, and said, "Fasten that banner of death to my standard, and unfurl it in the outer air, and proclaim to all the hosts: 'This is all that unto Saladin, the conqueror of conquerors, now remains of his glory.'"

Now, these were all men rising to earth's highest places by reason of these very qualities, aspiration, self-reliance, industry and perseverance, so pre-eminent in Joseph; and yet, you will hardly rank them with Joseph as successful men. Oh, no, Joseph had all these things, but he had more. Underlying all those resistless energies was that substratum of a fixed and noble moral character, which rendered his triumphs, the *substance* of which all ungodly successes are but the poor shadows. And it is this, which our text leads us now to consider. He was pre-eminently "*discreet and wise*." And this, not merely in the worldly, popular sense, of shrewd sagacity, but in the higher inspired sense of scriptural morality. I do not mean that his character had anything of the acerbity or sadness which the popular mind so associates with true godliness. On the contrary, we will begin the analysis of his strictly moral character with considering, First, *his cheerfulness*, a lively, animated, buoyant, joyous mood and temper of mind. In this respect, Joseph was manifestly

pre-eminent. We have seen how on one occasion he feasted joyously with his brethren; how in the sanctuary of his own home, "they drank, and were merry;" how, indeed, the whole history of the treatment of his brethren, with their returned money and the silver cup, is replete with an overflowing and benignant humor.

Certainly, no man can study carefully his biography and regard him as in any sense tinctured with asceticism. He was pre-eminently a genial and joyous man, and such is the character of all true Christian morality; yea, of all popular virtue. Paul, the great gospel philosopher, commanded his hearers to "rejoice evermore and always." And Plato, the great heathen moralist, encouraged his followers to moods of exuberant gladness, checking their merry impulses only at the approach of some grave, stoical formalist, with the historic sentence: "Silence now, my friends, let us be very serious and stately, for there is a fool coming." This, indeed, is the great grace, our Divine Lord himself ever inculcated. All His miracles were to impart joy. All His sermons inspire joy. All His life, as He entered into men's houses and sat at their feasts, and stood by their graves, illustrated and enforced joy. True it was, He was a Man of Sorrows; but why? Because He was our sacrifice, our expiation, a mighty deliverer bearing our sorrows that we who are delivered from them might have His joy and peace. This is what the Gospel is: "*Glad tidings of great joy unto all people.*" And the Child of God, in whom the joy-spirit does not abound, is only a half-developed Christian. It was one of our Lord's grandest lessons that *a great Christian must be like a little child*. But a sad-hearted, long-faced Christian, has no little child about him. Hark how that schoolboy sings and shouts! See how that infant sports and frolics! And all

that young joy is a heavenly inspiration, and without it no man will ever be more than half a man. Nothing on earth but a man can *smile*. A gem can sparkle, a bird can sing, but smiles are human prerogatives, and the more a man smiles the loftier and nobler his type of humanity. Certainly, cheerfulness, good humor, geniality, are essential to success. Beautifully does the prophet speak of the "*oil of gladness*." Mark you, it is "oil;" that which lubricates, facilitating motion, by diminishing friction, and speeds onward the great train, "toward the prize of the high calling." Melancholy, whether constitutional or habitual, inflammatory or chronic, is a drag on the chariot. A gloomy, morose, misanthropic man is thinking only of himself, and cannot be expected to turn from so important an individual to attend heartily to other folks. Therefore, no wise man either loves, or employs, or assists him! It is the cheerful, genial, joyous salesman, mechanic, instructor, physician, who, through his pleasant politeness, becomes popular, and, therefore, successful. So manifest is all this that you cannot think of the successful Joseph, save as a sunny, joyous spirit, making his father's house musical with songs, and even the Egyptian prison bright with smiles; the plumes waving gaily, and the charging cry ringing cheerily, as the exulting champion rushed gallantly into the battle of life.

Passing this, which is really not so much a single virtue as a pervading quality of them all; the bloom and aroma and freshness of all those moral excellencies which make up the chaplet of the truly successful man; and analyzing more carefully the elements of his moral character, consider, *Secondly*, Joseph's *filial affection*. There are few things in all history so beautiful as his treatment of his father. And this is the more remarkable, if you

remember that from childhood he had been without the softening influences of a mother's care; and contrast it with the striking want of such affection in his elder brethren. Though the character of his father Jacob had little in it to win and secure the affection of his children; an irritable, fretful dishonest man at the best, and especially wanting in those qualities of dignity and impartiality which secure the confidence and love of a household, yet Joseph's affection to him from the first was strong and steadfast. In early life we find him fondly lingering near the patriarch's tent, while his brethren were abroad, either on business or pleasure.

And our fancy loves to paint those beautiful endearments wherewith this favorite son of his old age, softened the sorrows and cheered the declining years of the moody and splenetic Jacob. And though, for obvious reasons, he did not make known earlier (as he could not safely have done) his preservation and promotion in Egypt, yet the whole record shows how tenderly he was ever remembering his own kindred. His first question, so soon as it became prudent and practicable for him to lay off his disguise, is very touching in its affection: "*I am Joseph. Is my father yet alive?*" And as soon as the way was providentially opened, his first command, in all the ardor of pent up and impatient affection is: "Haste ye and go to my father, and say unto him, 'Come down into Egypt, and I will nourish thee!'" And no display of filial love can be conceived more exquisitely tender than that first meeting; he springing from his royal chariot, to fall bathed in tears upon his father's bosom. Then, too, that profound filial reverence with which he presented Jacob to Pharaoh, as if he were doing honor to the proud monarch, by the old patriarch's blessing. And, meantime, and

