

The Independent.

"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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Mary in the Cave.

BY LOUISE DUNHAM GOLDSBERRY.

LITTLE Child, Little Child, thy silken head lying
Between my breasts,
Thou art the Promise to the broken reed of Israel.
My body cradled thee, my heart sung o'er thee,
Under the solemn witness stars alone I bore thee—
Oh, what is this that I should be the nursing mother
Of my God!

Little Son, Little Son, I hear the cold winds crying
Around a tree,
And thou and I, we twain carry a gruesome load;
Shut thy sad eyes, thy mother's kisses falling
Shall hush to thee the piteous dead voices calling—
Oh, what is this that I shall pluck the nails from these
sweet hands

And baby feet!

Little Child, Little Child, the milk dries on thy lips;
All in my bosom
Thy naked limbs lie warm upon my heart.
Breath to breathe we sleep, the clamoring world afar,
Thou and I, we twain under the keeping star—
Oh, what is this that thou art Son and Savior,
My little child!

CINCINNATI, O.

A Mystery.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

THE secret of all Glory, He,
Upon that first, great night,
Hid where no man might henceforth see
Nor read a star aright.

The secret of all Wonder, He,
Upon that first, great day,
Within the bosom of the sea
Encompassed for aye.

The secret of all Beauty, He,
Upon that pristine morn,
Closed from all questioning to be
In the first flower born.

And lo, of these His secrets three,
To-day, oh, love of mine,
I, all unworthy find the key,
Within this hand of thine!

BALTIMORE, MD.

A Suggestion of Personal Duty.

BY WAYLAND HOYT, D.D.

THERE, on the terraced hillslopes, near to Bethlehem, some shepherds are keeping watch about their flocks. The Oriental night is lustrous with its stars. I do not myself believe it to have been a wintry season; rather, I think, the air was genial and the breezes were soft.

But, suddenly, the stars are dimmed by a better brightness. It is as if the midnight were changed to noon. Out of the strange splendor, and with exquisite melody, a single voice sounds, as of a choral leader: "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." And then the shining spaces get swiftly populous. To the angelic leader sweeps a vast, angelic throng. Then swells a majestic and thunderous burst of harmony. From angelic rank is flung to angelic rank the acclaim magnificent: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

Then the celestial radiance fades. The old unbroken sky bends down. The old stars gleam. The vision and the music end.

But it all has been. And what has been is charged, as all great blessings are, with duty. That duty the shepherds recognize and accept at once. "And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, let us now go, even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing

which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us."

Do you not seize the duty the vision brought? It is plain enough. "Let us now go and see," the shepherds said. The duty the vision brought was—a personal investigation.

Think a moment. The splendor of the vision, and the burst of the angelic song must have had, immediately, some effect upon those shepherds, even tho they had refused to go and see; even tho they had said the radiance was but unusual lightning, and the music but the chanting of the Temple choirs yonder in Jerusalem, heard with singular distinctness, because the air chanced to be very clear. The vision and the music would, at least, have compelled them to the decision that they would not go and see; and compelling them to that decision it also would have bound them to the results wrapped up in it—of missing sight of, of never finding the Holy Child, lying there in the lowly manger.

It is a very solemn matter—this inevitable effect of some sort, of blight or blessing, which the facts emerging in our lives must have on us. Men often think they will live on as tho no Holy Babe had ever been born in Bethlehem; as tho no Christ had ever come into our world. But, plainly, this cannot be. The simple fact of Incarnation, that Christ has made advent into the world, obliges some result in every one of us. The vision of the angels brought to the shepherds the great duty of personal investigation. And the presence of Christ in history, brings to every man a duty similar. And even tho a man refuse to lay hand to the duty, he cannot so decide, except the reaction of such decision be written in himself.

Yes, my friend, just as the flaming vision made claim on the shepherds for personal investigation, so the presence of Christ in human history, of whose advent that vision was the august accompaniment, makes claim on you for your investigation as to your personal relations to this Christ.

