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Samuel Jennings Wilson

OCCASIONAL
ADDRESSES AND SERMONS

BY THE LATE

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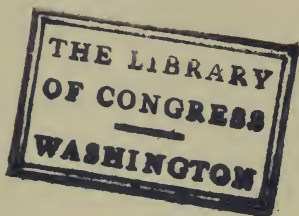
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TO THOSE
WHO WERE NEVER ABSENT FROM THE MIND AND HEART OF
THE AUTHOR,
HIS STUDENTS AND PARISHIONERS,
IN ACCORDANCE WITH
THAT WHICH WOULD CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN HIS OWN WISH,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THIS volume is published in compliance with the repeated and earnest requests of students, friends, and admirers of the author; its immediate occasion being the desire expressed to one of the editors at a meeting of the alumni of the Western Theological Seminary, at Saratoga, last May.

In the following selections from the writings of Professor Wilson are presented specimens of his biographical and historical addresses, patriotic speeches, and sermons. Some of these have been printed before in fugitive form; but it was the wish of many that they be collected into one volume, together with additional material from manuscript.

It is due to the author to state that several of the sermons are little more than generous outlines. In his later life he was largely an extemporal preacher, usually committing to paper less than one-half of his discourse. The great body of his work lies untouched.

The editors gratefully acknowledge the courtesy of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and the Presbyterian Journal Company, in granting the use of the copyright of "John Knox," "Presbyterianism in the United States from the Adoption of the Form of

Government to the Present Time," and "The Distinctive Principles of Presbyterianism."

They are especially indebted to Professor Jeffers for his service of love in the preparation of a Memoir so careful and comprehensive.

M. E. W.

C. D. W.

December, 1894.

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MEMOIR

BY

PROFESSOR W. H. JEFFERS.

SAMUEL JENNINGS WILSON was a native of Washington Co., Pennsylvania, a district of the State which was thoroughly seeded with evangelical truth a century ago, and has been yielding to the Church since a singularly rich harvest of lives consecrated to the Gospel ministry. The home of his parents, Henry and Jane Dill Wilson, was situated on a moderate-sized farm, about five miles east of Washington. The date of his birth was July 19, 1828.

At this point our memoir properly begins ; yet it may be of interest to the reader to know a few facts connected with the earlier history of his family. The farm on which his parents lived had been granted by the State of Pennsylvania to his grandfather, Captain Thomas Dill, for military services in the Revolutionary War. Among the engagements in which he had taken part was the Battle of Brandywine, in which he was severely wounded. His father, Matthew Dill, served in the army of the Revolution as colonel of the 5th Battalion of York Co. Several of his sons besides Thomas were active in the service ; one of them suffered death on a British prison ship in New York Harbor. The ground on which stands the

Presbyterian Church at Dillsburg, York Co., Pa., was received as a donation from this Colonel Matthew Dill.

Thomas Dill, already mentioned, was distinguished in his later years no less for his ardent piety than he had been for his self-sacrificing patriotism. He became noted for his habit, somewhat eccentric, indeed, but thoroughly devout, of visiting his neighbors, far and near, that he might pray with them. In Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio he was widely known as the Praying Elder, and did much to promote revivals and quicken the spiritual life in Christian homes.

His daughter, Jane Dill Wilson, inherited in full measure her father's devoutness and spirituality. She was known in the community in which she lived as a woman of unusual faith and piety. The Rev. Dr. S. C. Jennings, referring to a revival of religion which took place during his ministry at Washington, says: "Much was attributed to her instrumentality; and I could detail an account of conversions which I regarded as answers to her prayers and ardent wishes; for she did what she could. It may readily be supposed that besides attending to her domestic duties she would be faithful in the religious instruction of her children. The older ones regularly accompanied her to the church at Washington, five miles distant, where she was a member; and she brought others with her who attended the enquiry meeting during my ministry. To me as a youthful preacher she was a great helper." How much the Church owes to the quiet influence of such mothers!

Her son Samuel, like him who bore the name of

old, was lent in covenant to the Lord ; and when the seal of baptism was applied, the additional name of Jennings was given him, after the pastor whom she so highly esteemed for his work's sake. Her instruction and example exercised a controlling influence on his character as he grew toward manhood, and determined in no small degree the tenor of his subsequent life.

