

ALL'S
LOVE
YET
ALL'S
LAW

*JAMES L.
GORDON*

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All's Love

yet

All's Law

"I have gone the whole round of creation,

* * * * *

I report as a man may of God's Work,

All's love, yet all's law."

—ROBERT BROWNING.

By

JAMES L. GORDON,

D.D.

Winnipeg, Manitoba



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Dedicated
With Affection and Esteem
To
Thomas William Wilson
“My Silent Partner”
J. L. G.

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I

THE LAW OF TRUTH

The Science of Universal Relationships

THERE are ten great religions in the world, and of these the three greatest are said to be the religion of Buddha, the religion of Mohammed and the religion of Jesus. With the exception of Christianity, every great religion in the world is a national religion; or to express it more accurately, a religion which exists within certain well defined geographical limits; Christianity is the only universal religion which has leaped all geographical limitations and national boundaries. There is only one world-religion. Christianity is the only religion with a world-program in practical operation.

In this chapter we purpose addressing ourselves to the question: "In what respect is Christianity different from every other religion?" This question, if propounded to the average orthodox Christian, or to "the man on the street," would be answered in the phraseology of Nicodemus: "We know that Thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do the miracles which Thou doest, except God be with him." In other words the main argument for the divine character of Christianity, in the popular mind, rests on the supernatural character of the author of Christianity, as confirmed by the miracles which He wrought and the mighty deeds which He performed.

But a miracle is not the strongest argument, or ground for an argument, which Christianity has to present. Miracles were not peculiar to the life of Jesus. Miracles were wrought by the prophets who came before Jesus and also by the apostles who lived after Jesus had ascended. Furthermore, there is no miracle in the New Testament for which you cannot find a counterpart in the Old Testament. Jesus fed the multitude, but Israel was fed with manna for forty years. Jesus cleansed the leper, but Naaman, the Syrian general, was cleansed through the instructions of the prophet. Jesus multiplied the loaves and fishes, but Elisha multiplied the oil. Jesus raised the dead, but Elijah raised the widow's son; Jesus was transfigured, but so also was Moses; Jesus was translated, but Elijah was swept by a whirlwind into heaven. Miracles were not peculiar to the life of Jesus nor confined in Holy

Writ to that particular department of Scriptural literature known as the New Testament.

While it is true that to Nicodemus belongs the credit for having presented the first philosophical statement concerning the supernatural origin of Christianity, yet it is a rather remarkable fact that the argument of Nicodemus did not appear to please or satisfy the Great Teacher to whom it was originally addressed. Nicodemus had framed his words in order to confer a compliment, but Jesus returned the compliment with an expression of surprise that “a ruler in Israel” had evidently failed to comprehend the vital element in His ministry. In this conversation between two great teachers, the greatest of the two affirmed that a teacher should be known by what he says and not by what he does—by the truth which he utters and not the miracle which he works. Miracles belong to the physical or material realm, but Truth belongs to the realm of the spiritual. To the limited view and narrow comprehension of a Nicodemus, a revived or resurrected physical frame was of more value and importance than an eternal truth or an everlasting reality. Nicodemus was a learned and cultured aristocrat, representing the highest ideals of orthodox Jewish society, but in the philosophy of his soul he was a materialist. A miracle had disturbed the materialistic equilibrium of his mind and therefore his amazement, consternation and apologetic attitude, expressed in the carefully chosen words of approach, as he stepped into the presence of the Nazarene. The design of Jesus was not to glorify the material, or to magnify the physical, but to reveal the spiritual. Truth is the philosophy of the spiritual realm. The truth expressed in the words: “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son” is of vastly more importance than the beneficial results following the command, “Take up thy bed and walk.” But truth had less charm for Nicodemus than a miracle. He had no eye for the invisible. He had no faculty for the unseen. He was not even a child in spiritual things; therefore the Master said to him: “Ye must be born again.”

In John x. 41 we have a vital distinction, well worthy of careful consideration. The words have reference to John the Baptist and the distinction marks a contrast between the relative value of a truth well expressed and those peculiar gifts of personality by which a miracle is wrought. The words are these: “John did no miracle, but all things that John spake of this man were true.” In setting forth the sum total of a man’s gifts, talents, genius and influence, there is no greater praise to be registered than that expressed in the word “*True*.” Miracles are but for a moment; Truth is for the ages. Miracles attract attention rather than confirm or substantiate. Men of evil principle, and men of no principle at all, have possessed miracle

working power, if we are to accept the plain statements of Scripture and certain popular traditions to be found in other literatures aside from the pages of Holy Writ. Truth is truth even though unaccompanied by miracle, wonder or sign.

Christianity is different from all other religions in one respect, namely, the author of Christianity made a direct and persistent appeal to the human reason and founded His religion on the truth. One of His first and fundamental propositions was couched in these words: “Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free;” and the last confession of His life was framed in words such as these: “To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.” Thus Jesus stands with the philosophers of all the ages. Tennyson had inwrought into the mosaic in the vestibule of his home the motto: “Truth against the World.” Goldwin Smith exclaimed, “Truth, the last refuge of the soul,” while Daniel Webster affirmed: “Truth is truth, even though it come from perdition.” How the poets have gloried in the truth—

“Truth never dies. The ages come and go,
The mountains wear away. The seas retire.
Destruction lays earth’s mighty cities low;
And empires, states and dynasties expire;
But caught and handed onward by the wise,
Truth never dies.”

In this chapter we wish to propound three questions:—

I.—What is Truth?

II.—Has Christianity produced . . . a living illustration of the Truth?

III.—What special phase of Truth is peculiar to Christianity?

I

“What is Truth?” That is the question of the ages! How we worry about insignificant questions: Is the Genesis story of the creation reliable? Who wrote the book of Deuteronomy? Were there two Isaiahs or only one? Is the book of Jonah fiction or fact? Was the book of Daniel written before or after the captivity? Was the flood a local disaster or a universal catastrophe? Did God commission Joshua to massacre the Canaanites? Did Joshua command the sun to stand still? Did Israel live on manna for forty years? Did God instruct Abraham to slay his son? Did Moses bring living water out of the

rock? These are all interesting questions, but no particular doctrine of fundamental importance is affected by them. There is one question, however, greater than all these: “*What is Truth?*”

What is Truth? Let the philosophers of the world answer. Truth is a photograph of the mind of God. Truth is the constitution of nature. Truth is the soul of the universe. Truth is the spiritual quality of all things. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge. Truth is the unexpressed thought of God. Truth is the spiritual thought behind the material metaphor.

But we weary of truth in the abstract, and well-worded definitions sometimes fail to enlighten. The practical man asks for truth in the concrete. He is seeking for a working definition of the truth, which, like a well constructed key, will fit into the lock of human experience. I venture such a definition in three words: What is truth? Truth is relationship. *Truth is the science of universal relationships.*

Astronomy is the relationship of star to star, sun to sun, planet to planet and system to system. Geology is the relationship of rock to rock, stone to stone, atom to atom and speck to speck. Botany is the relationship of seed to soil, plant to planet, leaf to branch and bud to blossom. Physiology is the relationship of bone to bone, nerve to nerve, muscle to muscle and sinew to sinew. To recapitulate, geology is the relationship of stone to stone. Astronomy is the relationship of sun to sun. Physiology is the relationship of nerve to nerve. Botany is the relationship of seed to soil. Morality is the relationship of man to man. Religion is the relationship of man to God. Christianity is the science of universal relationships. Genuine truth and ideal Christianity are synonymous terms.

Truth is relationship, and a perfect relationship means peace in the soul, equipoise in the mind, and beauty in the life. Truth in the realm of music means harmony; truth in the realm of architecture, proper proportion; truth in the realm of colour, perfect blending; truth in the realm of mathematics, exact calculation; truth in the physical realm, grace in action and beauty in form. Truth in repose is philosophy. Truth in operation is love. Truth in manifestation is grace and beauty. Truth in the social realm brings peace. Truth in the political realm guarantees progress. Truth in the commercial realm is the foundation of all genuine prosperity.

My friend, it's the truth that saves. “Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.” Conviction is the first touch of the truth. Regeneration is truth in its inward operation. Conversion is truth in its first outward manifestation. Sanctification is truth producing a spiritual evolution in the life of the believer. Glorification is truth enthroned in the beauty, simplicity and strength of a full-orbed character. Never has a soul been born again or a

nation revolutionized except by the power of truth. Every great revival is the result of a new emphasis on some phase of neglected truth. The spirit of God is the spirit of truth. And truth has been the one force which has been irresistible in history. "A lie on the throne is a lie on the way to the dungeon, and truth in the dungeon is truth on the way to the throne."

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

Jesus grew tired of working miracles but He never wearied of proclaiming the truth. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." Jesus gave the weight of His personality to His words. He pivoted everything on His words: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words." True orthodoxy centres in the words, thoughts, ideas, ideals, logic and philosophy of Jesus. To believe in Christ is to believe in what Christ believed in. There is only one kind of schism, heresy, heterodoxy—it begins to reveal itself when a man turns his back on the teachings of Jesus.

II

Having defined truth as the science of universal relationships, we approach our second inquiry, namely: Has Christianity produced a living illustration of the truth? A living illustration of the truth would be a living incarnation of the whole thought of God. Every part of nature is an expression of some part of the divine thought. If I may be permitted to use a crude illustration from the animal realm: The snake is all spine; the spider, all nerve; the elephant, all nostril; the owl, all eye; the giraffe, all neck; the whale, all body; the fish, all mouth; the crocodile, all skin; the crab, all feet; the eagle, all arms; the insect, all brain; but man is an expression of all thought in a beautiful blending and in proper proportion. We add what seems to us to be a logical inference, namely, that a *perfect man* would be the whole thought of God—that is the truth—in perfect blending and proper proportionment. Such a man could truthfully say: "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

Christianity presents to the world a perfect man: perfect in body, therefore miracles leap from His hands; perfect in mind, therefore truth flows from His lips; perfect in spirit, therefore His soul reflects every suggestion of the mind of God. To such a one might the Creator refer in such endearing terms as these, "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Humanity has ever been seeking for a living illustration of the

truth. What could be more charming than truth robed in beauty and clad in life? “The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.”

“What the fathers most desired,
What the prophet’s heart inspired,
What they longed for many a year,
Stands fulfilled in glory here.”

The greatest thing in the world is personality. The greatest personality in history was Jesus Christ. The greatest thing about Jesus Christ was the truth which He uttered. His words—truth in expression. His acts—truth in illustration. His miracles—truth in demonstration. His life—truth in a splendid incarnation. His character—truth in a living manifestation. Here we have a divine system of theology in six words, “*As the truth is in Jesus.*” This is the creed of creeds.

“And so the word had flesh,
And wrought with human hands the creed of creeds,
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More rare than all poetic thought.”

Virgil sings of “the child whose manhood shall inaugurate a reign of peace in a world of beauty”—and we can safely affirm that we have found that child. His name is Jesus. We have watched over His cradle in the hour of His incarnation. We have seen Him in the temple in the first dawning of His mental powers. We have watched Him in the wilderness when Satanic foes hurled poisoned shafts upon His soul. We have stood with Him on light crowned summits in the bright moment of His transfiguration. We have suffered with Him in the awful emergency of His agony and crucifixion. We have travelled with Him through the dungeon depths of death and beheld Him rise, clad in the splendours of the resurrection morning, ruler of life and monarch of worlds unseen. We have been witnesses of the glorious hour of His exit, when trooping clouds felt the gentle pressure of His transfigured form and angels’ hosts, welcoming Him to the throne of His eternal power, unwrapped the scroll of destiny and declared the day of His universal triumph and His happy return to a world which fain would have refused Him a cradle for His infancy or a restful pillow in the sterner hours of His great passion and conflict.

The world’s greatest dream and desire has been the coming of a perfect man. The aim of every true religion has been to produce a perfect man. The highest product of the last and best civilization will be a perfect man. All that the mind of man, in mental comprehension, can grasp, is a perfect man. The vision of a perfect man satisfies the measure of the world’s ideal.

Christianity is the only religion which holds forth to the world a perfect man—perfect in profile and matchless in proportions.

“But Thee, but Thee, O Sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O poets’ Poet, Wisdom’s tongue,
But Thee, O man’s best Man, O love’s best Love,
O perfect life in perfect labour writ,
O all men’s comrade, Servant, King or Priest,
What if or yet, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumour tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace,
Even in torture’s grasp, or sleep’s or death’s—
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, Thou crystal Christ?”

There may be another Homer. There may be another Virgil. There may be another Dante. There may be another Milton. There may be another Shakespeare. But there will never be another Jesus. As Ernest Renan once remarked “Whatever surprises there may be in store for the world, Jesus will never be surpassed.”—“He was the goal of all goodness, the summit of all thought, the perfection of all beauty, the crown of all character.”

He was the incarnation of tenderness, the focalization of force, the manifestation of might, the personification of power, the concentration of character, the materialization of thought and the living illustration of truth. He was a prophecy of manhood’s possibility.

We behold in Him the realization of all human expectations. A priest greater than Moses. A king greater than David. A commander greater than Joshua. A philosopher greater than Solomon. A prophet greater than Elijah. All the spirit-crowned heroes of Old Testament history conspire to sound one prophetic note: “The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto Him ye shall hearken.”

How we prate about the great ones of earth: “Alexander the Great,” “Cæsar the Great,” “Frederick the Great,” “Alfred the Great,” “Napoleon the Great,”—but there has been only one supremely great soul in the history of the world—“He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest.”

Scientists speak of an infallible law. Protestants talk of an infallible book. Roman Catholicism boasts of an infallible church. But we glory in an infallible Christ. Science points to an infallible law. Scripture points to an infallible life. The Bible is an infallible book because the Bible infallibly points to an infallible Christ. Infallible, because He has for us the value of God. Infallible, because of His approach to God-likeness. This is the only

infallibility for which we care. This is the only infallibility which humanity will ever have—"a man approved of God." This is the real Jesus.

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? And behold there comes forth the author of all good things and the one who maketh all things work together for good. He walks like a man. He talks like a God. His words are oracles; His acts, miracles. The crown of divinity rests upon His brow. The sceptre of universal dominion clings to His hand. Two eternities flash in His eyes. Eternal rectitude is written on His face. The great tides and undercurrents of divine sympathy are heard in the soul-cadences of His voice. The smile of Jehovah transfigures His countenance. He is the express image of the Father.

Children cluster at His knee. Womanhood instinctively places the crown of purity on His white brow. The enthusiasm of youth forsakes all and follows Him. Culture whispers in well-chosen words: "We know that Thou art a teacher come from God." Empire flings the sceptre of its prerogative at His feet and exclaims: "Speak the word only." Winds obey. Seething seas passionately fling their dripping arms about Him and hearing His voice saying: "Peace be still!" impetuously dash a wealth of liquid diamonds into His lap and sinking to rest serenely sleep.

One glance from His eye and crystal waters blush to amber wine. The dead forget themselves and live. The lame leap for joy. Ears which never heard thirst for the sound of His voice. Sightless eyes deny their past and open their drooping lids to the beauty of His presence. Pain, palsied at His touch, vanishes. Disease dreading the dictates of eternal health speedily departs. The human soul touched and thrilled and swayed exclaims: "Never man spake like this man!"

The name of Jesus stands alone. Other names can be linked together—Cæsar and Alexander, Napoleon and Wellington, Fox and Pitt, Bright and Cobden, Longfellow and Tennyson, Wesley and Whitefield, Calvin and Edwards, Victoria and Elizabeth, Cromwell and Lincoln—but the name of Jesus stands alone. God hath given Him a name which is above every name. If we would link His name with another, we must rise into the divine atmosphere of the doxology:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, *Son*, and Holy Ghost."

We have read of the artistic Christ—the Christ of art and beauty. We have read of the poetic Christ—the Christ of song and story. We have read of the theological Christ—the Christ of creed and doctrine. We have read of

the historical Christ—the Christ of history and biography. But our Christ is grander than all these. No creed can contain Him. No doctrine can describe Him. No catechism can expound Him. He is the indefinable one.

“His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His breath.”

He has kindled a fire which will yet enwrap the world in a conflagration of glory. It leaped the barriers of Palestine, encircled the Mediterranean Sea, touched the German forests, crossed the English Channel, ran like a river of light across the Atlantic Ocean, spanned the broad lands of a new world, and to-day is gilding every sea with glory, and crowning every continent with love.

“I know of a world that is sunk in shame,
Of hearts that faint and tire;
I know of a name, a name, a name,
Can set this world on fire.
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame,
I know of a name, a name, a name,
Can set this world on fire.”

III

Our last question is expressed in these words: “What phase of the truth is peculiar to Christianity?” We answer, *Sonship with God* is the one distinguishing and fundamental doctrine of Christianity. Jesus stands for the highest relationship on earth, even Sonship with God. The radium of the New Testament is not “deity” or “divinity,” but “sonship.” “Whom do men say that I, the *Son of Man*, am?”—“Thou art the Christ, *the Son of the living God*.” Herein is the root idea and the rock principle of Christianity: “On this rock will I build My Church.”

Capacity for Sonship with God was first achieved and demonstrated in the life of Jesus; therefore He is “the only begotten Son of God.” He was in perfect relationship to all the realms of nature, seen and unseen; therefore truth fell from His lips and miracles leaped from His hands. The greatest temptation of His life had to do with the fundamental conviction of His soul—“*If—if—if* Thou be the Son of God”—He was crucified because He claimed to be the Son of God. He pivoted everything on His Sonship with God.

Jesus Christ stands forth as the most original thinker of history. He dared to think the most daring thought of the ages, even sonship with God. Ability to think a thought involves the full capacity of that thought. You may affirm that Jesus Christ was “only a man,” but the Scriptures state that He was a

perfect man and a perfect man is nothing less than the Son of God. Flesh of our flesh! Very God of very God! Our ideal. Our hope. “Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.”

The Sonship of Jesus is the divine guarantee of our own sonship. “We shall be like Him.” The best man is not more than humanity at its best. Our Christ is our representative. He stands in a representative capacity. He is the second Adam. He is a prophecy of manhood’s possibility. Man is God’s thought in germ. God is man’s thought in full bloom. Humanity is divinity in its infancy. And this is the mystery of the incarnation. “The Son of God became the son of man that the sons of men might become the sons of God.” It was this thought of sonship with God, with the logical inference of a glorious immortality for all who would recognize the relationship, which regenerated and revolutionized the Roman Empire; and it is this same thought which is kindling the fires of a universal democracy and fanning the flame of a genuine socialism, for fatherhood means sonship and sonship necessitates brotherhood.

“Father, I am one with Thee,
One through all eternity;
One forever in the past,
One as long as time shall last.
Thou in me and I in Thee,
Life of endless unity;
This my dearest song shall be,
Father, I am one with Thee.”

What is it to be a Christian? To be a Christian is to believe in Christ. What is it to believe in Christ? To believe in Christ is to believe in what Christ believed in. What did Christ believe in? What Christ believed in is comprehensively set forth in the Sermon on the Mount. What is the Sermon on the Mount in one sentence? The Sermon on the Mount in one sentence is the Golden Rule. What is the Golden Rule in one word? The Golden Rule in one word is *Love*. Where in the life of Christ had *Love* its highest manifestation, finest illustration and divinest incarnation?—One word gives the answer: *Calvary*.

Would you understand Napoleon—go to France. Would you understand Cromwell—go to England. Would you understand Bismarck—go to Germany. Would you understand Knox—go to Scotland. Would you understand Lincoln—go to America. Would you understand Jesus—go to Calvary.

I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of God than dwell in the tents of sin, and I would rather be the poorest, humblest child of God and be

on the inside of the Church and kingdom of Jesus Christ, than sit on the highest throne this world has ever lifted and be left outside the Church and kingdom of Jesus Christ. Give me the gold of the earth and I will weld a sceptre for Him! Give me the mountains of the earth and I will build a throne for Him! Give me the stars of the night, and I will weave a garland for His brow! If I had within my grasp and control all the sweet notes of music and harmony in this vast universe, I would call on all the angel choirs of heaven, all the orchestras of earth, all the thunder peals of the mountain tops, all the voices of the sea, all the harmonies of nature, and all the music of revolving worlds, and I would have them join in one grand anthem, and the words of that anthem should be:—

“In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o’er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.”

It is said that Julian, the Apostate, dying on the field of battle, in an inglorious defeat, took a handful of his life’s blood and flinging it up towards the blue dome of heaven, exclaimed, with hatred hissing out between his teeth: “Oh, Galilean, Thou hast conquered!” But, at this moment, from tongues that number ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, I hear not words of hissing hate, but words of highest hallelujah, and these are the words I hear:

“Hail Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail Thou Galilean King.”

II

THE LAW OF INSPIRATION

The Vitalizing Power of Truth

IN this chapter we purpose dealing with three great thoughts:

I.—The soul as the centre of all spiritual influences.

II.—Inspiration as the vitalizing breath of the soul.

III.—Literature as a channel for the transmission of inspirations from soul to soul and from age to age.

I

Every phase of the human personality is spoken of, in the Bible, as “the soul.” The word “soul,” in the Bible, is an equivalent for mind, body, spirit, heart, reason, conscience and will. Generally speaking, however, there are four things, in Scripture, spoken of, and referred to, as the “soul.” First, The life principle in man and animal. Second, The mind principle, intelligence, which lifts man above the animal. Third, The fact and attribute of personality—the *I am* of human consciousness. Fourth, The perfect spiritual essence in man which is above the physical and back of the mind as the gas is back of the gas jet and the electrical fluid back of the illuminated bulb—the subconscious. Out of these four generalizations there arises, in the minds of Bible students, the prevailing conception of the idea of the soul—the soul, in contrast with the body, is the vital, living, potential, invisible and fundamental thing in a human personality.

What the shell is to the nut, what the skin is to an orange, what the glove is to the hand, what the shoe is to the foot, what the casket is to the jewel—that the body is to the soul. The body is an outer garment, of which the poet speaks when he refers to the time “when we have shuffled off this mortal coil.” You may destroy your body, but you cannot destroy your soul. Jesus was trying to illustrate the value of the soul-principle by the known and recognized value of the life principle of the body, when He uttered the

words: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his life?" This question comes to us with great force to-day, for we are living in an age of soul-values. We used to say, "as sweet as sugar," but we have discovered that saccharin is five hundred times sweeter than sugar. There was a time when an exceedingly valuable article was "as precious as gold," but radium is a thousand times more precious than gold. We are just beginning to study the essence of things. The hand is finer than the foot—the ear finer than the hand—the eye finer than the ear—the brain finer than the eye—the mind finer than the brain—the spirit finer than the mind—and the soul—the soul is the essence and quintessence of all unseen and spiritual values. Therefore we venture to propound a question—a scientific question of the first magnitude: "*What is the soul?*"

The soul is the exact centre of a universe. The soul possesses the element and quality of universality. My soul is in touch with every other soul and in touch with the Universal Soul. The soul can speak with God—that's Aspiration. God can speak with the soul—that's Inspiration.

The soul is a bit of God—a perfect atom of divinity. Your soul is a gift from God. The soul can think with God, talk with God, feel with God, and act with God. God would be lonely without the human soul. "We are His offspring," quotes Paul. "Trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our home," sings Wordsworth.

The soul is the invisible force of a human personality. It took four strong men to hold the struggling physical frame of Napoleon when he was dying. All force is soul force. Genius is a manifestation of soul force. What is that in the colour of the artist?—Soul! What is that in the touch of the musician?—Soul! What is that in the tongue of the eloquent?—Soul! What is that in the pen of the author?—Soul! What is that in the dream of the statesman?—Soul! What is that in the vision of the prophet?—Soul! What is that in the message of the preacher?—Soul! What is that in the skill of the sculptor?—Soul! What is that in the face of a child?—Soul! The soul is the birthplace of all thought. It is said that Thomas Carlyle had to search through thirty thousand pamphlets and forty thousand letters *to find the soul of Cromwell*.

The soul is the sum total of all human sensations and aspirations. Whoever grasped the geography or the astronomy of the soul? Mountain ranges of thought! Mountain peaks of inspiration! Swift rivers of strong emotion! Cataracts of passion! Dark caves of subtle doubt! Lowlands of desire and appetite! Inland seas of visions and dreams! Arctic regions of discontent and despair! Deep ravines of slumbering ideas! Vast deserts of unknown possibilities! Aye—and vaster skies studded with the stars of spiritual mystery! Who can measure the dimensions of the soul? Yonder are

two stars, a million miles apart, but the human eye, even though small enough to be covered by a silver coin—the soul behind the eye—can measure the distance.

“Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever Gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.”

Laughter is the soul's glee. Crying is the soul's sorrow. Singing is the soul's joy. Language is the soul's thought. Diderot has a remarkable passage in which he describes Garrick, standing on the stage, his head between two folding doors. “In a few swift movements the face of the famous actor changes, successively, from mad joy to moderate joy, from tranquillity to surprise, from surprise to astonishment, from astonishment to gloom, from gloom to utter dejection, from dejection to fear, from fear to horror, from horror to despair—and back again from despair to horror, fear, dejection, gloom, astonishment, surprise, tranquillity and joy.”

The soul is the birthplace of all those beautiful things created by the imagination. Said Raphael: “I dream dreams and then I paint my dreams.” Shakespeare was greater than his plays. Wellington was greater than Waterloo. Luther was greater than his protest. Webster was greater than his greatest oration. Mozart was greater than his grandest oratorio. “I decline,” says Dr. Dale, “to surrender my dignity in the presence of the material universe. I am greater than the sun, greater than the sea, greater than the planets, greater than the stars—greater than all. They are subject, but I am sovereign. They are bound, but I am free.” Man is greater than any disaster which may overwhelm him or any honour which may be bestowed upon him.

The soul is an inextinguishable spark of divine life. Your hand may sleep in paralysis, your eye may slumber in blindness, your ear may decline in deafness, your brain may fog in weariness, your nerves may relax in sheer exhaustion, but your soul lives on, fresh, vital and strong. Blowing out the flame does not blow out the candle. You have blown the light into the light world, the smoke into the smoke world, the heat into the heat world, and the flame into the flame world. You have simply changed the locality of things. Matter is indestructible and the soul is as indestructible as matter. The extinguished flame was a flame which was returning matter to its original elements, but the soul is spirit and spirit is an original element. When the stars cease to shine, when fire refuses to burn, when gravitation loses its grip, when electricity fails to flash and thrill, when God forgets to think—

then the soul may cease to be. Hear Browning, the poet among the philosophers and the philosopher among the poets:

“Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall.
Earth changes, but thy soul and
God stand sure;
What entered into thee;
That was, is and shall be;
Time’s wheel runs back or stops.
Potter and clay endure.”

The grandest moment in a man’s life is when he becomes conscious of his soul. One hundred years ago the coloured people who rimmed George Whitefield’s audiences would gather around the famous evangelist at the close of the service and exclaim: “Massa, have I got a soul?” A man is born again the moment he becomes conscious of his spiritual nature and begins to live in harmony with the dictates of his soul. On the day when Richard Mill first saw the light, he wrote in his diary these words: “Clang! Clang! Clang! went every bell in heaven, for Richard Mill was born again!”

God divides men into two classes: Spiritualists and Sensualists. Body men and Spirit men. Let the body master the soul—and you have a sinner. Let the soul master the body—and you have a saint. Paul affirmed, “I keep the body under.” He restricted his body and fed his soul. Those were sad words of Darwin: “For years I have not been able to endure a line of poetry.” A famished saint was he, but a splendid soul withal.

II

The fundamental fact about man is expressed in five words—Man is a spiritual creature. He has a soul. He is a soul. *He can respond to a spiritual inspiration.* He can reflect the thought of God. He can mirror the face of Truth. He can know God. Emerson has said, “A man should learn to detect that gleam of light which flashes across his mind, from within, more than the glory of suns or wisdom of the sages,” and Joseph Cook used to speak of “the response of the moral qualities in man to the moral qualities in God.”

“We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

The most startling thing in human experience is the dawning of the first great thought. Jean Paul Richter, when a child, was startled one morning by the thought: “I exist separately from all others.” And, speaking personally, I

can recall most vividly the hour when I was staggered by two great ideas of original suggestion which fell like lightning flashes into my soul. The first thought was, *space without bounds*, and the second, *time without limit*. I reasoned thus: "Space,—what a wonderful thing is space,—boundless space! Surely there can be no end to it; and yet there must be an end. It must stop somewhere, but wherever it stops something else must begin and that something else must occupy space and so space, finite space, expands itself into infinite spaciousness. Time, what an eternal thing: it must some time cease to be, and yet beyond the last articulated syllable of time there must be —what? An eternity? But what is eternity but Time spelled in capitals?" These thoughts seemed too great for me and I dismissed them with mental relief and spiritual relaxation.

The progress of the race, like the progress of the individual, depends on the startling power of a new thought. The progress of the world depends on new ideas. New ideas depend on new inspirations. An inspiration is a flash of soul-revealing consciousness. An ancient prophet was called a "seer"—one who could see. Insight is soul sight. The great soul has dreams, visions and revelations. "Behold this dreamer cometh!" Phillips Brooks remarks, "I am not ashamed to be called visionary. If I never see above the level of the average, then, in pity, let me die."

"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems."

In this chapter I present to you the law of inspiration as the greatest fact in the experience of the soul. "Where there is no vision, the people perish," and when there are no inspirations, the soul ceases to expand. Grand old Haydn, venerable scientist in the realm of universal harmony, sick and worn out, was carried for the last time into a great music hall to listen to his own noble composition, "The Creation." When the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let There Be Light," the whole audience arose and cheered again and again, while the famous musician, pointing towards the heavens, exclaimed, "It came from above! It came from above!"

Inspiration is the greatest miracle in human experience. It is the touch of the divine. It is a fabric woven out of threads which are purely spiritual. It is the best evidence of an unseen realm. It has in it all the power of pure force and all the subtle moods of spiritual energy. When Father Taylor, the sailor

preacher, was approached by a newspaper reporter and asked for a copy of one of his sermons, his answer was: "I might as well try to give you a copy of chain-lightning!" Some person asked Henry Ward Beecher "how long" he preached. His answer was: "Until the flash comes!" There was in his sermonic deliverance a moment of power—the crowning reward for all his study, cogitation and mental agitation. So real, so genuine, and so astounding was this manifestation of spiritual energy that he knew it could not be surpassed, therefore he recognized in it a fitting climax and conclusion. It was always an inspiration.

Dwight L. Moody, in his early days, preached to a company of soldiers on the eve of an approaching battle. He knew that before twenty-four hours had passed many of those to whom he was speaking would lie dead on the field of battle. He spoke with a fervour which was unusual even for him. All were visibly moved. Scores of soldiers made an immediate decision. It seemed as though the heavens had opened for a Pentecostal shower. The impression was too profound to be credited to any mere human agency. What was Mr. Moody's surprise when a cold, formal, mechanical army chaplain approached him with the remarks: "Moody, that was great! Great! Do that again to-morrow night, when you speak to the men on the other side of the river!" An inspiration cannot be duplicated. It is a divine original. It bears the trade-mark of the skies. The signature of God is upon it. It is history and prophecy in one red lightning flash of supernatural glory. Its thrill is the sure sign of the presence of God in the soul. It is the greatest thing in human experience.

"We did not know what we were playing,
Or what we were dreaming then;
But we struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

"It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel psalm;
And it lay on the fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm."

I am not speaking concerning an experience which is unusual. Ask those who know and have felt the touch of its power. Ask the orator. Ask the preacher. Ask the artist. Ask the musician. These know the meaning of the word "Inspiration." They know the meaning of the word because they deal directly with the spiritual realm. To the genuine portrayer of thought, life without inspiration would be as meaningless as a kodak without sunlight. The great soul lives in the light of his inspirations. Charles Wesley, author of seven thousand hymns, leaps from his seat in City Road Chapel, London, exclaiming: "Pen and ink! Pen and ink! I have an inspiration! I have a new

song! Help me write it!” Richard Baxter, when congratulated on the literary force and spiritual power of “The Saint’s Everlasting Rest,” answered: “I was only a pen in God’s hand.” Thackeray affirmed concerning his literary productions, “I have no idea where it all comes from. I am astonished when I read what I have written.”

The most marvellous thing about an inspiration is its suddenness. Tennyson said concerning that beautiful poem, “Crossing the Bar”: “It came to me in a moment!” Frances Ridley Havergal writes: “It is a curious fact that one minute I have no idea of writing anything—the next minute I have a poem.” George Matheson, speaking of the hymn, “O Love That Will Not Let Me Go,” says, “The hymn was the result of suffering. It was the quickest bit of work I ever did in my life. I had the impression of having it dictated to me by an inward voice. I am sure that the whole work was completed in five minutes, and I am equally sure that it never received, at my hands, any correction or retouching.” And Harriet Beecher Stowe, in describing the inspiration by which she depicted the death of “Uncle Tom,” uses these words: “One Sunday morning, at the communion table, suddenly, the whole scene passed before my mind.” Inspirations are sudden! In the early evening of our thought, a bright point of light appears—a diamond in the velvet of our sky—in a moment we are conscious of its presence and, henceforth, it is a fixed star in the heaven of the soul’s astronomy.

Inspirations—because they are sudden, brief, and instantaneous—can only be registered by the sensitive soul. The poems of Tennyson (most of them) were revealed to the poet in the inspiration of a singing thought—a bird-like note of melody—ringing, invitingly, through the cloisters of his soul and writing, in rainbow tints, on the sensitive surface of the inner phonograph “one original line.” Emerson would rise at two o’clock in the morning to jot down an idea. Kipling wrote down in his note-book—it is said—three words: “Lest we forget.” Years afterwards the expression flamed forth in “The Recessional”—

“God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!”