Jesus Christ is a character in history too great to be flippantly slighted. Consider his sinlessness, his sacrifice, his tremorless telling of the facts of the other life the heart so longs to know, his claims. Consider, he is the only being who has substantiated character, assertion, claim, by Resurrection.

Consider what empire he has held over the lordliest intellects. "The blessed and only potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords"; "over all, God blessed forever"; "the great God and our Savior"; "who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God"; it is thus St. Paul writes of him. And no wider, more sinewy, more controlling mind has thought and wrought than that of the Apostle.

"Everything in Christ astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. His ideas and his sentiments, the truths which he announces, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human observation or the nature of things." It was thus the great Napoleon spoke of Christ.

Here is a snatch from the will of Shakespeare:

"I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator; hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Savior, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

He of the "myriad-mind," thus prostrated himself at the feet of Christ.

Wrote Daniel Webster:

"I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, and I believe there is no other way of salvation than through the merits of his atonement."

The one who tells it declares this incident trustworthy: "The perfect man has not yet come, but is to come," said Mr. Emerson. "Thee will acknowledge, Friend Emerson," said Mr. Whittier, "that Jesus is the most perfect of all men who have yet appeared?" "Yes," replied Mr. Emerson, "that I admit."

"Thee will acknowledge," continued Mr. Whittier, "that we have not yet reached the standard which the life of Christ has set before us?" "Yes," replied Mr. Emerson, "I suppose that must be granted." "Then," said Mr. Whittier, "ought thee not to receive this as the perfect life until the more perfect makes its appearance?" And Mr. Emerson cast his calm, blue eye into the empty space, and was silent. Ah, the more perfect than Perfect cannot be found.

Surely such a Christ is worthy the most earnest thought, the most investigating inquiry, the most searching questioning as to whether the self be in right relation with him.

Now, in this Christmas time, when the record of the vision and song of the angels, because the Christ had come, specially challenges attention, what worthier, nobler thing can any man possibly do than follow the example of the shepherds and yield to the duty of personal attention to this Christ, and his imperial claims?

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Lord Tennyson.

REMINISCENCES AND APPRECIATIONS.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.,

DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I.

I HAVE been requested by the editor to write some papers on men of eminence whom I have known; but before I begin to do so I wish to make one or two preliminary remarks, in order to obviate any misconception.

1. One is that the desire to catch were it but a glimpse of those who have deeply influenced their generation is in no sense petty or ignoble. Without being an abject hero worshiper, every man or woman of cultivated intelligence takes an interest in even seeing men of unquestioned greatness, the chief figures in the age in which they have lived. The famous and the supremely gifted are, after all, very few in number. There are among us many inch-high distinctions and petty altitudes. Doubtless to the eyes of beings loftier than human, our whole race, apart from its spiritual destinies, may wear the aspect of a low and level plain. They may think that to us, who move upon its surface, "every molehill is a mountain, and every thistle a forest tree." To us, however, it is only given to measure men in relation to their fellow-men, and we see at once how very small is the number of those who rise even to fugitive eminence, much less to permanent supremacy, among their kind. Further than this, our passing estimates are often rectified as years go on, and men who filled a large space in the eyes of their contemporaries are often much dwarfed in the estimate of later generations. This is, perhaps, specially the case with statesmen, and others whose greatness is often mainly of an official character, dependent on status more than on genius. There are inns in England now called "The George and Cannon," which were originally named in honor of the brilliant George Canning when he was Prime Minister; but before a generation was over George Canning was so comparatively forgotten by the common multitude that the name "The George Canning" had to them become meaningless, and had to be changed into something of more popular significance. Voltaire

"Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died"; and the poet supposes that he will be

"Praised perhaps for ages yet to come."

How immensely did he loom upon the imagination of his own generation! how comparatively small is the space which he occupies in ours!

