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I. THE NEW PNEUMATOLOGY.

The genetic principle of the New Theology, the dynamic force with which it reconstructs the Old and organizes the New, is the *Immanence of God*.

Immanence and Transcendence are philosophical antitheses. Immanence (*immaneo*) literally means to remain in, indwelling, inhabiting, while Transcendence (*transcendeo*) literally means to go beyond, surpass, stand above, be superior to. An immanent soul is an embodied soul, an incarnated spirit, such as are all living men; a transcendent soul is one which has gone beyond the material organism, a disembodied soul. An immanent God is a world-embodied God, an intramundane God; a transcendent God is one which stands above the world and is superior to it and in no sense a part of it, an extramundane God. The life of an immanent God is an outflow; the life of a transcendent God is an inflow. An immanent God evolves; a transcendent God creates. An immanent God is natural; a transcendent God is supernatural. An immanent God operates *ad intra*; a transcendent God acts *ad extra*. An immanent God is related to the world as the Three Persons in the Godhead are related to each other; a transcendent God is related to the world in an extramundane and supersensible manner. Paternity, filiation, spiration, within the circle of the Godhead, are immanent and intrasitive acts; creation, providence, miracles, redemption are transcendent

VI. TWO FAMOUS CHRISTMAS DAYS—496 AND 800.

The Christmas festival celebrates an event of such transcendent importance that no human incident can add interest to it. The historian, whether he approaches the manger in the cattle shed in Bethlehem with the holy awe which animated the Judean shepherds, the lofty reverence which breathed from the wise men of the Orient, or the cold rationalism of the critical scholar, must reckon the birth of Jesus Christ among the greatest events of human history. His birth was epoch-making. None ever lived as He lived. Never man spake as He spake. Never, save by His death, has the symbol of the death of a malefactor been raised into the sublimest emblem of triumphant love.

The memory of that blessed birth has permeated every rank of society and sweetened every relationship in life. It has added beauty to the most beautiful of human things—motherhood. It has revealed the charm of childhood. It has dignified family life. It has elevated our conception of citizenship. And it has opened the eyes of men to the brotherhood of man in the fatherhood of God.

But while we recognize the surpassing splendor of the birthday of our Lord, we are interested in other Christmas days. Not because they add anything to the day, but for the very reason that they borrow from the event the day commemorates a noble dignity. There are two anniversaries of our Lord's birth of special note and united interest. They are famous not so much because the one was marked by the baptism of a barbarian king, and the other by the coronation of an emperor, but because they mark the beginning and the end of a great chain of events in connection with the triumphant struggle of the great Catholic church to maintain Trinitarian orthodoxy in opposition to barbarian Arianism. That is to maintain the Bible doctrine of three Persons of the Godhead,

that sublime and sacred mystery, against the attempt to reconstruct the truth of God according to the desires of sinful men. The first of these days, Christmas day 496, saw the fierce Frank, Clovis, or Hlodowig, as he doubtless called himself, bend his victorious head at the font in the Cathedral of Soissons. The second saw the greater hero of the Franks, Charlemagne, or more justly, Karl the Great, crowned Emperor of the West in the basilica of St. Peter in Rome by the hands of the Pope.

Jesus Christ was born in the fulness of the times. Greek thought and speech had done their work. Roman rule and law had consolidated the West. The astute and able Augustus was upon the throne of the great world empire and the world was for once at peace. But the Roman world was rotten at the core. Madness, or something worse, seized upon the masters of the world. Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, raved upon the throne. In vain the provinces gave greater emperors than Rome herself could furnish; in vain philosophers like Marcus Aurelius strove with self-complacent satisfaction to stay the progress of decay; in vain did the children of peasants, slaves and barbarians climb the dizzy steps to imperial eminence. Statesmen, soldiers, priests and philosophers; Romans, Spaniards, Pannonians, Dacians, Thracians, Illyrians and Arabians; heroes and patriots; monsters of cruelty and of vice;—the long procession passes by upon the sad and sickening path of ever-gathering doom. Rapacity and misrule, dissipation and profligacy, do their work within till the glory of Rome is but a hollow shell ready to be broken through by any blow which may be struck from without.