constantly, that watchful, unremitting, ever-deepening affection wherewith he nourished that father while living, and his bitter anguish at his death; set forth in those graphic words: "Joseph fell upon his father's face and wept upon him and kissed him." And the long, deep sorrow with which he mourned for him, and the almost royal obsequies with which he embalmed and buried him; these things and incidents like these, ever occurring in the record, will ever embalm this filial devotion of Joseph, as one of the fairest and noblest things in human biography. And in this he is pre-eminently the young man's model. Such affection is one of the grandest elements of human nature, and the surest source of earthly success. "Honor thy father and thy mother is the first commandment with promise"—a promise assured by the very faithfulness of God; of long life and happiness unto true filial virtue, and a promise so proverbially fulfilled in all human experience that, for a young man who faithfully keeps the commandment, we almost as certainly look for prosperity as we look for the sunrise. Let a youth be known to be irreverent to his parents when present, or forgetful of them when absent; disobedient to their precepts; careless of their wishes and welfare; cherishing no deep, habitual, grateful remembrance of that father who, for so many anxious years, watched and toiled for him; and that mother who bore him, as the burden of her fond love, and along her whole earthly pilgrimage, and the world expects such a youth to be cast as a wreck on the shores of life as certainly as a bark laboring helmless and unmasted on a lee shore, and in a night of tempests. Surely, if there be an angelic force strengthening a young man's feet along life's toilsome and dangerous ways, it is this heaven-born and heaven-bound, filial affection. And

if there be a weird and terrible phantom, which will palsy all his strength and drive him with a recoil back from all success in life's race and battle, it is the memory of a parent whose heart was broken by his ingratitude, and whose gray head his iniquity brought down in sorrow to the grave. Passing this, consider, *Thirdly, the moral purity of Joseph*. This was so pre-eminently displayed in the life of Joseph that I need not enlarge upon it. And that display is the more remarkable if we consider the low standard of morality in that patriarchal age, and especially the coarse licentiousness that was so often manifest in the family of Jacob. Joseph's life in this regard reads like a page out of the history of a higher life, and a holier world; and in this regard pre-eminently was he a glorious model. In that whole broad sphere of moral excellence which consists in bringing all the lower appetites and instincts into subordination to the higher, and subjects them all to the heavenly principles of God's moral law, the young man who emulates Joseph can hardly fail of a useful and honored life. While, on the contrary, he who associates with vile companions; who delights in a literature, or resorts to places of amusement suggestive of evil imaginations; who curls his lip, raises his eyebrows, shrugs his shoulders and looks wise when men speak of goodness and virtue, and makes a mock of domestic love and truth and all life's gentler and holier affections; such a man has entered the downward road which leads to temporal and eternal ruin. I am speaking of moral purity in its most comprehensive sense, as denoting an abhorrence of all grossly sensual pleasure, and whether it be the drunkards, or the gluttons, or the voluptuaries, it is as inevitably punished by the very laws of the human constitution as an unsupported stone gravi-

tates down a precipice. At the gate of all such delights stands the angel with a sword, and no man enters unsmitten. Let a man give himself up to them, and he builds his character, like the cities of the plain, out of those sulphurous and inflammable elements which alike, as the fires of earth, and the lightnings of heaven, will kindle into conflagration, and above which shall toss and moan the awful asphaltites—the lake of death. For all the loftiest human instincts are against him; and all the resistless attributes of God are against him; and the battle is too strong for him. If a man must accept sensual pleasure as the law of his life, he may as well retire at once from all struggle for its prizes, and go down to the sphere of the swine and the sluggard; for the only device on his shield must be "*Ichabod*," and the only blazon on his banner, "*To-morrow we die*."

Had Joseph failed in this glorious moral purity, he had failed forever. And it is especially in this bringing all low, coarse, animal pleasures into subjection of the great laws of temperance, moderation, self-conquest and government that he is the young man's model, as a truly successful man.

Passing this, observe, *Fourthly, the magnanimity of Joseph*. By this, I mean, that greatness and dignity of soul which prompts the sacrifice of all purely personal considerations in the accomplishment of great purposes of beneficence. This, in Joseph, was, on various occasions, most wonderfully displayed. We have limits only for a single illustration; the greatness of soul so manifest in his forgiveness of injuries. Probably never was there a man more grievously wronged; and certainly never a man more generously forgiving. Hated, and well nigh destroyed by envious brethren; vilely slandered by

the wife of Potiphar; unjustly imprisoned by his passionate master; cruelly neglected by the ungrateful chief butler—nevertheless, when he had escaped all their evil machinations and found every one of those enemies absolutely in his own power, then how truly godlike is the record of his treatment of them. There is no word of complaint; there seems to have been no feeling of resentment. Potiphar and his wife appear to have escaped without reproach, and his treatment of his trembling and conscience-smitten brethren is among the most beautiful and grand things in human history. And very easy is it to perceive how this true greatness of soul was in Joseph, and will be in every man, a great element of success. Sure we are that the opposite quality so common among young men, that passionate promptness to resent with word or blow every appearance of slight or insult, is a young man's worst enemy. I do not mean that we are to be insensible to injuries; for exquisite sensibilities are themselves among the first elements of genuine magnanimity. Nor do I mean that we are to treat discovered enemies as familiar friends. Nothing more encourages wickedness than literal non-resistance. This is certainly not a divine ordinance. In arming every creature with defensive weapons, God teaches us the great duty of proper self-defense, and the man who mistakes the letter for the spirit, and turns both cheeks to the smiter, and bares his bosom, as if inviting violence, and offers both garments to the spoiler, as if encouraging villainy, will have probably, as he deserves, cold limbs in winter and a swollen face always. The apostolic injunction to "live peaceably with all men, as far as in us lies," implies that there are men in the world with whom the meekest saint on earth cannot live peaceably. There are men in every community who,

not satisfied with obliterating the divine image in which they were created, have made themselves over, in the image of ravening beasts and stinging reptiles; and the least you can do with them is to drive them into their dens or spurn them out of your pathway.