Still, we can only take the estimates which seem in our own days truest to ourselves; and when we re-

friendship, talked sneeringly of Arthur Hallam as the "Amaryllis of the Chancery Bar." I do not think that Lord Tennyson ever deigned to notice this stupid and malignant vulgarity. It was amply punished in an admirable address to the workmen of Brighton by F. W. Robertson,

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Baptism of Clovis, Christmas Day 496.

BY ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

THE French people are preparing to celebrate, with an enthusiasm which only they know how to exhibit, the baptism of Hlodowig* on Christmas Day in the year 496. We are prone to ridicule the tenacity with which French patriotism clings to old Frankish memories. It obviously makes a great deal of difference whether we call the fierce chieftain of the Salian Franks by his German name, or soften it into the French form of Clovis; and whether we speak of his great successor as Karl or Charlemagne. But, on the other hand, the composite Frenchman owes an immense debt to his Frank forebears, and has a right to be proud of his ancestry. The secret of our feeling is perhaps found in the suspicion that the object of all this enthusiasm is to claim not so much descent, but inheritance; and not only inheritance, but a sole inheritance. The Frenchman does not want to be a Frank, rightly enough, too; but he wants the Frank to be only an embryo Frenchman, which fate forefend; and he wants all the Frank-land to be France. In the present celebration we think we see one eye fixed on the grim old warrior of the fifth century, and the other on Alsace and Lorraine. The old hero deserves better of posterity. He was the instrument of a great political combination. And his baptism is the focal moment of that epoch-making union of pagan power and Roman ecclesiastical influence which recovered law and order for western Europe. Such an event is worth turning back fourteen hundred years to contemplate.

The end of the fifth century saw not merely the final collapse of all pretense of a western empire, with the setting aside of Romulus Augustulus by Odoacer, in 476, but the settling down of the west of Europe into four Teutonic kingdoms, under the powerful influence of Roman law and civilization. The Ostrogoth in Italy and the southern slopes of the Alps, the Visigoth in southwestern Gaul and Spain, the Burgundian in southeastern Gaul and upon the northern slopes of the Alps, were already deeply interpenetrated with the thought and life of the great Empire which they had helped to shatter. They too had accepted the sovereign claims of Christianity, not, however, in its orthodox form, but in the Arianism which had been brought to them by the preaching of Ulfilas. Northeastern Gaul and the valley of the Rhine was occupied by heathen tribes of the as yet disunited Franks, when Childerick, Chief of the Salian Franks, died in 481, and left a somewhat uncertain inheritance of authority to his fifteen-year-old son, Hlodowig. The Franks were no longer the vast uncounted horde of wild forest tribesmen, who had first brought the Frank name to the knowledge of the Roman world. As early as the middle of the third century an army of Franks, moved by one of those wild impulses of emigration which are so inexplicable, had marched in a compact mass, with no purpose but to glut itself with war and rapine, across Gaul, Spain, the Straits of Gibraltar, eastward across North Africa, till it lost itself to the knowledge of men in the deserts of Arabia. And somewhat later in the same century (279), another party broke forth from Pontus, where they had been induced to settle to protect the frontier from other Germanic tribes, and seizing a fleet, which they found in the Black Sea, set forth on a wild anticipation of the voyages of the Vikings. Through the Bosphorus and Hellespont they made their way into the Mediterranean and ravaged many a tempting spot upon the too confident coasts of Asia, Europe and Africa. Content with their spoils, they passed the pillars of Hercules and steered their way in safety to the homelands at the mouth of the Rhine. Exhausted by these and later descents upon the Roman world, in which they had fought with indiscriminate fury with Gaul and Roman, with kindred Teuton and barbaric Hun, the Franks of the end of the fifth century were but a

poor remnant of their early race. They were shut off, moreover, from the Germanic kingdoms of the south by a remnant of Gallo-Roman power, which Syagrius had gathered about the still beautiful city of Soissons.