Every man’s inspirations come to him along the line of his own peculiar temperament. Byron exclaims: “I cannot write poetry at will, as men light a cigar.” He adds: “I never could make much of a subject suggested to me by another.” Longfellow was offered \$1,000 for a poem on the death of Garfield. He refused, for the reason that the tragic event had brought no

peculiar inspiration to him. Poetry was not something which he could grind out at so much a yard. Even “a dollar a line” failed to gild his thoughts with golden glory. He was lacking an inspiration.

But—thanks to a favouring fate—we can each discover the “How” and “When” of the muse and cultivate the mood. “I am pluming my wings for a flight!” says John Milton in a happy hour. Robert Burns’ best thoughts came to him when he had his hand on the plow. Said Walt Whitman, that grand child of nature, “I never walk under great trees but large and melodious thoughts descend upon me.” Aye, and the child of God has also a favourite spot of kindling memories:

“From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

“There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

“There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.”

And mark the fact—that inspiration hour is the greatest hour in the history of the soul. Edward Gibbon thus describes the hour of his greatest inspiration: “After a sleepless night I trod, with lofty step, the ruins of the forum. Each memorable spot—where Romulus stood—where Tulley spoke—where Cæsar fell—I viewed with intoxication. As I sat musing among the ruins of the great capital, and barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing ‘The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire’ first started in my mind.” “The Decline and Fall”—the record of the greatest event in secular history, in which the artist blends thirteen centuries in one great drama—was completed twenty-three long years after that memorable hour, when amid such classic scenes of ancient splendour the great historian heard the subtle voice of Destiny and surrendered his will to the fascinating influences of the wooing muse.

God never inspires one soul at once—alone—separately. When God speaks to the prophet, He speaks to the people. When God speaks to the writer, He speaks to the reader. When God speaks to the poet, He speaks to the musician. Which is the sweeter—the “words” or the “music” of “Lead Kindly Light”? Yet those two were both the result of sudden, swift and well-nigh simultaneous inspirations. Thus the work of the poet and the singer are

interlaced and interwoven. The lovely tune “St. Margarets” came as suddenly on the wings of a spiritual breeze to Dr. Peace as did the hymn to which it is wedded dawn on the spiritual consciousness of the author of “O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.” Yes, inspiration is a plural process. When God speaks to you it is that another may have partnership in your joy and that through the marriage of gifts the world may be blessed. Remember, somebody is waiting for your inspiration.

Let me warn you—never deny your inspiration. When once you have experienced a glorious inspiration, don’t deny it, don’t apologize for it and don’t worry about it. Follow Charles Kingsley’s advice: “When you have done a thing, leave it alone. Second thoughts may be best before action, but, unless you have sinned, they are folly after action.” How many a preacher has swept an audience by a spell of inspirational eloquence and then, the next moment, inquired: “Have I made a fool of myself?” Few sincere men have had reason to regret their inspirations. There is a caution which is cowardice and a folly which is divine. Be true to your inspiration. Miss Havergal on the spur of a sudden inspiration wrote a hymn which under the closer inspection of a cooler mood seemed to be unworthy of her authorship, so in a moment of chagrin and disappointment she threw the condemned poem into the open grate. Strange to relate the stray missive fell out upon the hearth untouched by the burning coals. The moment the discouraged poetess picked up the rejected child of her genius it seemed to possess new beauty and power, and thus was saved to the world the hymn which begins:

“I gave My life for thee; My precious blood I shed,
That thou might’st ransomed be, and quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave My life for thee:
What hast thou given for Me?”

Remember, we classify men by their inspirations. On a tomb in Westminster Abbey are inscribed four words: “O Rare Ben Johnson.” His thoughts were so rare that the world seemed lonely when he was gone. What a wealth of appreciation in one line! An exquisite soul he must have been. By way of contrast let me tell you of a British tourist in a Swiss hotel who, after viewing the Alps, rendered the verdict of his criticism in these words: “A lot of mountains and that sort of thing.” Purpling peaks were not for him. Towering cliffs made no appeal to his soul. Pillared splendours stirred never a poetical instinct in his leaden nature. Cathedrals of stone, temples of rock, altars of granite, the vast unhewed architecture of earth’s strength, kindled not an atom of enthusiastic appreciation in the heart of the man who, surrounded by the wild beauty and majestic scenery of the Alps, could mutter: “A lot of mountains and that sort of thing.”

The greatest inspirations have always come to the race through a human personality. All genuine inspiration is divine in its origin, human in its transmission, and literary in its preservation. God speaks to the man of God. The man of God speaks to the sons of men. The message of the man of God is written in the memory of the race. Incarnation precedes inscription. Soul touches soul—and then all things are possible. Recall the words of Disraeli: “All of us encounter, at least once in our lives, some individual who utters certain words which compel us to think forever.” I have met that Individual. I count it as the supreme fact of my history. I have met *Him*. His name is Jesus. In the light of His eyes, the glory of God—in the perfume of His personality, the sweetness of heaven—in the kingly bearing of His manhood, the majesty of the eternal—in the wounds of His body, the divine marks of a love everlasting—in His strong uplifted arm, the saving strength of the Godhead—in His voice, Sympathy—in His face, Sincerity—in His words, Vitality—in the breath of His lips, Life! I have seen Him! I have met Him!

III

Inspiration is life—the touch of life. Inspiration is the law of life. Inspiration is the law of progressive life in every realm of nature. *Inspiration is the law of life in the realm of literature*. Whatever inspires has been inspired. Inspiration, in literature, is a thought passing from mind to mind through the channel of a book. There is nothing inspiring in ink, paper, type, cord, mucilage, binding, letters, words, grammar, syntax, composition, sentence, paragraph or page. These are but the mechanism and machinery of literature. What a dead thing is a book if there is no one to read it! After all, a book, at the best, is only a channel of inspiration.

When you say that a book is “inspired,” you mean that it is capable of producing an inspiration in the soul of man. Every book is a dead book until a living soul begins to read it. An inspiration always comes from the vitalizing touch of an idea. The slave owner who found his wife teaching a black boy, Frederick Douglass by name, to read, said, with considerable impatience: “Teach that boy to read and he will never be content to remain a slave.” The suggestion brought salvation to the boy. Douglass bribed, by cake and apples, the very boys on the streets to decipher the meaning of sign-boards and bill-posters—thus he stole the keys of knowledge.

There are only two kinds of inspiration—good and evil. Every book is inspired. The difference between a good book and a bad book is not that one book is inspired and the other is not—the difference is in the quality of the inspiration. A good book is inspired by a good spirit. A bad book is inspired

by a bad spirit. All the good inspirations in literature, whether Scriptural or otherwise, are from the same source: "Every good and perfect gift is from above." All good is one: and all evil, one. The inspiration of the Bible is unique in one respect only—namely, its quality. Here you have the highest quality of inspiration to be found in literature. This perfection in quality is secured, retained and attested by the revelation of certain great truths touching the realm of the spiritual, which for clearness, force and amplitude of reiteration and illustration are not to be found elsewhere in the world's universal literature.

The secret of a good inspiration is in the living touch of a living truth. What is it that inspires? A thought! An idea! A truth! A doctrine! A principle! A fact impresses us by its stubborn truthfulness. An event startles us by its sudden irresistible power to rearrange the relationships of life. A thought awakens us by its suggestive power to create a new ideal. A truth arrests us by its tendency to arouse and revolutionize the very soul itself. Inspiration is the touch of a vital truth. Where there is inspiration there is life. Life is truth in operation.

The great truths of the Bible have to do with the spiritual realm. The great truths of the Bible are deeper than geology, higher than astronomy, longer than history, vaster than nature, larger than literature and so colossal in their proportions as to be easily discernible in spite of all real or imaginary literary mistakes or scientific misconceptions. The Bible is an ageless book. It deals with themes which are "from everlasting to everlasting." A book may inspire for an age and then pass away—it was written for an age which was passing; but the Bible is ageless. Its truths are eternal. How may we know and recognize the great truths of the Bible? I answer, they are the ageless truths—God, Spirit, Love, Immortality and Righteousness. These are the mountain ranges of Scripture.

We may also recognize the great truths of the Bible because of their power to grip the soul. These great truths of the Bible have power to move and mould the heart of man—they revolutionize. Inspiration always denotes a movement. The Bible throbs, and therefore thrills. It breathes with sympathy, it throbs with energy, it pulsates with power, it vibrates with heavenly harmony, it sparkles with beauty, it thunders with eloquence, it flashes with light divine, its veins run crimson with the warm blood of the Son of God, it is sweet with the perfume of the Lily of the Valley and the Rose of Sharon.

Wonderful book! Wonderful in unity and variety. Wonderful in doctrine and prophecy. Wonderful in the simplicity of its biography, and in the gigantic sweeps of its history. Wonderful in the blending of the human and

the divine in its authorship. Wonderful in mystery and majesty. Wonderful in construction and preservation. "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." Let this be thy prayer.

The Bible is aglow with the highest type of inspiration known to literary adepts or spiritual experts. It has power to move. The Bible has the inspiration of the rushing river—it moves. The Bible has the inspiration of the lightning express—it moves. The Bible has the inspiration of yonder sweeping constellation of heavenly lights—the dear old book moves—and wherever it moves among men it moulds men mightily for God. It has the inspiration of genius! It has the inspiration of success! It has the inspiration of inspiration! The old man said he knew that the Bible was inspired "'cause it inspired" him. I pity the man who is not inspired by the book which has inspired the greatest minds in two thousand years. How can a book which is adorned with the splendid proportions and irresistible features of the unmatched Galilean fail to inspire? He is the living incarnation of the central ideas of the world's literary masterpiece. The Bible is the master book and the mother of books. The Bible has produced the civilization which crowns it and crowns the civilization which it has produced.

The Bible is the best read book; the most thoroughly studied book. Jesus Christ is its greatest hero; His incarnation its greatest fact; His resurrection its greatest event; His return to earth its most glorious promise; sin its saddest fact; salvation its gladdest fact; sanctification its most glorious prophecy. Its history and prophecy, like a mighty chain, stretches from the dawn of creation to the last glad hour, when the fires of eternity shall flash in and light up this old time-worn earth. Like a mighty pyramid, its base as broad as history's first foundation stones, while its apex, robed in the flaming garments of prophecy, pierces the very splendours of God's throne.

All books are measured by The Book. All men are measured by The Perfect Man. All law finds its root in the Law of Moses.

"Book of the ages! I love thy pages!
Bathed with the tears of those who sorrow,
Bleached with the sweat of those who labour,
Scorched by the fires of persecution,
Worn by the fingers of meditation,
Cut and cursed by those who abhor thee,
Kissed and caressed by those who adore thee,
Book of ages! I love thy pages!"

III

THE LAW OF VIBRATION

The Scientific Basis For Prayer

IN the geography of the soul there are three places of power—"the Mount of Prayer—the Desert of Meditation—the Island of Vision." The Mount of Prayer stands forth most gloriously. It has a recognized position on the continent of history. There have been cities without walls, without books, without colleges, without hospitals, without markets, but there has never been a city without a house of prayer. A nation of atheists has never existed. The poet, the philosopher and the historian are united in their recognition of the fact of prayer in human experience. Tennyson sings:—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within their brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

"Bound by gold chains"—what a perfect poetic description of a great scientific fact! Every law is a law of gravitation and the law of gravitation which holds the earth in its grip is served by millions and quadrillions of invisible lines of light—unseen threads of power—which touch and pierce the earth at every point of surface exposure and thus "the whole earth is every way bound by gold chains about the feet of God." The chains of gold which enwrap us and are felt in every wooing wind and tempest-sceptred cyclone are but feeble metaphors revealing to us, in the strange hieroglyphics of the material realm, the hidden fibres of certain universal spiritual forces which encircle the soul.

Poetry is the music of language, song is the music of sound, perfect blending is the music of colour, eloquence is the music of logic, a sigh is the plaintive music of sorrow—prayer, desire, aspiration, adoration—these are the music, the ascending music of the soul's incense—the atmosphere of the spirit encircling the throne of the infinite. The eye was made for beauty, the

ear was made for melody, the hand was made for utility, the mind was made for knowledge, the heart was made for love, and the soul was made for God. The ivy creeps upward towards the light, and the hart panteth for the water brooks. The soul thirsteth for God—for the living God. We must pray. There can be no life without breath and no soul expansion without prayer.

“Search the world through, we still shall find
That wide as spreads the ambient air
The common language of mankind,
In peril, want, or woe, is prayer.”

“Is prayer workable?” asks the practical man. “Has prayer a scientific basis?” asks the cultured man. “Is there any use in praying?” asks the discouraged man. Let us enter the realm of Common Sense. Common Sense is combined sense—a combination of all the mental faculties. God has given us five great books: The book of Reason; the book of Nature; the book of Experience; the book of the Inner Consciousness; the book of Holy Writ. This is the divine library. Let Reason speak. Let Nature speak. Let Conscience speak. Let Scripture speak. Let every voice be heard. In a wise combination of all the results of knowledge, experience, logic and philosophy we shall find a reliable answer to the question of the discouraged soul, “Is it worth while praying?”

I.—We reason by the wonders of science. If the wonders of nature overmatch the mysteries of religion, why should we demur? Nature is robed in wonders. Radium reveals the miracle of matter; electricity, the miracle of the air; telegraphy, the miracle of distance; the telephone, the miracle of sound; the spectrum, the miracle of light; the microscope, the miracle of dust; the telescope, the miracle of space. Nature is robed in miracles. The astronomer has annihilated distance. He can predict the return of a comet whose wanderings necessitate an absence of three hundred years—he can predict the return of the prodigal planet with a scientific exactness which will indicate the precise day, hour, minute and moment of arrival. The scientist has discovered that the universe is simply a big room—one great, large room. God and man are in that room and within speaking distance of each other. Visible facts make known and foreshadow spiritual realities.

There is only one universe. The universe is a unit. There is life everywhere. Beauty everywhere. Design everywhere. Method everywhere. Law everywhere. Motion everywhere. Progress everywhere.—One universal mind. One universal force. One universal process. One universal method of evolution. One universal law of gravitation. One universal law of vibration. Nature’s telephone system is perfect. Every point in the universe has a long-distance connection. The wires are never down. God is always within

hearing distance. God could not create a perfect universe and shut Himself out. God and man reside in the same house. In that house there is but one room. In that room there are no screens or partitions. The universe is a unit. God and man are inseparable.

II.—We reason by the fact that our universe is spiritual in its essence and transparent to the eye of God. We are living in a spiritual universe. There is not one atom of “dead matter” in the whole realm of created things. Matter is spirit in contraction. Spirit is matter in expansion. When the smallest atom is reduced to its finest measure it becomes a spiritual substance. Matter appears in forms, solid, liquid and atmospherical. Solid matter may be turned into liquid matter; liquid matter may be turned into atmospherical matter. Ice changing into water and water changing into steam illustrates the process of transformation. All created forms may be spiritualized. “Strike a match” and you turn wooden fibre into flame, force, heat and light. There is no such thing as empty space. Air is just as solid and substantial as rock or boulder, even though the average man cannot see it, weigh it, measure it, or hold it in his hand. The thin air which we breathe is as substantial as the sparkling water which we drink. All things seen and felt are woven out of the universal ether. Mrs. Browning is breathing an apostrophe to a scientific fact when she exclaims: “Earth crammed with heaven and every common bush afire with God.”

Scientists assert that spiritual forces are universal and omnipresent. The universe is transparent. As the moving hands of a well built watch can be seen through a block of ice, so all the moving machinery of life is open to the inspection of the divine eye. There is something sweet and sublime in the Scriptural assurance expressed in the words: “I know their sorrows.” If we could see God as God can see us we should then comprehend the possibility of answered prayer. Mark these words of Holy Writ: “And Elisha prayed and said, Lord, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw, and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.” The material universe is a crystal palace. Solid rock is diamond-clear to the divine eye. The biggest scientific fact for man is expressed in that well worked text, “Thou God seest me.” If God can see us He must feel for us, sympathize with us, and respond to our call. Nay, we are satisfied if we know that *He knows*.

“Within Thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand,
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.”

III.—We reason by the universal law of vibration. Everything vibrates. Everything in existence is in a state of vibration. Light is vibration. Colour is vibration. Heat is vibration. Motion is vibration. Electricity is vibration. *Thought is vibration in its finest form.* Without vibration there would be no beauty for the eye, no music for the ear, no fragrance for the nostrils, and no soothing for the physical frame. Fling a pebble into the lake and the ripples extend from shore to shore.

“Trees in their blooming,
Tides in their flowing,
Stars in their circling,
Tremble with song.”

I stood in the dome of St. Paul’s cathedral and heard the whispering syllables of an old man, who sat on the other side of the dome, sounding like the trumpet tones of a pulpit orator. Here the Law of Vibration sat enthroned. Splendid symbol of a vast universe. The entire universe, seen and unseen, is nothing more than a great whispering gallery. All recent discoveries emphasize the sovereignty of the Law of Vibration. The terrible earthquake which shook Southern Italy several years ago was registered in Washington during twenty-three seconds of uninterrupted vibrations. The earthquake experts of the American capital knew “when” and “where.” Vibrations move from centre to centre. All vibrations are universal in their sweep and never fail to reach the outermost limit of the realm within which they move. The greatest realm is the realm of thought. The most subtle form of vibration is thought-vibration. The two great thought-centres of the universe are the mind of God and the mind of man. Man is the masterpiece. Mind is the centrepiece. No thought-vibrations emerging from the mind of man ever failed to reach the mind of God. When you think of God, you touch God.

IV.—Consider the sensitive character of the nature of man. There are said to be ten million nerve fibres in the human body and twelve million cells in the human brain. The brain is an electrical dynamo. Our garments of flesh and blood enclose a spiritual body more sensitive than the imagination of a child. Scientists speak of the objective and subjective; Christian Scientists, of mortal mind and immortal mind; Spiritualists, of the conscious and subconscious; Paul, of the carnal mind and the spiritual mind; and Emerson, of the soul and the “over soul.” The mind is not so wise; the conscience, not so true; the heart, not so tender; the will, not so strong; nor the outer personality so sensitive as the inward and hidden personality, the soul. The divine part of us is as sensitive as the eye of God.

Every man has within himself a perfect personality—a perfect spirit, a perfect mind, a perfect will, a perfect memory, a perfect imagination; aye, a

perfect soul. There is a spiritual body in man which encloses a bit of the deity. All the potential elements of the Godhead exist, in germ, in the human spirit. Behind the blind eye there lives a perfect eye; behind stammering lips, a perfect tongue; behind the lame foot, a perfect member; behind the unhearing head, a perfect ear; behind the crippled member, a perfect hand. "Stretch forth thy hand," said the Master and the withered hand became whole even as the other. There existed an inherent perfection, in form and force, behind the feeble fingers and paralyzed ligaments. Behind the human personality there exists a perfect inward, hidden, secret, spiritual personality whose nature and substance is as sensitive as the heart of God. The nature of man, in quality and essence, is identical with the nature of God. Therefore God can speak with man and man can hear the voice of God. God could not control the forces of destiny and preside over the affairs of a busy world if He were not within speaking distance of man. The sensitive soul of man registers the subtle voice of God, therefore we build our argument on the sensitive character of the nature of man. Every form of spiritual vibration registers itself in the soul of man.

V.—Consider the sensitive character of the nature of God. God is as sensitive as pure thought and pure thought—absolutely pure thought—is the most sensitive thing in the universe. In the beginning was the thought, and the thought was with God, and the thought was God. Oh, how sensitive is the heart of God! Edison has invented an instrument so sensitive that the waving gesture of the hand, at a distance of thirty feet, will visibly affect it, but God is more sensitive than that! There are flowers so sensitive that they close in the presence of an approaching enemy, but God is more sensitive than any blossom which He ever painted or any bud which He ever caused to bloom. Helen Keller, the deaf and blind girl, was one day led into a room in which a circle of educationalists were discussing the genuineness of a certain literary production said to be the work of the poor blind girl; but so clever was the article that every literary expert in the room was prone to believe that the poor girl had purloined the document. The moment Helen Keller entered the room the atmosphere of suspicion seemed to sweep over her and she inwardly exclaimed: "There are enemies here!" She has since, in point of literary skill, surpassed the article in question and also proved her title to its authorship, but who can measure the sensitiveness of a soul when every pore becomes an ear and every nerve an eye—but God is more sensitive than the most sensitive child of His creation. Therefore God can hear, feel, sympathize and understand.

Listen to this magnificent specimen of divine logic: "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?" Our God is not a cast iron God, seated on a cast iron

throne, governed by cast iron laws and wielding a sceptre of chilled steel. Our God is a God of love who hath carved the universe out of light, and steeped it in tears and girded it with bands of sympathy. Our God is a sensitive God. How can you separate a sensitive soul from a sensitive God? Between two such, the law of vibration finds a perfect medium for a perfect relationship. So we build our argument on the twofold logic of spiritual sensitiveness—the sensitiveness of the spirit of God and the sensitiveness of the spirit of man.

VI.—Consider the wonderful power of thought. Thought, as we have already remarked, is vibration in its finest form. Thought is the most subtle form of power in operation. There are seven kinds of power: (1) The power of gravitation. (2) Sun power. (3) Physical power. (4) Steam power. (5) Electrical power. (6) Thought power. (7) Divine power. Divine power is unlimited thought power—the essence of all force. Matter is solid thought. Water is liquid thought. Air is floating thought. Light is transparent thought. Heat is moving thought. Electricity is driven thought. Aspiration is ascending thought. The lowest thing in the universe is a bit of solid matter, a pebble or a rock. The highest thing in the universe is a living, breathing, burning thought, born in the bosom of God and rekindling in the heart of man.

Certain scientists who have been studying thought power and thought-possibilities affirm that one fact has been settled, scientifically, namely, the fact of thought transference. Wonderful possibility! Even though a thousand miles intervene—mind can touch mind, heart can touch heart, spirit can touch spirit, soul can touch soul; but still more wonderful is the fact that we can touch God by the power of thought. Nature is a path to God; philosophy, a path to God; art and beauty, a path to God; history, a path to God; but the most direct path to God is along the line of devout aspiration. No force in the universe is so swift as thought; in comparison the eagle's wing droops and the lightning flash lingers. We repeat—when you think of God, you touch God. And we build our argument on the fact that as between the sensitive mind of God and the sensitive soul of man a thought breathed is a thought registered. Thought never marks time in its passage. Before it starts, it arrives. Its departure and arrival are simultaneous. Therefore we have the divine assurance: “And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.”

Let me introduce you to the thought centre of the soul—call it brain, mind, spirit—or what you will. What parable shall I use to describe the converging influences of two worlds? In the telephone switch-board of a certain city there are fourteen thousand electrical wires, two hundred and

forty-six operators, and four hundred and seventy thousand possible connections. A photograph of a wireless telegraph station will reveal the mechanism of the electrical apparatus surrounded with light radiations which are passing inward and outward. These radiations are unseen by the naked eye, but they are real nevertheless. So the soul of man is a spiritual centre, open to influences, seen and unseen, and encircling every human personality there are unnumbered radiations and spiritual vibrations which create an atmosphere more or less powerful according to the strength of the individual will. Every planet has its atmosphere, every flower its fragrance, every plant its aroma, and every personality its own halo of spiritual influence. The vastness of the soul can only be measured by the length of its spiritual radiations—these reach as far as the infinite and touch the soul of God. Nothing is so wide as the human spirit, nothing so deep as the human heart, nothing so high as the mind of man and nothing so great as the soul.

VII.—Add to the foregoing the thought of the father-heart of God. Said Paxton Hood to the dying saint: “How are you to-day?” and he replied: “My head is resting on three pillows: Infinite Power, Infinite Love, and Infinite Wisdom.” “The sky is full of stars; the morning, full of song-birds; the noontide, full of sunbeams; the heart, full of hope; the day, full of light; the night, full of glory;” and the heart of God full of love for man. A thought of love is swifter than a lightning flash. The head is quicker than the body, the hand is more cunning than the foot, the eye is keener than the ear, the face is more eloquent than the tongue, the heart moves faster than the brain, but Love is fleetest than all.

All theology is expressed in two words: “Our Father.” The captain’s child, passing through her first storm at sea, awakens suddenly and exclaims: “Where’s father? Where’s father?”—“On the deck, watching the storm,” said the mate. “Then I’ll go to sleep,” said the child. Father and child—that’s the highest relationship on earth or in heaven. “If that boy goes wrong, it will break my heart,” said a loving father to me. That’s the father-heart. “Mother, I did not know that it meant so much to you or I would have studied my lesson,” said a careless girl to a weeping mother. Motherhood and fatherhood spell out the whole thought of God. To the man who trusts in God the universe is a home, but to the man who doubts the existence of God, the universe is an orphan asylum. I would not disappoint the earnest expectation of a child, if that child had crowned me with faith and confidence. Will God fail His children? Has He implanted instincts which He cannot satisfy and fostered hopes which He cannot fulfill? I, for one, refuse to believe in such divine inconsistency.

I once owned a dog—a spaniel—long ears—bright eyes—a curly silken coat. Her name was “Nellie.” She had a way which was winning, a process of reasoning which was all her own, a knowing mind, a memory like a kodak, and a heart as tender as the soul of a child. That dog knew Sunday from the other days of the week, and, somehow or other, was able to anticipate a thunder-storm two hours in advance. She used to wake me in the morning, assist me in the preparation of my toilet, place my shoes within my reach, announce my approach to the breakfast table, clearly intimate, an hour later, that she was ready for a stroll in the morning air. That creature acted as a reception committee at the door of our home—all but tramps received a most cordial welcome. When business necessitated our absence up until a late hour, sometimes past midnight, Nellie faithfully awaited our return. All she asked was a gentle patting on her head as a feeble recognition of her patience. I always had a kind word for the creature. I never knowingly refused the attention which she demanded—a passing word of recognition. The relationship existing between us was tender and sincere. I could not be indifferent to an affection which was so manifest, so persistent and so unchangeable. True, Nellie was only a dog, but her death caused a shadow and a gloom. She lies buried beneath green clods in yonder Southland. “But what has all this to do with prayer?” you ask. Well, we have often thought that God would be no less kind and considerate to us than we are supposed to be tender-hearted and true to the creatures of a lower realm; so we build our argument for prayer on the father-heart of God.

“I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”

VIII.—Remember that prayer has been, and is, a universal habit. Great men pray. Poor men pray. Bad men pray. All men pray. The atheist in the railroad smash-up exclaimed: “My God! what is this?” In that moment he forgot that he was a professional agnostic. The instincts of the soul always come to the surface. Faith will out. Aspiration is automatic. Men cannot help praying. Man is a praying creature. This universal spirit of aspiration and habit of prayer is set forth beautifully by Robert Montgomery:

“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

“Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

“Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

“Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,
The Christian’s native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.”

Prayer is not peculiar to any age. Pericles, the first citizen of Athens, before he delivered an oration, would pray to the gods. Cæsar consulted the oracle. Daniel prayed. Luther prayed his way through mountains of difficulties. Cromwell stood “the key-hole test”—he was found praying. There is a tradition about Valley Forge, that the First American was a man of prayer. Lincoln turned the key in the lock and said to Bishop Simpson: “Pray for me.” Gladstone indulged in silent prayer just before his great parliamentary efforts. The prayers of Knox are felt in Scotland to-day. These men were not fools. The world has crowned them as “great.” Each possessed a secret source of power—they knew how to pray. They “worked the wireless” before Marconi ever had an existence and their “Long Distance” outdistanced the longest distance ever known to human thought. They rang the changes on *Main No. 1* through the “Central” of the unseen and spiritual sources of supply and found the “telephone exchange” always in operation. They found prayer “workable.”

Stonewall Jackson linked everything with prayer, even the drinking of a cup of cold water. Behold the mother of Booker T. Washington praying on the mud floor of the log cabin in the old plantation days. George Muller, of Bristol, by prayer controlled millions of money and housed thousands of orphans, but how simple were his habits of prayer: “When I lose a key I pray about it.” There is such a thing as “power in prayer.” Commodore Vanderbilt, in his dying hour, exclaimed, “Call in the gardener; he knows how to pray.” “Grandmother is alone, but I heard her talking to somebody,” said the little child. Horace Bushnell, spending a holiday in the White Mountains, at the close of the first day said to his friend: “One of us ought to

pray before we sleep.” Bushnell offered the prayer and his friend, years afterwards, remarked: “I was afraid to stretch out my hand in the darkness for fear I should touch God.” That was just what Horace Bushnell was doing—touching God by the power of thought—concentrated thought.

The philosophy of prayer can be expressed in two sentences:

First—Divine Contact.

Second—Divine Guidance.

Divine contact! In touch! In tune! The secret of power is a proper spiritual relationship. When the trolley is off the car stops. Dean Bosworth, when speaking on “The Discovery of God,” remarked: “I am sometimes awakened at night by the sound of a little voice, near by my bedside, crying: ‘Papa, papa, hand, hand!’—My child desires to know that she is not alone in the darkness.” That is the initial secret of prayer—Contact.

“Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.”

Divine contact and divine control. Give it any name you please. Guidance, Providence, or Spiritual Direction. God never reveals the details of His plan in advance. We are sailing under sealed orders. The greatest man is the man who fits into God’s plan. Destiny calls “next” to every human soul. And if God will tell me what to do “next” I will not ask for any greater blessing. Divine leadership is “moment by moment.” All Christian experience attests the truth of Robert Louis Stevenson’s affirmation: “There stood at the wheel an unknown pilot whom we call ‘God.’”

Those are beautiful words of Helen Hunt Jackson.

“Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still.
‘Not as I will.’”

Pray, friend, pray! And let your prayer be natural. Pray when you feel like it. Use your own vocabulary. Ask for your own blessings. I sympathize with Ralph Waldo Emerson who resigned as pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Boston because he would pray in public only when he “felt like” praying. Said Father Taylor one day, when the head of the house where he was visiting asked him to pray, “Is there anything you desire—any particular thing you wish? If not, I would rather not pray. Just at this moment I don’t feel like praying.” How honest! But, in private, it is always safe to pray when you “don’t feel like praying.”

Prayer was never intended to foster inactivity. God refuses to do for us that which we can do for ourselves. Many prayers remain unanswered because we do not answer them. Frederick Douglass, reviewing the days when he was held in the chains of slavery, said: "My prayers for liberty were never answered until I began to pray with my feet!"

Certain prayers are never answered because they are born of ignorance and not of faith. God will not grant to New Testament saints Old Testament privileges. "Wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them even as Elias did?" New Testament fire does not consume—it purifies. They did not know what to ask for or what they were asking for: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." Ignorant prayers are answered by the divine refusal to take us at our word. We shall, some day, thank God for our unanswered prayers.

We have a temple—the human body. We have an altar—the human heart. We have a confessional—the human conscience. We have a great high priest, even Jesus Christ. In that temple, the temple of the soul, stand, and look up.

The swiftest thing in the universe is a mother's prayer. From London to Edinburgh in a flash! From Edinburgh to Montreal in a flash! From Montreal to Winnipeg in a flash! From Winnipeg to Vancouver in a flash! Oh, what a wonderful arrow of light, tipped with fire, aflame with love, winged with faith and vibrating with spiritual force. A mother's prayer is a thought of love passing through the universal heart of God and on its way from soul to soul. I seem to hear the reply of the Bishop of Hippo to the mother of Augustine, who came beseeching him to pray for her skeptical son: "Depart, good woman," said he; "the child of so many prayers cannot be lost!"

IV

THE LAW OF BEAUTY

The Spiritualizing Power of Thought

A FRENCH author has written a book entitled “John Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty,” but Paul was nearly two thousand years in advance of Ruskin, for he marks a golden circle around the velvet bloom of all spiritual beauty when he uses that wonderfully descriptive and comprehensive phrase: “Whatsoever things are lovely.” We have plain indications in Holy Writ that God is in love with the beautiful. In the description of the architectural splendours of the temple of Solomon we have these words, “On the top of the pillars there was lily work,” and when we are asked to inspect the quality of the fabric woven into the veil of the temple we find the sacred curtain true to the divine specifications: “Thou shalt make a veil of blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen.” And we also remember that almost every precious stone is mentioned in the Bible: the diamond, the pearl, the emerald, the sapphire, the ruby, the topaz, the onyx, the jasper, the chrysolite and the amethyst. In fact so great is the emphasis placed on the things which are known as beautiful that the words, “Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,” could almost be reversed and made to read, “Worship the Lord in the holiness of beauty.”

God has more than one Bible. Nature, too, is a revelation of the divine thought, and nature is robed in beauty. As a famous English writer has said: “God’s greatest gift to man is colour.” Gaze upon the autumnal splendours of this very hour—valleys, plains and mountains clad in purple, crimson and gold!

“God’s world is robed in beauty,
God’s world is robed in light.”

The rose on the cheek, the purple veined marble of the white brow, the pillared beauty of the well-formed neck, the ruby splendour of the lips, the spiritual glory of the eye, the stately carriage of the head—these, these are all the incarnation of divine thoughts.

God is in love with the beautiful. He paints the lily. He distills the dewdrop. He moulds the pearl. He arches the rainbow. He studs the starry

night. He gems the ocean depths. He flecks the flowery fields. He robes the mountains in mist. He sends the clouds trooping in the snowy splendour through the blue fields of space. God is in love with the beautiful.

The purple of the bird's wing, the red of the rose, the stainless white of the lily, the golden glory of the sunset, the silver diadem of the night, the rippling surface of the sea, the waving gold of the boundless prairie—these, all these, tell me that God is in love with the beautiful!