I am not advocating the pusillanimity which, even under the seeming of Christian meekness, is true un-Christian meanness which lies down in the dust, humbly making request that "*somebody will please tread on me*; somebody please abuse me, and my wife and my children, that I may show how much meeker I am, even than Moses," who, when he saw an Egyptian maltreating his kindred, with one brave blow smote the ruffian into the dust. I am only advocating the magnanimity which, deeming it unmanly to be passionate and bad tempered, and doubting whether the shedding of a fool's blood is the best way to edify a wise man's reputation, delights, with Joseph, in a true forgiveness of injuries. In a world like this, every man will at times experience injustice. In the rivalries of trade, the antagonisms of business, the jealousies of professions, he will be sure to encounter misrepresentation and slander; and the first dictate of his fiery and indignant spirit will be the old "*Lex talionis*," to return injury for injury, and resent insult with a blow. But, in the midst of it all, I am persuaded that the calm dignity which holds itself impervious to a fool's insolence and renders man truly a *gentle-man*, is that element of magnanimity which secures true successes; for all the world looks on it with admiration, and in the end it will disarm even malice itself, and transform injuries into benefits, and enemies into friends. Such a quality was Joseph's, and if there be a possible picture I would gladly hang up in every man's chambers of imagery, as compelling his admiration of

this glorious magnanimity, it is this very scene in the palace where Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. There they stood, the unprincipled, envious, jealous, malignant men, that with evil tongues and violent hands had made his young life miserable and pursued it almost unto death, now cowered, humbled, convicted, absolutely in his power; and he, in the zenith of an authority unto which all the wealth and nobility and grandeur of earth's first kingdom bowed and did reverence. Yet behold that grand chieftain; his frame quivering with sensibility; his eagle eye dim with raining tears; in all tender love crying, "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. But be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye did it, for God sent me before you to preserve your lives." "And he fell upon his brothers' neck, and kissed all his brethren, and wept over them."

And tell me, oh, tell me, young man, ever ready with a loud voice and a strong blow to hurl back an affront, and avenge an injury: is not such magnanimous forgiveness a thousand times better? Nor scarcely less noble, we remark, *Fifthly*, was the *Integrity* of Joseph. The word "integrity" means, etymologically, the *wholeness* of anything; and, therefore, strictly speaking, comprehends the whole moral character. But we use it here, in its common sense, as denoting uprightness in his dealings with others. And for this was Joseph pre-eminent. And this was another sure ground of his success. By the faithfulness wherewith he discharged all his personal and official duties, he won the confidence of all with whom he had to do. First of *Potiphar*; then of the *jailer*; then of his fellow-prisoners; then of the *king*, and finally of the whole Egyptian nation. And this universal trust in his honesty and uprightness has scarcely a parallel. So pre-

eminent was his integrity that Potiphar makes the poor slave the overseer of his household. The jailer loosens his chains and gives this so defamed man the charge of the state prisoners. Pharaoh releases him from his dungeon and raises him to the throne, and, finally, the whole nation trusted him without question, or, surely, with their money, their cattle, their lands and their very lives. Yea, so absolute was their reliance on his inflexible honesty that they submitted through long years to that stringent corn policy, which one would think must have provoked popular riots, if it did not positively overthrow the dynasty. Most manifestly, this thoroughly tried and established integrity was in Joseph, and will be in all men, a sure ground and assured guarantee of success. Indeed, such a reputation for honesty is a success in itself. It establishes credit, secures friends, creates patronage, and so is in itself both fame and fortune.

Any laudable business conducted by such a man cannot but prosper; because the very *selfishness* of the world is interested in sustaining it.

He who, amid all the violent fluctuations of trade, the jealousies of rival establishments, the tricks and lies of thriving dishonesty, and through all the winds and waves of unprincipled speculation, unappalled, unseduced, unmoved by it, maintains his character for undeviating honesty, can hardly fail of success. He sails by God's chart, and watches God's pole-star, and will weather all storms and come triumphantly into harbor. While, on the contrary, the whole company of unscrupulous and double-dealing men; the *mechanic* who palms off imperfect work under fair shows of veneering, and lacquer, and putty, and paint; the *grocer*, with whom seven pints make a gallon, thirty inches a yard and fifteen ounces a pound; the

huckster, who sells the same show box of selected fruit a dozen times of a market day; the *shopkeeper*, who shows you one quality of goods and sends home another; the *tradesman*, ever gulling honest country folks with pretences of selling off at cost to close up a business; the *master-workman*, ever promising impossible work, and excusing his unpromptness with a whole decalogue of lies about sick journeymen or lacking material; the dealer in half-made wares, or worthless nostrums, placarding all creation with flaming hand-bills, till every board fence and rock the whole country round holds up on its honest face a miserable lie in the sight of the universe; the *secretary* who pays deluded stockholders grand dividends out of their own capital; the *doctor* who beguiles silly invalids with some new drug found in the middle of a pyramid, or brought express from Sahara; the *lawyer* who encourages angry men to bring action, claiming heavy damages for trespass or slander; while, in short, the whole wriggling legion of crafty, tricky, dishonest men, whose business policy is "*management*," a miserable compound of cunning and meanness; men whom honest old John Bunyan characterized as Mr. *Smoothman*, and Esquire *Two-tongues*, and my lord *Turn-about*, setting sail from the town of *Fair-Speech*, and looking one way and rowing another; while they all, I say, are shattered into shipwreck in the storms of life and left to rot on the shores of the moral sentiment of the world. "Ah," but methinks I hear some one say, "that is all good pulpit talk, but how about the facts of the case? Does not Mr. Smoothman roll in wealth to-day, by reason of his lying hand-bills? Does not Mr. Cheat-em make two thousand dollars a month by trickery? Did not General Show-man build an Oriental palace on the sand when his only stock

in trade was a flowing fountain of falsehoods? Yea, did not even the inspired psalmist say that it is the ungodly that prosper in the world?" Yes, but how does he say they prosper? "They increase in riches, and their eyes stand out in fatness." And I ask, if the psalmist had said nothing more, what of it? Is all transient prosperity a veritable success? Is this the chief end of man, to have a fat face and a large barn? But then, this is not all he says. Read a little further: "Surely they stand on slippery places. They are as in a moment brought into desolation, cast down to destruction." And does not the psalmist add that he had shown himself a fool by thinking such nonsense and made himself a beast by impiously uttering such lies?