For a moment there was a hope of better things; a line of able soldiers culminated in the great Emperor Diocletian. He struggled to raise a new structure to uphold Rome's eternal name. The structure fell because he wedded it to heathenism. A worthier came after him in the person of Constantine, and in him Christianity ascended the Imperial throne. He followed the example of Diocletian in removing

the seat of empire from Rome to the East and with greater skill in selecting a position of strength and strategic importance fixed his capital upon the Bosphorus and gave it his own name. While Rome fell again and again before the wild invaders of the North, for nine centuries Constantinople withstood every shock of war and it was more than a millennium before barbarian feet brought their savage customs inside her virgin walls.

With the acceptance of Christianity and the removal of the capital of the empire to Constantinople, the Eternal City suffered a rude reversal of power. Rome might still give her name to the Empire, but it was Roman no more. Constantine was born at York, in England, his race was of alien stock, he had embraced the belief of a Jewish sect, and had fixed his throne outside of Imperial Rome, beyond the confines of Italy, outside even of glorious Greece. Rome herself, robbed of her might, kept up the empty form of rule in a barren Senate House, where the fair form of a discredited statue of victory spread abroad wings that were destined to soar no more. In her decay she was proud and pagan still. But as there had been even in Paul's and Nero's times "saints in Cæsar's household," there was a Christian church in Rome, and as the Emperors disused the old title, not less lofty than King or Emperor, of Pontifex Maximus, the bishops of Rome, able, faithful and politic, were preparing the way to assume it themselves. Even when there were two Emperors, one in the East and one in the West, the Western Emperor no longer fixed his court in worn-out Rome, but in far away Trier, on the banks of the Northern Moselle, or in lovely Milan, in the sheltered plain beneath the towering Alps, or, when Italy alone owned his sway, in Ravenna, hard by the eastern coast. Unabashed by the higher dignity of the imperial court, the bishop developed the germ which was to make Rome again mistress of the West.

It is not easy for us to realize how great a part North Africa played in those days. We find it difficult to think of Africa

save as inhabited by negroes, Moors and Arabs. We forget the glory of Carthage and the splendor of Greek civilization in Egypt, and only with an effort can think of the lovely Cleopatra as a fair-faced Macedonian with auburn hair and translucent skin.¹ It was out of the great cosmopolitan city with which the mighty Alexander crowned his conquests that Africa was to send a spirit to vex the victorious Constantine. It grew out of a mere church quarrel. Arius of Alexandria took exception to the doctrine set forth in a sermon by Alexander, the bishop of the city. In the discussion which followed it came out that Arius was the heretic and not Alexander, and the mighty Athanasius, then only a deacon, saw that in the views of Arius lay the germ of a grievous heresy—one form of unitarianism. It seemed at first but a nice distinction of words. It became at last the wedge to divide churches, kingdoms, races. Athanasius stood firm on the doctrine of the unity of the Godhead, that the Son is of the same substance with the Father. In the Council of Nice this view was sustained, but under Constantine's son, Constantius II., Arianism or semi-Arianism controlled the court and rapidly mastered the church through courtly appointments to the highest dignities in the East. Athanasius was banished. Only in the West did he find sympathy and support.

For the greater part of the time between 340 and 380, when the noble Spaniard, Theodosius the Great, began the work of rehabilitation, Arianism swayed the sceptre and the croziers of Eastern Christendom. During this time the great Teutonic peoples were pressing down on the Black Sea and the Danube. Goths and Visi-Goths, Burgundians and Lombards, Vandals and many other tribes, were coming in contact with Roman civilization, were enjoying Roman gifts, were finding employment in Roman legions, were winning by craft and conquest

¹Shakespeare in his *Anthony and Cleopatra* has doubtless imposed his idea of her as "tawny," and like a "gypsy" upon English readers. He may have thought of "gypsy" as meaning "Egyptian," but doubtless as the dusky race of his time.

the right to settle within Roman boundaries. And Ulfilas first, and after him many another missionary of the cross bore to Goth and Vandal and Burgundian the precious message of eternal life. Unhappily Ulfilas and his fellows taught their converts Arian Christianity, taught them that Christ was not begotten but created, that He was not the same in substance, but only of like substance with the Father, and so sought to rob the Redeemer and Lord of Life of some of His divine nature. Arianism was to be dreaded, too, not only for what it taught, but for what it implied. It opened wide the door to further robbery. For to deny His perfect divinity is to seek to dethrone the Son from His mediatorial throne, and so to lead the way to an ever-widening series of disastrous teachings. History has justified all of Athanasius' fears. To take but a single example: New England Unitarianism has run the whole gamut of dreadful denial of Christ's divinity in the past seventy-five years, until one section of it now shrinks from the very name of Jesus Christ and sets up a rival lord in an "historic Jesus."