Our God is a God of beauty! Every circling veil of mist, ten thousand crystal bullets of rain, diamond dew, shimmering stream, fragrant spirits of forest and field are all His children. Heaven's dome of blue, earth's carpet of green and ocean's mosaic of sapphire are all the work of His hand. Tinting the ocean shell, painting the flower, silvering the leaf, purpling the grape, budding the branch, and crowning the hills with glory—yes, yes, our God is a God of beauty.

There is a beauty of the sea, a beauty of the mountains, a beauty of the morning and a beauty of the night. "Oh, thou art lovely, beautiful night!" What an expression of beauty we find in the passing seasons: The tender loveliness of the spring. The full blown glory of the summer. The dying glory of autumn. The silent aspect of the winter. I have an answer for the atheist—it is the God-painted flower and nature robed in beauty.

Then, add to all these the sweet sadness of memory and the beautifying touch of the increasing years. Time is a great artist. There is a beauty of Age, History, Heroism and Association. Every mosque in India, every pyramid in Egypt, every monument in Greece, every sculptured form in Italy, every castle-crowned peak in Germany, every old palace in fair France, every ivy covered cathedral in England, every ancient battle-field in Scotland, every crumbling round tower in Ireland,—all these set the imagination on fire and reveal the touch of an age-defying beauty. They kindle glories in the realm of the soul and feed the poetical instinct in the heart of man.

Beauty! Beauty! Beauty! What is beauty? Beauty is nature's approach to perfection. When God says "Be ye perfect," He means, be round, full-orbed, well proportioned, even, symmetrical, perfect—perfect as a cluster of ripe grapes, perfect as a golden orange, perfect as a full blown rose, perfect as the opening leaves of a floating pond lily, perfect as an apple, luscious, sweet and beautiful.

There is a beauty of form and there is beauty of action. Art is beauty in expression. Architecture is beauty in proportion. Culture is beauty in mind and manners. Eloquence is beauty of speech. Grace is beauty of action. But the highest manifestation of beauty is in the human face and form. The

climax of all beauty is to be found in the human face, in its features, expression and character.

How the Greek sculptor searched the world for perfection in the human face and form. In one person he found a perfect arm; in another, a faultless brow; in another, finely chiselled lips; in another, a well rounded chin; in another, a superbly arched neck; and in another a queenly pose. The historian affirms that one slight change in one feature of the face of Cleopatra would probably have changed the course of history; but the Egyptian queen entered the realm of beauty and Shakespeare has immortalized her in the words:

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.”

It is woman's love of the beautiful which guarantees the beauty of our home life. The mother pointed to the dimple in the cheek of her infant child and exclaimed, “That's where the angel kissed him!” It's the angel's kiss—the angel's touch—which makes life worth living. Beauty is the perfection of form, and if our wives did not love the beautiful, our children would be as homely as birds bereft of their plumage. A cultured woman said to Emerson; “I never feel so devout and religious as when I am well dressed.”

One of the best contributions which a man or a woman can make to the social pleasures of the world is—a beautiful face, sweet with love, faith, tenderness and goodness. Karl Bunsen, the German scholar, in his dying hour, looked into the face of his wife and exclaimed: “In thy face I have seen the eternal!”

The human face has a universal language. A loving smile, smiled by an American woman or by a Canadian gentleman, in a humble home in China, does not need to be translated into Chinese. Everybody understands the language of a tear, the symbolism of a smile, the unuttered meaning of a frown, the threatening emphasis of a scowl, the suggestive expression of a glance or the plaintive music of a sigh. The face has a language all its own and it is a universal language. As George Eliot has well remarked: “A suppressed resolve will betray itself in the eye.”

Impulse in the face. Preference in the face. Prejudice in the face. Passion in the face. Principle in the face. In the face of Gladstone, Conscience. In the face of Disraeli, Ambition. In the face of Emerson, Kindness. In the face of Tennyson, Spirituality. In the face of Bismarck, Purpose. In the face of Lincoln, Sympathy. God grant that we may find in the face of Youth, immortal hope; in the face of Manhood, immortal strength; in the face of Maturity, an immortal character; and in the face of Old Age, immortal memories.

The truly great face always has in it a beautiful blend of soul qualities. The prophet had a vision of four faces—the face of a man, the face of a lion, the face of an ox and the face of an eagle. The face of a man, Intelligence. The face of a lion, Courage. The face of an ox, Endurance. The face of an eagle, Aspiration. Four faces—the face of a man, Reason. The face of a lion, Passion. The face of an ox, Submission. The face of an eagle, Ambition. Four faces—the face of a man, Sympathy. The face of a lion, Energy. The face of an ox, Stability. The face of an eagle, Majesty. To sum up, there are two things which God loves and man admires—Strength and Beauty.

The great face of history has been a strong face. “The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from afar, a nation strong of face.” “Son of man, set thy face against the mountain—set thy face against the South—set thy face against the North—set thy face against Zidon—set thy face against Jerusalem—set thy face against Pharaoh—set thy face against Egypt.” Listen to the voice of the prophet, “I have set my face like a flint.”

There are four things which dominate and determine the character of the human face: (1) The Eyes. (2) The Lips. (3) The Profile. (4) The Complexion. The mind is expressed in the eye, strength of character in the lips, calibre in the profile, and a blending of physical and spiritual qualities in the complexion. Perhaps the most important thing in the face is the complexion. Is there anything so beautiful or so lovely as a clear, clean, transparent complexion—pure, sweet, divine and tinted with the rosy hues of health? Here the spiritual qualities of mind, heart and soul register themselves.

The science of phrenology (if there be such a department of human knowledge) deals with the question of brain capacity, and gives, perhaps, a hint or suggestion of the tendency of human thought. A phrenologist, of local fame, examining the head of James A. Garfield, remarked, “He deserves no credit for being religious; he could not help being so; no man with his head could be irreverent.” Phrenological construction, in certain broad and general outlines, indicates mental calibre and brain capacity. In the small head, concentration and force; in the long head, thought and contemplation; in the broad head, construction and management; and in the high head, imagination and poetry. Phil. Sheridan had the small “bullet” head; Ralph Waldo Emerson, the long head; Commodore Vanderbilt, the first American millionaire, the broad head; and William Shakespeare, the high head. The small head belongs to the “doer,” the long head to the “thinker,” the broad head to the “organizer,” and the high head to the “dreamer.”

But the quality of a man’s spirit is of vastly more importance than the measure of his brain capacity. It is not the shape of the head so much as the

lines of the face which indicates character and reveals power. The vital truth is that *thought* has power to transfigure and transform the physiognomy. Gaze on Stephen in the hour of his martyrdom—"And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, beheld his face, as it had been the face of an angel."

Have you considered the power of thought? Thought rules the world. Thought paints the picture, thought writes the poem, thought sings the song, thought inspires the speech, thought orders the battle, thought creates institutions, thought builds dynasties and projects civilizations.

Thought never dies. Conventions adjourn, congregations dismiss, empires expire, civilizations pass away, stars become extinct, but great thoughts, once breathed by the soul, live forever in human consciousness.

Have you ever considered the spiritualizing power of thought? The transfiguration of Jesus was a scientific fact as well as a biographical incident. His very garments shone! "His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, so that no fuller on earth can white them." Everything about your person is saturated with thought. If you had better thoughts you would have better health. Every splendid inspiration from the spiritual realm enters the soul through the door of thought. All the space between the mind of God and the mind of man is crowded with thought. Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every thought which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

My friend, open the windows of your mind to the beauties of the spiritual world. Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power. Remember that the hidden springs of inspiration are within. The window which opens outward upon the splendours of the spiritual realm is to be found in the throne-room of the soul. No artist can paint a picture but from within. No musician can sing a song except from within. No author can write a book of original thoughts unless he dips his pen in his own heart's blood. All real power is from within. Frances Ridley Havergal remarked, "One moment I have no idea of writing anything—the next moment, I have a poem!" Surrender yourself to a divine inspiration and you will find God. And, then, in the evening of life, your mind will be like a cathedral window shot through with all the glories of the setting sun.

The fabric woven in the realm of thought is called *memory*. Oh, memory, thou art sweet as the breath of the morning, holy as the starlit dome of night, serene as the vesper hour of the day, fragrant as the perfume of a field in springtime and musical as the soundful arches of an ancient abbey when the dying echoes of sacred melody find repose in hidden and unseen corridors.

Behind the face lie slumbering all the thoughts of the soul. Before the face lie outstretched all the glories of the world. Charles Dickens placed five

mirrors in his study at Gad's Hill that all the birds and flowers of field and forest might be multiplied. Henry Ward Beecher loved to gaze upon a handful of precious stones when the flaming facet of the diamond took on the glory of ruby, emerald and sapphire. You will remember the prisoner described by Byron who, through a slight crevasse in the wall, saw green fields, the blue sky and a singing bird. "A lovely bird with azure wings, a song that said a thousand things—and seemed to say them all to me."

"Two men stood behind prison bars,
One saw mud—the other saw stars."

When Chief Justice Marshall stood, in a spirit of contemplation, amid the mountains of Virginia, he exclaimed: "No wonder Patrick Henry was an orator!" But an old farmer remarked: "Young man, those mountains have been there ever since, yet we have never had another Patrick Henry!" Ah, so much depends on what you can see. Ruskin was right when he affirmed that there are a thousand men who can speak where there is one who can think, and there are a thousand who can think where there is one who can see. God grant us the wisdom to *see*,—to see the angel in the marble, the blossom in the bud, the oak in the acorn, the building in the barn, the dawn in the darkness, the gold in the boulder, the future in the present and God in everything.

I behold Queen Elizabeth, in her old age, all her beauty gone, in anger dashing the mirror to the floor. But why should a woman quarrel with her features? Why should a man quarrel with his face? Somewhere, between fifty and sixty, physical beauty is almost sure to take its flight—and then—you are as handsome or as homely as your thoughts will allow you to be. When the early evening of life comes on, may it bring to you a glorious sunset wrapped in a conflagration of beauty—gold, crimson, purple, amber, and burning clouds aflame with shekinah splendour, and behind all suggestions of the fulfillment of the soul's dream.

But remember—all the soul qualities register themselves in the face. Anger, love, joy, fear, sin, hell, heaven—all these are to be seen in the face. And each face is dominated by a thought: The empty face of ignorance. The blushing face of shame. The drawn face of conflict. The yellow face of disease. The white face of death. The wrinkled face of age. The hardened face of unbelief.

There are some faces which chill. In 1876 Messrs. Moody and Sankey were holding evangelistic services in Chicago. Mr. Moody called the chief usher in charge of the seating of a great tabernacle audience, and pointing to one of his assistants remarked, inquiringly, "Who is that man?—to be real frank with you I don't like his looks—his face repels me!" The name of the

usher was Charles J. Guiteau, who afterwards became the assassin of the lamented James A. Garfield.

I do not like the clouded face. Worry should not write its strange hieroglyphics on the physiognomy of a Christian. Perpetual anxiety is a sin against God and a crime against your loved ones. I speak to the woman who is the incarnation of fret and fume, hurry and worry, concern and anxiety, fear and caution: Oh, woman, worry not about the flower in the carpet lest some one should step upon it; one rose in your cheek is worth more than all the carpets in the house. "But somebody must worry," you answer. But why should a busy woman carry a burden which no business man is able to carry? A business is never established until you get it beyond the worrying point. The man who frets and fumes about his business is a nuisance to his friends and a joke-target for his commercial competitors.

I am afraid of the face which is empty. An empty crib means sorrow; an empty purse, poverty; an empty vault, bankruptcy; an empty brain, ignorance; an empty kitchen, hunger; an empty pew, neglect; and an empty face—a wasted life. Listen to the words of Frances E. Willard, in the hour of her dawning womanhood: "I am twenty-one years of age to-day, and as yet I have accomplished nothing."

"Nothing but leaves! The spirit grieves o'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept, o'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife—nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves.

"Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, words, idle words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap, with toil and pain, nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

"Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves, no veil to hide the past:
And as we trace our weary way, and count each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last—nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

"Ah, who shall thus the Master meet, and bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet, before the awful judgment seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves, nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!"

I am afraid of the face which is hard. "I will never forgive her as long as I live!" said a woman whose face of granite revealed a heart of stone. "I'll have my pound," exclaims Shylock in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and the hatred in the face and the vengeance in the eye arrested our gaze more than the empty scales and the glittering knife which were to cut and weigh the "pound of flesh." The man who "gets even" with his enemy drops to his enemy's level. Hatred is contraction. Love is life. A grudge is a self-inflicted curse. The memory of a wrong, fondly fostered in the secret hours

of thought, will take the colour out of your cheek, the light out of your eye, the expression out of your face and rob you of your peace.

Give me the face which is full of tenderness, kindness, sympathy and love. Henry Ward Beecher was fond of telling a story of his father, the famous old Dr. Lyman Beecher. Dr. Beecher was, for years, pastor of a church at East Hampton, Mass. Hampton was, at that time, a veritable hotbed of infidelity. It was while the Beecher family resided at East Hampton that Harriet (the first child by that name in the Lyman Beecher family) died, and was buried in the village burying plot. When the Beecher family finally left East Hampton the only treasure not removed was the grave of little Harriet. Years afterwards one of the most pronounced infidel leaders of the place turned to his wife one day and said: "Wife, I can't bear to have that little child of Dr. Beecher left out there, all alone"—and so the big hearted agnostic dug out the little coffin, and removed it to his own plot in the cemetery, and in that plot there may be found to-day three graves: on one side, the grave of the infidel—on the other side the grave of his wife—and between them the grave of Harriet. May it not be that the infidel was growing warm towards God, and that in the hour of his great tenderness, when he took the cold, silent, enclosed form of a neighbour's child to his bosom, in one supreme act of kindness, that the angel spirit of the dead child became a spiritual messenger to his soul and the guide of his future years, bringing into full realization the beautiful words of the prophet: "A little child shall lead them." There is hope for a man if his heart be kind; and a kind heart always sends its rich red blood to give quality to the complexion, colour to the cheek, spiritual splendour to the eye, and tenderness to the face. Tenderness maketh a man's face to beam.

Thomas Carlyle had a very practical habit of placing before him, in full view, a photograph of the hero whose biography he was perusing. Thus the character became real to him in the hour of his meditation, and inspirations were kindled which otherwise would have been unknown. It is with the hope of even a higher inspiration that I present to you a divine portrait—*the sweetest face I ever saw*—"The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

"Gaze for one moment on that face whose beauty wakes the world's great anthem." I present to you to-day a beautiful Christ, concerning whom old-fashioned saints used to speak as "The Lily of the Valley," "The Rose of Sharon," "The Chief Among Ten Thousand," and "The One Altogether Lovely." "Oh, voice, oh, chime, oh, chant divine!" "The sea hath its pearls, the heavens hath its stars, but my heart, my heart, hath its love." "No mortal can with Him compare among the sons of men."

“Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far *Thy face* to see
And in Thy presence rest.”

V

THE LAW OF HOPE

The Soul's Guarantee of Immortality

THE most startling question ever asked by the philosophers of ancient history is expressed in eight words: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Next to life, the most universal thing is death. Dead cities. Dead nations. Dead empires. Dead civilizations. Death is universal. This is the world of the dead. Two million persons died on this continent last year. Fifty thousand "pass over" for every hour of the day and night. Death ruleth! Death reigneth!

We stand at the black door of Death in the midnight of our sorrow and ask, "What does it mean?" We repeat to ourselves the question asked by Robert Browning, "What does death mean; is it total extinction or a passage into life?" Ingersoll repeats the interrogation in another form: "What is death; is it a door or a wall?" Oh, how stupendous the question! "If I believed in immortality, I would never worry about anything in this world," said Harriet Martineau. "I had always supposed that there was no hereafter," said the dying sensualist to me. Shakespeare gathers up the fears of the race and expresses them in those noble, oft-quoted words, "For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come, when we have shuffled off this mortal coil."

But we have found an answer to the question of the ages. That which is universal must be beneficial. The outline of the darkest shadow leads to the light. By the logical supremacy of certain universal laws we reason out, to our own satisfaction, the final and everlasting survival of the soul. No man can, logically, reason himself away from the thought of immortality. We propound such tests as these:—What does the Bible say? What does science say? What does common sense say? What is the verdict of the soul? In answer, I bring you the logic of ten universal laws.

I.—We reason by the law of a progressive development in nature. Everything in nature points upward. Upward towards the final. Upward towards the invisible. Upward towards the spiritual. Nature is divided into realms. Each realm is a kingdom. The lower a realm is, the coarser and more

material it seems to be. The higher a realm is, the finer and more spiritual it seems to be. Follow nature's evolution upward—upward towards the invisible—and you have matter, solid, liquid and atmospherical. In the atmosphere you have light, heat, and energy. Energy—or force—is invisible. Nature always leads to the invisible. Follow nature and you will find the invisible. First ice, then water, then steam—vapour—force, energy,—invisibility! Study yonder plant on your sitting-room window-sill. Analyze it: Plant, stem, branch, bud, blossom, bloom, fragrance. The finest thing about a flower is its perfume—subtle, all pervasive,—and—invisible. Try again. Follow the great outlines of the natural world: (1) The Material realm. (2) The Vegetable. (3) The Animal. (4) The Mental. The mental realm is the realm of thought. Thought is invisible. Thought is spiritual. Thought is silent. Thought is the essence of power. Everything points to the invisible. There are three realms below man: matter, vegetable, and animal; why should there not be three realms above man: angel, cherubim, and seraphim? Paul had a wonderful experience. At the beginning of his experience he was “cast down” by a blaze of solar energy “above the brightness of the sun.” In riper years he was “caught up”—“caught up to the third heaven.” The mathematics of the spiritual match the outlines of the visible world. The universe is a unit.

II.—We reason by the law of the human mind. How wonderful is the mind of man; nothing will satisfy it but eternities, divinities, infinities and immortalities. The finite mind of man—how infinite! What height and depth! What heavens and hells! What boundless fears and boundless hopes! —Where did this thought of immortality come from? It is rooted in the very soil of the soul and inwrought into the very fabric of the mind. An ambitious father brought his son to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and requesting that the youth might be granted a student's space in the studio of the famous artist, remarked: “He can paint the backgrounds for you.” Sir Joshua replied: “The person who can paint the background can paint the picture.” Reason as you will, but the mind of man has Eternity for its background. Whence this thought of eternity? “O Eternity! Eternity! Thy locks white with the ages! Thy voice announcing stupendous destiny! Thy great long arms reaching out over all the past and over all the future! Thy heart beating with raptures that never die and agonies that never cease! O Eternity! Eternity!” Immortality is the sweetest note that ever leaped from the key-board of human aspiration or thrilled the harp of human sympathy. Immortality! Everlasting are thy chimes!

“Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Night and day they never cease;
We are wearied with their chime
For they do not bring us peace:
And we hush our breath to hear,
And we strain our eyes to see,
If the shores are drawing near—
Eternity! Eternity!”

III.—We reason by the law of hope. Hope is the strongest and most persistent quality in human thought. Hope is the anchorage of every sane mind. Without hope the affairs of the world would come to a standstill in one hour. *Hope* is the prophecy of immortality. If life without hope is an impossibility, a universe without a future—a spiritual future for a spiritual faculty—would be an absurdity. Time is eternity, dealt out in atoms called “moments.” Hope is immortality in the germ. On the study table, in Abbotsford, lies the journal of Sir Walter Scott, in which the last words written are these: “To-morrow we shall—” The present never pays its “running expenses.” It is the future which gives value to all things. Every true empire builder plants his feet on foundations which are invisible. “Throw me into the Arno, but the resurrection day will find me!” exclaims Savonarola. “Let me go for the day breaketh!” are the dying words of the daughter of Daniel Webster. “I shall go to work again in the morning!” is the expiring affirmation of Victor Hugo. Oh, morning land! Oh, morning land!

“Beyond the sunset’s crimson bars,
Beyond the twilight and the stars,
Beyond the midnight and the dark,
Sail on, sail on, O happy barque,
Into the dawn of that to-morrow
Where hearts shall find the end of sorrow,
And love shall find its own.”

IV.—We reason by the law of a natural instinct. There are three things which I cannot believe: I cannot believe that God would create this world and then turn His back on it. I cannot believe that God would create man and then desert him. I cannot believe that God would implant a desire for immortality in the human heart and fail to make an adequate provision for its realization. The strongest hope and the deepest desire in the human breast is for immortality. Tolstoy, the Russian prophet, in the first hour when the seriousness of life began to appeal to him asked himself the question: “Has life any object for me which will not be destroyed by death?” Senator Beveridge quotes a leading railroad magnate as saying; “I would give all the wealth of the world to be sure of a hereafter.” Charles Kingsley exultingly sings, “Oh, lovely death, when wilt thou come and tell us all we want to know?”

The universal instinct for immortality, as a perpetual and inextinguishable human aspiration, is the divine guarantee of a future life. It is the voice of God in the soul. God has not planted a desire in the heart of man for which He has not made ample provision. Music for the ear. Beauty for the eye. Fragrance for the nostril. Food for the body. Thought for the mind. Love for the heart. God has satisfied every natural instinct. Shall the deepest instinct of the soul prove false? Nay! Not in a universe carved out of love. Think of the universal aspiration for immortality. No nation has ever been devoid of it. Even agnostics have lived in the light of a dawning immortality. Professor Huxley, splendid soul, remarks to John Morley, "I would rather have an existence in perdition than no existence at all," and Tennyson, sweet singer of a chosen race, ventures the affirmation, "If there is no such thing as immortality, then a mocking fiend hath created us—then God is a devil tormenting man." But the poet's faith overstepped all his fears and in his farewell words to the world, he sings:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

"For, though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

V.—We reason by the law of life's extreme brevity. A man's life covers an age, but his thoughts are ageless. How short is life! Said Herbert Spencer: "It seems that all a man can do is to make his mark and die." Andrew Carnegie once remarked to a friend: "I would give two hundred million dollars for a new lease of life—yes, for ten years." George Eliot exclaims: "How the years rush by!" Pope Leo XIII at ninety affirmed: "I need four years more to finish my life's plan." And Queen Elizabeth, after reigning for forty years, gasps, in the paroxysm of death: "Millions of money for a moment of time!" The tragedy of life is the flight of the years. Remember

Immanuel Kant's great argument for immortality: "The unfinished tasks of earth."

VI.—*We reason by the law of eternal justice.* Think of the inequalities of life. Ours is a world riddled through and through with wrong. Tyrants dwell in mansions while heroes languish in dungeons. Good men are starving while bad men are feasting. Aye, the innocent are cursed before they are born; to use Shelley's phrase: "Shipwrecked into life." Emerson speaks of those who have been "whipped through the world." Some accounts are never settled in this life. How about the saloon-keeper and the widow's drunken son, the seducer and his victims, the procurer and his record of shame—but why multiply illustrations? Justice, in a universe of law, demands a future settlement of earthly accounts. The human sense of justice cannot be keener than the divine. The God who has implanted the instinct of justice in the soul of man must be just: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" The soul has but one answer.

VII.—*We reason by the law of human love.* Think of the love poured out at the grave. What an avalanche of sorrow! What an ocean of tears! Charles Kingsley dreams of his dead son: "Last night I saw him twice—he was strong and well—I kissed him—I wept over him. And then I awoke to the everlasting no!" What countless multitudes have sobbed forth the unanswered desire: "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still!" Let Whittier bring an answer for the sorrowing soul:

"Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own!"

VIII.—*We reason by the law of life's incompleteness.* Sir Walter Scott, crushed by financial failure and thinking of Abbotsford, his former palatial home, mutters to himself in syllables of sorrow: "I have sat for the last time in the halls which I have built—I have walked for the last time in the domains which I have planted." Thomas Carlyle, the sage of Chelsea, lost in "a brown study" and indulging in an old man's cogitations, remarks: "Life is empty, love is gone, fame is as ashes,—I am weary. Give me rest!" Talleyrand, the French statesman, dying at eighty-three, pens these brief but pregnant sentences: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed! What cares! What agitations! What anxieties! What ill-will! What complications! What disgust concerning the past! What discouragements concerning the future!"

Think of the broken-hearted—Savonarola, Milton, Cowper, Lincoln, Washington Irving. Oh, world of sorrow! How incomplete! In an Egyptian tomb, after three thousand years of silence, there was brought to the light this tender inscription on a little casket: “Oh, my life, my little one! Would God I had died for thee.”

“Two little feet went pattering by,
Years ago;
They wandered off to the sunny sky,
Years ago;
Two little feet—
They crept never back to the love they left,
They climbed nevermore to the arms bereft,
Years ago.

“Again I shall hear the two little feet
Pattering by,
Their music a thousand times more sweet
In the sky;
I joy to think that a Father’s care
Will hold them safe till I meet them there,
By and by.”

IX.—We reason by the law of nature’s indestructibility. The material universe has existed for thousands of years—aye, for millions of years for aught we know—not a drop of water, not a speck of dust, not a ray of light, not an atom of air has ever been lost or misplaced. Rising to a realm of higher values we can safely affirm that no spark of spiritual essence has ever been extinguished. A bit of radium will last for eighty thousand years, but that spark of spiritual fire at the exact centre of your brain—the radium of the soul—will outlast granite mountain, burning sun and shining star. The temple of Karnak may fall, the Pillars of Hercules disappear, Old London become a desert, the site of Rome be forgotten, the fires of Ætna and Vesuvius die out, but *the soul* will go on forever! The rivers may dry up, the seas evaporate, the mountains wear away, the earth lose its footing, the stars forget to shine and the sun wrap itself in darkness, but *the soul* must go on forever. The hand may lose its cunning, the eye grow dim, the ear grow dull—the foot may slide—the mind may wander—the brain may slip its anchor—reason may totter—but the soul—*the soul*—shall go on forever. With Addison we sing:—

“The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.”

X.—*We reason by the salutary effect of the idea of immortality on the history of the world.* Immortality as affirmed by Jesus and illustrated by His resurrection is the fundamental fact of the New Testament. It was the thought of an *eternal future* which startled the Roman Empire into new life. The ancient historian remarked: “These poor people think that they will live forever.” The thought which aroused a sleeping world was not a heaven or a hell,—paradise or perdition—but *a future life*. That which works well must be well. That which produces righteousness must be right. That which makes for sterling character must be rooted in God.

“Immortality o’ersweeps
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears—and peals
Like the eternal thunders of the deep
Into mine ears this truth; Thou liv’st forever.”

“So this is the end of it all,” sadly remarked an agnostic, the remains of whose wife were being lowered into the grave. “So this is the end of it all!” Not the end, my friend, just the beginning. Life is but the first verse of a magnificent poem. “Here endeth the first lesson.” We are standing in the vestibule of the everlasting. We are placing our feet on the first rung of a spiral stairway whose ascending curves encircle the throne of the Eternal.

“The world’s great altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.”

Blessed are those whose dying hours are gilded with the golden glory of immortality. Said Joseph Addison to the Earl of Warwick: “Come, see how a Christian can die!” “I float in a sea of glory—I am swallowed up of God,” was the dying doxology of the sainted Edward Payson. “Though I am passing through the shadow of the valley of death, yet the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak,” whispered Mary A. Foster in her last moments. All hail to Life! Life here! Life hereafter!

Sometimes they speak of it as *Rest*—as when the weary child after playing all day comes back to its mother’s knee—the sweetest, softest couch in all the world. So the soul falls asleep, to wake again in the morning of a brighter day.

“Life’s work well done,
Life’s course well run,
Life’s crown well won,
Then comes rest.”

Sometimes they speak of it as *Home*. Oh, beautiful word, worthy to be written in stars. “It glitters like a shield, it leaps like a fountain, it twinkles like a star, it thrills like a song, it glows like a sunset, it flashes like a flame, it sings like an angel.”

“One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o’er and o’er—
I’m nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than e’er I’ve been before.”

Sometimes they speak of it as a *City*. The Holy City, the New Jerusalem. “But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.” Aye, a city.

“There is a Holy City,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love,
An everlasting temple—
And saints arrayed in white
There serve their dear redeemer
And dwell with Him in light.”

Sometimes they speak of it as a *Land*—a wonderful land. “I will sing you a song of that beautiful land, the far away home of the soul!” It was a cold and dreary day when Senator Dolliver of Iowa was buried—the clouds were heavy—the rain was falling—the horizon was shrouded in mist—but they buried him beneath a wilderness of roses and sang:—

“There’s a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.”

Call it anything you please—but death to the child of God is glorious! “If this is dying, then death is glorious!” exclaimed Dwight Lyman Moody in his coronation hour. An aged artist—past ninety—whose masterpiece wore the title, “The Valley of the Shadows,” when death drew near, exclaimed: “I have made a mistake—there are no shadows—it is all glory, glory, glory!”

“Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I’ll spend
Triumphant in His grace!”

VI

THE LAW OF GENIUS

The Power of a Strong Personality

THE measure of history is a man, and the object and design of universal history is a trained humanity.

In the evolution of Biblical history there are indicated five distinct steps in the development of the race: (1) A trained Personality—Abraham. (2) A trained Family—Jacob and his sons. (3) A trained Nation—Judah and Israel. (4) A trained Church—the twelve apostles of the Lamb. (5) The prophecy of a trained Civilization. “I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.”

A city in Scriptural metaphor is the incarnation of citizenship and the divine symbol of a civilization. And in this prophecy of the world’s crowning civilization, the highest ideal enthroned is a perfect womanhood —“as a bride adorned for her husband.” A woman is the finest specimen of a man. A Christian woman is the bright consummate flower of a Christian civilization. Every civilization in history may be judged by its standard of womanhood.

Life is a university. The world is the schoolhouse. Experience is the teacher. Human nature is the text-book. Thought is the atmosphere. Character is the reward.

In the great university of life, humanity always begins with a fact. Science is said to be “that which is known and capable of proof.” That which is known and capable of proof is a fact. Whether in the dark ages of superstition or in our own bright age of science, humanity ever and always begins with a fact.

First facts. Firm facts. Fixed facts. Faithful facts. Fundamental facts. Infallible facts. Facts about the earth, earthy. Facts about the heavens, heavenly. Facts about *Man*, creation’s crowning fact. Facts about *God*—Creator—Father Fact—Master Fact—the one fact which explains all facts.

The lawyer says: “Be exact; state clearly the facts.” The doctor says: “Be frank; tell all the facts.” The editor says: “Be brief; pen simply the facts.”

The preachers say: “Be courageous, and face the facts.” The politician says: “Believe me, these are the facts”—and you don’t know whether to believe him or not. The merchant says: “Quick, get at the facts.” The judge says: “The facts, all the facts and nothing but the facts.”

The greatest struggle going on in the philosophical realm to-day is the discussion concerning old facts and new theories. Old rocks and new geology. Old stars and new astronomy. Old flowers and new botany. Old life and new biology. Old Scriptures and new interpretations. Old religion and new theology. Old truths and new applications. This is the perpetual battle, ever in progress, between the old and the new.

Humanity always begins with *a fact* and ends with *an idea*. Nothing in history is more interesting than to watch the progress of the race in travelling from the Fact to the Idea. More wonderful than the flowering of the century plant is the expansion of a fact into an idea after one thousand years of human cogitation and experiment. How fascinating to watch the development of an idea. Between the ox cart and the automobile—a thousand years. Between the rowboat and the ocean steamer—a thousand years. Between the stage-coach and the railroad train—a thousand years. Between the bow and arrow and the revolver—a thousand years. Between the country store and the department store—a thousand years. Between the cave and the cathedral—five thousand years.

“Slowly moves the Rock of Ages,
Slowly grows the forest king.
Slowly to perfection cometh
Every great and glorious thing.”

That man, however, who begins with a fact and ends with an idea within the span of his own life is *an original thinker*. How many original thinkers have been lost to history! Those were suggestive questions asked by Dr. John Lord in his “Beacon Lights of History,” . . . Who invented the mariner’s compass? Who stretched the strings across the first violin? Who built the first blacksmith’s forge? Who constructed the first arch in architecture? Who invented glass for windows? Who turned the sod with the first plow? Who shot the first weaver’s shuttle across the loom? Who contrived the first keel for a ship? Who planned the first chimney? Who built the cathedrals of the middle ages?

While we cannot always trace the evolution of an idea in the course of history, we can always mark the enthronement of *an ideal*. Wherever you find the enthronement of an ideal—there you find a mountain peak in history. These mountain peaks are sometimes spoken of as “the golden age.” Israel had its golden age of prophecy; Greece, its golden age of culture;

Rome, its golden age of power; Italy, its golden age of art; England, its golden age of literature; France, its golden age of democracy, when upon every national edifice there was inscribed three words: "Liberty—Equality—Fraternity."

Sometimes these mountain peaks strikingly synchronize with the centuries. As one writer, following certain splendid outlines of events, remarks: "The fourteenth century witnessed a revival of learning; the sixteenth century, a revival of religion; the seventeenth century, a revival of liberty; the eighteenth century, a revival of art." But be it a golden age or a passing century which marks the progress of the race, wherever you find a mountain peak in human history, there you find the enthronement of an ideal and there you may discover enthroned *a splendid personality*. The greatest power in the world is the one-man-power.

If you would master any period of history, seek to discover the master man—the master mind—the master spirit. As Carlyle remarked: "Find your man and all else will follow." Sometimes these men appear as in a great galaxy—Columbus and a new world! Galileo and a new sky! Guttenburg and a new Bible! Luther and a new doctrine! Shakespeare and a new literature! Michael Angelo and new art! Erasmus and new culture! Calvin and a new statement of theology.

The divine plan seems to be to furnish a splendid specimen in the realm of personality and then wait for humanity to reproduce the type. One Luther—many Protestants. One Wesley—many Methodists. One Emerson—many philosophers. One Shakespeare—many poets. One Raphael—many painters. One Sankey—many singers. One architect—many builders. One Christ—and millions of Christians.