Hlodowig had in his veins the vigor of the best of the old blood. He speedily asserted his claims to kingship over the four thousand fighting men of his own tribe, won the Riparian Franks to close alliance, mastered in a sudden burst of barbaric fury the little realm of Syagrius "King of the Romans," demanded the fugitive king from Alaric II, King of the Visigoths, with whom he had sought refuge in Toulouse, and when he received him, slew him, and so filled the northeastern corner of Gaul with a permanent Germanic kingdom in the year 486.

There must have been something in this lad of twenty, who had so quickly carved out for himself a kingdom, to impress men. We know but little of the next ten years of his life except that the Gallo-Roman Church turned to him as to a possible ally, and that one of the great churchmen, who are the glory of that age, Remigius (St. Remi) Bishop of Rheims, directed his prayers toward his conversion and his policy toward his utilization as a counterpoise to the Arianism of the Germans of the South. The event was fully to justify the faith and judgment of the astute churchman. For the time being he had a hard field to cultivate.

The first step was that so often taken for the same end, a marriage with an orthodox wife. We are only justified by circumstantial evidence in tracing Hlodowig's marriage to churchly influences; but it is certainly strong. Certain it is, that about 493, when about twenty-seven years old, he married Hrothchilda (Clotilda), the niece of Gondebald and Godegisil, who divided the Burgundian realm between them with royal courts at Vienna and Geneva. Hrothchilda was the daughter of another brother now dead, who during his life had possessed a share in the kingdom and made his capitol at Lyons. He had married an orthodox Catholic, and his widow had reared their only child in her own faith under the protection of Godegisil at Geneva. The devout Hrothchilda was used to wean her husband from paganism and to lead him to the gentle ways of Christian life, even as their great-granddaughter Bertha was to lead Ethelbert of Kent to give Latin Christianity its first foothold in Germanic England.

This was not the only marriage which had lifted up the heart of the gallant youth. Theodoric the Goth, whom after ages were to hail "the Great," and who was fast fulfilling in harried Italy his boast that he would so conquer as that the only regret of the subject peoples should be that they had so late come under his sway, asked of him the hand of his sister. Such a tie gave the new king in the far North a dignity that his success in arms could scarcely have secured; the Burgundian match confirmed it. But he was quickly made to feel the instability of his position as the guard of the borderland. The next wave of barbarian invasion rose and smote upon his land. In a great battle the Alamanni fought for the right to share in the booty of the West. The battle was probably fought near the city of Strasburg, in the year 496. For a moment the Franks threatened to give way. In that crisis Hlodowig made a solemn vow that if the God of his wife would give him the victory he would embrace her religion. The tide turned. The barbarian host was hurled back across the Rhine, and the happy victor hurried home to fulfil his vow.

That day of battle decided two fateful things. It decided that the Germanic tribes then in occupation were to have time to assimilate Western civilization. It decided again that the Franks were to give back to Rome a Catholic form of Christianity.

We are not much concerned to-day with the thousands of warriors who joined their king in his great renunciation of heathenism, nor yet with the splendid pageant which Remigius and his brother Principius, Bishop of Soissons, prepared for their royal convert. We can appreciate the wonder of the awe-struck king as he asked, in the portal of the Cathedral, "Is this Heaven that ye bring me to?" We can rejoice in the faithful courage of the Bishop as he bade this cruel warrior "bend low his head" before the cross. But what we are most impressed with is the subtle statesmanship which in this hour fixed a firm foothold for orthodox Christianity in the Teutonic west. From this day a tie of tremendous tenacity bound the Gallo-Roman people, especially the bishops with their wealth of knowledge and spiritual

influence, to the Northern Frank. In the midst of Goths and Burgundians a steady, sapping, disloyal influence was put at work. Hlodowig himself was to reap some of the advantage of this new tie. In the year 500 he smote the Burgundians. In 507 he exclaimed: "It much displeases me that the Goths, being Arians, should own a part of Gaul. Let us go, and God helping, seize their land." And so he swept down, and not far from Poitiers fought with and slew Alaric II. He was not a pleasant ally, nor, indeed, were the other kindred of our proud Teutonic stock. The Church was more true to her high duty than history usually admits. She used her ally for her ends. But she rebuked him for his crimes, threatened him with punishment for his sins, pleaded with him for mercy to his vanquished foes, and bound up the wounds of peoples and of States as best she might.