When at the beginning of the fifth century the Goths under Alaric began at last the final act of occupation, they thus brought with them something far more terrible than the horrid menace of barbarian manners. They threatened to destroy the saving truth of the divine sacrifice for sin. Knowledge of law and letters, skill in art and handicraft, might rise again from the ruins of Rome as from the ruins of Memphis and Thebes, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Carthage and Athens, but, O Jerusalem, thou who killedst the prophets, thy last sacrifice could never more be made for man.

With frightful speed the Ostro-Goth mastered Italy, the Visi-Goth Western Gaul and Spain, the Vandal passed over and established himself in Africa, and the Burgundian took Southeastern Gaul. All were Arian; all looked askance at the ceremonies in St. Peter's and in the hundred bishoprics in Gaul and Spain and Africa where the holy Trinity was honored and worshipped. By this time, about 450 let us say,

while still barbarians, these great Germanic peoples were well acquainted with Rome's treasures and knew how to govern so as to preserve for themselves Roman wealth and commerce, Roman law and administration, Roman architecture and the useful arts. The Roman citizen in Rome or Milan, in Lyons or Geneva, was doubtless better off under Theodoric the Goth, or Alaric the Visi-Goth, than he had been under the last pale shadows of the Roman name such as Honorius or Romulus Augustulus.

The bishops of Rome now saw plainly that the Roman spirit was dead, that it was never again to breathe the breath of life into the dry bones of the old Empire. With subtle and far-seeing policy they set to work to build a spiritual power within the broken fabric of the Western world. After much study they developed a policy that was to justify richly their wisdom. They saw how Rome had lost her glory in her invaders' eyes. They recognized her unsuccessful rivalry with the Arian bishops of the new races. So they looked far away to the Northeast to the broken but reviving remnant of the Franks for an ally.

More than two hundred years before the Franks had appeared upon the banks of the Rhine. They were a powerful and enterprising people, mad with the fever of emigration, fierce in their lust for war, inexhaustible in their supplies of men. One little band flew off in an erratic flight, cut its way through Gaul and Spain, seized a fleet and crossed into Africa, hewed a path across North Africa, and faded out of memory in the deserts of Arabia; without purpose save that of plunder, without plan save that which guides the vulture to its food, without desire save that for action and the fray, they lived and died in a very spasm of ferocious life. A little later a band, more trained in human arts than these, who had been colonized on the southern frontier of what is now Russia to help keep back other fierce tribes, seeing a fleet in the Black Sea, decided to go on a school-boy frolic. They seized the ships and slew the sailors. Swept out of the Black Sea, rav-

aging the shores as they went; fell upon Greece and the Islands of the Ægean Sea, sacked cities of Asia Minor and of Africa, visited the coasts of Italy and of Spain, passed into the Atlantic, and thence into the German Ocean, and landed amongst their kindred at the mouth of the Rhine. This was in 270. Since then they had fought with and for the Empire with lordly impartiality, had given great officers to court and army, such as the terrible Arbogast, who slew the lovely child Emperor Valentinian II. in his bed, and set up a mere scribbler as mock Emperor while he, the fierce Frank, really ruled; and had set a nobler mark for future rivalry in the beautiful Eudoxia, the Frankish wife of the Eastern Emperor Arcadius.

But the inexhaustible Frank energy was too fiery for their prosperity, and when Chilperick, king of the Salian Franks, died in 481 he left the claim to rule over his tribe to a lad of fifteen. The Franks were then mere scattered handfuls here and there along the Rhine, the Meuse and the Schelde. But his son Hlodowig, whose harsh guttural name modern historians have softened into Clovis, was a born ruler. Steadily he gained the mastery over his own tribe and then over his race, till by the time he was twenty he was ready to go forth to wider warfare. A little remnant of the old Romanized Gauls had drawn together, in what is now Northeastern France and Belgium, around the beautiful city of Soissons. The other Teutonic tribes with eyes upon Rome and the golden south had passed them by. Now the young Frankish chief made of them an easy prey, and set up his throne in the beautiful Roman city. We cannot reproduce the splendor of those Roman cities, with their cathedrals and their basilicas, their palaces and their baths, their roads and their gardens. Least of all can we revive the spell with which they captivated the pagan forest-dwellers wont to worship beneath an oak tree and to dwell in rude booths. One thing only we know. These barbarians did not come with stolid indifference, but high joy, to this feast of rich things. They caught with surprising swiftness the ideas represented by the multiplex life they met

with. They had amazing assimilative powers of mind and soul. The time it took them to digest what they devoured is measured by centuries—a full thousand years—and we call it the dark ages. But it was scarcely two generations ere they lived the life and aped the manners and imitated the thoughts of the old civilization. It was only for the full tide of a new Germanic culture that Europe had to wait till the Renaissance.