Every nation which has made for itself a place in history has produced its own type of personality. Israel produced great prophets; Germany, great thinkers; France, great writers; Italy, great artists; Scotland, great theologians; Wales, great preachers; England, great statesmen; Ireland, great orators; the United States, great merchants and captains of industry. Please God, the Dominion of Canada, standing, in its historical development, midway between the homeland of the British Empire and the rushing of life of yonder American Republic, shall produce, in mental mould and moral might, the most magnificent type of manhood which the world has ever seen—a manhood unsurpassed in the history of the race.

“What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, proud navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! Men—high-minded men;
Men who their duties know,
And know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.”

I have before me a vision of the coming man. In youth he shall stand forth, fine grained and clear brained—big hearted and broad shouldered. “A young man with the health of the winds on his cheeks, the light of the stars in his eyes, the strength of the mountains cut upon his brow, the swell of the ocean in his heart, the spirit of the century thrilling his veins, the spring and bound of civilization’s progress in his manly step and the prophecy of coming millenniums chiming like cathedral bells in his brain”—a young man whose heart God has touched. The world never fails to recognize a strong man.

“Oh, east is east and west is west and never twain shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God’s great judgment seat;
But there is neither east nor west, border, nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!”

That was a great day for England when Cromwell stood for the people. That was a great day for Scotland when Knox defied the queen. That was a great day for Italy when Garibaldi fought for liberty. That was a great day for Germany when Bismarck reached out an iron arm for the sceptre of imperial power. That was a great day for Africa when Livingstone loved her even unto death. That was a great day for Africa’s sons when Lincoln stood with sheltering arms over her enslaved children.

That is a bright day in the history of the world when a great soul is born into it. “His name is John,” wrote the speechless priest, and with the birth of the wilderness evangelist the name “John” became a title of power. John Huss, the Luther before Luther. John Wickliffe, “the morning star of the Reformation.” John Calvin with his vision of the sovereignty of God. John Bunyan with his dream of the city of God. John Wesley and a new evangelism for the race. John Knox, the incarnation of Christian patriotism, concerning whom the Earl of Morton said, as he stood by his grave: “Here lies the body of one who never feared the face of man.”

Wherever you discover a page of history which glows with a peculiar beauty and flames with spiritual glory there you will find a courageous soul standing in the solitary splendour of heroic loneliness. Behold him! John

Wesley—the best loved and best hated man of his generation—standing on his father’s tombstone and preaching to a vaster congregation than could ever have assembled within yonder ecclesiastical doors, closed against him, even though his own father had stood for four decades in the pulpit of the sacred edifice. Behold him! Hated in his youth but loved in his old age. But God gave him this old granite earth for a pulpit, the everlasting hills for a sounding board, the blue dome of heaven for a cathedral arch, all the birds of field and forest for an orchestral choir and all humanity for a congregation.

The saddest hour in the history of the race is that hour when a great soul fails to respond to the voice of destiny. Thackeray affirmed that every time he thought of Dean Swift it made him think of a falling empire. There are many students of American history who regard “the 7th of March speech” (1850) as the turning point in the life of that superb orator and statesman, Daniel Webster. For in that hour it seemed as though he turned from the North to the South, from liberty to slavery, and from the present to the past. From that hour his sun began to go down. The enemies of freedom cheered at the mention of his name. He seemed to have lost his anchorage. Soon he died broken-hearted in his lonely cottage by the sea. He had failed to recognize the opening doors of destiny. Lord Byron, born amid the constellation of genius, dies, scarcely forty years of age, a wanderer on the earth and rejected by his own people. Concerning him we quote these sad lines:

“Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much
And praised; and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness;
And kings to do him honour took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honour, fame;
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,
He died. He died of what? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there were no more to drink.”

But having found the pivotal character—the great soul—the master man, the master mind, the master spirit, let us see if we can discover *the secret of his power*. When Emerson, who was a great writer but a poor orator, used to sit and listen to the rare eloquence of Wendell Phillips he would exclaim, “Oh, that I knew the secret of his eloquence!” So we would know the secret of personality and the source of power in the leadership of the world.

The grandest quality in man is genius. It is the touch of the supernatural. It is that which the greatest American philosopher called “over soul.” The

physical exists for the mental. The mental exists for the moral. The moral exists for the spiritual. The spiritual exists for the soul and the soul is the source of all the fires of genius and all the inspirations of the Almighty. Remember the words of Victor Hugo: “What is grander than the everlasting hills?—A storm at sea! What is grander than a storm at sea?—The starry night! And what is grander than the starry night?—*The soul of man!*”

Every man has seven bodies. (1) A body of nerves centring in the face. (2) A body of muscles centring in the hand. (3) A body of bones centring in the skull. (4) A body of blood centring in the heart. (5) A body of living marrow centring in the brain. (6) A body of thought centring in the mind. (7) A body of spirit centring in the soul. The spiritual overmatches the physical. That which is unseen is greater than that which is seen.

Back of the sword is the hand—back of the hand is the arm—back of the arm is the man—back of the man is the mind—back of the mind is the soul—and back of the soul is a divine substance—the fabric of the unseen, the warp and woof of the eternal.

“Go not, my soul, in search of Him,
But to thyself repair.
Wait thou within the shadow dim,
And thou shalt find Him there.”

Where did Savonarola get his eloquence? Where did Cromwell get his courage? Where did Shakespeare get his poetry? Where did Mozart get his music? Where did Michael Angelo get his genius? Where did Isaiah get his vocabulary? Where did Columbus get his daring? Where did Luther get his audacity? Shakespeare, among all these, finds the answer, “Mount, mount, my soul; thy seat is up on high!”

Oliver Wendell Holmes has divided humanity into three classes. First, one story men, who deal with facts and events—scholars. Second, two story men, who deal with thoughts, theories and ideas—philosophers. Third, three story men, who live in the realm of splendid dreams and glorious visions—prophets. The man of genius lives in the top story of his nature. He belongs in the third class.

Or, if we may use an analysis of our own, humanity may be divided into four classes. First, the man who can see—the intelligent man. Second, the man who can’t see—the stupid man. Third, the man who won’t see—the prejudiced man. (As the Irish orator said, “You can never reason out of a man’s mind what reason never put in it.”) Fourth, the man who can see through. The man of genius is to be found in the fourth class. He is blessed with a peculiar kind of sight—you may call it hindsight, foresight or insight. But the man of genius has one outstanding gift. He can see! He can see

through! He can grasp! He can comprehend! Other men must reason, cogitate and review, but the man of genius acts as if by a divine instinct. The pathway of his reasoning process may seem long, but it ends with a world revealing lightning flash.

And yet again humanity may be divided into six classes of travellers on one of our great railroad systems. First, the folks who travel on the freight train—stupid people. Second, the folks who travel on the accommodation train—slow people. Third, the folks who travel on the regular train—average people. Fourth, the folks who travel on the excursion train—giddy people. Fifth, the folks who travel on the express train—talented people. Sixth, and last, the friends who travel on the special train—men and women of genius. They tell me that all trains make way for the special train. The child of genius belongs in a class all by himself. He is granted special privileges. That which would offend in others is a virtue in him. All humanity grants him the right of way.

The man of genius is the universal soul. We make way for him. We yield to him. We respond to him. We honour him. We worship him. You remember the sign of "*The Six Alls*" which hung on the outside of an old English inn. On it there were portrayed six representative characters with an appropriate inscription under each—as follows: The King: "I Rule All." The Priest: "I Pray For All." The Soldier: "I Fight For All." The Lawyer: "I Plead For All." The Doctor: "I Cure All"—and finally—The Working-man: "I Pay For All." If I had been painting that sign of "*The Six Alls*" I would have added just one more representative character and for this character I would have selected the splendid profile and noble physiognomy of William Shakespeare, under whose features I would have written the words "*I Live For All.*" The man of genius is the universal man. But perhaps the sign of "The Six Alls" was invented before William Shakespeare was born.

But who is this man of genius? Where can he be found? By what door hath he entered into life? What is the symbol of his power and the sign of his greatness?—I began a pilgrimage of discovery. I entered upon a task of investigation. I read a thousand biographies of famous men that I might find the great soul whether carved in granite of masculine strength or robed in the garments of feminine beauty. And at last I have found him:—*The man of genius is the ordinary man magnified.* Every great man can give you an explanation of his success in a few plain and simple sentences. Grant said: "Whether I was defeated or victorious, after every battle I retired to my tent and asked myself one of two questions. If victorious I asked myself, 'How did you win?' If defeated, I asked myself the question, 'Why were you

unsuccessful?’—thus I gained lessons of value from every battle, successful or unsuccessful, which strengthened me for future events.”

The man of genius may be known by seven unfailing traits of character.

First, the man of genius is known by his ability to think. Intensity of thought belongs to him. He breathes an atmosphere of sincerity and goes right to the root of things. The evangelist who advised the Northfield students to “crucify” their reasoning faculties was not engaged in the divinest occupation. Ingersoll was right when he said: “The man who can’t think is an idiot, the man who won’t think is a fool, and the man who dare not think is a slave.” Protestantism stands for the right of reason in the realm of religion. The man who thinks is God’s best friend and the devil’s worst enemy. The difference between the “stupid” man and “the original thinker” is that one man thinks and the other does not. The man of genius dares to think. The man of thought is the brain of the community.

Second, the man of genius is known for his force of character. Martin Luther possessed force of character when he answered the Pope of Rome, saying: “You have burned my books and I will burn yours.” Said Luther, “I never speak so well, I never pray so well, I never write so well, and I never preach so well as when I am angry.” A man without temper is a man without force. Men of genius, almost to a man, have been fiery of soul and swift of spirit.

Third, men of genius have been original in their expression of thought. There is a world of meaning in the words of Thomas Carlyle: “If you would be original, be sincere.” The man of genius is direct in his thought and unique in the expression of his ideas. He has a vocabulary of his own and speaks in the language of a noble simplicity. He is without affectation and breathes an atmosphere of sincerity. Sincerity is originality.

Fourth, the man of genius is known for foresight, anticipation and most careful preparation. Circumstances are not compelled to wait for him. All his thoughts are gilded with the light of dawning possibilities. He anchors in the present but lives in the future. General Grant (if we may use his words again) said, in his usual modest way: “Belmont prepared me for Fort Donelson, Fort Donelson for Shiloh, Shiloh for Vicksburg, Vicksburg for Chattanooga, Chattanooga for the Wilderness, and the Wilderness for the capture of Richmond.”

Fifth, the man of genius is a man of faith. To use a Scriptural expression he possesses “the patience of hope.” He toils on in the darkness as though in the light. Henry Ward Beecher went home every Sunday night, during the first ten years of his ministry, with an aching head and a sinking heart, believing that to become a strong preacher was almost, in his case, an utter

impossibility; but a deeper, inner voice urged him on. He possessed the “patience of hope” and measured up to the dream of Browning when he sings:—

“One who never turned his back, but
 Marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
 Wrong would triumph.
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to
 Fight better,
 Sleep to wake.”

Sixth, the man of genius possesses a certain audacity of spirit. He lives in the atmosphere of that startling motto penned by Disraeli: “Here’s to the man who dares!” Joseph Parker, in the moment of his grandest inspiration, flings aside his hod exclaiming: “God Almighty never intended Joseph Parker for a hod-carrier.” When Bishop Lavington, in the days of Wesley and Whitefield, warned a young Anglican curate, touched by the spirit of early Methodism, that if he did not cease preaching in the open air, his “gown” would be taken away, the young curate responded: “I can preach without a gown!” The child of genius is ever audacious in spirit and daring in soul.

“He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.”

Seventh, the man of genius possesses a magnificent courage. He is the incarnation of the martyr’s spirit. Cromwell—one man against the king. Luther—one man against the Church. Paul—one man against an empire. Galileo—one man against an age. Faith is courage taking hold. Hope is courage holding on. Stability is courage standing firm. Persistence is courage going on. Enthusiasm is courage burning on the altar of some noble cause. Patience is courage enduring all in hope.

“Speak, history! who are life’s victors? Unroll thy long annals and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylæ’s tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?”

VII

THE LAW OF LANGUAGE

The Fatal Force of Words

A MAN may be known by five things. First, by his character—what he is. Second, by his conversation—what he says. Third, by his conduct—what he does. Fourth, by his contribution—what he gives. Fifth, by his creed—what he aspires to be. In this chapter we purpose concentrating our attention on the second of these characteristics, namely: Conversation. Select your own title for the discourse—"Slips In Conversation"—"The Fatal Force of Words"—"Tongues and Ears"—"The Science of Slander"—"Dangerous Talkers"—"Women Who Gossip and Men Who Swear." Have your own title—and I like a title—but understand me, I have a definite and distinct design in the presentation of this particular theme. I would like to write upon the walls of the Temple of Memory these words: "By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

A nation is known by its architecture. An individual is known by his language. Cromwell discovered that the word of a Quaker was better than the word of the average soldier. That is the best church which produces the best type of character. Character is the best expression of a man's creed. A man's words are a part, a vital part, of a man's character. The human soul seeks for expression. There are many forms of expression. Laughter is the most natural form of expression; beauty, the most acceptable; music, the most universal; architecture, the most dignified and impressive; eloquence, the most moving and convincing; literature, the most enduring; painting and sculpture, the forms which are classic; but the oldest and most comprehensive form of human expression is—*Language*.

Language is one of God's greatest gifts to man. Every profession has its own vocabulary and every class its favourite phrases. The possibilities of linguistic development are as unlimited as human thought. The latest dictionary of the English language is said to contain four hundred thousand words. The average man uses less than four thousand words. Shakespeare used 15,000 words; Rufus Choate, 11,000 words; and John Milton, 8,000

words. All the words of your own language belong to you. Enrich your vocabulary. Every new word, coined or copied, increases your capacity for thought and improves your mode of expression.

Oh, the music, the witchery, the mystery, and the majesty of words. Charles Lamb must have known something of the secret of expression and the art of a skilled phraseology when he wrote: "In every truly great poem there is reason, not only for every word, but for the position of every word." A word is the incarnation of a thought and possesses the magic power to send a great idea leaping from soul to soul in the circle of those who know its meaning. This is the might of the pulpit—Thought agitation through the power of fitly chosen words. The "foolishness" of preaching is the apparent weakness of the instrument in comparison with the results achieved. A single striking thought on the lips of an untutored Galilean fisherman has potency sufficient to revolutionize an empire, hoary with age and world-wide in its dominion. Oh, young preacher, what is your message? Have you a message? Are you a voice or an echo? A sounding board or a personified principle? Emerson affirmed that the philosophy of Margaret Fuller might be expressed in nine words: "I don't know where I am going—follow me." Conviction is the hidden dynamo of every species of genuine eloquence. Frederick Douglass, the coloured orator, whose experiences as a slave were written on his back in the red scars which registered the impact of the slave-driver's lash, used to say: "I never rise to speak before an American audience that I do not feel that my success or failure will seriously affect the future of the black race." Words winged with profound conviction will arouse the most indifferent audience.

But in the special message of this chapter we are to deal with the possibilities—the upward and downward possibilities—of ordinary conversation. It was Gregory of Armenia, called the "Illuminator," an early apostle of Christianity, who asserted that "if you divide the sins of men into two parts, one-half will be the sins of the tongue." The "sins of the tongue" centre about personalities. Recall the words of Pascal: "If we all knew what one said of another, there would not be four friends in the world"; and Thackeray, too, remarks: "Have you not entered a room when the sudden hush in the conversation seemed to say, 'We have been talking about you'?"

Mark you! It is not wrong to talk about people if you talk about them in the right way. But let me warn you—Words have wings! The Persians have a proverb to this effect: "The unspoken word is your slave—the spoken word is your master." There is nothing so swift as slander. It is social blood-poisoning. A friend of mine, a Toronto physician of great skill and popularity, one day, during a surgical operation, scratched his finger with a

tainted instrument. In less than two weeks he was in his grave. But slander travels faster than that! They have just discovered a branch of the “Black Hand” society in the United States, but there are social mischief makers who belong to a blacker society than the one indicated. In a recent novel a certain Dr. Packthread is thus described: “He could whisper away a character by an innocent interrogation—he could destroy a high reputation by a shrug of the shoulders—he could assassinate a soul by silence, when silence became the strongest instrument.” What a garland to weave for the brow of fiendishness!

“Only a faint suggestion, only a doubtful hint,
Only a leading question with a special tone or tint,
Only a low ‘I wonder,’ nothing unfair at all;
But the whisper grows to thunder, and a scathing bolt may fall,
And a good ship be dismasted, and hearts are like to break,
And a Christian life is blasted for a scarcely guessed mistake.”

Friend, don’t believe all you hear concerning your neighbour. Remember the “four discounts” recommended by Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage. First, a discount of twenty-five per cent. for exaggeration. Second, a discount of twenty-five per cent. for the spirit of gossip. Third, a discount of twenty-five per cent. for the pressure of overpowering temptation. Fourth, a discount of twenty-five per cent. to cover your ignorance of the facts on the other side of the case. Richard Baxter wrote these words in his advanced years: “I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, nor bad men as bad as I once imagined.” They said concerning Stephen Girard that he was mean, close, shrewd, and exceedingly economical, but this same strange and eccentric captain of industry was planning a great college for the youth of America.

And finally, in this connection, let it be distinctly understood that *conversation is a test of character*. Goethe said concerning Schiller: “I never heard him utter an insignificant word.” The painting reveals the artist, the book reveals the writer, the poem reveals the thinker, the building reveals the architect, the machine reveals the inventor, and conversation reveals the individual. Remember that words are the best remembered symbols in use. Charles M. Alexander, sitting in the office of William T. Stead, exclaimed: “I have often wondered how you interviewed people!” But he, himself, was being “interviewed” at that very moment. One of the greatest journalistic artists in the world was focusing his camera on the renowned singer. In two weeks every reader of the *Review of Reviews* would be scanning Stead’s description of the co-labourer and companion of Tory and Chapman. Every man is being “interviewed” every day by somebody.

A young and rising politician asked me to accompany him to the office of a member of parliament in one of our Canadian provinces. The young

politician was engaged in a fiercely contested struggle which involved the possible unseating of the old, wise and foxy statesman, who regarded the youthful aspirant as almost beneath his attention or consideration. I had no personal interest in the questions involved and no political preference one way or the other. My friend imagined that my presence would guarantee a certain measure of respect and courtesy which might otherwise be withheld. What Canadian politician or statesman would treat a preacher of the Gospel, Protestant or Catholic, with disrespect? So I appeared on the scene as “a mutual friend” and became the disinterested witness of a political discussion, the details of which were afterwards handed about in the liveliest fashion by platform orators, stump speakers and newspaper reporters. I imagined that there were only three persons in the room of the Minister of the Crown when on that memorable night we sat and reviewed the points in dispute; but a month afterwards I learned that, seated behind an innocent-looking screen, which seemed to occupy a spare corner as an added touch of beauty, thrown in to soften the severities of legislative affairs, there sat a stenographer, pad in hand, recording every word, tone and emphasis. We were being “taken down,” “taken in” and gathered up in a fashion most businesslike and scientific. Such is life. There is a stenographer behind every screen. Every paragraph is transcribed, every sentence recorded, and every word weighed and: “By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.”

Yes, yes, conversation is a sure revelation of character. Everything depends on the selection of suitable subjects and proper themes. Beware of the curse of littleness. Little people, little minds and little souls dealing with little subjects, little themes and little topics. What the world needs is a generation of great conversationalists. We have not yet learned how to talk, much less to think. Read James Boswell’s life of Dr. Johnson and note how men who had achieved fame in a score of different professions, came together, from time to time, to cross swords in intellectual contests and conversational tilts. Oh, for a generation of souls who would dare to be serious in conversation. Find me, if you can, a joke in the great speeches of the great orators—words uttered simply to provoke laughter. Ingersoll knew the power of wit, humour and sarcasm, but he dealt with great subjects and great themes in a great way. He was magnificent in his heterodoxy. Listen to him:—

“The past rises before me like a dream.”

William Jennings Bryan, who leaped into fame, robed in the glory of one peerless climax which found its expression in “a cross of gold,” has endeared himself to multitudes by kingly gentleness of speech in private life.

I have heard him recite, before a circle of admiring friends, the eloquent peroration just referred to, and counted it a high honour to be granted such a privilege, but I have also witnessed an incident in the life of the great orator which impressed me much more profoundly. It was a winter evening and Mr. Bryan was slated to appear for the first time before a Winnipeg audience. That evening, at an early hour, we dined together at the Government House, and, by invitation of the American Consulate General, I occupied a seat in the automobile which brought the distinguished American, with a lightning-like speed, from the Executive Mansion to the ecclesiastical edifice where an audience of two thousand waited patiently for his appearance. Near by the platform entrance there had gathered a circle of young mechanics and working men, who, while not prepared to pay a dollar a head to hear the foremost orator of the present generation, were determined, at least, to have a glimpse of his splendid physical proportions and, therefore, stood, in a mood of quiet expectation, just where the great man would be compelled to pass from the electric motor into the church. The twilight had already deepened and the forms of the young mechanics were shadowy and indistinct, but the keen eye of the thrice defeated presidential candidate recognized the motive and meaning of their presence, and turning suddenly from those in charge of the evening's programme, he approached the representatives of modern toil and labour and extended a generous greeting and hand-shake to every man in the crowd. Passing into the church, a moment after, I said: "Mr. Bryan, that was a beautiful thing for you to do!" His answer was expressed in these significant words: "Mr. Gordon, that hand-shake didn't cost me anything, and it might mean something to them!"

At twenty years of age I was a clerk in the department store of John Wanamaker in the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Wanamaker at that time employed five thousand persons—and I was one of the five thousand. True, I had been called into the private office of the great captain of industry a time or two to explain an invoice or receive some item of special instruction, but I had no reason to believe that the merchant prince knew me other than as the clerk in charge of the Foreign Invoice Department. One summer evening, walking down the long aisle of that immense store as one in that sure and certain procession of weary souls who always seek for the nearest exit when the day's work is done, I passed by my employer—the presiding genius of the great concern—and our eyes met. Although busily engaged in conversation with the head of one of the various departments, of which there were fifty or more at that time, the millionaire, interrupting the conversation,

addressed me in these words: "Good-evening, Mr. Gordon; good-evening, sir." Few people had "Mistered" me up to that time and that departure from the usual and ordinary pleased me; but the most gratifying fact involved in the incident was the idea that the great man knew me, remembered me, recognized me. "Mr. Gordon!"—did you hear that! That was one of the happy evenings of my life—to be known, to be recognized and to be appreciated—for there was a tone of appreciation in the greeting of my employer, and most folks appreciate appreciation.

"Can we forget one friend,
Can we forget one face,
Which cheered us towards our end,
Which nerved us for our race?"

When I was a boy I heard D. L. Moody preach one evening to an audience of 15,000 people. It was in a great tabernacle in the Quaker City. President U. S. Grant and the members of his cabinet occupied seats on the platform to the left of the evangelist. Sankey was there, and his superb voice was heard to splendid effect throughout the edifice. The vocal quality was that of a rich baritone with an articulation which was distinct, penetrating and winsome, withal. I recall just one dramatic incident in connection with Mr. Moody's sermon. It was near the end—almost the peroration. The earnest evangelist, all aglow with a pent-up enthusiasm which seemed to be forcing every physical barrier in order to find an expression, turned suddenly and, looking into the face of his distinguished auditor, exclaimed: "I would not surrender my interest in Jesus Christ for the highest gift in the possession of the American people." The great soldier and the great evangelist exchanged a significant glance—for both were earnest men. The dramatic incident swept the great audience and fired my youthful imagination. The plain preacher from the rocky hills of New England seemed to be garlanded with the spirit of Hebrew prophecy. In my youthful soul, I exclaimed: "That was great, great, great!"

Ten years afterwards I was at Northfield in attendance on a students' convention—"A College of Colleges," as a certain writer phrased it. I was among the speakers and my speech on that particular occasion was an "inspiration"—an inspiration is a psychological effect without an apparent mental cause or natural explanation—a blessed innovation which is usually accepted by the soul through which it passes without any attempt at analysis or classification. That afternoon I was walking along the dusty road leading from the Northfield Church to the main auditorium. Suddenly Mr. Moody passed in a carriage. Reining in his horses, he inquired my name, and making sure that he was talking to the right person, explained that while he was not present at the morning service, he had heard many of those who

were express words of high appreciation concerning my address. I thanked him, of course. Who would not be pleased with words of approval from the lips of a preacher who had moved two continents by his eloquence? And he thought it worth while to utter those words. Need I say that I was pleased? Need I add that D. L. Moody on that summer afternoon was “a bigger man” before the bar of my enthusiastic temperament than on that earlier occasion, ten years before, when he had swept a vast audience by his eloquence and made a heartfelt appeal to a distinguished soldier and politician. The things which are personal take precedence over all. Every soul is interested in itself. Kind words fall on a soil as rich as the hunger of the human heart is keen and intense. Remember how Longfellow sings:—

“I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell on earth, I know not where;
Long, long afterwards, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.”

Tact is a superfine piece of velvet which is worn at the point of contact. A perfect conversationalist knows what to leave out. Most of the people who boast of “calling a spade a spade” are engaged in the business of manufacturing social hardware. It is difficult to find a comfortable position for “a spade” in a drawing-room. Tie a ribbon to it and the thing looks like an ape trying to be dignified. Kind words usually fit. Frederick Douglass said that Abraham Lincoln was the only great man with whom he talked who did not remind him that his skin was black. Tact! Infinite tact!

“Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.”

In the few lines which follow I desire to warn you against certain evil tendencies in conversation: careless words, discouraging words, boastful words, words of disloyalty, and words which are bitter, cutting and sarcastic.

I.—Let me warn you against careless words. Lord Byron, when a youth, heard a certain Miss Chaworth drop a remark which could have no reference except to himself. He was intensely interested in the young woman—and these were the words which he accidentally heard: “Do you think I could marry that lame boy?” The words possessed a double sting; they were spoken without necessity and they were addressed to a servant. She need not have said it even if she thought it, but she said it and said it to one who, in the very nature of the case, was unworthy of her confidence. How cruel

some people are. Count Tolstoy was a homely boy. His neighbours and friends laughed at his homeliness, but he wept over it in secret.

II.—I warn you against proud, lofty and boastful words. Pompey, the great Roman general, exclaimed: "I have only to stamp my foot and all Italy will leap to arms!" By and by, when public enthusiasm had cooled somewhat, his enemies sneeringly remarked: "Pompey, now is the time to stamp your foot!" Adelaide, the proud daughter of the Duke of Savoy, used to say; "They will have to reckon with me when I become queen!" But, sad to relate, she never became queen. Fulfill your own prophecies and never proclaim them until they are fulfilled.

III.—I warn you against words of disloyalty. Young man, don't be disloyal to the commercial concern which employs you. Elbert Hubbard puts it straight when he says: "If you work for a man, in heaven's name, work for him. Stand by the institution which he represents. If you must vilify, condemn and eternally discourage—why, then, act like a man and resign." A merchant prince in a neighbouring city was called upon by a poor fellow out of work—"wife sick" and "children hungry," and so on. The merchant turned to the head of a department standing near by and said: "Give this man something to do." The department manager demurred, saying, "We have not the slightest need for anybody and our department pay sheet is over-loaded now." But the merchant became impatient: "The man is poor, his wife is sick, his children are hungry, he can't find work—make room for him—put him in somewhere." So they placed him in a corner to sweep, dust and pack, at ten dollars a week. Result? Inside of a month he was charging his employer with "injustice." What was ten dollars a week for a man with a wife and four children?—Of course.

IV.—I warn you against the use of cutting, bitter and sarcastic words. Voltaire said concerning Frederick the Great: "He caressed me with one hand while he tore my flesh with the other." The wife of Samuel Johnson, the English philosopher, seated at the table one day, turned and, looking into the face of her famous husband just at the moment when he was about to "ask a blessing," remarked: "My dear, don't go through the mockery of asking a blessing or thanking God for His bounties when, in less than a minute, you will be criticizing and condemning every article of food on the table." I have known many a home to be blasted and broken by virtuous people who were guilty of saying cutting things. They were fond of sprinkling salt on fresh wounds and used vitriol as a steady article of table diet. The troubles of the day were served up like an extra salad at every meal and every modest request for "peace" touched off with a social thunder-bolt.

V.—*I warn you against the use of discouraging words.* In a certain hospital, of which I have read, there is to be seen a sign bearing these words: “*Do not utter one discouraging word*”—and yet that is the crime we are all guilty of. We discourage when we ought to inspire. We create an atmosphere and ask others to breathe it. We fondle our annoyances and hug our disappointments and invite the world to have partnership in our gloom. And the discouraging folks are often the very people who have the most to encourage them. Michael Angelo owed too much to nature and to God to utter such words as these: “It would have been better for me if I had spent my life making brushes instead of cutting marble and painting domes.”

But why inflict your miserable moods on others? A friend said to Crab Robinson when he was visiting Paris: “I will call for you to-morrow morning.” Crab Robinson answered: “I would rather you did not call; you seem to dislike everything you see and hear—nothing pleases you—nothing suits you—nothing satisfies you; you rob me of my peace, my poetry, my dream. I would rather see Paris alone.” Frank answer that! What the world needs is a song; sighs are at a discount. They are building a monument “way down in Kentucky” to Stephen Collins Foster, who wrote: “Swanee River,” “Old Black Joe” and “My Old Kentucky Home Far Away.” Somebody bid \$3,000 the other day for the table on which Robert Burns wrote: “Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot.” Give us a song! A song, if you please!

There is one man whom I hold in contempt: The man who profanes his mother-tongue and pollutes the social atmosphere in which he moves. His intellectual resources are so scant that he must swear. Ignorant, shallow, superficial and bereft of ideas, he stains with oaths and cursings the finest language ever spoken. Said John Brown, whose “soul is marching on”: “If there is no God, swearing is exceedingly foolish; and if there is a God, it is moral insanity.” “Young man,” said the proprietor of a village hotel to a youth who was carelessly calling on God and the devil to certify to the truthfulness of certain remarks of an indifferent character which he was belching forth without restraint or restriction: “Young man, I will give you ten dollars if you will go into yonder graveyard, alone, at midnight and utter the same oaths.” The offer was not accepted. When a man “swears,” he has tagged himself. He is ignorant, uninformed, mentally weak, morally wrong, religiously stupid, socially cheap, and generally low-born or ill-bred. Not being able to reason, think, analyze, express, vocalize and articulate in a decent fashion—he swears. Heaven pity such!

VIII

THE LAW OF SINCERITY

“Cant” the Greatest Enemy of Religious Progress

WE are living in a new era. New ideals in politics. New standards in philosophy. New elements in society. New theories in religion. New discoveries in science. New achievements in invention.

There are five new spirits in the world. In Philosophy, the scientific spirit. In Politics, the democratic spirit. In Society, the socialistic spirit. In Diplomacy, the conciliatory spirit. In Theology, the humanitarian spirit.

Growth, movement, expansion, advancement and progress are ours—fulfilling the epigram of Oliver Wendell Holmes; “And grow we must, even though we outgrow all we love.” “If the stars did not move they would rot in the sky,” said Horace Bushnell.

“Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.”

I read everything. I am not afraid of new theologies, for all theology was once new. We must expect new phases of thought. No revelation of truth is perfect in its original form. God has not given us a perfect system of theology, or a divinely perfect philosophy, or a model government, or an unerring text-book of science, or an unimprovable political economy. Man must reason, search, contrast, compare, analyze, cogitate and wait.

“I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns.”

We welcome new truth and thank God for every new phase of truth and for every needed emphasis on certain old and forgotten truths. We only ask for one thing: whether in the chapel, church or cathedral, we would be sure of the general drift and tendency. Let the new emphasis be the right emphasis, justified by the needs of the hour and appropriate to the mental hunger of the times. Whatever you do, give us a sane religion, with the everlasting God for its foundation, the invisible realm for its master motive,

immortality for its goal, the principles of the New Testament for its inspiration, Christ for its ideal, experience for its final test and life for its scope and application.

We have read both sides—dipped into poetry, touched science, sailed over the seas of theology, skirted the continents of history, viewed untold islands of philosophical speculation, travelled over the broad waters of human biography and entered the great harbours of certain self-evident truths—and there are two things of which we are absolutely sure: First, the failure of Atheism. Second, the success of Christianity.

Honest doubt has broadened human knowledge, but atheism has failed. Atheism is a building without a foundation, a train without a track, a tree without a root, a body without a head, a circumference without a centre, a bloom without a blossom, a stream without a source, a business without a manager, an effect without a cause and—a universe without a God. Atheism has never been able to steady the heart, still the conscience, satisfy the intellect, explain the universe or account for the undying and inextinguishable aspirations of the soul. It cannot provide a refuge in the storms of life or rob death of its sting. Ingersoll has laid out the cold, still, silent form of modern atheism and covered it with the beautiful flowers of an orator's rhetoric. Listen to his words.—This is the best and brightest message which the most eloquent apostle of modern unbelief has to offer.—“Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights; we cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of a wailing cry.” Atheism always fails in the presence of Death. No wonder Robert Hall exclaimed; “I buried my materialism in the grave of my father.”

Christianity begins where Atheism ends. Christianity means Life, Love and Immortality. Christianity is the greatest fact in history. The perfume of Christianity fills the world. Christianity has placed a God on the throne of the universe, rekindled the light of hope in the heart, furnished the mind with a master motive and justified a love which spans the chasm of the grave. I would not spend five minutes debating the question: “Did Jesus turn water into wine in Cana of Galilee?” He turned Paul the persecutor into Paul the Apostle, He turned Peter the coward into Peter the heroic, He turned John the thunder-blast into John the beloved, He turned Nicodemus the timid into Nicodemus the daring. He has turned slaves into servants, servants into masters, masters into heroes, heroes into saints, saints into martyrs, and martyrs into saviours. He has transformed the page of history. “The answered prayers, the realized deliverances, the transfigured lives, the

transformed characters, the historic reformations of twenty centuries” leap up before us! The master miracle is the master man.