Yes, and how about these facts, after all? Did we not hear that General Show-man's palace was burned up, and the man who built it gone back to his lies again? And if all such palaces do not share the same fate, still, what of it? Did not Nebuchadnezzar find it better to dwell in an open field with his oxen than to inhabit a golden house built in iniquity?

Certain I am that all the momentary prosperity of the wicked is not true success, and all human history bears record that integrity is the corner-stone of the character of the truly prosperous man. Eloquently does Thomas Chalmers eulogize such a character, when he declares that England is more glorified by the unquestioning faith the world puts in the honesty of her merchants than by all the wisdom of her great statesmen and all the renown of her victorious conquerors.

Now, we cannot pursue farther this analysis of the moral character of Joseph. We have seen that among its most prominent qualities were cheerfulness, filial affec-

tion, purity, magnanimity and honesty ; and that these, as they lie in his history, were the grounds of his success. And this is enough for our present purpose ; for that purpose has been only to encourage the edification of such a character—not so much for any earthly honors of influence it may secure in this world as for what it is in itself as a preparation for a higher world. Such a character does indeed secure the higher prizes of this life ; for the world, even under the great law of selfishness, will trust its interests and delegate its power, and award its honors only unto the man, who, by the exhibition of such qualities, approves himself worthy of the trust, and prepared for the service. But, meantime, such a character has immeasurably beyond all this a higher significance and importance, and all its outward and earthly influence and uses sink into utter worthlessness in comparison of the value there is in the character itself. For what, after all, is a man's moral character ? Why, it is really and substantially *the man himself*. It is not merely a *reputation*, a good name or a bad name among men, nor is it merely a *moral power* to influence other men, either for good or evil. Surely not ! Such reputation, important as it is, is nevertheless only the dissolving shadow of an invisible spiritual and immortal reality ; but *character is the man himself*, his own individual and personal being. In deciding, therefore, what the *model* of your life shall be, you decide what actually you yourselves shall be ; whether as a lovely and glorious being, growing up into the divine image, and becoming meet for the companionship of angels, you shall stand up in God's universe, a form of surpassing excellence and power ; or a shape deformed, disfigured, horrible ; to be turned away from and feared, and scorned ; the foul and infamous and despairing wreck, as

of "*an archangel ruined.*" Your character, we repeat it, is *yourself*. And, therefore, its outward influences and results go for but little in the reckoning of its immense value. Wealth, honor, the happiness of friends, the welfare of society and of the world; these, while to a great degree they will and must depend upon the moral character you are now forming, nevertheless, are all only results, accidents, accessories. They are only the decaying and deciduous foliage of the immortal and ever-growing tree! And what are the annual glories of the green leaves which, wresting as trophies from baffled tempests the oak cares not even to treasure, but rather showers upon the sweeping winds, in its exuberant life, contrasted with the mighty tree itself, the grand growth of ages, lifting its imperial, storm-conquering form above all the trees of the wood, upon God's mountains of majesty?

In forming your moral character, you are not merely securing the means, adjusting the mechanism, inspiring the vital forces, wherewith to secure earthly successes and achieve mortal exploits, but you are upon a broader field and on a grander scale, and in a higher and immortal sphere, actually achieving a success large as an angel's hopes, and spiritual and undecaying as an angel's nature. This training of your nature for the work and walk of life has been termed edification—i. e., *house-building*. It is not erecting a husbandman's barn nor a mechanic's workshop, nor an artist's studio, nor a merchant's warehouse, nor a banker's fireproof. You are erecting neither a mechanism to produce, nor a garner to secure, nor a treasury wherein to hoard merely worldly advantages. In its grander and ultimate results you are building for your living soul, your immortal self-hood, an imperishable spiritual dwelling place, and as you build it after a mean or

a magnificent model, and out of noble or infamous qualities, it will prove either the soul's fair palace and resplendent temple, or its foul sty and dark dungeon.

If you give yourselves to the low and selfish aims of man merely earthly and sensual, seeking only the poor pleasures, or corruptible riches, or perishing honors of the merely animal and earthly man, then you will in the end have built yourself a soul-house, so mean in its proportions, so rude and coarse in its architecture, so wretched and unseemly in its furniture and adornments, such ashen fruits and cups of bitterness in its dark banquet hall, such couches of unrest in its chambers, such foul and hideous pictures and statuary of four-footed beasts and creeping things, in all its galleries and pavilions, that your own soul will sit alone and forlorn under the roof tree, in deep despair, and you will bar its black gates in very shame against any angel of light and love which haply passing by might turn pityingly aside, and knock at your portal.

But if, after the model of this glorious patriarch, on this everlasting foundation of righteousness; this divine Rock of Ages, you build a moral character into which, either as material or adornment, enter all those exquisite graces which made his life so illustrious; whose massive pillars are integrity; whose broad open portal is truth; whose banqueting hall is cheerfulness; whose chambers with soft couches and conservatories of sweet flowers, shall be all gentle, social virtues; whose loving purity and faith shall adorn wall and pillar with exquisite pictures and statuary and heavenly joy spread delicate banquets, and peace of conscience, sweet-voiced memory, lull you to gentle slumber; then, oh then, you will find yourself at last with a palace home for your happy spirit, around

which God's winds will delight to murmur, and God's waters to sparkle, and all God's living things to utter sweet voices; and over which God's radiant sun shall shine, and God's unclouded skies bend, and through whose open casements all heavenly airs shall breathe delicious fragrance, and whose bright threshold, all fair and gentle, and resplendent forms shall crowd and pass, delighted to enter in and abide with you. And upon your Bethel, as upon the old patriarch's, shall the heavens open and the angels descend, and it shall be again, verily, the Tabernacle of God among men; ye yourselves in holy architecture and adornment, shall be living temples of the Holy Ghost, an everlasting House of the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, forever and ever.