The keen churchmen of the age saw the situation clearly. Men like the popes of the time and Bishop Remigius of Rheims had learned the Teutonic as well as other types of human nature. They knew how hard it is to unlearn a lesson once gotten well by heart, and how much easier it is to learn if there is a reward at the end of the task. They knew in Rome, too, the advantage of a distant master. So they formed the plan of winning the pagan Clovis to Catholic Christianity and of using him to break down the dominance of Arian Goth and Burgundian.

We cannot follow the threads of the diplomacy involved in this great plan. Remigius (St. Remi), Bishop of Rheims, was the worthy agent of the church. Theodoric the Goth, lord of Italy, played into their hands by asking the hand of Clovis' sister in marriage. The next step was to find for Clovis himself a royal bride of Catholic faith. This was no easy task, but it was accomplished in the person of Clotilda, daughter of a Burgundian king, then dead, and niece of the joint rulers of that people, Gondebald and Godegisil. She had been reared by her mother in Geneva in Catholic Christianity, and she was won for Clovis as his bride. She had the noble qualities which have adorned so many of the high-born women of her race. She was pure and gentle, yet loyal and brave; she was devout without being ascetic; devoted to her royal spouse without cringing before his wrath or refusing the opportunity to raise him to her own high privilege. Like her descendant Bertha, who bore the same glad truth to England when she was chosen for a like purpose as the wife of Ethelbert of Kent, she won her husband's love and not less

his high regard. Thus the outworks of the citadel of man's-soul were gained.

Then came the dark day of trial. Clovis in 496 was about thirty years old. For ten years he had lived in the midst of civilized life. For several years he had felt himself to be one of the four settled forces of contemporary rule. Suddenly his place and power were put in deadly peril. Another tribe of the great Germanic peoples, the Alemanni, demanded a share of Roman spoil and threatened all before them. Clovis, the last comer, held the gate of the West. Upon his kingdom the new-comers beat with fierce demands for spoil. A great battle was at last joined, probably not far from the present city of Strassburg. At first the fresh forest men seemed to beat the brethren who for ten years had felt the enervation of civilized life. Clovis saw the tide of battle set steadily against him. The thought which he had doubtless often revolved in his mind before now leaped to utterance. He vowed to Clotilda's God, the God of Battles, his allegiance if he would save his all from wreck upon this foughten field. Slowly but surely the tide of disaster was stemmed. The ebb tide set in. The Alemanni were broken, gave way and fled. Goth, Burgundian and Frank were given a respite, and Catholic Christianity was saved upon that field.

Clovis returned to Soissons in triumph—a triumph which was shared in every church of orthodox faith in Western Europe, and at once prepared to fulfill his vow. Some months were spent in needed instruction. At length at the high festival of Christmas Clovis and some thousands of his people presented themselves to receive the sacred seal of the Christian church. Remigius and his brother Principius, Bishop of Soissons, made use of every available means to impress their barbaric convert. Soissons still retained much of the civilization of Roman times. Its cathedral was no mean temple. The scene rich in the mellow radiance of the storied windows and the flaring lights of countless candles, varied by the costumes of priests and choristers, and the gorgeous vestments of the

bishops and higher clergy, was transformed by the celestial harmony of the chanted service of the ancient church. The fierce Frank was smitten with awe at the threshold. As he entered the great west door and breathed the air heavy with incense he exclaimed: "Is this the heaven that ye bring me to?" We can fancy the triumph in the bishop's tone as he replied: "Nay; but it is the way to heaven for thee."

Grandly the pious bishop bore himself as they passed down the splendid vista of the nave; more grandly yet as the rude and victorious king stood beside the font, he bade him bend his head before the majesty of God, and stoop his kingliness before the King of Kings. "Bend low thy head, Sigambrian," he is reported to have said; "adore that which formerly thou didst give to the flames. Let the flames now have that which once thou didst adore."

Such was Christmas Day 496.