It is interesting to watch the onward march of Christianity in the world. The main thing which has stood in the way of Christianity’s progress has been the perpetual battle between the priest and the prophet—between the formal and the vital. The priest recites, the prophet proclaims. The priest looks backward, the prophet looks forward. The priest resides in the valley, the prophet stands on the mountain top. The priest guards the fire on the altar, the prophet points towards the sunrise. Priests are many. Prophets are few.

The hope and plan of the priest is for the universal enthronement of an absolute religion, correct in form and perfect in doctrine. Study the history of England. The battle has been between Conformity and Nonconformity. The priest has stood for conformity. One church, one head, one place, one priest, one bishop, one service, one book of praise and prayer, one Christianity—one religion. One church, the Church of England. One head, the king of England. One place of worship, the dedicated church. One priest, the ordained rector. One bishop, the Archbishop of Canterbury. One service, the approved ritual. One book, the book of common prayer. We venture no reflection on that venerable institution, the Church of England—beautiful in its ritual, rich in its material equipment, glorious in its history, splendid in its achievements. We venture no criticism on any institution when we affirm that you will never have a universal religion, in form, service and creed, so long as social conditions vary and human temperaments differ.

The evolution of religion has been threefold: Symbol—Creed—Character. The symbol led to idolatry. The creed led to bigotry. The character-test of the present hour tends towards sincerity. We are still battling for our creeds, but the symbol has passed. Symbols are not vital. Ordain a man—is there any difference in his preaching? Confirm a child, is there any difference in its character? Baptize a convert, is there any difference in his experience? Add a “B. A.,” “D. D.,” “LL. D.,” or “B. A., D. D.” to a minister’s name; does he know more? Dean Farrar once remarked, in his generous way: “What matters it if a priest’s robes be black or white, if only the Gospel be preached?” which leads us to ask that if it makes no difference whether a priest’s robes be black or white, what difference does it make whether the priest wears a robe or not? Force, consecrated force, ever and always leaps the fence of form. Vital Christianity knows no barrier. Symbols pass, creeds crumble, but religion lives. There is in Christianity a reviving force, a renewing element, a hidden source of resurrection power, which come to the surface in every hour of darkness and danger. The history

of Christianity is the story of a succession of revivals. That hidden element of power has expanded creeds, moulded organizations and created new symbols. Every century gives to the world a new expression of Christian truth.

Religion, in its evolution, will always reflect the varieties of human temperament. No two blades of grass on the rolling prairie are exactly alike. Emerson says, "God enters by a private door into the soul of every individual." Salvation comes straight from the mind of God to the soul of man. Wherever you find an aggressive Christianity, there you will find variety. God loves variety. Nature loves colour. Gaze on the green of the grass, the purple of the grape, the yellow of the orange, the whiteness of the snow, the blue of the sky, the blackness of the storm cloud, the red of the sunrise, the crimson of the sunset and the golden glory of midday. These are but a faint suggestion of spiritual variety, in moods and minds, as the divine light steals in through the cathedral windows of the soul.

We are not afraid of new religions or rather new phases of religious thought. These ever-recurring manifestations are a sign of spiritual vitality. We welcome the disciples of New Thought, the prophets of a Millennial Dawn, the eccentric professors of strange types of Holiness and Perfection, Dowie and his descendants, Mrs. Eddy and her admirers, Swedenborgians and their visions of the New Jerusalem, and the prophets of Socialism with their dreams of universal happiness. Welcome all! Quakers clad in silence and Salvationists clad in thunder—Welcome all! The child of God need never worry about "new religions." The fit will survive, the unfit expire. Says Joseph Parker: "In thirty-three years I have seen enough dead theories and discarded hypotheses to fill a good-sized cemetery." Men need never worry about a new religion: if it be of man it will come to naught; if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it.

We apply two tests to every religion new and old, ancient and modern. First, is it true to the divine instincts of the soul—those universal elements expressed in such words as God, Spirit, Eternity and Immortality? Second, is it real, vital, substantial, leaving its impress on the life in the crystallization of a character, strong, broad, and virile? Jesus Christ wrote over the doorway of His kingdom an invitation of universal application: "*Whosoever Will May Come!*" And yet He marks four exceptions to the rule: (1) Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. (2) Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. (3) Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish. (4) Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. All these exceptions aim at the

exclusion of insincerity and hypocrisy and the enthronement of the vital—the real—the substantial.

“Scribes and Pharisees.” Aye, there were many classes then, just as there are many classes now. The Herodians were the politicians of that day, the scribes were the scholars, the Sadducees were the higher critics, the Samaritans were the low-born and, socially, “the unwashed”—“Thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil,”—the Galileans were “the provincials,” the vast and unlettered multitude—“Are not these men Galileans?”—the publican was the social outcast, the representative of the underworld. In the social world, in the days of Jesus, there was nothing lower than a publican. He struck the thin ice of the social zero and fell through. “Gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner”—a publican. (Enough said!) The Pharisee was the orthodox believer—the saint—the holy man. He was correct but cruel, flawless but bloodless, right but ridged,—strict in his habits and exclusive in his associations: “I thank God that I am not as other men are—or even as this publican.” The spirit of the Pharisee was the spirit of exclusiveness, the spirit of selfishness, the spirit of caste,—the spirit of antichrist. Jesus charged the Pharisee with being an actor, a hypocrite. He professed to be what he was not. He acted a part. Hypocrisy is the incarnation of a lie.

The world has a contempt for the hypocrite—the crook in trade, the quack in medicine, the fake in society and the Uriah Heep in the realm of human relationships. The crowning virtue is Sincerity. The crowning vice is Hypocrisy. You can love a weak man, a sinful man, a reckless man, a prodigal, a sensualist—but no person can, knowingly, love a hypocrite. The world pardons the eccentricities of an enthusiast, but it never forgives a hypocrite. And, as Thomas Carlyle remarks, “the crowning hypocrisy is a false priest.” The best thing about a preacher is not the sermon he preaches, the visits he makes, the prayers he offers, the truth he affirms, the instruction he affords, the inspiration he generates, but the life he lives. The Earl of Shaftesbury said concerning Charles H. Spurgeon: “Whatever he was in the pulpit he was in private, and whatever he was in private, he was in the pulpit.” Magnificent compliment!

But Jesus came in contact with—aye, in conflict with—an insincere pulpit, ministry and priesthood, and therefore uttered that cutting, stinging, scorching, blistering word—“*Hypocrite!*” There is no greater disappointment than when humanity finds the spirit of hypocrisy enthroned in the temple of truth. Constantinople, at a distance, is a picture of wondrous beauty—domes, spires, cathedrals, mosques, and palaces; but the modern traveller, on a nearer approach, exclaims, “Dogs, dust and dirt!” Luther approaching Rome, the Eternal City, exclaimed: “Hail, Holy Rome”; but on

a closer inspection he muttered: "If ever a city was built over hell, Rome is that city."

In this chapter we desire to study the character of the modern saint; to discover, if possible, if his righteousness exceeds the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees; and to learn if his religion, no matter what the type, form or order may be, is real, vital and substantial. The modern saint is of all sorts and conditions and almost too numerous to mention. There is the orthodox saint, he can tell you what to believe; the institutional saint, he can tell you what to do; the smiling saint, he can tell you how he feels; the praying saint, he can tell you the secret of spiritual power; the criticizing saint, he can tell you when you are going wrong; and the conservative saint, he can always tell you "what not to do." Time would fail me to tell of the esthetic saint, the spasmodic saint, the evangelistic saint, the new thought saint, the up-to-date saint,—all good saints. The saint with the downward look—material. The saint with the upward look—spiritual. The saint with the inward look—mystical. The saint with the sideward look—careless. The saint with the wandering look—wayward. The saint with the forward look—aggressive.

The title of a chapter in a book by Arthur Chambers, an Anglican divine, reads thus: "How Shall We Get On With Uncongenial Saints In Heaven?" But there is a more serious problem, namely: "How Shall We Get On With Uncongenial Saints On Earth?" Uncongenial saints? Indeed! There are people who are good but peculiar. There are saints who are consecrated but eccentric. There are Christians who are genuine but irritable. There are thoroughly orthodox folks who are unreasonable. There are popular and approved church officials who need watching in business. There are men who are so interested in the study of prophecy that they have no time to help in the upbuilding of God's kingdom on earth. There are men who believe in the inspiration of the Bible who have no inspiration in their lives. There are saints who "believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting"—and yet, somehow or other, these folks in character and conduct do not remind us of Jesus Christ. Turner, the famous painter, looking at a picture in the Royal Academy, and snapping his fingers impatiently, remarked: "It's a splendid picture, but it lacks something—it lacks 'that.'"

Saints they are, but they have not followed the divine injunction: "Keep thyself unspotted from the world." The modern saint is not "unspotted." There's the gray spot of uncertainty, the green spot of envy, the red spot of anger, the yellow spot of greed, the black spot of sin, the blue spot of

selfishness, the purple spot of pride, and the lavender spot of worldliness. If we could take the modern saint and knock the spots—beg pardon—if we could, eh, remove the earth-soil and erase the stain of sin, what a decent collection of saints we would have. And yet these Christians are not insincere, not by any means; but it may be that they have taken the first step towards insincerity. That first step is called “Cant,” religious cant. Cant is the first step towards the unreal—hypocrisy is the last. Cant, according to the dictionary, is “a singsong mode of speaking”—“an affected religious phraseology”—“whining pretensions to goodness.” In plain words, cant is the careless use of words under the influence of religious zeal, political enthusiasm, professional pride, or the compelling impact of commercial selfishness. Frederick Douglass, that splendid orator of a past generation, who could speak eloquently of slavery because he wore the scars of the slave-driver’s lash upon his back, tells in his autobiography of the difficulty which he frequently experienced in trying to secure a church building in which to expatiate on the subject of slavery. Sometimes the church official appealed to would answer: “I don’t know about this—I must ask the Lord. Let us pray.” He adds, suggestively: “When they prayed with me they never gave me the church.” Sir John Hawkins, with a cargo of slaves stolen from Africa, the landing of which on the Atlantic coast marks the beginning of the slave-trade on this continent, exclaims, after passing through a tempestuous storm at sea, “But God would not suffer His elect to perish.” What cant!

Cant is a careless, reckless use of words which results in mental, moral and spiritual colour blindness. It is a sad day in the history of a man when he begins to play with words. The greatest fool is the man who fools himself. Edward M. Shepard, when addressing a graduating class in the New York Law School, said: “In the wonderful thicket of legal prohibitions, a corporation or an individual may wish to do something innocent—it may be illegal under one statute and legal if done under another statute. A lawyer is morally justified in advising an individual, or a corporation, under what statute an act may legally be performed.” Exactly! Just so! How simple! Which reminds us of the remark of “Sam” Jones, the Southern evangelist, that he could “see through a ladder, if there was a light on the other side.”

A wealthy banker in the United States, charged with accepting \$25,000 for his vote, pleaded guilty, saying: “I would rather be known as one who had accepted a bribe than be found lying about it.” What a remarkable distinction! How noble! Who would not possess a conscience so tender and true? A friend remarked to me: “It is a fact that I am engaged in the liquor business, but I am engaged in the wholesale liquor business—I don’t stand behind the bar.” But the dangerous man is not the man who stands behind

the bar, but that other man—the man who stands behind the man “who stands behind the bar.” G. Campbell Morgan was right when he said: “The Church must declare that there is no room within her borders for any man who in his business relationships is identified with the forces which are damning humanity.” How can a decent man be engaged in an indecent business? Tell me that! Mayor Hanna, of Des Moines, was wise when he refused to deliver an address of welcome at the opening of the Liquor Dealers’ Association in that city. Why “welcome” drunkenness, poverty, crime, insanity, disease, and evils not to be mentioned in the presence of our wives and daughters? Why not be honest in our thinking and speaking? Remember the words of Johnson to Boswell: “Young man, rid your mind of cant!”

I.—There is such a thing as historical cant. Men glory in the courage of Luther, the grit of Cromwell, and the patriotism of Knox, but had they lived in the days of Luther they would have laughed at him; had they lived in the days of Cromwell they would have crowned him with sneers and jeers, and had they lived in the days of John Knox they would have wished for him the fate which befell Latimer and Ridley.

II.—There is such a thing as ecclesiastical cant. For instance, the Roman Catholic Church asks for the broadest toleration from every Protestant community, while publicly and privately, in pursuance of her unchanging policy and just rights, she urges forward her cause in every Protestant country. Meanwhile, every attempt to establish a Protestant mission in a Roman Catholic country calls forth the most insulting language and the most persistent opposition. That is what I am pleased to label “an organized inconsistency” and a manifestation of ecclesiastical cant. Our Roman Catholic brethren ought to remember that a Christian in Canada is apt to know exactly what is happening to a Protestant in Spain. This is an age when the omnipresent newspaper spreads the news of the world daily before the eyes of all who can read. It therefore behooves an ecclesiastical organization, with a world-wide equipment, to be—consistent.

III.—There is such a thing as international cant. The folks who bother the customs house officers in New York City are wealthy Americans, returning from Europe, who stand for “a protective tariff”—plead for it—pray for it—vote for it—work for it—and profit by it—but who do not wish to have it applied to themselves personally. That’s what I am pleased to call international cant.

IV.—There is such a thing as philosophical cant. Certain people are so constituted that they can sit, with a well-satisfied appetite, before a bright open fire, in their own house, on a cold day,—and grow eloquent—talking

about “the blessings of poverty.” I always begin to doubt the quality of a man’s religion when the room occupied by his cook, coach-man, domestic, or servant is the one room in the house which is the coldest in the winter and the hottest in the summer. Query: If you do not care for a man’s body which you can see, how can you care for his soul which you cannot see?

V.—*There is such a thing as social cant.* Queen Victoria, the moment she becomes the sovereign, exclaims: “Oh, what a difference it makes! Last year I was only a chance, a possibility, a maybe, a perhaps; but this year I reside in Buckingham Palace, and everybody is so kind to me. Oh, what a difference it makes!” Yes, it makes a difference!

At a Sunday morning service in a New York Fifth Avenue church, several weeks after a number of young and recently married couples had united with the church, the pastor requested the church-members to call on these last arrivals in the realm ecclesiastical. In doing so he used the following suggestive phraseology: “I ask this as a recognition of your relationship to the church; it does not in the least involve social recognition.” How delicious! If it does not involve social recognition, what in the name of heaven does it involve? In a Minnesota railroad town, the wives of engineers will not associate with the wives of brakemen and the wives of the brakemen will not associate with the wives of the firemen; and the preacher, poor saint, he is compelled to call on all of them. Did you ever hear of such nonsense? That’s what I call social cant when I find it in so-called Christian circles—and I find it.

VI.—*There is such a thing as emotional cant.* Perhaps the most prevalent form of cant is the emotional type. In the hour of some great enthusiasm men and women pass from the practical to the sentimental and imagine that they *are* what they feel they would like to be. Rabbi Hirsch remarks that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every one thousand Jews, who pray regularly that they may be permitted to go back to Jerusalem, would be almost stricken with apoplexy should their Messiah suddenly appear and offer to lead them back to their ancient inheritance. A British subject stood in a great patriotic gathering and sang, lustily, the words:

“God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!”

He was visibly moved. Emotion swept his frame. Hot tears suffused his eyes. He almost lost control of his voice. Here was a patriot indeed! As he

passed out of the vast assemblage he exclaimed: "I feel as though I could die for my country—for the flag—for the empire—for the king—the king, God bless him, the king!" Inside of three months he was placed in jail for defrauding the government.

When a man's only contribution to the church is to be found in the open offering on the collection plate and when on the approach of said collection plate he invariably selects the smallest coin in his pocket and drops it stealthily on the passing receptacle, and when, after the offering has been received, this beloved brother rises and sings:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all,"

—that's cant!

VII.—There is such a thing as commercial cant. Perhaps this is the most dangerous form of cant extant to-day. It was a friend of Christianity who said: "He who by fraud and injustice gets a million dollars will have the best pew in the church and the personal regard of the eloquent clergyman who speaks in the name of Christ." A famous Brooklyn divine said to me concerning a certain multi-millionaire, who has clear convictions about baptism but cloudy convictions about business: "If you could only hear him conduct family worship as I have!" But I have a more searching inquiry: "How does he conduct his business?" The Prophet Amos denounced the men who planned to "buy the poor for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes." Listen! For commercial cant it would be difficult to find anything which would surpass the following: The speaker is a coal king—the baron of the black diamond district—president of a mine owners' association—and the occasion—a great coal strike which attracted the attention of presidents and kings. Listen! "The rights and interests of the labouring man will be protected and cared for, not by the labour agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God, in His infinite wisdom, has given control of the property interests of the country." How smooth! What divine ethics! What beautiful phraseology! Hallelujah! Let us pray!

In God's name, let us be real! Open in life! Direct in method! Lofty in purpose! Fearless in action! "Who dares think one thing, and another tell, my soul doth loathe him as the gates of hell." Oliver Wendell Holmes, after a great reception before a Boston audience, where he had been applauded and cheered again and again, was approached by a friend and neighbour who inquired: "You must get tired of all this?" His answer was simple, direct and truthful: "I never get tired of the applause of an audience. I like it." John

Stuart Mill indulged in a statement to the effect that: "One-half of the working men of England are unreliable." Perhaps he did not say so in the exact phraseology quoted, but in words which implied as much he had uttered sentences which had, seemingly, reflected upon the horny-handed sons of toil. When next he appeared in public, at a political meeting, he was assailed on every side by the question, uttered by angry and impatient working men: "Did you say it? Did you say it?" John Stuart Mill stepped forward to the footlights and uttered one pregnant sentence—as brief as it was positive:—"I did!" From that moment the working men of England believed in John Stuart Mill. The slave on the auctioneer's block was approached by a kind Christian gentleman, who said to him: "If I buy you and take you to a beautiful home, will you be honest and truthful?" The coloured lad answered: "I will be honest and truthful whether you buy me or not." Oh, let us be real, genuine, sincere and absolutely truthful!

The eighteen-year-old son of a professor in a theological seminary, after a visit to a rescue mission, said to his father: "Father, they have got the real thing down there." The singing was real, the prayers were real, the worship was real, the conversions were real, the experiences were real—there was about the whole thing an atmosphere of reality. Reality—that's what the world demands!

There is only one thing which the Church need fear and that is infidelity of the heart. That was a sad day for ancient Rome when every man had two religions—the religion which he professed and the religion which he believed. I am afraid of the man who can enjoy his religion and injure his neighbour in the same hour. The most dangerous thing in the world is religion divorced from morality. Ernest Renan once remarked: "The greatest man is the man who works his philosophy into his life." What is worth more than wood?—Iron. What is worth more than iron?—Silver. What is worth more than silver?—Gold. What is worth more than gold?—Radium. What is worth more than radium?—Spirit. What is worth more than spirit?—Life. What is worth more than life?—Character. Alexander Pope put it in a nutshell when he said:—

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight.
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

IX
THE LAW OF THE FUTURE
The Value of Dreams and Presentiments

THE unknown and unseen possibilities of life are tremendous. On the evening of November the 25th, in the year 1864, three brothers, who had each chosen the theatrical profession as a life calling, sat with their mother in a box in a splendid metropolitan theatre in New York City. Their names were Junius Booth, John Wilkes Booth and Edwin Booth. One brother achieved world-wide fame, one attained a terrible notoriety as the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, and one was lost in obscurity. If that proud and happy mother, seated yonder behind the rich tapestry of a beautifully-equipped modern playhouse, could have had a vision of the hour when the blighting blast of a universal condemnation should descend upon the unprotected name and reputation of *John Wilkes Booth*, what chilling winds would have swept through the corridors of her soul. Who knows? Who can tell what the future may have in store for any one of us?

T. DeWitt Talmage, walking with a friend one day through a broad residential avenue in the commercial metropolis of the United States, pointed to a row of houses—homes of wealth, culture and beauty—and exclaimed: “Haunted houses! Haunted houses! In one an idiot child; in another, a drunken father; in the third, a dissipated son; in the fourth, a blasted reputation; in the fifth, a withered love; in the sixth, memories of a wandering girl; and in the seventh, the shadow of bankruptcy—in each home a skeleton! Haunted houses! Haunted houses!” Who knows what ghostly shadows may hover over the home life? Who knows?

I saw General U. S. Grant in the supreme hour of his life, when he had returned from Europe a world-honoured hero. I was a youth at the time and the famous general was passing through my native city—Philadelphia. Arches spanned the streets. Well-worded mottoes heralded the returning soldier as “*The greatest hero of the nineteenth century.*” Along the pathway of the procession every available inch of standing room was occupied. Every window framed a score of faces. The top of every house, shop and store was rimmed with hero worshippers. Youthful forms adorned every stray lamp-

post and every convenient telegraph pole. Such a congestion of humanity it had never been my privilege to gaze upon. While with the approach of the carriage containing the great citizen, whom the Republic delighted to honour, women wept and men lost themselves in a frenzy of enthusiasm. In that hour who ever dreamed of debt and disease? Who ever imagined, in that hour, that the hero honoured by such universal applause would be compelled to struggle with agonizing diseases and cruel poverty? Who knows? Who knows?

Grant was a man of strict integrity, and having endorsed the note of his favoured son for an amount equal to all his earthly possessions, he found himself, by a strange turn of circumstances, responsible for every dollar of the endorsement. So he handed over his possessions to another—his farm near St. Louis, his home in Philadelphia, a house in Chicago, all his personal property of whatever sort, his military trophies, swords presented to him by citizens, superb caskets, the gifts of great cities, souvenirs presented to him in China and Japan—even the flags and standards won on the field of battle. Everything! Everything! Disease followed in the wake of debt and death marked a sad period to all. Who knows? Who knows?

Sir Walter Scott had a brother by the name of Daniel. He went to the West Indies and in time of war proved a coward. Sir Walter made no reference to him in any of his writings. His name was never mentioned in the family. He was buried secretly. No mourning was worn for him. He was always spoken of in the family as “Our relative.” Who knows? Who knows?

“From the same cradle’s side,
From the same mother’s knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful Sea.”

Nobody knows what the future will reveal—therefore humanity has always been superstitious about the future. Astrology—the supposed effect of the stars on the destiny of man—was the first attempt of the human mind to reduce these superstitions to a science. And even to-day there are men and women who study passing events with a keen eye on the future. Napoleon found that the picture of Josephine had been accidentally broken in his knapsack, and he exclaimed: “Has anything happened to Josephine? Is she sick? Has she been untrue to me?”

Great men have sometimes been superstitious about numbers. It was said that James A. Garfield had a favourite number—it was the number “4.” His friends affirmed that it shadowed him through life—“4”—“44”—“444.” He always found it and it always found him.

The most remarkable coincidences have occurred in the lives of thoughtful persons. Robert Burns had an inspiration which always came to him with the opening of the spring. His thoughts blossomed when the buds began to break. Spurgeon had a sure sign—a *season of depression*—which always preceded every great spiritual victory and ingathering of converts. Charles Dickens affirmed that the best things in his life always “happened on Friday.” “This day I have paid the purchase money for Gad’s Hill Place. Strange, too, it’s Friday. And I had offered to settle a half dozen times, but the lawyers were not ready.” Charles Stewart Parnell remarked to a friend: “Something always happens to me in October!” He died in October, 1891. Dr. Lyman Beecher feared the month of September. All the deaths in the Beecher family seemed to occur in the month of September. The famous preacher feared the approach of the ninth month in the calendar and breathed a sigh of relief when it had passed. Cromwell won several great battles on September the 3d. It was his great day. He died on September 3, 1658, his dying hour being marked by one of the greatest storms that ever swept over the Islands of the Northern Sea.

Death seems to cast its shadow before. In ten thousand cases men have had a distinct intimation that they were going to die. Admiral Nelson, as brave a sea dog as ever stood on the deck of a vessel, made the most thorough preparation before his last battle and went back and kissed the picture of his child again and again. Lincoln, the night before his assassination, had a strange dream. He dreamed that he was on a raft—drifting, drifting, drifting. “Every time I have had that dream an important event has come into my life,” he said. After his tragic death the members of his cabinet recalled his prophetic remark.

That Chicago merchant prince, John V. Farwell, known the world over as the friend and champion of Dwight L. Moody, says, in his “Recollections,” “I met Mr. Moody at a banquet, sad and depressed. I said: ‘Moody, what is the matter? You are usually so bright and cheerful.’ His answer was, ‘I don’t know, but it seems to me that something terrible is about to happen.’” That night his companion in evangelistic work, Philip P. Bliss, went down to death in the great railroad accident at Ashtabula, Ohio. It was remarked that the last hymn which Bliss rendered as a solo before a Chicago audience was a song of his own composition and strangely appropriate, considering his sudden exit out of the realm of time and sense. The words of the first verse were these:

“I know not the hour when my Lord will come
To take me away to His own dear home,
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.”

But the most remarkable thing in human experience in this connection is that which seems to be a touch of the spirit of Hebrew prophecy resting on certain individuals. You remember how Martin Luther had delivered his historical utterances in the presence of the Diet of Worms and was waiting patiently with some friends and companions, in a private residence, to learn the verdict of the great assembly. No messenger had arrived and no word had been received, but suddenly Luther, leaping to his feet, exclaimed: "The victory is ours! The victory is ours!" He had received a divine intimation. And it was so. A verdict favourable to Luther and the reform doctrines had been rendered.

John Knox, when a galley slave, chained to the oar with a score of other companions, equally unfortunate, floating by St. Andrews beheld the church spires in the distance. Pointing to the venerable cathedral, he shouted: "I shall preach there yet!" That prediction had a remarkable fulfillment.

Nisbet, the Covenanter, indulged in a wild prophecy, when he exclaimed, at the risk of his life: "The God of the Covenants will soon cut off the House of Stuart!" The prediction had its first fulfillment in one of the most startling tragedies of English history. The execution of Charles I and the enthronement of William, Prince of Orange, made the prophecy a classic in church history.

But all these are only glimmerings and gleamings. They reveal no law of infallible communication or reliable revelation concerning coming events. We long for the secrets of prophecy and wish profoundly that some inspired prophet would lift, with magic hand, the curtain of the future.

John Wesley was in the habit of opening the Bible at random, hoping to find a message, which would guide him, in the first passage, paragraph or verse on which his eye should rest. The Bishop of Rochester was wiser than John Wesley, for, coming out of the London Tower, and beholding the scaffold on which he was about to die, he took out of his pocket his Greek New Testament, and offering the prayer, "And now, oh, Lord, direct me to a passage which will support me in this trying hour!" he opened the sacred volume.

A man may open his Bible at random and be blinded by a lightning flash. Charles I, suddenly opening his Bible at random, his eye fell on these words: "Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow." The passage flashed upon him with a strange, subtle power. He stood before the book transfixed. Could it have any reference to him? As yet the pathway of life was rosy and no shadow of gloom fell upon his way. He closed the book and lapsed into a profound contemplation.

The Bible is not a book of magic to be scanned by curious eyes. The Bible is to be studied for its great fundamental truths and principles. But better by far go to the Bible at random and turn over its pages in an ignorant, unscientific way, than to go to the dark, curtained room of the modern prophet of future events. What a host of “fortune tellers” there are in these days!—Mediums, mind readers, clairvoyants and so-called spiritualists. No wonder that a certain “Scientific Society” in New York City has offered a thousand pounds to any one who will show convincing proofs of possessing supernatural powers.

Great disasters are occurring every week, but no fortune teller ever has the kindness to warn us of an approaching shipwreck or to mildly hint at the possibility of a sudden railroad smash-up. What fortunes “fortune tellers” might make by the practical application of their special information to real estate, stocks, crops, or the weather! But no! Their haunts are found in streets of obscurity and their homes easily recognizable by the presence of musty fumes, ancient odours, broken furniture, and faded upholstery.

Let us come to the point—the main point of this dissertation—and I state it as a personal conviction, the result of thoughtful reading and persistent investigation. If there is one thing of which I am absolutely sure, it is this: God has determined that we shall *think* our way through the world. Beyond a providential hint on a spiritual suggestion He will not reveal to us the secrets of the future. There is a key to the future but you must find it. It has been placed within your reach. Destiny says, “Find the Key,” and even our limited experience compels us to affirm that it is worth looking for. Robert C. Ogden, business manager for John Wanamaker, in New York City, asserts that: “Successful men are not the men who work the hardest, but the men who think the clearest.” You can put the whole thing in a nutshell and state it in one brief sentence: *“If you would know the future, you must find out the law of the future.”*

1. For illustration, the natural realm is governed by immutable and unchangeable laws. These laws are infallible in their operation and therefore a true record of the revolution and evolution of these laws, for the century, now present, would be an infallible and unfailing prophecy of what must happen in the realm of nature a hundred or a thousand years hence. If you had an absolutely correct record and register of the weather fluctuations on this planet for five hundred years, you could predict with scientific accuracy the atmospherical changes down to an hour in time and a hundred square miles in geographical extent. Nature’s operations are unfailing and therefore prophetic. Mr. Foster in his weather predictions has demonstrated the value

of this theory. There is a scientific law which will unlock all the secrets hid in the vault of nature.

2. There is also a law of physical tendency. In its operation there is to be seen the peculiar characteristics of that which is described as hereditary traits. For instance, in the year 1801, William Arnold died “suddenly.” In the year 1842, his son, Thomas Arnold—“Arnold of Rugby”—died “suddenly.” In the year 1888, Matthew Arnold, the grandson, died “suddenly.” In each case the heart suddenly refused to bear the strain of life’s conflict. There is a law of physical tendency. Insurance companies study it and have a profound respect for its operations. The lower laws are seemingly cruel, but the higher laws are always kind.

3. There is a law of personal character and individual habit. Skillful detectives know, to a comforting extent, just about what the average criminal will do. The proverb that “they all do it” works out a high average in the realm of thieves and thugs.

4. There is a law of historical evolution. “History repeats itself.” It is historically true that what has been will be. Louis XIV, as he thought of a revolution which was surely coming, exclaimed: “May God have mercy on my grandson!” His grandson, Louis XVI, laid his weary head on the executioner’s block. Lord Chesterfield, in the year 1753, anticipated the French Revolution in these words: “I think I see, in France, that, before the end of the century, the occupation of both king and priest will be gone.”

Schiller uttered one of the celebrated prophecies of history when he wrote these words: “The French Republic will pass away and a despot will hold sway over the greater part of Europe.” This prediction was strikingly fulfilled by the coming of Napoleon. Schiller knew the historical law of national evolution. Listen to Thomas Jefferson’s remarkable prophecy concerning the institution of slavery: “Nothing is more certainly written in the book of Fate than that these people shall be free.”

5. There is the Law of Cause and Effect in the realm of character and achievement. Said Cicero to Mark Antony: “Balls, banquets, concerts, entertainments and processions—these are pleasant diversions, but they must be paid for.” Lord Campbell, when a young man, in refusing an invitation to spend a Sunday in the country, wrote: “If I am to succeed in my profession, I must be in my office when others are in the theatre, I must study when others are asleep, and I must remain in town while others are in the country.” Certainly! He had discovered the law of success in his profession. A California newspaper reporter, who interviewed a famous American tenor, unwittingly listened to an exhortation which proved to be as wholesome as a good sermon: “I like wine, but I must have regard for my

voice; I like cigars, but I cannot ignore the laws of health in relationship to my voice; I like rich food, but my voice, my voice, sir, is more than all these!" John Fiske, the historian, ordered the stone-cutter to carve in the granite of his mantelpiece these words: "*Study as though you were to live for all eternity.*"

Put it down, once for all, that life is not a game of chance. "Life—a game of chance"—that is a pagan motto. That is the motto of Gilbert, the grave-digger of Monte Carlo, where there are more suicides than anywhere else in all the world. Charles Stewart Parnell believed in luck, chance and fate. He would not pass another on the stairway. He would not sleep in room number "13." He would not sit in a room where three candles were burning. He would not begin a journey on Friday. He would not enter upon any new project in the month of October—it was his unlucky month. And yet when he fell—and the world witnessed his downfall—he fell through the violation of a great moral law. Society refused to sanction, in a recognized political reformer, an absolute indifference to the fundamental law, the observance of which guarantees the purity and stability of the home life. Strange that this great man had not a superstitious regard for the seventh article in the decalogue. Beaconfield was right when he said: "We make our own fortunes and then call them fate."

6. Study the Law of Providence. Providence—that is one of the biggest words in the dictionary. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord and He delighteth in his way." It was because Horace Bushnell believed in that text that he was able to preach the famous sermon: "*Every man's life a plan of God.*" I believe in Providence. Not a general providence but a particular providence. Remember the words of Gail Hamilton: "I want a real old-fashioned God, who looks after you, and follows you up, and knows all about you."

I was in the Walker Theatre, in the city of Winnipeg, one Sunday afternoon when Wilbur Chapman was conducting a service. There were three thousand persons present and the people were packed so close that the audience looked more like a mob than a meeting. In that throng Dr. Chapman caught a glimpse of the face of his son, a child of some twelve years. Turning to me most enthusiastically, he remarked: "There's my boy! There's my boy!" Certainly—the father's eye could find the face of his child. Jesus Christ taught the world to say, "*Our Father.*" The opening sentence of the Lord's Prayer is the amber wine of all theology. "Our Father, which art in heaven." I belong to Him; He belongs to me! Elizabeth Prentiss was prone to walk the length of her room exclaiming: "Oh, wonderful thought—I belong to Him! Oh, wonderful thought—I belong to Him!"