FIFTH AND LAST OF SERIES ON JOSEPH

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou."

Genesis xli., 39.

HE text simply asserts that Joseph owed all that fine practical wisdom, which rendered his life so successful, to the direct teaching of God, and the great practical lesson we deduce from it is that the inspired Word of God is our only sure guide, alike unto earthly and eternal prosperity. This is, evidently, its meaning to ourselves. In those days there was no written Bible. God spake unto men in dreams and voices and visions. But ours is a *written*, rather than a *spoken*, word. And these Scriptures are now as positively revelations from Heaven, as the awful utterances which fell on the ears of the old patriarchs; or the glorious theophanies that moved before rapt prophets when they saw visions of God. As truly, therefore, of every one who has the Bible, as of Joseph, may it be said, "The Lord is with thee; all this hath the Lord showed thee!" And if with equal docility and obedience we accept the divine instruction, as surely will the same results be evident in our experience. "Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou." The effect of constant intercourse and communion with God, in the experience of Joseph, was twofold—regenerating and edifying; inspiring him with noble impulses, and teaching him great principles for the direction and control of those impulses. And this is precisely the effect of revealed religion upon all that experience it. First, making man a new creature; and, secondly, teaching him how best to direct and develop that new life.

And with this truth we would close our present study of this patriarch's life. Hitherto, we have been considering a single inspired biography, only directing your attention to a single portrait that hangs in this great gallery of Scripture paintings. Our purpose is now to consider the advantages of a thorough study of the whole wonderful volume, a contemplation of all these great masterpieces of heavenly art that adorn with such matchless beauty all the galleries and chambers of this Temple of God. In other words, we would deduce from the life of Joseph an argument for a thorough and constant study of the Bible as a book, and, indeed, the only book, which teaches man, as man, how to make the most of both worlds. It is, I know, a very common misapprehension to regard the Bible as of use only in preparing us for the future and eternal world. But if this were so, it would surely not be what it purports to be, *God's book for man, and for man in this world*. A wise mariner about to cross the Atlantic would not be satisfied with a chart only of the distant foreign harbor; he would need instruction as well in regard of the harbor he was leaving, and all the currents, and reefs, and islands of the ocean he was about to cross. And a wise spirit outward-bound to eternity needs a guide through all these dark and earthly waters that roll so wildly this side the immortal shore.

A Bible teaching me only about death and the judgment, and Heaven and Hell, would be just the book for a *departing spirit*, but scarcely what a *living man* requires, toiling wearily along the perilous mortal road that lies this side the grave. But just this the Bible is—*God's book for man in this world*. He will want a different book in Heaven. *There* he will not have a perishing body, and a fallible reason, and a wicked heart; and his occupation

will not be in a merchant's exchange, or farmer's husbandry, or a mechanic's workshop. But *here* he needs instruction in regard of these very conditions and elements of mortal, sinful life; and he finds all he needs in this revelation of God. It is simply an inspired manual of the highest human culture. Let us so consider it; and, first, like all true systems of culture, it begins with the *physical*. We have seen this illustrated in the whole biography of Joseph; how, by simply following the divine laws in regard of food, exercise, clothing and recreation, he attained to the highest perfection of his physical nature. And so it would be with any man. In this regard the Bible is worth more than all other works of physiology in the world. Let a man carefully observe all the rules of health he finds, either among the positive precepts, or involved in the biographies of illustrious men of the Bible, and he will be likely to come to his fourscore years of a well-preserved manhood. Such a man will not be enervated by idleness nor exhausted by overwork; nor diseased by dissipation. And being instructed of God, that earthly life has solemn duties to be performed which are impossible either to sickly men or sluggards, he will strive for the keen eye, and the cool brain, and the strong arm, and the compact bone and muscle and sinew, of a well-kept body. Yea, and more than this, accepting from God the marvelous doctrine of the resurrection; that this same body, redeemed from the grave, will constitute part of his higher and immortal life, he will no longer neglect or despise it, as the soul's mere implement or outer garment, but will honor it as a very part of himself, and give it culture as for the companionship of angels.

Passing this, secondly, the Bible, like all systems of human culture, takes even better care of the *intellectual*. It is

God's great book for the human *mind*, and in this respect is, of all books in the world, immeasurably the best for all uses of education. We use the word here in its only true sense; it means simply *eduction*, a *drawing-forth*, or development; not knowledge or erudition *forced into* the mind, but the mind itself quickened, strengthened, trained unto thoughtful, practical activity. And in its power as an *educer*, or *educator*, the Bible stands unrivaled. We have here neither time nor need of prolonged argument. You have but to cast your eye back over the world's history, or abroad over its geography, to perceive how great, beyond all comparison, has been the effect of these oracles of God on the intellectual development of the human race. On this point, infidels delight to talk of the wonders of the old Greek and Roman mental culture; but were we concerned with the argument it were easy to show, first, how inferior it all was to true Christian culture. Beyond simple *belles lettres*, poetry, rhetoric, history, even that grand Augustine age produced little. Of practical and useful learning, physical science, political economy, moral and mental philosophy, it was sadly deficient. Yes, and we might show, secondly, that even what it had was a result of Bible revelation; that it was because, either by tradition or living contact with the Hebrew race, the heathen mind had become possessed of the oracles of God, that those old classic races so nobly towered above the cotemporaneous and remoter barbarisms. Certainly, in all the past, the influence of revealed truth upon national intellect is as clearly seen as the influence of a great river on natural husbandry. And, if possible, even more apparent is this influence seen in *present* national conditions. All the truly living powers of the earth to-day are Christian. The old paganisms are intellectually either effete

or imbecile; and in dealing with them, in its missionary work, Christianity has to begin with the very rudiments of every science; yea, often with the very alphabet of language.