It was a day of momentous consequences. From it dates the close alliance of the papacy with the Frank kings. It gave to Clovis the secret allegiance of thousands of the inhabitants of the cities of the Burgundian and Gothic kingdoms, and made the clergy of the orthodox church his spies and political agents. It aided him to wage successful war against the Burgundians and the Goths, and to make the Frankish rule a permanent force in Europe. On the other hand, the church labored faithfully to tame and Christianize her new ally. If the arm of strength was used to fight the churches' battles, fierce crimes were faithfully condemned. The house of Clovis, indeed, hearkened with but half an ear to spiritual counsels, and sank beneath the vices of too great power. Another house of the Franks arose, however, that of Charles Martel, and took its place. The Lombards pressed in by the Burgundian gateway and overran Italy with fresh barbarian rage, or fresh zeal for Arianism. The Saracen, too, with the new unitarianism of Mohammed, broke in over the ruins of the Visigothic kingdom of Spain and spread the green banner of Islam in the ravaged plains of Gaul. Once more the Frank proved faith-

ful to his vow. He crushed the Saracen at the gate of Tours in 732; then broke the waxing Lombard strength, and joined hands with the Pope in the Eternal City.

At length the greatest of all the Franks ascended the throne. Charles had many of the vices, but also all of the virtues, of his race. Forceful, broad-minded, a giant in mind and body, he upheaved the Western world upon his ample shoulders. In him the world rulers of the never-forgotten Empire of Rome seemed to live again. Here at length the German barbarians had bred a man worthy to carry on the tradition of a Cæsar and an Augustus, a Hadrian and a Marcus Aurelius, a Constantine and a Theodosius. The church saw in him the man she began to plan for three hundred years before. Church and Frank had kept their mutual vows. Charles had humbled the whole Western world. From the Danube to the Pyrenees, from the German Ocean to the Straits of Sicily, his edicts were obeyed. In all these lands the blessed Trinity was adored, and God praised with His coëqual Son. Charles himself went to Rome to keep in splendid state the Christmas feast, and the people received him as the church's most worthy son.

On Christmas Day 800, the Frank king bent his royal head before the high altar of St. Peter's Church. The high mass was chanted in the grandest of Gregorian music. All the pomp of majestic ritual and all the glory of human power united in the service. Just at the moment of deepest solemnity, the symbolic sacrifice complete, the Pope stepped forward and placed a crown upon that bended brow and hailed the Northern hero Emperor of Rome.

The moment was big with meaning. Two great ideas were linked in this hour. We behold the representatives of the world empire and the world church in closest union. Charlemagne was the fountain head of that Holy Roman Empire which was destined to dominate the Middle Ages and only to lose its last lease of life at the hands of an Emperor of the French who began to reign just a thousand years later. The

Roman Catholic Church leading a more precarious life was yet destined for higher things. Faithful and unfaithful, triumphing in weakness and tottering in pride, she gave life to a ruined world. In her arrogance, she denied her Lord, and passed her sceptre to no earthly hand, but in the Reformation restored it to that blessed Spirit who ruleth as He will in the hearts of men and among the kingdoms of the earth.

Mr. Bryce, the brilliant historian of the Holy Roman Empire, says :

“The coronation of Charles is not only the central event of the Middle Ages, it is also one of those very few events of which, taking them singly, it may be said that if they had not happened, the history of the world would have been different. In one sense, indeed, it has scarcely a parallel. . . . It was just because men felt that no one less than Charles could have won such a triumph over the evils of the time . . . that the excitement and hope and joy which the coronation evoked were so intense. . . . The Pope bestows the crown, not in virtue of any right of his own as head of the church ; he is merely the instrument of God’s providence, which has unmistakably pointed out Charles as the proper person to defend and lead the Christian Commonwealth.”

The French people see in the baptism of Clovis the real birth hour of the French government. They have long looked back to Charles as the great monarch of their race, a larger Louis and a nobler Napoleon. France is indeed the land of the Franks, but the French are scarcely their direct descendants. Yet in a wide sense the French do well to cling to these two great names and these two grand days as of deep import in their history. Their right does not exclude that of Germany, which most justly claims Charles as a German and the prophet of the idea of German Empire ; nor yet our right in these days so fateful in the history of our beloved faith, so momentous in keeping for us a sure hope of eternal life through the merits of our divine Lord and the sovereign grace of God applied to us by the saving work of His Holy Spirit.

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