Stonewall Jackson was asked on the field of battle: "How can you keep so cool amid such a storm of shot and shell?" His immediate answer was expressed in these words: "My religion teaches me to believe that I am just as safe in battle as behind the mightiest bulwark." Man is immortal till his work is done.

Let us magnify the power of God. Who can measure God's reserved power? He has more thunderbolts than ever rattled in the sky, more light than ever flashed in the sun, more blue than was ever arched in the heavens, more green than was ever woven into the grass and more crimson than ever glowed in the sunset. Oh! magnify the power of God! George Muller explained his success in faith and prayer by this childlike utterance: "I knew that God could as easily support one thousand orphans through me as three hundred." God never permits such a man to fail.

The climax of all earthly wisdom is to find out how you can connect with the Law of Providence. God has a private wire to the heart of every one of His children. Keep in touch with God. His hearing is keener than yours. He is near even when you cannot feel His presence. Follow Him! Let your song be "Where He leads me I will follow." Constantine, when laying out the city of the Golden Horn, exclaimed: "I am following one who is leading me." Divine wisdom! Blessed confidence!

Those are wonderfully sweet words credited to Dr. Draper—"Over the evening of our dreams there steals the thought that we have been used by an unknown power for an unseen end."

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Hark! I hear the voice of the ancient oracle. The message is for Cæsar. Cæsar, the world-ruler. Cæsar, the giant of history. Cæsar, the personification of imperialism. Cæsar, the greatest hero "in all the tides of time." The oracle speaks to Cæsar: "Cæsar, beware the Ides of March! Beware the Ides of March!" Julius Cæsar was assassinated in the senate chamber of Rome on "the Ides of March," the fifteenth of March, in the year 44 B. C. That very morning the wife of Cæsar had told him of a terrible dream which had come to her during the silent watches of the night. It was on that very morning—the morning of the Ides of March—that Cæsar, passing down the golden staircase of his magnificent palace, beheld his own statue, a figure of colossal form and cut out of snow-white marble, fall, as though touched by the hand of an unseen enemy, the entrance of the palace being strewn with the flying fragments of a thousand broken atoms. That very morning, too, an old friend of Cæsar, threading his way through the motley crowd which

hung upon the wheels of the passing chariot of the conqueror, thrust a paper into the outstretched hand of the smiling monarch, exclaiming: "Read this at once! It concerns yourself!" But Cæsar, robed in imperial purple, sat back in his royal carriage, feasting his eye on a sea of approving faces and listening, while the thunderous applause of the multitude rolled like majestic music over his soul. The sound of the multitude had hushed the voice of the oracle. A smile passed over his bronzed features as he remarked, in a tone of self-congratulation: "The Ides of March has come and I am safe!"

"Remember March, the Ides of March. Remember."

Oh, for the warning voice of a divine oracle! Napoleon—beware the islands of the Northern Sea! Robert Burns—beware the influence of your friends! Sir Walter Scott—beware the bondage of debt! Charles I—beware the wrath of the people! Mary, Queen of Scots—beware the voice of your lovers! Henry VIII—beware the tyranny of your passions! Daniel Webster—beware the hour of compromise! Francis Bacon—beware the price of honour! Lord Byron—beware the tempests of thy soul! Oh, for a voice! "Remember March, the Ides of March. Remember!" And beware!

1. Beware the hour of defeat. Robert Browning waited twenty long years for literary recognition. A famous London editor had reviewed Browning's first great poem and written across the volume these stinging words: "Froth, foam, nonsense, trash, balderdash!" And for twenty years the world believed the lie. But the hour of triumph, though long delayed, arrived at last. That was a brief but pregnant tribute which Bishop Quayle recently paid to the memory of William the Silent: "He was never defeated by defeat."

2. Beware the hour of discouragement!—that hour of gloom when the heavens are black with clouds. The ministry of John Hall ended in apparent failure. The tide of popularity began to recede. He could find no reasonable explanation for the strange turn in events. Empty pews looked him in the face Sabbath after Sabbath. His heart failed him and he went home to his native hearth to die. The Irish physician who was called in to see the dying preacher, all unconscious of the depressing circumstances of the closing years of his ministry in New York, thus explained the case: "This man is dying of what we call here (in Ireland) the weary heart—the tired heart." Alas, how many are dying of the weary heart. Gradual, down-grade discouragement breaks more hearts than sudden failure or unlooked-for disaster. Oh, Master, help me to preach to the discouraged!

At Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, I found a sick and discouraged preacher. The bare floors of his poorly equipped home seemed colder than a cathedral aisle. He lifted his skeleton form from the ragged couch on which he lay, and with an expression never to be forgotten, he said in sobbing

syllables: “I worked hard, I preached hard, I prayed hard, I pled hard, and now my children are hungry, my wife clad in rags, and I am left alone.” Poor soul! He knew not what Providence was preparing for him. The clouds had descended. There was not a star in his sky.

Life is a voyage. We are sailing on an unknown sea. The clouds are temporary. The sun is eternal. You are never so near God as when you are lonely. It was a broken-hearted priest, afloat on a great sea, and hindered by absent breezes, a priest homesick and weary, who wrote:

“Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.”

Henry Ward Beecher never preached with such heart-power as in the hour of his great trial. When men were asking: “Is he innocent?” “Is he guilty?” “Is he true?” “Is he sincere?”—in that hour the flood-gates of his soul were unlocked and a great, broken-hearted child of nature wept over a broken-hearted world. The auditors who were swept by his sobbing eloquence rendered their own silent verdict and the deepening conviction of the passing years has confirmed it.

3. Beware the hour of Destiny! Let it not pass without a noble decision. Thomas Carlyle was boarding in Edinburgh and dreaming of a literary career when, to use his own words: “All at once there arose a thought within me, saying, ‘What art thou afraid of?’” And then he adds: “From that moment I began to be a man.” A noble decision is a glittering jewel set in the golden ring of destiny.

When Mary, Queen of Scots, had decided to go to England and fling herself on the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, the Archbishop of St. Andrews followed her to the middle of the stream dividing the two kingdoms, and holding her horse by the bridle, said, in wooing tones: “Come back! Come back! Come back!” That was an hour of destiny for Queen Mary—beautiful, wayward, fascinating, willful, impulsive and misguided child of fate. An evil decision is like an ink-stain on the printed surface of a beautiful volume which sinks in like a black shadow and finds its grave in a hundred blackened pages.

Oh, hesitating soul, *decide!* Imitate the noble action of Admiral Foote when, walking the deck of his vessel on a dark and starless night, he suddenly exclaimed: “*Henceforth I live for God!*”

X

The Law of the Unseen

The Possibility of Communication With the Spirits of Loved Ones Who Have Passed On

WHAT a wonderful age is ours! Almost everything that we have wished for, hoped for, or imagined, has happened, or is happening—wonders of the telescope; wonders of the microscope; wonders of the spectroscope; wonders of electricity; wonders of radium; wonders of discovery; wonders of invention; wonderful conquest of land, sea and air.

Edison, that modern magician, who, had he lived three hundred years ago, would certainly have been regarded as a wizard, affirms that in ten years air-ships will be carrying passengers across the ocean and over the sea at a speed of two hundred miles an hour. Scientists tell us that wood can be melted and poured into any mould like liquid gold. Perpetual motion is almost within our reach. A radium electroscope has been invented which works automatically and can be trusted to keep a bell ringing—ringing—ringing—for thirty thousand years. So be it!

In our modern inventions and investigations we are verging upon the mysteries and powers of the unseen world. We have made two great discoveries. First, we have discovered that man is a spirit, and second, we have discovered that we are living in a spiritual universe.

Man is a spirit. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. The spiritual body is the cause and the natural body is the effect. The eye cannot see, the ear cannot hear, the brain cannot think, the hand cannot handle, the body cannot move. All these organs but register and reflect the will and desires of an unseen personality. Tolstoy has congested the whole thing in a nutshell when he says: "It is necessary to have a soul."

We are living in a spiritual universe. Whatever is, is double. Behind every material thing there is a spiritual force. Matter is spirit in its lowest and slowest manifestation. Everything which exists is the manifestation of an unseen energy. Yonder giant oak of the forest, cut down and cast into the furnace, will leave only a handful of ashes. All else was sunshine, moisture,

air, spirit, soul, and life. The fire liberated the spiritual elements, but they still exist.

The world will eventually be ruled by spiritual forces. The great discoveries of the future will be in the spiritual realm. The last achievement of science will be the conquest of spiritual elements. In the comprehension of the laws which govern unseen forces will be found the solution of all the problems which confront the intellect and puzzle the spirit.

Fifty thousand persons die for every hour of the day and night. And herein is to be found “the riddle of the universe.” In the presence of this great mystery I am prone to repeat four questions asked by a well-known writer: First, are the dead alive? Second, do they ever return to the earth? Third, if so, can they speak to us? Fourth, if they can speak to us, is their message reliable? Oh, for an answer! The greatest scientist of the future will be the man who will reduce spiritualism to a science, thus answering the greatest questions of the human heart. Immanuel Kant spoke for the race when he said: “If any man can prove for me the immortality of the soul, that is the man I want to meet.”

And, first of all, we turn to the Bible to discover, if possible, the secrets of the unseen world, and to find a solution for our problem. Any man of honest mind must acknowledge that there is a science of spiritualism to be found in the Bible. Angels black and angels bright hover over its pages. The lowest manifestation of Scriptural spiritualism is to be found in the gloomy incident of the Witch of Endor; the highest manifestation in the glorious event of the transfiguration of Jesus. One is as real as the other. The secret of a spiritual science is the crown-jewel of Scripture. The great characters of Scripture were sensitive souls, mystics, dreamers and visionaries. Every great Biblical character wears the garland of the spiritual. Read the roll call of heroes in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. Every hero is a man of faith and faith is the faculty by which we sense the unseen.

John on the Isle of Patmos exclaims: “I heard a voice”—“I was in the spirit on the Lord’s day and heard behind me a great voice.” Paul, shipwrecked and storm tossed, proclaims: “There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve.” Isaiah registers a notable experience in his life when he chronicles the fact: “In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple.” These are psychological experiences reflected through the pages of Holy Writ.

But the Bible reveals two kinds of spiritualism—good and bad. There is an evil kind of spiritualism against which we are warned. “There shall not be found among you an observer of times, or a charmer, or a consulter with

familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer, for all that do these things are abomination unto the Lord.” Moses found it necessary to warn a superstitious people against the snares of a low type of spiritualism. The great apostle to the Gentiles is confronted with the same problem. Listen to his warning: “Now the spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.” Hear also the stinging words of Isaiah: “Them that have familiar spirits, wizards that peep and mutter.” It is safe to have these Scriptural warnings ringing in our ears when we turn aside to inspect the claptrap of modern spiritualism. Although it may be that all is not claptrap.

We do not close our minds to a full and frank discussion of the subject when we affirm that modern spiritualism has become the laughing stock of the world. Spiritualism, in its organized capacity, has always seemed to gravitate towards secrecy, darkness, obscurity, and mystery. Modern spiritualism has not produced a church of strength, a college of note, a personality of splendid proportions, a denomination of average size, a dignified literature, or a social class of commanding influence. There are mediums, in every large city, who will tell you that they are guided by the spirit of Shakespeare, or Dante, or Milton, or Luther, or Tennyson, but in spite of high claims and great pretensions, modern spiritualism offers you nothing which is scientific, tangible, or reliable. There is the revelation of no law. No sane business man would conduct his business on spiritualistic hints or invest his money according to mediumistic suggestions. Furthermore, there is no form of genuine spiritual manifestation which cannot be successfully imitated by professional wizards and magicians who make no pretense of possessing supernatural power.

There are, however, in spite of all I have said, genuine spiritual manifestations. Spiritualism has its roots in human experience. There are scores of persons in every community of any size who have had experiences which they cannot explain without the admission of an argument in favour of spiritualism. James Russell Lowell, as sane a mortal as ever lived, speaks of an hour when his private room was lit up with a supernatural glory. He was never able to reason that incident out of his personal history. John B. Gough had repeated visions of his angel mother as she stood, rebukingly, between her son and the entrance to the barroom. The experience was real, distinct, vivid, and powerful. Mary A. Livermore, when travelling on a train at a speed of forty miles an hour, heard a voice distinctly commanding her to “leap” to the other side of the car. She obeyed instantly, but none too quickly, for the next moment a sudden collision crushed that part of the car where she had been sitting. Disobedience to the voice would have meant

death. Mrs. Livermore recorded the incident as one of the most outstanding experiences of her life.

Such persons as these to whom I have just referred are spiritualists, not because there are psychic wonders in the Bible, not because there are notable happenings in our own day, not because general literature is alive with fascinating phases of new thought, not because scientific research has seemed to confirm certain hints and suggestions of an unseen world; but because they find, in their own experience, manifestations of the spiritual universe which they can neither deny nor explain. And with such persons I am in covenant and agreement; for if I can say, "I have received a message," I will not surrender my faith in a genuine type of spiritualism because of the claptrap in modern séances or for all the impostors who ever lived on the unrealized hopes of the broken-hearted and bereaved.

Have you read William T. Stead's book, "How I Know the Dead Return"? Here is a most emphatic, individual testimony. Here was a man of international fame, high position, undoubted literary ability and vast experience who affirmed: "I have no more doubt of the possibility of communicating with the so-called dead than I have of being able to send this article to the *Fortnightly Review*." He is a bold man who will risk his reputation for an experience, but Mr. Stead belonged to that class. When referring to some special revelation vouchsafed to him he says: "After this I can doubt no more. For me the problem is solved. So far as I am concerned, doubt on this subject is henceforth impossible." Said John Stuart Mill: "Beware of the man with an experience," and I believe it was Harriet Beecher Stowe who once remarked, "What you have once seen—you can never unsee."

Nevertheless, no individual experience is of final authority in a case like this. Human experience must be recorded, collected, classified and reduced to a science. Testimony leads to certain facts, and facts properly related reveal a law, and a law properly comprehended is the first approach to the creation of a new science. Science is that which is known and capable of proof. Everything must stand the test of science. So we turn to science with our question, "Can we speak with the dead?" If science can prove the existence of an intelligence beyond the grave, good or bad, then we are in a position to register a marvellous step towards the solution of the world's greatest mystery. Let science settle the question. Let us have a chapter in general literature entitled: "Spiritualism in the Hands of Experts."

Twenty-eight years ago, a special society of distinguished men, among whom might be found William E. Gladstone, was organized in London, under the name and title of "The Society for Psychological Research." The

organization of this society marks the first step in the history of the world in an attempt to penetrate scientifically the mysteries of the spiritual universe. The object of the society is expressed in such terms as these: "For a critical examination and scientific inquiry into spiritualism"—"To determine, scientifically, whether or not there is a life beyond the grave." The spirit of the society is nobly expressed in these words: "We don't care one iota what the result may be—we only want the truth."

Sir Oliver Lodge, president of the society for 1900, 1901, 1902, has placed upon the centre table of our current literature his book entitled "The Survival of Man." In the first chapter of this exceedingly interesting volume is to be found these words: "This book is intended to indicate that discoveries of the very first magnitude, by strictly scientific methods, are in process of being made in the realm of psychology." Some rather startling sentences ever and anon leap from the pen of Sir Oliver. For instance he says: "The boundary between the two states, the known and the unknown, is still substantial but it is wearing thin in places"—and again, "I feel that we are at the beginning of what is practically a new branch of science. In the ether of space we are growing a new sense." And finally he pens this most remarkable sentence: "I venture now on a bold saying; I predict that, in consequence of the new evidence secured, all reasonable men, a century hence, will believe in the resurrection of Christ."

One fact has been settled, according to Sir Oliver. Thought transference has been scientifically demonstrated. These experts practically declare that there is such a thing as mental telegraphy. Mark the words: "Our society claims to have proved the reality of thought transference. Individuals are known who can, by an effort of the will, excite the brain of another at a moderate distance." Four hundred miles is the distance covered in the illustration used to confirm the foregoing statement. And just here is recited an incident from the family records of the great scientist. The name of the relative is Frederick L. Lodge. "It was between Derby and Leicester, about 3:30 P. M., on the 27th of April, 1889. My wife was travelling on the train. She closed her eyes to rest. At that moment a telegram paper appeared before her with the words: 'Come at once; your sister is dangerously ill.' At the same moment her husband received a telegram addressed to his wife and containing the same words. Her husband on her arrival said: 'I have a message for you.' Instantly she replied, 'Yes, I know; you have received a telegram.'"

But the Society for Psychical Research has met with a strange difficulty, namely, the difficulty of finding *an honest medium*. One would suppose that contact with the unseen world would make men sincere, but in spiritualistic

circles it seems to have exactly the opposite effect. For some strange and mysterious reason the average medium of special gifts and peculiar powers is not to be relied on. He needs watching and may fib and fabricate when the temptation to substitute human imagination for spirit-revelation is too overpowering. After twenty-eight years of scientific investigation the representatives of the society affirm that “there are only two mediums who enjoy the distinction of never having been detected in fraud when subjected to scientific scrutiny.” My conscience! What a slender chance remains for ordinary mortals, unskilled in the ways of science, who desire the assistance of those who profess to be able to speak with the dead, but who because of their lack of scientific knowledge are unable to determine whether the voices which are supposed to be heard are the voices of the living or the voices of the dead!

Such a sad and unsatisfactory result leads us to ask the question: Why are spiritualistic mediums and professional spiritualists, as a class, unreliable? Scientists who have made a study of spiritualism affirm that there are two classes of spirits—good spirits and evil spirits. Evil spirits may return through the same door through which a good spirit finds admission. There is no spiritual rule which will not work both ways. Swedenborg affirmed that while good spirits are prone to hasten on to higher realms, evil spirits are satisfied to linger near their old camping ground of sin and shame. Here is food for thought.

Perhaps in a study of the personal traits of liberated spirits, who have thrown off the garments of flesh and blood, we may find an explanation of the reason why our beloved dead do not speak with us oftener. I venture to suggest six reasons for their silence. First, may it not be that their entire soul capacity is occupied with the problems and pleasures of the new and larger life on which they have entered—they are pressing onward to a nobler realm and a higher station.

Second, they are intensely busy over yonder. “They serve Him day and night in His temple.” In the spirit realm there is no problem of the unemployed. In a universe where all relationships are adjusted with infinite wisdom and divine precision, there is no soul without its task. It may be that, in harmony with some strange law which men call “providence,” selected souls are called suddenly from this earthly sphere to occupy positions which they alone can fill. Heaven is not a fool’s paradise. All the gifts and talents in the realm of personal ability are in requisition there.

Third, may it not be that the departed find it exceedingly difficult to speak to us? For between the seen and the unseen there is a great gulf fixed. It may be that it is just as difficult to find a perfect medium there as it is

puzzling to find a genuine psychic here. May it not be that with the dawning of the dazzling splendours of the spiritual world the memory of earthly things grows dim, distant and indistinct—only to be revived by the unexpected arrival of the transfigured spirit of a loved one.

Fourth, it may be that humanity has not yet arrived at that point in its mental evolution where spiritual voices can be distinctly heard. Spiritual vibrations are too fine to be registered upon the eye or ear of flesh-imprisoned mortals. It is possible that our loved ones *are* speaking to us, and in their failure to be heard, wondering why we do not answer. Perhaps spiritual voices come to us as thought impressions. May it not be that, unconsciously, we are receiving a direct message from some dear one when we suddenly exclaim: “I have an inspiration!”

Fifth, possibly the departed have lost all interest in temporal things. That may not be so cruel as it sounds. We sometimes laugh at the tears of childhood and smile at the unimportant disappointments of youth. May it not be that the things which concern us most amuse them? In the transparent glories of a higher realm, health, wealth, diseases and death may be as unimportant and inconsequential as the floating specks in the sunbeam. Why should they be occupied with anxious thoughts about us? They are looking for our arrival on the next train.

Sixth, and last, it may be that our friends over yonder find it well-nigh impossible to describe the beauty and holiness of that life which is called “Eternal.” The flowers which bloom in paradise have no counterpart here. The speech of that world is beyond all human articulation. The ravishing music of that realm has never been revealed in the soul of even a Mozart or a Beethoven. In that world Virgil wanders as a child and Shakespeare blushes to think of the dull compositions which men crowned with the appellation of genius. Eye hath not seen or ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive—the inexpressible!—the unspeakable!

After all, the vital thing is not to be able to speak with the dead, but to be on speaking terms with God. God has some special way of speaking with each one of us. God is never out of the reach of His children. God never created a child to whom He could not send a message. There is a private wire between every soul and the God who created it. *The only reliable message is the one which you receive in the corridors of your own soul.* Science has not yet produced or discovered an absolutely reliable medium of communication.

I have small use for the average medium or the modern séance. To be real frank I have something better. “The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant.” I have found in my own

life a secret cypher. If I am not mistaken, angels are “shadowing” my footsteps. My movements seem to be ordered by a superior intelligence. I have daily evidence that some unseen power has a special consideration for my welfare. I have only to wait, believingly, and a door opens. And this has become a law in my life and a living principle in my soul.

I believe in visions but I prefer to build on the rock of principle. A vision is for a day; a principle is for a life. My life principle is expressed in these words: “I will pray the Father and He shall give you another comforter that He may abide with you forever.”

“Holy Spirit, faithful Guide!
Ever near the Christian’s side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land:
Weary souls for e’er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whispering softly, ‘Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I’ll guide thee home.’

“Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear:
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o’er,
Whisper softly, ‘Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I’ll guide thee home.’

“When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Trusting that our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus’ blood;
Whisper softly, ‘Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I’ll guide thee home!’”

XI

THE LAW OF DEGENERATION

The Nadir and Zenith of the Soul's Thermometer

THE possibilities of heaven and hell lie concealed in every man. Jesus and Judas—these two names are sufficient to indicate the height and depth of human possibility. Depravity and divinity are the nadir and the zenith of the soul's thermometer. The greenish streak of human meanness is to be found on the tear-stained page of the story of the race. For cruelty who can equal Attila, the king of the Huns, and called by his victims "The Scourge of God"? For bigotry who can surpass Queen Isabella of Spain, in the fifteenth century? Listen to her words: "I have depopulated happy villages, rich towns and fertile districts in the holy name of religion." For tricks of cruel cunning who has achieved a more unenviable reputation than Cæsar Borgia, who would invite his enemy to a banquet and then deposit a few drops of swift poison into a loving cup? For personal ambition, cold and relentless, where shall we find a more striking illustration than in the words of Napoleon III: "Give France a war every four years and the people will be content"? For a secret manifestation of meanness in the private affairs of life, where shall we look for a more cruel circumstance than that recorded in the autobiography of Edgar Allan Poe, who says: "In infancy I was fed on mild concoctions of liquor in order to keep me quiet"? He died of delirium tremens, in a Baltimore hospital, on October 7, 1849. Read the sad comment on his own life: "My life has been a terrible blending of temper, impulse and passion." What does that mean? A life cursed by cruel neglect and professional meanness. His trained nurse had chained him to an evil habit before he had clambered out of the cradle.

But in the brief space allotted to me I am not called upon to present a historical review of any particular phase of human weakness or depravity, but rather to cull from my own experience and observations certain unusual and outstanding incidents and events which will tend to arouse the careless and cause the wayward to think. Truth is stranger than fiction, and the story of every life has in it certain elements of universal interest.

I was fourteen years of age when I witnessed a scene which stands out like a perfect motion picture on the screen of my youthful imagination. I stood in the scantily furnished parlour of an earnest Christian woman, when the property owner—the landlord—entered the room to demand a month's rent *in advance*. According to the deed and contract it was due on that very day. The head of the house was absent seeking for employment. One plan after another had failed. One hope after another had faded in the mother's heart. Everything had gone wrong. Her rent was paid up to that hour, but she could not pay the rent in advance. She did not know, then, where the next meal would come from. I remember the scene distinctly. The landlord stood there, tall, sallow complexioned, with lips compressed. Bringing his stout cane down on the worn characters of the old, faded carpet, he exclaimed: "The rent, madam, the rent, one month in advance, by this time to-morrow, or I will land every piece of furniture you have on the sidewalk!" With that he disappeared through the door, closing the same in a manner sufficiently suggestive to give an added emphasis to his words.

I was a boy of fourteen, with a boy's curiosity. I had a boyish fad—a fad for meetings. Where two or three were gathered together in the name of God or man, I was there. Prayer-meetings, political meetings, social gatherings and Sunday-school anniversaries were all of equal importance to me. Among my list of special attractions was the "noon meeting," held daily, at the time indicated in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association. I was a regular attendant. I knew every "crank," "exhorter," "prayer-meeting killer" and rising religious orator to be heard at the noon hour in yonder benevolent institution. What was my youthful consternation when I beheld in the personality of the impatient, imperative and unreasonable landlord one of the recognized leaders of the faithful band which presided over the destiny of the "noon meeting." How often in the after days have I heard him as he "approached the throne of grace," enriching his petitions with such familiar phrases as "Dear Lord," "Blessed Master" and "Omnipotent Jehovah." But the fervour of his eloquence had lost its charm. Something in my soul rebelled. My boyish heart uttered bitter words. I said to myself, "You are the meanest man I ever knew!" How little I knew of the world, or of men, or of human nature! Was he the meanest man I ever knew? I wonder!

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At thirty years of age I resided in a manufacturing town in Western Pennsylvania. I was engaged in a line of business which brought me in contact with the leading capitalists and men of affairs in the community.

Most of these I knew well and a few I knew intimately. Among my intimate friends there was one whom I counted it a high honour to know. A man who had Puritan blood in his veins, stern, upright, unselfish and true. He was the successful manager of a great manufacturing concern, an officer in the church, a teacher in the Sunday-school, a leader in the Young Men's Christian Association and a citizen of recognized integrity and ability. This man had a son who, socially, was as popular as his father had been successful from a business standpoint. All the fond hopes of a father's heart centred in the boy. The unrealized dreams of his own life were to be fulfilled in the future of that boy. He was to be the head of a great commercial concern, a pillar in the church, a tower of defense in the city for the ideals of a Christian civilization, yea, the very reincarnation of his father's spirit.

But an unexpected event blasted the dream. One unlooked-for disaster dissipated every fond hope. The youth suffered the loss of the master motive which makes a man's life and history truly great. He lost his faith in God, in the Bible, in the Christ, and in the importance of spiritual things. I remember the day when the father told me, in strict confidence, that which seemed to be the greatest catastrophe which could have come into his life. The snapping of the anchorage of the boy's faith, the eclipse of his Christian ideals and the clouding over of the sky of his spiritual perceptions. How the great man sobbed as he told me in broken syllables of the subtle undermining influence of a certain high school teacher, who, by the use and abuse of his professional position as a public teacher and instructor, had gradually created an atmosphere of doubt in the mind of the young man. "Why should he," I said to myself, "have gone out of his way to sneer at the Grand Old Book and to weaken and destroy the faith of a soul in the miraculous power of the unmatched Galilean?" The strong man breathed out his great sorrow and, referring to the recreant teacher, exclaimed: "I can hardly treat him with due Christian courtesy when I meet him in social and commercial circles. Oh, why should he have robbed my boy of the brightest jewel of his manhood?" And in the atmosphere of that great grief I murmured to myself: "The meanest man I ever knew! The meanest man I ever knew!" But was he the meanest man I ever knew? I wonder!

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Some years ago when I lived in Eastern Canada I was called to the home of a parishioner. It was one of those cases sufficiently startling to cause a preacher to drop every ordinary avocation and make a swift and sudden response as in the case of a great emergency. I responded immediately, and reaching the residence of one of my church-members, found the a home

shrouded in a gloom worse than that which is usually found in a death chamber.

For a few moments there was no one in that disconsolate circle possessed of sufficient self-control to inform me as to the nature of the calamity which had so suddenly descended upon their fireside. Finally the father uttered a few revealing remarks, and it dawned upon me that their son, the first-born, had become an embezzler and was at that very moment in the grip of the law. He was a young man, about twenty, recently married, and within a few days a little one had been added to the home circle. There was just one problem—what could be done? Here was a respected citizen, a beautiful home circle, a newly organized family and a young man who, up to the present time, had enjoyed a reputation without spot or stain. One man held the key to the situation—his employer. So I wended my way from the home of grief to the office of the merchant, where I was received none too warmly. I presented my case and in the name of father, mother, young wife and an infant newly born pleaded for mercy.

If genuine sympathy for a heart-broken family could make a man eloquent, then I was truly eloquent. I pled, I urged, I entreated, and added appeal to appeal, but all to no effect. My tears made no impression on the merchant's heart. The loss of a few hundred dollars had steeled his heart against mercy. The door of the penitentiary was opening to a young man of splendid possibilities. The merchant's signature would have closed that door. One scratch of his pen and the judge would have given the youth a suspended sentence. But "No!" said the offended one; "I will make an example of him!" And when I thought of "the great white throne," by which I had urged my appeal, and of this cold, bloodless, heartless man of affairs who would rather have "satisfaction" than see a worthy home made happy, I whispered to myself, "The meanest man I ever knew! The meanest man I ever knew!" But was he the meanest man I ever knew? I wonder!

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I performed a marriage ceremony in Toronto in the year 1900. The young couple, from the preacher's standpoint, were unusually interesting. He was tall, and she, not quite so tall. They seemed to be fitted for each other. Something more than the usual spirit of social courtesy was breathed into our words of greeting when we offered the congratulations appropriate at such a time. We had a vision of a beautiful home, a happy married couple, and a Christian fireside, growing more precious with the increasing years.

But who can tell, in such an hour, what secrets lie hidden in the dark corridors of destiny? Will they be happy? Will he be true? Will she be wise? Will children bless the home? Will death cross the threshold? Will trouble hover like a black angel over the fireside? Will slander touch? Will gossip taint? Will ambition corrode? Will cruel circumstance invade? Oh, the future! the future! What a protecting providence it is that the curtain is never withdrawn. When the future reaches us it is already past and gone.

A year elapsed, and one evening I was called to a modest home on a pleasant avenue. The quiet, peaceful surroundings—beautiful trees and well-kept lawns—made no suggestion of a tragedy within. An anxious maid opened the door. Grandmother met me in the hallway. The doctor came out of yonder room just for a moment, and then returned. The voice of a young mother, passing through the crucifixion of nature's great mystery, and bringing her first-born into the world, could be heard, ever and anon, when in a paroxysm of pain her agony became articulate. I inquired concerning the head of the house, the young husband, whose absence puzzled me, and who in a few hours, or perhaps moments, would be crowned with a new relationship—even that expressed in the strongest and well-nigh the highest word in our human vocabulary, father.

The young husband, where was he in this hour of crisis? Nobody knew. But behind the screen of their well guarded silences I could detect the shadowy outline of a sad tragedy which was being enacted just then.

Where was he? Ask the woman of easy virtue. Ask the presiding genius of a certain low-born variety show. Ask the boon companions of a free and easy life. Ask the men who were holding forth to his lips the vials of a liquid damnation just at the moment when the one to whom he had pledged his love at the altar of God was passing by the door of death, that a new-born soul might live. When I thought of that tragedy, of the loneliness of the young mother, of the cruel recklessness and indifference of the one who called himself "husband"—of the shame and infamy of it all—and as I thought how memory would kindle lurid lights with every reoccurring birthday in the life of the first-born, I said within myself, "The meanest man I ever knew! The meanest man I ever knew!" And yet, was he the meanest man I ever knew? I wonder!

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The bravest fight a man ever made is the fight against a physical appetite. The greatest hero in the world to-day is the man who is struggling against the demands of an inflamed and disordered physical frame, when

every nerve centre in his body calls for drink, drink, drink. Oh, what a battle! How he fights! What prayers he offers! How he conjures up the fond faces of mother, child and loved ones, that for the sake of these he may be able to stand! I knew a man (unworthy of the appellation) who stooped so low as to hold the foaming glass beneath the blanched face of such a soul, struggling to be free and struggling to stand—and with enticing words the tempter exclaimed: “Drink, man, drink! Show yourself a man, and drink!” And beneath the tempter’s feet there burned the fires of an awful perdition, and behind the tempter’s back there stood a form as of the evil one, and my soul uttered an inward exclamation: “The meanest man I ever knew! The meanest man I ever knew!” But, I wonder, was he the meanest man I ever knew? I wonder!

* * * * *

The saddest story I ever heard in all my life was given to me by a woman of absolute integrity and unquestioned Christian character. It was concerning a man who possessed the face of a friend and the heart of a fiend. He planned and executed the ruin of a queenly soul with a precision and forethought for which we could scarcely find a match this side of perdition. He spoke in the name of Love and reasoned in the language of Religion. He made a conquest of her heart and won the affections of her soul. He even went so far as to lead her out on a summer evening to a beautiful suburb and professed to select, with her consent, the very site upon which he proposed to build an attractive home. With a confidence which was absolute, she made a complete surrender of her heart and person.

The flower plucked, the soul soiled, the life blasted,—the pretended lover took the first train for parts unknown. Crushed in heart, broken in hope and forsaken in life, she sank into an unhonoured grave within a year. I knew her child. A strange, mysterious sorrow seemed to be written on her face. Frail and beautiful she was, but seemingly not intended for this world. The chilling winds of fifteen winters swept over her and to-night she sleeps with her mother beneath the snows of yonder prairie. Oh, could I stand upon this double grave and preach a sermon to the dawning womanhood of our Dominion, then might I build a barrier between many a soul and perdition.

A girl without principle is a girl without anchorage. The trinity of a woman’s power is purity, dignity and spirituality. There is a modesty of demeanour, the sign and symbol of a queenly womanhood, which no true gentleman will ever encroach upon. There is a certain womanly dignity over which none but a culprit will dare to step. Keep up the standard of your life.