But I am not now concerned with the argument. It is not so much the fact, as the reasons of the fact, that the Bible is the best of all books for the culture of the intellect, that we are now considering. And even on this point we have limits only for two general observations.

Consider, first, that it is only by the truths of the Bible, as applied by the Holy Spirit, that any man is ever truly regenerated, or becomes a new creature; and while we do not believe that regeneration gives a man new intellectual faculties, nor perhaps *directly* a new power to his old faculties, yet we do most assuredly hold and know that, in freeing the intellect from its old bondage of corruption it puts it into new conditions for higher development. It is impossible that a mind held in thrall and tyrannized over by vile appetites and raging passions should display its higher faculties in their full symmetry and strength. Such minds as Byron's and Napoleon's, under the bondage and despotism of their consuming and terrible passions, are like the mighty trees that meet you ever in tropical forests, around whose trunks enormous wild vines have twined themselves, and thence spreading, wound their way, throwing their huge folds over every branch and spray, until the glorious trees that might have stood, crowned monarchs of the mountains, are dwarfed withered, dead, in that terrible embrace! "Like Laocoon, hopelessly struggling within the hideous coils of the monster python!"

And if the Bible did no more than, as a simple means of grace, bring the mind out of this bondage of corrup-

tion into the glorious liberty of the children of God, by just placing it in conditions most favorable for development it would prove itself, beyond all earthly literature, the mightiest means of intellectual culture. But then it does more than this. Consider, secondly, that it opens before the mind most stupendous truths, and by the most powerful motives compels it to consider them. The very cavils of the infidel admit this. "Oh," he cries, "it is a book full of unexplained mysteries." And we answer: "Yes, indeed; for otherwise it could not be God's book for the intellect." If it were such a book as these men would have—made up of simple moral precepts and platitudes, then every wise man would reject its claims to be a revelation; it would be out of analogy with God's other volume. See how it is in nature. The infant rises from the cradle to find itself surrounded and pressed upon by all the sublime mysteries of the universe. The mountains, the oceans, the stars, all such great forms of truth, the young mind encounters at the very threshold of its being; and in its endeavor to comprehend them struggles into development. And with this same omniscient design, God gives man a Bible, filled with amazing and incomprehensible truth. And it is just by endeavors to grasp these theological mysteries, which fools call "dead, mouldy orthodoxy," that the noblest intellects of the world have so grandly developed themselves.

Said a caviling English Liberalist to Hugh Miller: "What good has all your controversial theology ever done Scotland?" And the reply of that profound thinker was: "Independently altogether of religious considerations, it has done for our people what all your societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and all your penny and Saturday newspapers and magazines will never do for you.

It has awakened their intellect, and taught them to think. The development of the popular mind of Scotland is a result of its theology."

And the history of the world teaches that the intellectual elevation of any people has ever been in proportion to the familiarity of the popular mind with God's great system of revealed truth. Legislators may exclude the Bible from our common schools, if they will, but the result will be, by an inevitable law of life, that the coming generations will be of the miserable Spanish and Italian type, rather than of the strong and vigorous Scottish or English. It will be a removal of all strong meat from the mind's banquet, and all heavyweights from its playground; and with no other appliances of development around it but soft couches and sweetmeats, it will inevitably sink into indolence and effeminacy. We shall have fiddling and bull fights, swaggering matadors and simpering minstrels, but Diogenes with his lantern will search in vain for one man.

The Bible is God's grand master work for the races' education, and we hold it impossible for a human spirit to set itself earnestly to study its sublime revelation, to ponder reverently and profoundly the mysterious truths—the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the nature and conditions of the higher orders of life, which rise between man and his Maker; creation, providence, redemption, the ineffable glories of the Divine Being, and attributes; the omnipotent, omniscient, omnioperate, self-existent, eternal trinity in unity, of the one only living and true God—these, and such truths as these, which make up this revelation, I say we hold it impossible for a human mind to ponder these great, mysterious theological facts and not find itself immeasurably elevated and

enlarged beyond the educational influences of all other books in the libraries of the world.

Meantime, beside presenting all these stupendous truths, it constrains the human mind, by all the powerful motives of time and eternity, to ponder them earnestly. The prizes it sets before it for earnest, thorough, practical scholarship are not the poor fading laurels of academic honors, but the scepters and crowns and thrones of an eternal world.

So the Bible purposes to give culture to man's intellect, and so, practically, it has given, and does give, it culture. Wherever the gospel has had free course it has proved a great voice from heaven, rousing man to a consciousness of his high destiny, and a consequent development of his immortal powers. Arts, science, literature, commerce, free institutions, a profound philosophy, all, in short, that distinguish earth's loftiest from its lowest social systems, have sprung up along its path, as grand and glorious growths along the courses of great rivers, till, as if roused by a heavenly inspiration from the sleep of generations, God's man child hath risen up to walk
• abroad in the face of the universe. *"In that noble freedom which the truth makes free! In that immortal manhood which God's Word makes man!"*

But passing this, observe, thirdly, *that the Bible takes even better care of man's moral nature.* I use the word *moral* here in its popular sense, as denoting those faculties of his intellect whose object is goodness, virtue, holiness, and I need not pause to show that, without a high moral culture, there can be no symmetrical human development. Manifestly to all, any creature, however glorious his body, and gifted his mind, would be simply and terribly monstrous without a cultivated heart. This moral culture

all heathen and infidel schools have attempted, and all signally failed. The old pagan moralists, such as Cato and Cicero, advocated practical licentiousness. The later infidel schools have resolved all morality into pure and simple selfishness.