The wild race of Hlodowig sank beneath lust of conquest, abuse of power, perfidy and self-indulgence. But another branch of the same people entered into possession of the promised power. What the Salian Frank squandered the Austrian Frank recovered, when, after three hundred years, the Pope himself, Leo III, placed the crown of the Western Empire on the brow of Karl the Great in the Cathedral of St. Peter in the eternal city. So the Church fulfilled what she promised, and the Frank kept his vow, and what Christmas Day 496 sowed, Christmas Day 800 reaped.

EASTON, PENN.

One of God's Charades.

BY PRES. WILLIAM F. WARREN, D.D., LL.D.,
OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

THIS morning I witnessed a deed that ought to be recorded and rewarded. I had been enjoying an all too rare treat, a morning gallop with Kitty—kindest of little beasts man ever bestrode. I had left her at the stable, and was walking home along Broadway, when, at a crossing, I came upon a knot of twenty or more men, boys, policemen, and standing teams. A sewer main had lately been laid across the street and the hind wheel of an overloaded truck wagon had found in the new pavement a soft place close by the track of the tram, and had sunken so deeply that the horse, great, noble-looking fellow as he was, could not have drawn it out had he been multiplied by four. Drivers, policemen and volunteers had been at work with great timber levers and planks and blocking to pry up the sunken wheel; but the most they had accomplished was to get the end of a scantling nearly under the wheel in such wise that if it could be rolled forward at all, the scantling would make an inclined plane up which the wheel could climb until it should reach the pavement level. With everything in readiness, and all the "pries" at work, the men made a final appeal to the strong and spirited bay to pull once more. Once and again he responded generously, but without effect. Then he desisted and continued to desist, saying good-naturedly but as plainly as ever horse could, that it was useless and inhuman to put one horse, however strong, to do the work of four.

It was now nearly time for the electric to come whizzing down the obstructed track. Something must be done at once. "There is no help for it," said the boss of the trucking teams—"there is no help for it; we shall have to bring on Old Whitey." So the well-groomed bay was led out of his shafts and Old Whitey taken from another loaded wagon. She had by no means the spirited look of the bay. Her arching neck had long since sunken to the general level of her dorsal skyline. Her great ears seemed incapable of motion, and her face was pathetically heavy and sad. Each several hair lay just where the drying from unnumbered sweats had left it, and no two seemed to lie together. Her gaunt hulk was soon backed into the heavy truck's shafts, and the trace-chains made fast to the whiffletree—at first a little too short, then lengthened a bit to give her sea room. Then the driver sprang upon the load and stood in his place, reins in hand. There was no savage jerk upon the bits, no brandish of whip, no blow, no angry yell—nothing but a giving of free rein, and the projection of—what shall I call it? I have heard all sorts of sounds addressed to equine ears by men of many tongues and languages, but this I never heard before. It had for a basis the kiss-like sound so commonly used by American horsemen, yet some way it was peculiarly vocalized with an indescribable guttural explosion that was amazingly penetrating and hu-

* I have used the Frank form of the name. No absolute authority exists for spelling such names as that of Hlodowig. It was usually Latinized as Chlodovecus, we have Hlodowig as a good German form. Clovis is the French historical form; it is the same as German. Ludwig, French Louis, and English Lewis. The important thing is that Hlodowig was a Frank, and his name a word of harsh, guttural sounds.