Don't joke about religion. Don't go to questionable amusements. Don't allow any man to use profane or uncouth language in your presence. Don't visit places of whose character you are not absolutely sure. Accept no gift not in harmony with your relationship. Make no compromise for the sake of any favour, position, prospect, promotion, advantage, preference or privilege.

Beware of the man who takes the first step towards an infringement on the dignity of your womanhood. Beware of the man who seeks for your acquaintance aside from the recognized rules of good society. Beware of the man who, being outside the circle of your own acquaintances, sends you a note by the hand of another. Beware of friendships, recent of date and newly made (either men or women), who suddenly lavish upon you a measure of attention and expenditure out of all harmony with the rules of social intercourse and common sense.

Father, tell me! Mother, answer me! What value do you place on your daughter? Think of yonder maiden in the hour of her birth! Behold her in the hour of her baptism. Gaze upon her in the hour of her failing health! Think of a mother's affection and a father's concern. The man who would trifle with a jewel such as this walks on the brink of an eternal woe. The man who can forget that he has a sister and that he owes to every woman the same respect which he owes to his sister—that man is drifting, drifting, drifting.

There is only one kind of anarchy of which I am really afraid, and that is anarchy in the social realm. A thief is a commercial anarchist. A liar is an intellectual anarchist. A grafter is a political anarchist. A hypocrite is a religious anarchist. A sensualist is a social anarchist and a home dynamiter.

There are men in every community compared with whom the cruelty of a Crippen is as kindness. There are men in every city who could blast a woman's life, break her heart, ruin her health, steal her beauty, damn her character, defame her name, crush her spirit, extinguish her self-respect and fling her into the street like the skin of an orange and then—laugh at her. In the estimation of such a man, life is a joke, virtue a bubble, stainlessness a straw, affection a myth, and love a tradition. God have mercy on the man who can exchange cruelty for confidence. He would crush you as a trip-hammer would pulverize a diamond. He would destroy your life as ruthlessly as an ape would pluck a rose to pieces. He would mar your beauty as an insane man would cut the dimple from the cheek of a child. He would rob you of your good name quicker than a social gossip would slander the character of an innocent. He would destroy your health as a lion in the jungle would lick out the life of a worm. He would blast your womanhood as recklessly as the lightning strikes the earth. He would blight your hopes

as heartlessly as the winter wind sweeps over a frozen sea. He will defame your character as thoughtlessly as he will pass from you to his next chosen victim. And he will laugh at you, sneer at you, joke about you, speak of your ruin and boast of his conquest. He has forgotten that he ever had a mother who gave him birth; that he ever had a sister who wished him well, and that he ever had a fair friend who regarded him as the incarnation of every manly virtue.

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The meanest man I ever knew presided over a liquor trust. He organized a blighting blast as broad as a province and as wide as a state, and presided over it. He traded in human souls and washed his hands in human tears. He laughed at human woe and turned a deaf ear to the prayers of the broken-hearted. Homes were crushed that he might live, and childhood cursed that he might prosper. He lived in luxury and rode in splendour. His loved ones were robbed in fabrics woven out of the heart-strings of the helpless. He stood well in the realm of commerce and passed in good society, as a serpent might crawl through a bed of roses. The ruin he wrought was colossal, and every evil in a growing civilization sought protection beneath the vast bulwarks of his organized brutality. The magnitude of the slaughter of character and manhood was only equalled by the scientific precision with which the work of devastation was carried on. He was rich in his material possessions and influential in his commercial position. Men honoured him in public and cursed him in their hearts. The trinity of all human evil—war, famine and pestilence—grew insignificant in his presence. He had enthroned hell on the earth and given to misery a perpetual lease. So he stood forth as the incarnation of the mightiest and the meanest. I class him as the meanest man I ever knew. Organized meanness! Systematic meanness! Scientific meanness! Meanness reduced to a science! I wonder if he ever knew that I regarded him as *the meanest man I ever knew*? I wonder!

XII

THE LAW OF CONFLICT

The Demand for a Fighting Saint

TO-DAY we have many kinds of Christians. Each generation produces a new type. These types are finally arranged and classified. Each class is dignified with a distinguishing title, or appellation. And thus we have, ever and anon, the growth, evolution and development of a new brand of Christian character. Each new class necessitates a label, and therefore we read of Christians who are “cultured,” “well-to-do,” “consecrated,” “amiable,” “well-dressed,” “educated,” “respectable,” “wealthy,” “beautiful,” “lovely,” and so forth.

Just at the present time there seems to be a demand for a new brand, namely—“the fighting Christian”—or “the fighting saint.” We are looking for the saint who is “on the war-path” for purity and for righteousness. We are in search of the Christian who is disposed to “carry the war into Africa.” We should be delighted to find some heroic soul worthy of the “championship of the world” in the manifestation of an aggressive Christianity. We are honestly hungering for the believer whose belief is of such a quality as to lead him to “throw down the gauntlet” and “take up the cudgels” for the pressing reforms demanded in our civic and municipal affairs;—for the civilization of the future will centre in the city, and that which is enthroned in the city will give quality and character to the hills and valleys which lie midway between city and town, village and hamlet.

The banner of the Church has two sides. Christianity is a proclamation and a protest. Religion exists for a twofold purpose, namely, to enthrone the right and dethrone the wrong. Jesus Christ intended that the Church should be a militant force as well as a pervasive influence—“I came not to send peace, but a sword.”

The great souls of history, almost without exception, have been fighters. David was a “man of war.” Moses “slew the Egyptian.” Joshua “left not one of them alive.” Caleb, inspired by a possible conquest, exclaimed, “We are well able to do it.” Every one of the prophets carried “a big stick,” and Paul, the founder of a new civilization, exclaimed, “Put on the whole armour of

God.” Strong men resist. Every great soul finds his opponent. It is Luther and John Eck, Knox and Mary, Calvin and Servetus, Webster and Haynes, Lincoln and Douglass, Savonarola and Lorenzo.

About the first recorded appearance of Moses on the platform of human history is noted in these words: “He slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand.” He not only had “sand” in his own character, but found enough elsewhere to accommodate the Egyptian.

What is the fighting spirit? Is it the quarrelsome spirit? Is it the spirit of the man who is always spoiling for a fight? Is it the spirit of the man with a chip on his shoulder? Not so. It is the spirit of the man who will stake everything, even life itself, for a great conviction, or for a great cause.

The only thing you really “believe” is the thing which you are willing to stand for, fight for, battle for—and suffer for. I am tired of hearing men say, “I favour this,” or “I favour that.” Almost every man “favours” something. The smallest creature perambulating on two feet can tell you what he “favours.” I have one question to ask of every person who professes to walk in the footsteps of Jesus Christ: “What are you willing to stand for?” These are the rules of the battle: First, have a conviction! Second, take a stand! Third, have a hand in the fight!

The splendid period in the life of every nation has been its fighting period. Israel and the emancipation, Greece and the memories of Marathon, Scotland and the Covenanters, England and the Commonwealth, France and the Revolution, the United States and the War of the Rebellion—Japan resisting the encroachments of Russia. Nations have been benefited and blessed for ages by being thrown into the white heat of a great passion. The great monuments of our Christian civilization stand in unfading glory on the sacred soil where ten thousand battles have been fought for truth and righteousness.

What star of glory have you in the diadem of a Christian civilization which you did not battle for? You cannot find a Christian institution worthy of the name which has not been purchased by blood,—a Christian home, a quiet Sabbath, an open Bible, a free church, a sovereign state, and an unfettered press. The right to think and the right to be heard—these are privileges which have been bought by a thousand Calvaries.

Moral warfare makes men hard, but superficial peace makes men soft. Christian conflict in its culmination means character. Heaven save us from a soft-handed, flabby-cheeked, brittle-boned, weak-eyed, thin-skinned, spineless Christianity. The Church always wins when she has her armour on. When John the Baptist exclaimed, “Oh, generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?” the whole generation of vipers

turned out and turned in to hear the prophet who knew a viper when he saw it, and dared to call it by the right name. For every dare-devil there ought to be a dare-saint, and for every sinner as daring as Satan there ought to be a saint as audacious as the Son of God.

The demand to-day is for *the fighting saint*. Fighting editors who will not sell out to a political party. Fighting preachers who do not shiver in the presence of a millionaire. Fighting college professors who would rather think than wear fetters of gold. Fighting poets who will not sing for silver. Fighting artists who will not paint for lucre. I have no use even for a member of the Salvation Army who is not willing to fight.

What we need to-day is real fighting, and not a series of sham battles. Some things are not worth fighting for. The crusades were great but useless, because the crusaders fought for an empty sepulchre. Certain things are not worth fighting for. Whether a man has been ordained or is unordained; whether a preacher wears a coat or a gown; whether a building is called a church or a chapel; whether a convert is sprinkled or immersed; whether a sermon is textual or topical; whether a rector uses a prayer book or a requisition blank when approaching the throne of grace. Thank God, we are through with all this.

There are real battles to be fought, and, therefore, I am looking for a fighting saint. I am through preaching sermons on "How to Control the Temper." The modern Christian has no temper worth preaching about. He goes off into a spasm of wrath over the loss of a collar button, and remains calm and unmoved amid the slaughter of the innocents. The trouble is that the Church has been satisfied to expend its wrath on little sins, while great crimes have festered in the body politic. We have been killing flies in the jungle while savage tigers have held the road. We have been playing with the tin horn of childishness while the megaphone of Truth has been permitted to rust and corrode.—Should a Christian smoke? Should a deaconess dance? Should an elder play cards? Should a class leader go to the theatre? These are "manufactured sins," right for some and wrong for others, according to the dictates of conscience in the individual soul. Come! Come! Strike hands with me for the extermination of *one great evil* in the community, and I will not bother you about your little sins. If you were fighting more you would be playing less.

Talk about a "moral equivalent for war,"—my friend, you can develop more backbone in three months by facing the evils which exist in the community where you reside than by serving in an army for the whole period of the Boer war. Men are dying for excitement, but what is more exciting than a fight? A telegram was received in London some time ago,

which read as follows: “A saint has appeared in the valley of the Swats but the police are after him.” The modern saint, on this side of the planet, is not a disturbing element to the unbroken meditations of the average police official. It takes more than one saint of the modern brand to disturb the smug, self-satisfied, self-complacent, easy-going officer of the law, as we know him in the “open town” districts on the banks of the Red River or in the valley of the Assiniboine.

I am through worrying about the unseen forces of evil in the universe. Even a personal devil at work during the day and sleepless during the night fails to alarm my soul. I am persuaded that if I am wise enough and sufficiently courageous to look after the devil I can see that an Unseen God, in His kind providence, will “keep tab” on the devil I cannot see. There are modern devils which need particular attention at the present time. Their name is legion—Drink, Graft, Commercial Selfishness, Social Exclusiveness, Religious Formalism, Personal Ease, Special Interest and Unlawful Privilege.

John Morley in his life of Cromwell remarks concerning John Pym, the great parliamentary leader, that “he thought it a part of a man’s religion to see that his country was well governed.” How out of tune with present circumstances such a mortal would be in the easy-going Christianity of our modern civilization. We have the affirmation of Mr. Bryce, the historian, for it, that modern citizenship has failed in Europe and America because of three great evils—indolence, selfishness and party spirit. The real truth is that the fighting saint has retired to the sleeping car and the well-groomed porter of social respectability watches over him. Oh, for the voice of a prophet! Oh, for the thunder tones of Carlyle as he exclaims: “Are there not in this nation men enough to venture forward and do battle for God’s truth versus the devil’s falsehood?”

By the heroes of the arena, by the martyrs of the early Church, by the tragedies of the catacombs, by the sufferings of the Covenanters, by the bleeding feet of the Waldenses, by the massacre of the Huguenots—I call you to battle! These were the fighting saints of history.

I think I know how to measure a great soul. A soul must be measured by three things: First, by its capacity for a great love. Second, by its capacity for a great enthusiasm. Third, by its capacity for a great wrath. A man never appears to better advantage than when he is the incarnation of a splendid wrath. Remember the words of the psalmist: “Ye that love the Lord *hate evil!*”

Wrath! Splendid wrath!—as when a noted American reformer, looking into the face of one who had been a base deceiver, exclaimed: “Sir, I have

for you an infinite contempt!” or, for a British illustration, William E. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of modern English history, when some careless friend repeated to him an indecent thing, he replied with indignation, “What, you call that witty? I call it devilish!”

Shall we take our stand with that modern prophet, Tolstoy, as he places a stern title on one of his books in these granite words, “*I cannot be silent*,” or shall our lives simply add a sad suggestiveness to the painful lament of Jean Paul Richter:

“We glance and nod and bustle by
And never once possess our souls before we die.”

The demand to-day is for the fighting saint. Oh, for consecrated carelessness! Oh, for consecrated indifference! Oh, for consecrated recklessness! Men who don’t care what men say. Women who don’t care what women say. Preachers who don’t care what preachers say. Young men who don’t care what the world says, or does or fails to do, so long as they are conscious of the fact that they are keeping step with the music of heaven and marching with the heroes of all the ages.

“Saints of the early dawn of Christ,
Saints of Imperial Rome,
Saints of the cloistered Middle Age,
Saints of the modern home;
Saints of the soft and sunny East,
Saints of the frozen seas;
Saints of the isles that wave their palms
In the far Antipodes;
Saints of the mart and busy streets,
Saints of the squalid lanes,
Saints of the silent solitudes,
Of the prairies and the plains;
Saints who were wafted to the skies
In the torment robe of flame;
Saints who have graven on men’s thoughts
A monumental name.”

XIII

THE LAW OF PLEASURE

The Problem of Questionable Amusements

IS it wrong? Is it wrong to dance? Is it wrong to play cards? Is it wrong to go to the theatre? Is it wrong to smoke? Is it wrong to drink a glass of light wine occasionally? Is it wrong to indulge in an innocent flirtation? Is it wrong to gamble, with just a quarter of a dollar thrown in, in order to make it interesting? Is it wrong? Is it wrong?

Give a man a rule to live by and he becomes a Pharisee—give him a principle and he becomes a Christian. Christianity to-day stands for the essence of truth and the quintessence of principle as applied to life, conduct and character. Into every life there enters certain elements of chance and choice. Character pivots on choice. Inability to choose—that is to choose the right—opens the door for the whirlwind of chance. The genuine Christian builds on choice and pluck in preference to chance and luck.

Charles Stewart Parnell, sitting in a London theatre and watching an acrobat performing on the stage, inquired of a friend: "Why should that man yonder be acting a part behind the footlights, while I am sitting here before the footlights gazing upon his facial contortions and physical involutions? Why is it that I am called a statesman and he is called a clown?" Parnell's answer to his own question was expressed in these words: "Chance, just chance. Everything is chance! Nothing but chance!"

But the life of Charles Stewart Parnell proved just the opposite. It proved that everything is character! The man who could enter the halls of British legislation and place the iron heel of a dogged determination on the machinery of parliamentary progress and insist that not a wheel should move until the rights of a small island in mid-ocean should be recognized and considered was a man who stood forth as the incarnation of character. Everything is character! Character is the sky—chance is the cloud. Character is the mountain—chance is the mist. Character is the continent—chance is the whirlwind. Only character endures.

The best guarantee of a successful life is a strong personality. Everything pivots on personality. The elements of strength are from within. The

historian said concerning Henry Clay: "He was not a hard student—not a lover of books. He was too fond of excitement, too fond of social enjoyment, too fond of pleasant company. He had few resources within himself." A friend said to Wilberforce: "Is your soul saved?" Wilberforce answered: "I had forgotten that I had a soul!" He was consumed with a desire to smite slavery a death-dealing blow and had become unconscious of his own spiritual needs—a pretty healthy condition by the way. Inward strength and a dominating purpose are the signs of a strong personality.

John Wesley took the old, dry as dust theology of his day and set it on fire!—What are you doing? General Booth carried the Gospel to the submerged tenth!—What are you doing? Frances Willard preached the doctrine of moral reform in every American city of ten thousand population or more!—What are you doing? David Livingstone kindled a torch amid the midnight blackness of a dark continent!—What are you doing? George Williams called the Christian young men of the world into conference and association!—What are you doing? Dr. Grenfell founded a mission in the lonely wilds of Labrador!—What are you doing? Doing? Aye, doing!

What does your personal influence count for? A young Scotchman once said: "I am a Christian because Marcus Dodds is one." Did anybody ever venture such a statement concerning you? Are you aware that you are living in the brightest hour of the world's history? It was said of Cromwell that: "He lived in a group of years in which every day was great." We are living in a greater day than that of Cromwell. Isaiah's prophecies are being fulfilled. The dream of Joseph is being realized. The visions of the apostles are being brought to pass. The golden age is passing. Humanity is on the verge of spiritual conquests as radiant as radium.

All character and ability is pivoted on the will. "Is it wrong?" "Is this wrong?" "Is that wrong?"—Everything is wrong which infringes on or decreases your will power. A strong will means a strong character. A weak will reveals a weak character. Guard well the citadel of your will. Rum rots the brain and robs a man of will power. It destroys the physical foundations of mental strength. The man who can drink or let it alone—usually drinks. And the more he drinks the more he is likely to drink. Rum fools the man who fools with it. Rum rots the brain, darkens the mind, blackens the soul, smothers the conscience, blots God out of human consciousness, turns love into hate and sets on fire every mean, low and devilish passion in the nature of man. If you would be sure of yourself—let liquor alone.

Certain men practice predestination. They make sure of failure. They invite defeat. They court disaster. They covet trouble. They guarantee their own misery. They contribute financially towards their own ruin. They

systematically lock themselves within the dungeons of despair. They burn out the fuses of their strength by adding intoxication to intoxication. They are under the influence of liquor even when they are sober. Friends warn, loved ones plead, employers expostulate, but nothing avails. Cæsar, surveying a field where his enemies had fallen by the thousands, calmly remarked: "They would have it so."

Every man ought to know his own limitations. Justin McCarthy remarked concerning the Duke of Wellington: "Wellington knew what he could not do." That was where Napoleon failed; he did not know his own limitations. A wise man will recognize his own weaknesses and guard against them. Colonel Rawlins, a subordinate officer but a warm personal friend of General U. S. Grant, who was also a gentleman of high social position and great personal influence, used to put his hand on the shoulder of Grant in the hour of temptation, and whisper quietly: "Remember I gave my own word of honour that you would not drink." Happy the man who possesses such a friend. Happier the man who has no need of such warnings and expostulations. Give yourself a wide margin on the right side of the border line. Stay by the lessons which you have learned. Be stubborn when you know you are right. Get under the control of good habits. Cut out all indulgences which make you feel less of a man. Stand in the strength of your own self-knowledge. Let no man dictate your pleasures.

They have found in Egypt, recently, the massive tomb of a princely young man who had been buried alive some three thousand years ago. Within the dark chamber of death he frantically fought for life. There were evidences of a fearful struggle. The inner walls of that ancient tomb were stained with blood. The imprisoned youth had battered the granite door of that silent dungeon until the flesh had fallen from the bone. But I have seen men in a deeper dungeon, in a darker prison, and in a tighter grip than that which befell the prince of ancient times. The cruel grip of an evil habit, too strong to be broken, is worse than a living death.

Guard well the secret chambers of your heart. You may fall in love with persons whom you cannot trust and commit your destiny to those whom you cannot respect. There is no good reason why love should be blind. To enter the chamber of affection blindfolded is a desperate piece of folly. The things which you close your eyes to will call for an open-eyed inspection by and by. Sir Walter Scott affirmed that the essence of a thousand novels might be found in those profound lines of Robert Burns:—

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly."

Friendship is the key which unlocks the heart of love. You must be a very strong man not to be influenced by the friends you make. Your friendships will make or mar, bless or break, help or hinder, develop or degrade, crown you with joy or crush you with sorrow. Marriage is friendship enthroned. Remember you can't build a genuine friendship on doubt. The man who marries a woman whom he is not sure of is probably taking a viper to his bosom. A street acquaintance begins in doubt and ends in suspicion. The most miserable home I ever visited was organized as the result of a casual meeting in a great department store. They exchanged glances and met without a suitable introduction. They had violated the rules of good society to their own undoing. He could not trust her. She was never absolutely certain of him. Every individual act was viewed in the light of a ghostly suspicion which would not down. They had compromised at the doorway of the temple of love and the shadows never lifted as they wandered together down the aisle of the years. Begin with God and you will end with heaven. Haste not in matters which pertain to fate and destiny. Heed conscience and wait for God.

Don't violate any vital principle for the sake of popularity. Mark this! The people for whom you forsake God will go back on you. Recall the sad words of Mark Antony: "All is lost; this foul Egyptian hath betrayed me!" Con over in your cogitations the sad words of Cardinal Wolsey: "If I had served my God as I have served my king He would not have forsaken me in my old age." The best friend is an approving conscience and the worst enemy a dethroned ideal. You may say, "This is my day off," but there has never been an off day in the history of the world. Every day is a day of judgment. Every hour is big with destiny. Every moment is jewelled with infinite possibility.

The poet Kipling sat in a fashionable restaurant and watched two young men as they entered, each leading a confiding young woman on the left arm. Those young women entered the café sober. They left the establishment intoxicated. They drank, not because they were thirsty, but in order to please their male companions. They had been deceived and debauched. "From that hour," exclaimed Kipling, "I became the sworn enemy of the liquor traffic." Liquor and licentiousness are the black wings of the meanest spirit that ever breathed on this side of perdition. The girl who drinks is within easy distance of shame.

Lincoln walked over the battle-field of Gettysburg just after it had been baptized with the blood of a terrible human conflict, and when he gazed upon the wreck and ruin wrought by war, he exclaimed: "Oh, how dreadful to see the faces of the dead staring at us!" But I have seen something more

dreadful even than that—the blanched, white faces of the living. One moment, and happiness is gone forever. One step, and something has gone out of the heart which will never return. Theodore Tilton sadly affirmed: “I never knew I had a reputation until I had lost it.”

Never, for one moment, discount your own personal influence. Alexander the Great said to a soldier who bore the name of Alexander, but who had proved himself a coward in the hour of conflict: “Change your name or change your character.” I would never sing in a church choir if I could not refrain from unchristian indulgences. I would never usher in a church aisle if, during the week, I had wronged one who might ask to be shown into a pew. I would never accept official position in the church and by an overt act make it possible for any human being to point to me as a living illustration of pious insincerity. There are flowers without perfume but never a person without influence.

Never do that of which you would be ashamed if it were made public. So transparent was the life of St. Augustine that one writer goes so far as to suggest that: “He came the nearest of all the men of history of having lived and died in a glass house.” But every man lives in a glass house. Charles G. Finney, an unconverted young lawyer in a New England town, used to attend the prayer-meeting near by that he might compare the prayers offered with the lives of the Christians who led in prayer. We are all being watched. The world has its own way of putting the professor of religion under the X-rays. Turn your face squarely towards the light. Square your life persistently by the right.

Self-respect: that’s the thing. Cultivate it. A successful business man said to me: “I am worth \$100,000 and every dollar of it is clean money.” Macaulay said to the politicians of his day: “It is not necessary that I should go to Parliament but it is necessary that I should retain my self-respect.” When a man is right with his conscience he hears a note of spiritual melody sounding like sweet music through the halls of memory.

It is always wrong to assume an unjustifiable risk which would bring shame on your relatives or friends in case things went the wrong way. Have some regard for those who have the most regard for you. The cashier of a New York bank was sentenced to spend a term of ten years in the state prison for the crime of embezzlement. Three weeks after the sentence had been pronounced and his term of imprisonment had already begun, the daughter of the cashier, a girl twelve years of age, came home from her school, saying, “Mother, I shall never go back to school again! Never! Send a note to my teacher and ask for all my books.” And then with a flood of tears she added: “Oh, mother, mother, one of my schoolmates said to me to-

day: ‘Your father is a thief.’” In six months that child was dying of shame and loneliness.

When the governor of New York heard of the case, he ordered that the father, in charge of a special officer, should be permitted to visit the dying girl; and when the prison convict entered the room, the poor heart-broken child looked up with an expression of great joy on her thin, white face, exclaiming: “Father, I knew you would come! I knew you would come! Now, father, just come and lay down your head on the pillow beside mine, as you used to do.” Did the cashier permit himself to dream of the possibility of such a scene when he took the first step beyond the confines of moral rectitude?

A famous historian once said: “You must dig deep if you would build high.” The physical life demands nutriment; the intellectual life, knowledge; the social life, fellowship; and the whole life—Christ. In order to live a successful and progressive life we must possess an inward joy—a settled, sure and permanent source of joy. Men and women mistake pleasure, excitement, extravagance and dissipation for real, genuine joy. There must be, beyond all these, a guaranteed source of solid joy. It is said that Charles Matthews, the greatest comedian of his day, who kept London in an atmosphere of healthy humour for months at a stretch, worn out in body and brain, a victim of the sad despair which he had driven out of the lives of so many of his admirers, called on an English specialist for medical treatment, exclaiming: “Doctor, what can you do for me? I am so sad! It almost seems to me, at times, that my heart would break!” The famous physician made a most thorough examination, and, not knowing the professional character of his patient, innocently remarked: “My advice to you is to go and hear Matthews, Charles Matthews. What you need, man, is a laugh, a hearty laugh. Hear Matthews! His humour will act like a tonic on your soul. What you need is laughter—not medicine.” “Ah,” said the poor nerve-wracked comedian, “I am Charles Matthews!” The laughing genius had exhausted his inner supply of joy. He had given more than he possessed. He had lost his own inner equipoise. In truth he had no unseen and absolutely reliable source of solid joy. Exuberant joy is the secret of health and the absence of joy a sign of decreasing vitality.

The source of real joy ought to be found early in life. We must begin early if we would make sure of the best of earth’s trophies. The years are so swift. In the vestibule of St. Peter’s, in Rome, there is a door which is opened but four times in a century. Once in every twenty-five years the papal father enters that door. But the door of Youth opens but once in a lifetime. Who has not been startled by the parable of the “Terrible Clock”

portrayed by Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Each tick said 'Quick,' and each hour stroke 'Gone,'" A French beauty once exclaimed: "Two-thirds of my life are gone—why should I worry about the rest?" Her remark was wantonly careless, but it expressed a startling fact in human experience, namely, the flight of the years. The famous artist impatiently remarked to his student: "Catch the sky while it lasts—yonder cathedral door, with its brazen wings, can be copied some other time." Raphael dies at thirty-seven and his half-finished picture, "The Transfiguration," is carried in the funeral procession as a symbol of time's brevity and life's incompleteness. "Speed thee, oh, youth, speed thee!" The present moment dies. Only the eternal endures.

True joy is an inward possession. The secret of joy, genuine joy, is to find God—to find God in the universe—to find God in your neighbours—to find God in yourself. Elizabeth Prentiss, summering in the southland, surrounded by singing birds and blooming flowers, exclaimed: "I could almost have kissed the earth!" She had found God in nature. God and beauty are inseparable. Where you find God there you will find Beauty.

The secret of a real joy is right spiritual relationships. You will never be right until your soul is right. Dear old Lyman Beecher had a great sermon on the subject: "You Belong to God." The recognition of that fact is the first step in a world of harmony.

I stood in a great cathedral in Quebec while a humble monk, touching the key on an electrical switch-board, flashed on the glory of one thousand incandescent lamps, kindling a blaze of light beneath a most magnificent dome. More glorious than that is the joy of a true spiritual relationship—the joy of a positive life. William the Silent knew that joy. Listen: "I have made an alliance with the God of hosts." Such joy is within the reach of each one. Queen Victoria, when she discovered the order of her own succession, exclaimed: "I never saw that before; I am nearer the throne than I had supposed." Spiritual joy is within the reach of all. Not even the narrow barrier of a kingly succession in the white hand of a dying monarch stands between you and the superb treasure. This moment you can make an alliance with the God of hosts and pluck the rare flower of spiritual joy from the rose garden of God's bounty.

Nothing glorifies life like a noble purpose. Joshua Reynolds said to an aspiring young student: "Finish one picture and you are a painter." An ancient genius, whose skillful hand caused his own peculiar type of beauty to glow on many a piece of ordinary canvas, began each day with the exclamation: "Joy, joy, joy, I am to spend this day as an artist—painting." Michael Angelo, at the advanced age of eighty, dares to undertake a new task, even the building of the greatest cathedral that ever lifted its spires of

gold beneath nature's universal arch of blue. Oh, the inspiration of a noble purpose! Remember, sweet girl, that the maidens of Carthage gave even their hair that it might be braided into bowstrings for Hannibal's archers. Samuel Rutherford smilingly remarked, when dying: "I would not change my master for all the kings of the earth!" A supreme joy had taken possession of him.

Jonathan Edwards, early in life, adopted a fivefold resolution—namely:

1. To live with all my might while I do live.
2. Never to lose a moment of time.
3. Never to do anything which I would despise in another.
4. Never to do anything out of revenge.
5. Never to do anything which I would be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

But the best piece of advice ever given to a young man, bearing on the question of amusements, was written by Susannah Wesley for the benefit and guidance of her son, John Wesley—it answers in a nutshell the oft-repeated question: "Is it wrong?" These are her words:

"Whatever weakens your reason, whatever impairs your tenderness of conscience, whatever obscures your sense of God, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind—that thing to you is wrong, however innocent it may be in itself." No modern philosopher, in the pulpit or out of it, has been able to improve on that bit of motherly advice. Follow it. Keep on good terms with your own conscience. Let God reign in the secret chamber of your soul. Conscience is king in the realm of the spiritual.

XIV

THE LAW OF COÖPERATION

The Secret of a Happy Home

YOUTH has three visions: The vision of God. The vision of Duty. The vision of Love. The vision of God touches the realm of religion and the soul. The vision of Duty concerns responsibility and achievement. The vision of Love finds its fulfillment and realization in the home life. That sacred threefold vision comes to us all. Happy the man or woman who finds that the glory of the vision hours of early youth loses nothing of its spiritual splendour with the increasing years. Louis IX of France, who married Princess Margaret of Provence, wore a ring on which were inscribed three words: “God”—“France”—“Margaret.” He was accustomed to remark: “I have no other love outside this ring.” In these three revered words he had crystallized and enthroned the visions of his youth; and to these three holy visions and sacred ideals Frances E. Willard has given a modern expression and a new emphasis in the happy and appropriate watchword of a great international organization: “For God and Home and Native Land.”

Civilization rests on seven great pillars: First, stability of government. Second, the dignity of labour. Third, the purity of society. Fourth, the recognized position of womanhood. Fifth, the character, extent and thoroughness of education. Sixth, the freedom and vitality of religious institutions. Seventh, the beauty, strength and simplicity of the home life. A civilization resting on these seven pillars of granite shall be as immovable as Gibraltar standing at the gateway of the sea.

An ideal home is the castle of a genuine love, the tower of an enthroned friendship, the citadel of every pure joy, the walled city of every sacred relationship and the round-table of social communion for all the highest forms of human intercourse and intellectual exchange; for here we may find a woman’s heart, a husband’s strength, a father’s wisdom, a child’s awakening consciousness, an infant’s smile and the kindling touch of a neighbour’s loyalty.

“Indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven,
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire for fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.”

The foundation of an empire is the home. The strength of a republic is the home. The glory of a civilization is the home. The crown of a true church is the home. The stability of the nation pivots on the home. “The nation rests on the cottage,” said John Bright. Oh, the home life! How the memories of the old homestead come sweeping over us.

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

What memories come trooping by when the preacher, ever and anon, recites the old familiar words: “To have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God’s holy ordinance, and thereto I plight thee my troth.”

The crown-jewel of the home is expressed in one word—Motherhood. Children go out of the home to think like mother, to talk like mother, to live like mother. Hudson thus enshrines the memory of a great personal influence in history when he says: “All the kings and queens that ever lived are as dust compared with the mother of William Shakespeare.”

That is a beautiful picture, in the charming book entitled “The Little Minister,” where the young clergyman conducts his mother up the garden walk to the quaint old Scottish manse. What sunny memories awaken at the sight! The first clause in the will of William McKinley read thus: “My mother shall be made comfortable.” Thomas Carlyle testified that “no great man ever had a fool for a mother.” Years after the death of his own mother he writes these pathetic lines: “Oh, pious mother, as kind, good, brave and truthful a soul as was ever found in this world, your poor Tom has fallen in his sad pilgrimage, very lonely, very lame and very broken. And you are no longer here to utter a kind word of help and cheer, but from your grave in yonder kirkyard you bid me trust in God.” What a sweet tribute to the

memory of the Scotch hand-maiden who, at seventy years of age, learned to write that she might correspond with her famous son!

Some time ago there died in New England a plain woman of honest purpose and Christian principles who had lived for her children to the exclusion of every luxury and at the sacrifice of every personal advantage. She had never seen a railroad train—never visited a great city—never worn a silk dress—and never taken a vacation. Her sons had struggled as hard as the plain woman of the hills and to all of them success came late. The noble woman has passed on, but her four sons are living to-day and one is governor of a state, one a United States senator, one an honoured member of the legal profession and one the head of a great financial institution. In the light of such splendid social evolution motherhood stands forth as a supreme success.

But fatherhood is not less sacred than motherhood. We have observed “Mother’s Day” but who will institute a day to the memory of an untiring and consecrated fatherhood? What myriads of men have laboured on, struggled on, fought on, in spite of defeat and despair, for the sake of a darling home circle and a tender brood of little ones whose present comfort and future safety loomed larger than any material achievement or earthly honour.