Whatever ethical excellence there has ever been found in their philosophies was manifestly borrowed from God's Word. I have limits here only to consider a few of those moral qualities which enter necessarily into any true idea of moral goodness, and to show how grandly, above all other systems, God's Word enjoins and illustrates them.

Take, first, *Justice*, a virtue which consists in giving everyone his due. Now, the only justice which this infidel ethics prescribes is simply a *law honesty*, to be exercised only so far as it is profitable. But the justice which the Bible enjoins is an elevated Christian principle which makes the man, in dealing, as careful of his neighbor's interests as he is of his own. Take, secondly, *Benevolence*, and the Bible virtue differs from the philosophic as widely as a sentimental dream from a great practical life. Infidel benevolence only vapors in cheap declamation about abstract rights in theory, and a future millennium in the clouds; but Christian benevolence goes forth in hard, practical work among earth's poor sufferers, to feed the dying body and save the immortal soul! Take, thirdly, *Courage*, and the virtue which God's Word illustrates and inspires differs as essentially from the simply philosophic as a brute animal differs from an immortal man. All that it requires to make any man as brave as Cæsar or Alexander is to put a lion's heart in his bosom, or fill his veins with a tiger's blood. But Christian courage is a thing of *morals*. The very word means *heart-age*—a lion's fearlessness, pervaded and controlled by a seraph's tenderness; a brav-

ery which no difficulty can deter, no danger appal; not ruffianism armed to the teeth, to achieve selfish triumphs, but sweet-voiced charity, armed with light and love, that will stand up in face of a universe, armed of God, to champion even offensive truth, and strike down popular error, careful only to preserve a pure moral character, and leaving Almighty God to look after its reputation.

Take, fifth, *Patience*, a beautiful composite of *fortitude* and *forgiveness*, of manliness and gentleness, and in whose exhibition the Christian virtue differs from the philosophic as widely as a costumer's lay figure in a show window differs from Paul the Apostle; the one selfishly enveloping a man in the purple and fine linen of polite manners—the other developing the life outwardly from a forgiving heart into an exquisite compound of dignity and love; the one true *gentle-manliness*, a strong manhood pervading it; the other a simple gentility, the stuffed skin of a gentleman, only that, with all the manhood left out.

I have no space to pursue this analysis farther. Do it for yourselves, and you will perceive how carefully the Bible sets itself to give strength and beauty to every quality which enters into a perfect moral character, combining them, the while, in such exquisite proportions, each so perfectly, and yet altogether so symmetrically—patience so mingled with zeal, and love so harmonizing courage, and energy so quickening philanthropy, and prudence so directing passion, and a regnant religious conscience so modifying and moulding the whole into one symmetrical composite—that the man grows not up a moral monster, with a few gigantic virtues, but a perfect man in the harmony of all vital graces. All this the Bible aims to do,

and, as we accept its precepts, does do; and thus approves itself the glorious Book of God for all true moral culture.

Passing this, observe, fourthly, and finally, that the Bible takes even better care of man's spiritual or religious nature. Here, indeed, it is man's *only* book. All other systems of culture regard man only as *mortal*; and it is obviously impossible to develop an immortal creature well, save under an abiding influence of the power of a world to come. Go tell yonder archangel that he is not immortal; that at some period, however remote, he shall go back to non-existence; and thus despoiled of the grand inspiration of *hope*, his progress will end at once and forever. His eye will lose its fire, and his wing its strength, and his strong heart will break in the midst of his hallelujah! Now it is just in this, the recognition of man's immortality, that the Bible's supremacy is seen as a book of human culture. Superior to all philosophy in every *other* sphere, here, like its Divine Author, it reigns supreme and alone. It takes this great doctrine of the immortality of the soul out of the uncertain speculations of philosophy up into the verities of positive revelation. It brings immortality to light; it demonstrates that immortality, by the visible return to earth of men that, for centuries, had been numbered with the dead, and establishing human faith in this all-inspiring truth, affords man the means, and presses him with all motives, to develop that nature in view of immortality. It takes care of *the body* and trains it into symmetry and strength, not only that it may do vigorously its earth work, but as a true part of the immortal creature that comes forth at the resurrection, and will wear a crown, and wield a scepter over an everlasting kingdom. It takes care of the *spirit* in all its great range of faculties, as well the intellectual as the moral;

not merely that it may achieve mortal victories in the great battle of life, but that it may spring presently into loftier spheres and walk higher paths in the fellowship of the crowned creatures of eternity, with the inspiration of capacities as grand, in the exercise of energies as unabating. This, we repeat, is the Bible's divine prerogative. In its spiritual influence it makes the man positively a *new creature*. It gives him a new heart, a new conscience, a new moral life, accompanied by that divine power which it everywhere displays, imparting justifying faith and sanctifying grace. These three things it does for him:

- a. It reveals a glorious heaven.
- b. Secures a title to heaven.
- c. Imparts a meetness for heaven.

Thus gradually and graciously educing or educating that spiritual life into the magnificence of that perfect manhood which shall stand presently, remade in God's image, before the uncreated throne; and, with angel and archangel, walk through eternity. But here again we must pause with our argument. Our design is only to show that the Bible is just what it claims to be—an inspired manual of physical, intellectual and spiritual culture; that in our later experience it takes just the place of God's sensible presence, in that of the old patriarchs, so that if, with equal docility and obedience, we accept the divine instruction as truly will it be said of us, as of Joseph, "The Lord is with thee. Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou."

Such, then, is the design of this blessed Book, and this the style of manhood it is mighty to develop—manhood complete in its parts, and perfect in its symmetry; and so,

prepared for the highest walk and work of both worlds. So that here, on the earth, men may attain the loftiest true success, may become the most skillful mechanics, the thriftiest merchants, the grandest artists, the profoundest jurists, the truest philosophers, the most sagacious statesmen, not the half developments of this poor infidel culture; not sluggish sentimentalists; not indolent dreamers of dreams; not perfumed exquisites; not scowling misanthropists; not ascetics, withering in cave and cloister; not bigots of a creed; not slaves of an opinion; no, no, no, but *men! men!* with flashing eyes and strong hands, and brave hearts, fighting gloriously life's battles; men fitted for all the toils and the triumphs of time while they dwell on this footstool. But then this is not all! Oh, no! for man, in his highest estate, apart from his immortality, is simply a mistake and a malformation—a development without a purpose, of powers that shall never strive on a fitting field, of pinions that shall never soar in a fitting firmament. Better the flower that fades in the summer air, better the shining insect whose life is a fair holiday, than man with all his immortal instincts and aspirations, if denied immortality! But then he is not denied immortality. This is the all-glorious thing of our Bible—that it disproves this foul infidel lie, and both demonstrates man's after life and prepares him for its conditions. And what conditions they are; and what a manhood that shall be, when, graciously prepared, he shall walk through eternity!

What beauty and majesty and power in the raised body! What treasures of ineffable affections in the risen heart! What stupendous faculties and forms of thought in the risen spirit! Man, man, bearing again, in its perfectness, the divine image; made like unto that risen and

enthroned incarnation, when the developed mortal hath put on immortality; man, man, whom "the omnipotent Jehovah delighteth to honor!" And it is the matchless excellency of this Bible that thus it develops man.

Alas! alas! then for those men who would substitute philosophy for this Word of God in this culture of humanity! They would free us, they say, from these shackles of a priestly superstition. But, alas! for this freedom of unbelief! It is to free a grand tree from its wealth of branches; it is to free a mighty bird from its weight of pinions; it is to free a glorious star from the blessed forces that bear it onward around God's throne; it is the liberty of a reptile to crawl in the dust, of a beast to wallow in the mire; it is the liberty of the unseemly satyrs to dance and howl amid the ruins of immortal palaces; it is a free license for a man to brutalize all his finer moral instincts, to dwarf all his higher gifts of intellect and genius, to demonstrate his kinship with creeping things and cattle, to make full proof of his bruteness, and do after his kind; and we will have none of it.

God forgive me if it be wrong that I cannot speak kindly of these men; that my eyes flash, and my heart swells, and my hand is clenched in wrath, when I think of the spoiler who would take away my Bible, and thus rock into dust the only ladder whereby I can climb into the true sphere and work of a perfect, mighty manhood. I have dreamed of such things in awful visions of the midnight, when deep sleep falleth on men—the triumph of this fierce and brutal unbelief! This precious Book of God given up to the destroyer! And what then? Alas! *not* the enrapturing millennium of golden ages, which the destroyer promised! *A world? That* a world? That wild chaos of human passion over which no God reigned! That

wandering star, loosed from its orbit, and rushing away outward bound, into the blackness of darkness! *Life? Life? That life?* That struggle of a shattered bark athwart a troubled sea, to disappear presently in storm and flame in the midocean! *Man? Man? That a man?* That creature, bereft of immortality? That unblest spirit, sinking madly or wearily into eternal sleep! This Bible taken from me? And what then? Alas! I looked upon the death bed, and fiends of despair overshadowed it. I stood by the sepulchre of the beloved, and lo! a horror of great darkness, and I saw no light. I looked upon the soul of man, and its robe of glory faded, its diadem fell off! Its sphere of life was with creeping things! Its kindling aspirations and imperial thoughts seemed no longer the movement of embryo pinions, developing heavenward, but the twirling of the tentacula of a mighty mollusk, tending downward into death. But the terrible vision passed. It was not a prophet's dream!

There *is* immortality *within*, and a boundless heaven *above* God's beloved man child! This all-precious Book remains, as an angel from heaven, sitting by the earthly cradle, as a shechinah, leading the way through life's wilderness, and presently opening unto our ascending feet the radiant gates of an eternal world.

Let us, therefore, accept this volume as our Heavenly Father's great gift. Let us ponder its great truths and obey its precious precepts. Let us study it at early morn, and in the night watches, as a gallery where heavenly masters have hung marvelous pictures; as a temple wherein heavenly kings have hidden mighty treasure. Let us turn more and more away from these poor broken cisterns which earthly wisdom has hewn, to drink from the living fountain of truth which revelation hath opened,

until the mind becomes strong in the scholarship of infinite truth, and the heart becomes pure in the fellowship of infinite holiness. Let us cherish, less and less, the companionship which meets the soul in the miry paths of infidel literature—the selfish heroes of history, the painted lepers of romance—and more and more the better fellowship which the Bible offers us. Let us walk with Abraham, when he walked with God! Let us be joyful with Joseph, when the Lord was with him! Let us climb with Moses the grand mountains of faith! Let us sit down with the old prophets and see visions of God! Let us mount with Elijah, in his chariot of fire! Let us abide with John on Patmos, as the heavenly trains go by. Let us be raptured with Paul into the midst of the ineffable glory, until we can bow with the crowned creatures that stand around the throne, and talk with the Eternal One, as friend with friend.

It is by a scholarship like this, alone, that man's nature can be developed symmetrically and grandly for the activities of both worlds; distinguished alike from the infidel who sneers, and the bigot who scowls; the degraded sensualist, who thinks only of this world; and the misanthropic spectre who thinks only of another world; a gloriously developed child of immortality, fitted for *both worlds*; a *progressive man* here, in the trials of godliness; a *perfect man forever in the kingdom of God*!

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