The daughter of Charles Dickens paid this glowing tribute to the famous English novelist: “No other man ever approached him in my affections.” When Edward VII, the most popular monarch of modern times, ascended the throne he refused to be called “Albert I.” He did not regard himself as worthy of the name. “I cannot,” he said, “I cannot call myself ‘Albert I’—my father’s name was Albert. The people called him ‘Albert the Good’—I do not deserve that name.” The daughter of Sir Thomas Moore, when all others had forsaken him, followed him to the gate of London Tower, and when he was just about to enter the gloomy old prison and palace, exclaimed: “Oh, my father! Oh, my father!” Then she took ten reluctant steps and slowly retracing her way, threw her arms once more about her father’s neck and sobbingly said: “I never liked you so much or loved you so dearly as when you kissed me farewell!”

Yes, there are three crown jewels in the treasure casket of the home: Fatherhood, Motherhood and Childhood. The strongest jewel is Fatherhood. The brightest jewel is Motherhood. The dearest jewel is Childhood. Civilization rests on the home and the home pivots on the child. Herein you may find the mathematics of life. Your life begins with One—Individuality. Your home begins with Two—Matrimony. Your family begins with Three—Fatherhood, Wifehood, Childhood. Childhood, in the home, is as the sheen

on the surface of the silk. "There is no light like that which kindles in a child's eye. There is no colour like that which blooms on a child's cheek. There is no music like the sound of a child's voice." Margaret Fuller, holding her first-born in her arms, exclaims, "I thought I knew what a mother's love was, but I never knew till now."

A man never travels so far that he gets beyond the shadow of the old homestead, and most men never rise higher than the ideals worshipped there. The writer who referred to the poet Byron as "half God and half devil" may not have known that his father was a spendthrift and his mother the incarnation of a temperament which bordered on insanity. Harriet Martineau speaks thus of her early days: "My life had no spring, no violets, no early flowers." "The first five years of my life made me an infidel," said Thomas Paine.

How dare young people establish their homes without religion and assume the responsibility of childhood without God? Better send a new *Titanic* out to mid-ocean without captain or crew. An infidel-christian, if you will pardon the paradox,—a poor, worn-out, backslidden saint, deceived by the evil one and fascinated by the world, once remarked, in sad accents, "I have a little girl, three years old, and I don't know what to do with her. Once I could teach her to say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' but I can't now."

The children make the home circle and then break the home circle. Listen to that ancient pulpit warrior, dear old Dr. Lyman Beecher: "This year, for the first time since we have had children, we are left absolutely alone." The thoughts of youth are seldom deep enough to fathom the meaning of a parting farewell when mother tries to smile through her tears and father covers his emotions with forced laughter and words of good cheer.

Thank God for the music of the wedding bells, for their joyful sound drown into indistinctness the minor notes of heart-strings which are breaking. Good-bye, dear girl! All the grandeur of our civilization centres about maidenhood. The finest product of a Christian civilization is a beautiful girl just blooming into womanhood. Eyes like stars, hair like the midnight, teeth like sentinels of pearl, cheeks pelted with roses, a complexion like a delicate vase enfolding a bit of the sun, and a perfume of personality, spiritual, and as indefinable as the fragrance of a flower. Oh, man, there is no greater joy, when your hair is turning white, than the companionship of a daughter who understands you. But, by and by, she goes forth. The wedding bells are ringing. Friendly congratulations are being bestowed. Every face is radiant with joy. While a mother's love is silently expressed in liquid emotion. She hides her face just for a moment, and if her

deepest thought could become articulate, it might be expressed in eight words: "I hope he will be kind to her."

Here, then, is the most important step in your life. *Marriage is destiny*. "A man is what his wife will let him be," says an old proverb; the reverse of which is equally true. For so our own beloved Tennyson hints, in well-chosen poetic phrase:

"As the husband is, the wife is,
Thou art mated to a clown
And the grossness of his nature
Will surely drag thee down."

An old preacher said to evangelist "Sam" Jones: "In my first charge, and during the first six months, I married one of my Christian young men to a worldly minded, unchristian girl; and also one of my Christian girls to a worldly minded and unchristian man. Inside of six months the Christian girl had brought her husband into the church, while the gay and giddy girl had carried her husband out of church." Oh, Influence! What a mighty force art thou! Who will write a poem on "Influence"? Nobody can measure the influence, for good or for evil, of one personality on another. Tennyson said concerning his wife, "The peace of God came into my soul the day I wedded her."

The first years of married life are apt to determine the destiny of a family. The hardest year in the establishment of a home is very often the first year. Learning to live together is the greatest problem in life. Two wills, two natures, two temperaments, two souls—coming into contact. What an opportunity for tact, consideration and fair play. How many biographies have been written in blood. Such was Shelley's. "She can't bear solitude and I can't bear society—the living chained to the dead," muttered the great poet. The greatest tragedies are the tragedies of the home life.

But there must be a difference in temperament. There are not two dispositions in the world which exactly agree. "Compromise is the essence of politics," said Macaulay, the historian, and an honourable compromise is the essence of all social relationships and commercial progress. It is the blending of temperamental differences which makes the home life a social success. Nature ever seeks a balance. Caution and courage, fear and hope, energy and repose, generosity and economy, getting and saving.

When two people are determined to have their own way in all respects and particulars, there can be but one result—*Look out for a tragedy!* There are masculine tyrants and feminine popes. A home is not the throne-room of a despot but the virgin soil for the establishment of a miniature republic.

John Ruskin used to say that the characteristic thing about a mean man was the way in which he pronounced the personal pronoun “I.”

Coöperation is the word! Four hands to grasp. Four eyes to see. Four ears to hear. Four shoulders on which to rest the burdens of life. There are some professions in which a man cannot achieve a large success without the coöperation of his wife. Gladstone, the rising statesman, said to his young wife: “Shall I tell you everything and you say nothing, or shall I tell you nothing and you say what you please?” Mrs. Gladstone made a wise woman’s choice and England’s greatest statesman never had reason to regret the confidence which he bestowed.

There is one thing which a woman has a right to look for in a man, and that is *character*. Civilization rests on the state. The state rests on the individual. The quality and calibre of the individual depend on the home. The home is pivoted on character. When Charles II asked for the hand of Cromwell’s daughter, Cromwell answered, “Charles II has no character.” Cromwell knew where to find the quarried blocks on which to rest the pillars of state and church.

Better the stalwart strength of a strong character than, lacking character, the polished exterior of a shallow personality. Stanley, the explorer, was “stern, exacting, uncompromising, silent and inscrutable,” but his companions could say: “While we were all afraid of him, yet we all believed in him.” *Character*, that’s the word. Character is the diamond which scratches every other stone. John Quincy Adams was able to say: “Although I did not establish my home until I was thirty years of age, yet in all those years I had never been guilty of either word or deed which would cause any person to blush at the mention of my name.” It is worth living thirty years to be able to say that.

Every now and then I pick up a popular magazine in which I find an article on some such title as: “Is Marriage a Failure?” Marriage, like religion, is a prolific subject for journalistic pens. But I would not waste a sneer on the man who makes light of the most sacred relationship of life—Marriage a failure? Aye, when manhood is a failure—and when manhood is a failure, marriage is a failure, the state is a failure, the nation is a failure, the empire is a failure. I affirm that the best interests of the home, the Church, the empire, and yonder republic demands that, when a young man leads a young woman to the marriage altar, he shall place on the marriage altar a purity as white and as bright and as spotless as the white, bright and spotless purity which he demands from the one who shall be the chosen companion of all his joys and sorrows.

“Who is the happy husband? He
Who scanning his unwedded life
Thanks Heaven, with a conscience free,
’Twas faithful to his future wife.”

When Miss Matthews, of Broad Oaks, a rich heiress, became engaged to Philip Henry, the father of the young woman announced himself as unqualifiedly opposed to the match, and, referring to Philip Henry and his ancestry, said, “I know not, daughter, I know not from whence he came!”—But the brave girl answered: “I know where he is going and my soul says ‘Go with him.’” Oh, fair maiden, when you link your destiny with another, it is well to know “where he is going.” Build your social superstructure on the granite foundation of character and there will be no such thing as “a moral collapse” in the stress and strain of life’s pilgrimage. Character is the only guarantee in the commerce of human relationships. Character commands respect and respect is the corner-stone in the Temple of Love. Beware of the person whom you emotionally love but mentally do not respect.

There is one thing which a man has a right to look for in a woman, and that is—*sympathy*. Making a living in the twentieth century is a terrific struggle. If things are wrong in the home life a man is almost certain to go down. Sweeter than the roses of Persia, sweeter than the perfumes of Arabia, is the comforting voice of a cheerful woman. Nathaniel Hawthorne, suddenly thrown out of a political position, and completely at a loss to know what to do, is cheered and comforted by an involuntary exclamation which falls from the lips of his wife: “Now is the time to write your book, my dear!” That suggestion was in harmony with the highest aspirations of his soul. His wife had the insight to recognize the peculiar gifts of her husband. Together they enter the temple of fame—hand in hand. This was the woman whose love-letters and later epistles Hawthorne never opened until he had bathed his hands.

Perhaps the worst thing you can say of a woman is that she is heartless. A man who had failed in business was speaking to his wife over the long-distance telephone. He had lost his position because he could not concentrate his mind on the details of commercial life. Anxious thoughts about his sick daughter seemed to drive out every other earthly concern. Troubles thick and fast had well-nigh torn the ship of his life from its anchorage. Nervous, troubled and beset, the poor man entered the quiet booth of the long-distance telephone to confer with his wife. He briefly explained to her his mental condition and straitened financial circumstances, adding as a concluding remark: “I think I will come home.” The answer which he received was without love, affection, sympathy or consideration. In a cold unresponsive voice she replied, “Don’t come home: look for

something else,” and with a woman’s eye to economy she immediately cut off the conversation and returned the receiver to its place. The poor fellow walked back to a cheerless room in a third-rate lodging house and closed the last chapter of his life by an insane act of self-assassination. The soul had snapped its anchor.

“There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

“There’s no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by!

“All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by,
One by one, we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by!”

Sympathy is the law of association, and true sympathy always recognizes the Law of Personality. There are certain individual rights which ought to be respected, and every wise woman and shrewd man leaves a fair margin for certain eccentricities and idiosyncrasies which belong to the individual temperament. Every human being has three characteristics to be considered: a strong point—a weak point—and—a sensitive point. Lincoln affirmed that no man could be a successful politician who did not know, consider and allow for, the sensitive points of his friends. Alfred Tennyson refrained from writing for ten years because of certain mean, cruel and unjustifiable criticisms written by certain literary critics who were not worthy to mention his name. There are men who never learn, women who never think and friends who never remember. People strong in mentality and fine-grained are apt to be supersensitive and often suffer untold agonies at the hands of friends who are needlessly inconsiderate.

The man who laughs at his wife's religion has in him all the elements of the low-born. The woman who sneers at her husband's enthusiasm is digging her own grave. Enthusiasm is a sacred thing. It may be an enthusiasm for books, or business, or sports, or fraternal organization, or religious activity. It is lovely to listen to a woman who speaks with admiration of her husband and who apparently delights in all that interests him. A broken-hearted wife said to me: "I made the greatest mistake of my life; my husband asked me to go with him to the church, the Sunday-school and the prayer-meeting, but I would not. I preferred the theatre and was prone to be careless about the church; now he is drifting and I have no influence over him." Eight years have passed since then and the husband of my friend sleeps to-night beneath the green clods of the valley—a drunkard's grave marks a period and a sad ending to a life which might otherwise have been long and honourable. No home can ever be wholly destroyed by outside influences. One traitor within is more dangerous than an armed host without. We manufacture our own dynamite. Mark well the danger points in the home life—they are four in number.

I.—Money. No home can continue to be happy where there is no regard for the science of financial management. Between a small, penurious, close-fisted economy and a reckless, open-handed extravagance, there exists a golden mean. You can be economical without being mean and generous without being lavish. Money is an index to character. How you get it makes the man, and what you do with it marks the woman. Sir Bulwer Lytton was right when he said: "Never treat money affairs with levity, for money is character." We should neither love it, nor hate it, nor worship it, nor despise it. The man who has no money is poor, but the man who has nothing but money is infinitely poorer. Ample money is not an infallible guarantee of perfect peace and unalloyed happiness in the home circle. Strange as it may appear, Divorce and Wealth always go hand in hand; so statistics indicate. A large proportion of those who are divorced are from among the rich—the idle rich. The testimony in divorce courts has a tendency to circle about yachts, motor cars, European trips, swell dinners, luxurious living and fashionable society. Millionaires ought to be happy—but they are not—not always. A woman of large wealth, ensconced in a private hotel, led me to the window of her room, and pointing towards a neat little cottage, a block or two away, in which she had resided in her early days, remarked, pathetically: "I was happy then!"

II.—Pleasure. The second danger point is pleasure. And concerning legitimate pleasure, in proper proportion and clean environment, we have no word of condemnation to offer. Our age is intense and relaxation has become

a necessity. But the train of national destruction always goes by the way of Vanity Fair where the God of unsanctified pleasure is worshipped. The amusement craze is on, and passing events compel us to recall the fact that in the evolution of every bygone civilization there have been five steps. First, the struggle, toil and conflict which always belongs to a new race in the hour when, conquering its environment, it rises to a commanding position in the world. Second, growth, expansion, development and material prosperity, when the extreme pressure and grinding circumstances of the early days are well-nigh forgotten. Third, luxury, extravagance, pleasure, ease and amusement, when the low actor, nimble acrobat and omnipresent clown is preferred to the artist, poet and philosopher. Fourth, dissipation, sensualism, and vice, when the holy ideals and splendid visions of pioneer days are forgotten and easy virtue and scarlet sin are thought to be the necessary evils of an advancing civilization. Fifth, ruin, disintegration and extinction, when the pillars of state, undermined by the dry rot of social decay, gradually crumble; and falling, leave scarcely a landmark by which the historian may discover the spot once made glorious by the enthronement of religion, justice, righteousness, patriotism and progress. And, mark you, every great civilization which has arisen heroically, and passed away ingloriously, has always followed this fivefold evolution.

Newell Dwight Hillis, the famous Brooklyn preacher, standing in the mansion of a broken-hearted millionaire, whose daughter of twenty summers lay cold and still on as handsome a couch of silk as the undertaker could provide for the dead, heard the merchant, whose head had been whitened by the snows of seventy winters, mutter these words, as he looked down into the pale face of his dead child: "Daughter dead"—"son disgraced"—"billiards"—"society"—"the club"—"bank all the week"—"the club every evening"—"the automobile all day Sunday"—"money"—"wine"—"cards"—"no Christ"—"no Sunday"—"my family has been ruined—ruined"—"there's nothing in it"—"nothing"—"nothing"—"nothing." Wealth has increased. Invention has wrought miracles in comfort and ease. Idleness is becoming the occupation of a generation of spendthrifts who are squandering millions which they never earned; and multitudes kneel in stupid lethargy at the twin altars of Mammon and Pleasure.

III.—Strong drink. The third danger point is strong drink. The social drinking customs of the hour threaten the permanency of our Christian institutions. The saloon is the organized enemy of the home. The distiller quaffs a goblet full to the brim with liquid agony and feeds like some monster of ancient mythology on human hearts, crushed, pierced, bruised,

broken and torn. I would take my chances on the day of judgment with Judas Iscariot, rather than with the brewer who coins sorrow into silver, blood into bonds and manhood into the merchandise of ill-gotten wealth. He has no hesitation in crowding his hellish products, by display “adds” and electric signs, upon the unsuspecting youth of the community, and I have no hesitation in branding him as the arch traitor of the race, the incarnation of commercial meanness, and the last surviving specimen of social piracy which threatens the existence of every frail human barque floating on the tempestuous waters of our modern life.

A Christian woman who had been married exactly five years and five months said to me in a strict confidence which I have never betrayed: “I am tired living with a drunkard.” Frances E. Willard put it right when she said, “Where there’s drink, there’s danger.” Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous agnostic, came home late one night and found his wife and children dressed and ready to go out. Not knowing of any social engagement which could possibly call for their presence at that hour of the evening, he inquired, with an expression of surprise on his face, what it meant. Mrs. Ingersoll responded, saying: “You must either stop drinking or I am going away with the children. Decide now!” From that hour the American agnostic turned over a new leaf and thereafter Mrs. Ingersoll never found it necessary to resort to any unusual methods in order to guarantee the sobriety of the father of her children.

IV.—Carelessness. The fourth danger point is carelessness. Young people, when once settled in the home life, are apt to grow careless—careless about their dress, careless about their words, careless about their habits, careless about their ideals and careless about religion. G. Campbell Morgan once said: “My father came into our house soon after we were married and went all through it and then remarked: ‘Yes, it’s nice; but nobody will know, walking through here as I have, whether you belong to God or the devil.’” That was a criticism timely and well expressed. Don’t be careless! Slander may climb in over the transom. Trouble may come up the cellar stairs. Storms may beat in through the roof. Death may knock at the front door. Debt may rattle at the gate. Disease may fly in at the window. Don’t be careless. A young married woman wrote to me from a city in the United States, pleading with me to guard her engagement ring which was held by a pawnbroker in a Canadian city. She could not even pay the interest necessary to hold the title to her ring. She had simply heard me preach a time or two and bestowed a compliment upon me by believing that I would not stand coldly by and see a trophy of love pass out of the possession of a poverty-stricken wife. Nor did I. When she stood at the altar she had never

dreamed of poverty. Every prospect was bright in that hour. But trouble came. Permit another illustration. They had been married about three years. During the engagement period they went to church and met at church. After their marriage they rested or rearranged their home on Sunday morning. Sunday evening they entertained and received their friends. The Sabbath became a holiday instead of a holy day. When their child lay dead in the cradle they exclaimed: "What shall we do?" They had forsaken God, the Church and the Bible. There was no Christ to cheer and no conscience to comfort.

In the first hour of Love's consecration the soul can frame no better covenant with the people of God than that expressed in the words of Ruth: —"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

“As I wandered round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot
Brought within my recollection
Scenes I’d seemingly forgot;
There, the orchard—meadow, yonder,
Here the deep, old-fashioned well,
With its old moss-covered bucket,
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

“Tho’ the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within;
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down and out and in;
To the garret dark ascending,
Once a source of childish dread,
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo, I saw my trundle bed.

“Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o’er with dust so long,
When, behold I heard in fancy,
Strains of one familiar song,
Often sung by my dear mother
To me in that trundle bed;
‘Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.’

“While I listen to the music,
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again;
’Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I’m kneeling,
As of yore, by mother’s side.

“Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
’Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother’s lips can frame:
‘Father, Thou who art in Heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name.’

“Prayer is over, to my pillow
With a ‘good-night’ kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
‘Now I lay me down to sleep’;
Then my mother, o’er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
‘Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless, my precious child.’

“Yet I am but only dreaming;
 Ne’er I’ll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
 In the quiet churchyard lain;
But her blessed angel spirit
 Sweetly hovers over me,
Calling me from earth to heaven
 Even from my trundle bed.”

XV

LOVE'S GOLDEN CHAIN OF LAW

"All's Love, Yet All's Law"

CHRIST'S commission to the apostles was expressed in these words: "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." The word "key" means the secret, the combination, or the cypher. In popular language we speak of this or that as being "the key to the situation." In Scripture the word "key" means the doctrine, the theory, the principle, or the idea which opens the door to the treasure house of knowledge. It was in this sense that the word was used when the Master said: "Woe unto you, lawyers, for ye have taken away the key of knowledge." They would not enter in themselves, and they had blocked the road for others. In seeking to express the same thought of the knowledge-revealing power of a sovereign idea, Paul has a favourite word of his own. It is that peculiar Pauline expression, *law*. Paul was the first writer who produced scientific literature. He deals with the psychology of the soul. He tries to reduce everything to a law, which is the first step towards the construction of a scientific system of thought. Paul coined that scientific phrase "law," as we find it in popular use by cultured men and women of our own day—"I find then a law"—"I see another law." Paul speaks of the law of sin, the law of life, the law of truth, the law of the carnal mind, the law of death, and the law of love. Wherever the Apostle to the Gentiles finds a natural tendency or force at work, be its course upward or downward, he immediately describes it as a "law."

Law is a scientific term. It is also a Scriptural term. It was a Scriptural term for nearly two thousand years before it was a scientific term. The first work of science was in the realm of the soul. Christianity coined the first, happy, descriptive phrase in the vocabulary of modern science. Christianity and Science struck off the first spark of illumination in the great brain of the Apostle to the Gentiles, so far as that spark could reflect its spiritual glory on the yellow parchment of literature. Jesus Christ was the first scientist. Paul was the first producer of scientific literature.

Every law is an operating force in the universe. Law is God's method of procedure. Law is the divine habit. Natural law is God's way of doing

things. David was a student of nature and was verging on the secrets of nature when he exclaimed: "Oh, how love I Thy law; it is my study all the day." David was a lover of nature. Jesus entered in where David, awed by the mystery of the universe, stood in holy but hesitating admiration; therefore the unmatched Galilean is spoken of in apocalyptic language as "He that hath the key of David." The key is the law which unlocks the door of the temple of knowledge.

The key to every realm is the law which governs it. The artist deals with the law of colour; the orator with the law of inspiration; the musician with the law of harmony; the architect with the law of proportion; the merchant with the law of supply and demand; and the statesman with the law of historical event. Truth is the law of relationship. Beauty is the law of proper proportion and perfect blending. Grace is the law of action. Logic is the law of thought. Eloquence is the law of expression. Vibration is the law of motion. Grammar is the law of language. Love is the law of life. Robert Browning sings:

"I have gone the whole round of creation,
I report as a man may of God's work,
All's love, yet all's law."

Read fiction for entertainment. Read philosophy for the logic of truth. Read biography for human experience. Read poetry for high-born sentiment. Read history for startling incident and epochal event. Read science for law. Read Scripture for the laws which govern the spiritual realm. The Bible is the highest authority in the things which pertain to the highest realm. The great truths of the Bible are the great laws of the spiritual realm. The supreme law of the universe is Love. I believe it is the poet Gilder who exclaims:

"Thru love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Thru love to light! thru light, O God, to Thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light."

Every new advance in human progress has come through the discovery of a great law. Fulton discovered the law of the river. Franklin discovered the law of the lightning flash. Marconi discovered the law of the air. Newton discovered the law which holds the earth in its grasp. Galileo discovered the law of the heavens. Burbank discovered the law of the flower. Edison discovered the law of electrical control. Jesus discovered the law of love as the supreme law of the universe.

Civilization to-day is pivoted on five great laws. First, *Marriage*, the law of the family. Second, *Property*, the law of commerce. Third, *The Sabbath*, the law of rest and recreation. Fourth, *The State*, the law of individual liberty as guaranteed by a social federation. Fifth, *The Church*, the law of religious liberty. It has taken humanity ten thousand years to learn the lesson of these five great institutional laws: Property and Honesty. Government and Liberty. Marriage and Purity. Rest and Spirituality. Religion and Toleration.

Modern science has established two great facts. 1. Every law of nature is universal in its application. 2. In order to command or control a law, we must move in harmony with it. We must obey it.

First: Law is universal in its application. “The falling of a leaf, the flight of a bird, the laughter of a child, the vibration of a song”—these all move in harmony with certain well-known laws. That tiny little watch owned by the Queen of England will keep just as good time as the great clock which chimes in the spire of St. Paul’s Cathedral,—each has been constructed on the same principle, and each is controlled by the same law.

“To the God who maketh all
There is no great—there is no small.”

The law of gravitation is equally binding on the mountain, the rock, the boulder, the cobblestone, the pebble, the grain of sand and the speck which floats in the air. By law the sun rises, the grape ripens, the rose opens, the flower blooms, the sun sets, the stars appear and the night is robed in beauty.

Second: In order to command and control a law, we must obey it. The secret of power in a universe of law is revealed in three short words:—“*Obey the law!*” To violate a law is moral insanity. To surrender to a law is the essence of philosophy. Obey the water and it will float you. Obey the wind and it will carry you. Obey the fire and it will warm you. Obey the electrical force and it will serve you. Obey the light and it will guide you. The child of obedience is conqueror in the realm of law.

I.—Study the law of design. The proportion of the smallest snowflake is planned as carefully as the architecture of Westminster Abbey. The signature of a divine determination is written on all things. “Every house is builded by some man,” said Paul (for a house is the revelation of the mind and purpose of the builder), “but—He that built all things is God.” That is Paul’s concrete illustration of the Law of Design. Tennyson, gazing on the architectural design of a flower, exclaimed: “My, what an imagination God has.” God must be equal to His own design. He that formed the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see? He that formed the brain, shall He not think? He that created the soul, shall He not feel?

II.—Study the law of motion. Everything in the universe is astir. Everything is vibrating. Everything is twitching, throbbing, moving, swinging, singing, changing, passing—nothing in the universe is standing still. The sea is changing its bed. The mountain is changing its base. The river is changing its course. The star is changing its orbit. “The fashion of this world passeth away.”

III.—Study the law of the circle. All things move in a circle. From the acorn to the oak, and from the oak to the acorn. From the father to the child, and from the child to the father. From sunrise to sunset, and from sunset to sunrise. The sap in the tree moves upward, but the leaves of the tree fall downward. The rivers run towards the sea, but the vaporous clouds move backward over the land. The blood moves towards the brain, but the brain quickens the heart. Everything moves in a circle—in a circle upward, like a spiral stairway. The pilgrimage of the soul is from the eternal to the temporal, and from the temporal back to the eternal. “We are restless till we rest in Thee,” said St. Augustine.

“Upon God’s throne there is a seat for me;
My coming forth from Him hath left a space
Which none but I can fill. One sacred place
Is vacant till I come. Father, from Thee
When I descended, here to run my race,
A void was left in Thy paternal heart,
Not to be filled while we are kept apart—
Yea, though a thousand worlds demand Thy care,
Though Heaven’s vast hosts Thy changeless blessings own,
Thy quick love flies to meet my slow-winged prayer,
As if amid Thy worlds I lived alone.”

Everything moves in a circle. Tell me the beginning and I will tell you the end. Humanity began with one speech and humanity will end with one tongue. Humanity began with one altar and humanity will end with one religion. Humanity began as one family and humanity will end as one fold. All things tend towards unity. There will be a universal empire—the Empire of the World. There will be a confederation of all earthly sovereignties—the United States of all humanity. One language, spoken by all. One religion, believed in by all. One currency, acceptable to all. One system of universal transportation, administered in the interests of all. One Court of Appeal, open to all. One God and one Humanity. “The parliament of man.” “The federation of the world.”

IV.—Study the law of the centre. The river is running towards the sea. The moon is moving round the earth. The earth is following the sun. The sun is travelling towards a great constellation. The great constellation is

marching onward towards a mightier constellation. The soul must find its centre in God or become a wandering star.

V.—*Study the law of toil and struggle.* Conflict is the lot of every breathing thing. Ten billion earthworms, at this very moment, are struggling, down in the soil beneath the surface of the earth, that this world may become a paradise fit for the feet of erring humanity. Coleridge has said that “all things strive to ascend, and ascend by striving.”

“I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step towards God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod to a purer air and a broader view.
We rise by the things that are under our feet
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.”

VI.—*Study the law of compensation.* Every sour hath its sweet. Every evil hath its good. Every night hath its stars. Every wound hath its balm. Every loss hath its gain. Every valley hath its mountain. Even solitude hath its secret. There can be no courage without danger, no patience without annoyance, no faith without uncertainty, no holiness without temptation and no crown without conquest. Nature’s law of compensation is well described in the phraseology of Tennyson:—

“Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter’d by the shocks of doom
To shape and use.”

VII.—*Study the law of cause and effect.* Every effect must be equalled by a cause, and every cause must be matched by an effect. Even God can do more with a sharp instrument than with a dull one. Compound interest is a commercial effect crowning a financial cause. Your interest is proportionate to your investment. Reaping bears a scientific relationship to sowing. No root, no fruit. No bud, no bloom. No seed, no sheaf. No fire, no flame. No creed, no character.

“Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late;
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.”

VIII.—*Study the law of analogy.* The law of analogy is the law of resemblances. All of nature’s laws are alike, they resemble each other; therefore we know that there is but one God in the universe. The laws of the

physical realm resemble the laws of the animal realm. The laws of the animal realm resemble the laws of the vegetable realm. The laws of the vegetable realm resemble the laws of the mineral realm. The lowest realm is a prophecy of the realm next highest and of every higher realm.

The most remarkable book of the last generation was written by Henry Drummond. It was entitled “Natural Law in the Spiritual World.” That book opened to the thinking world a great question: Are natural laws and spiritual laws identical? The answer was a fresh emphasis on the Law of Analogy, or what Swedenborg called the Law of Correspondences. God always acts the same way. The universe which we can see must be a revelation, or at least a reflection, of the universe which we cannot see. Emerson has said: “All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.”

IX.—Study the law of control. The higher laws always control the lower. The laws which centre in the sun are stronger than the laws which centre in the earth. The laws which centre in the mind are stronger than the laws which centre in the body. A miracle is not the violation of law, but the introduction of a higher law. An earthly law of gravitation holds this book securely on the drawing-room table, but a mental law of gravitation, passing through the human hand, lifts the book to the altitude where reading becomes a pleasure. Every time you strike a match (turning dead matter into living flame) you introduce a higher law. That act has in it all the peculiar properties of a miracle.

X.—The secret of peace, power and progress is the law of sacrifice. The sacrifice of the lower to the higher, the present to the future, the physical to the spiritual, the temporal to the eternal, and the seen to the unseen. Henry Ward Beecher affirmed that if he were asked to put his theology in a nutshell, it would be expressed in these words: “There are two natures in man—salvation means the bringing of the lower nature into subjection to the higher.” To surrender to a higher law means life. To surrender to a lower law means death. “If ye live after the flesh ye shall die, but if ye, through the spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live.” Tennyson is hinting at the final enthronement of the Law of the Spirit in the soul of man and the hour when every lower law shall be brought into subjection to the highest when he sings:

“Four great zones of sculpture . . . gird the hall:
And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
And in the second men are slaying beasts,
And in the third are warriors, perfect men,
And in the fourth are men with glowing wings.”

XI.—All laws centre in man. This is in harmony with the law of the centre. There are two great centres in the universe—the mind of God and the

mind of man. All laws centre in a human personality. The soul responds to every law in the universe. The eye responds to the law of light. The ear responds to the law of sound. The tongue responds to the law of an invisible quality. The nostril responds to the law of an invisible essence. The nerve responds to the law of vibration.

Man marks the highest limit in the realm of all evolutionary processes. There is nothing more skillful than the human hand, nothing more marvellous than the human eye, nothing more wonderful than the human ear, nothing more beautiful than a perfect face, nothing more mysterious than the brain of man, nothing more expressive than the human voice and nothing more universal than the thoughts of the soul.

“What a piece of work is man!
How noble in reason!
How infinite in faculty!
In form and moving, how express and admirable!
In action, how like an angel!
In apprehension, how like a god!
The beauty of the world,
The paragon of animals.”

The higher we rise in the realm of created things, the more complex do we find the laws of nature. A stone is subject to one law—the law of physical gravitation. A plant is subject to two laws—sun and soil. An animal is subject to three laws—gravitation, animal instinct and the will of man. Man is subject to four laws: (1) The law of material gravitation. (2) The social law of environment. (3) The mental law of his own individuality—the peculiar qualities of his own soul). (4) The law of the spiritual—the operation of higher and unseen influences. The man who responds to the highest law finds himself in harmony with every lower law. The wise man begins with God and reasons downward. The man who seeks first the highest will finally find himself in harmony with all the laws in operation between the lowest and the highest. To bring yourself into harmony with the highest by obedience to the law of the spiritual means—eternal life. “He that doeth the will of God abideth forever.”

“A thousand hands reach down
To help you to their peace-crowned heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole.”

XII.—A man's spirit permeates the whole of his body, but it centres in the brain. We know this because we know that every spiritual force imprisoned in a physical or material frame always seeks to rise to the highest point as smoke ascends or as steam glides upward. The brain is the centre of spiritual

power for body and soul. The human brain is an electrical battery of the most powerful sort, generating and receiving waves of spiritual electricity. The brain is the centre of thought-vibration. *Thought is vibration in its finest form.* Thought is the connecting link between God and man. You cannot think of God without touching Him.

“Guard well thy thoughts,
For thoughts are heard in heaven.”

Health, peace and power depend on a perfect vibration between the mind of God and the mind of man. When two pianos, in perfect accord, are in the same room, one responds to the vibration of the other. The law of spiritual power is harmonious relationship with the spiritual world. An electric car moving on a dead level will make a dead stop the moment the trolley is off. It is then out of touch. The secret of power is to have the conditions right. The old saints “agonized” in prayer, but the secret of power is not “agony” but harmony. “Get right with God,” says the plain-spoken evangelist. “In tune with the Infinite” is the phraseology of the cultured penman. A Scotchman, standing on the top of the Cheviot Hills and pointing northward over Scotland, and southward over England, and eastward over the German ocean, and then backward over hill and dale, remarked to his boy: “God’s love is as great as all that.” Then said the boy, “We must be standing right in the middle of it.”

“There sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling, which is evidence,
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.”

There is a science of the soul. Each soul is an exact centre in the spiritual universe. Through thought-vibration we may be in constant communication with the invisible realm. Spiritual forces enwrap the soul as the air hugs the body. A man can expand his soul just as he can inhale the vitalizing atmospherical substance which we call “air.” We are surrounded by the spiritual. God is nearer to us than the breath of the body. In Him we live and move and have our being.

“Hast thou not heard it, the universal music,
The throbbing harmony, the old eternal rhyme,
In the wild torrent roaring,
In the mad billow pouring,
And keeping with stars its beat and march sublime!
Hast thou not heard it when the night was silent,
And nothing stirred but winds amid the trees,
And the star-orbits, strings of harps celestial,
Seemed quivering with the rush of melodies!”

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TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *All's Love yet All's Law* by James L. Gordon]