He was nineteen years of age when he entered upon his academical course in Washington College. The way had not been open to him until then for realizing the hope he had long cherished of securing a liberal education. His years previously had been divided between the labors of the farm and a preparatory school in the neighborhood, his summer months being devoted to the former and his winters to the latter, in which he was first pupil and afterward teacher. The opportunities of study which he thus enjoyed had been well improved. In the English branches and in mathematics he was somewhat advanced ; a foundation had been laid in Latin, but little or nothing had been undertaken in Greek. Accordingly his first year in Washington was preparatory. At its close he was enrolled with the class of 1852, in connection with which he continued till his graduation.

The quality of a man's mental and moral fibre never fails to become apparent during college life. Though reserved and unassuming in his manner, young Wilson was soon recognized among his classmates and throughout the institution as a man of more than ordinary ability. He had no reputation for brilliancy ; his method of study was not that of

rapid acquisition ; but he was systematic, painstaking, and persistent. With an inflexibility of purpose worthy a Stoic philosopher he determined never to allow the proper work of to-day to interfere with that of to-morrow. The recitations of the morning must be prepared without fail the evening before, even though his hours of sleep should be abridged in consequence. To this resolution he seems to have adhered with characteristic firmness. It does not appear that during his entire college course a single failure was recorded against him in the class-room. And in addition to the prescribed studies, he accomplished an unusual amount of general reading, historical, literary, and scientific. Though there were several men of acknowledged ability in his class, the distinction of valedictorian was awarded him by the Faculty, and his classmates heartily approved their decision.

One who was with him in the recitation room four years and a half, and part of this time his room-mate, has written : " To the students in general he would appear to be a man of few words, reticent, unambitious, perfectly unaspiring ; but to those who were most intimate with him he was known to have a vast, though righteous, ambition. He was thorough in everything, true as steel to his friends, all the time at his post, universally esteemed and trusted by the students, and especially beloved by the members of his class."

A few months after his graduation the chair of classical instruction became vacant through the death of Professor Nicholas Murray. An invitation was extended to him, then a student in the Theological

Seminary, to take charge of the classes in Latin and Greek for the summer session. He accepted with hesitancy, understanding the delicacy of the task assigned him ; but his embarrassment was soon relieved by the spontaneous welcome he received from the advanced classes. His earlier experience as a teacher and his thorough habits of study enabled him to perform the duties of the chair to the satisfaction of all.

There is another feature of his college life which must receive mention as still more significant and determinative of his future career. Before his coming to Washington and during his first year in college he had been habitually thoughtful and reverent. He was never indifferent to things spiritual, never could have become so, in view of the constitution of his mind, and the early training which he had received. New and alluring vistas of thought were now opening to him ; the work of life with its serious as well as its attractive side was coming into nearer prospect ; and no doubt he felt at times in accordance with the picture presented by Prodicus in his familiar apologue, that he was approaching the solitary place where the two ways meet, and where he must make openly and once for all the choice that would determine his future course. In the providence of God it was ordered that during the second year of his college life, the Presbyterian church of Washington was blessed with a revival of great power. The present senior pastor, Dr. Brownson, had just entered upon his work when the blessing came. For some weeks the quiet but deep and thorough work of grace went forward. The college shared with the church in the

spiritual baptism. Fifty-nine names stand recorded on the church's roll as part of the fruits of that revival, and among these is the name of Samuel J. Wilson. His spiritual nature had evidently been stirred to its inmost depths. The remembrance of those revival scenes, the sermons, the prayers, the experiences, remained fresh in his recollection ever afterward, and he never referred to them but with kindling emotion.* It is not too much to say that the peculiar *impress* which he then received, the special lineaments and shading of character then stamped upon his spiritual being, remained with him through all his subsequent life. The steel of his nature ever after retained the specific temper which was given it in the fire of that revival.

As has been mentioned, his graduation at Washington occurred in 1852. The question of his life-work had been settled as far as deliberate choice and solemn consecration on his part could determine it; and in accordance with this decision he at once entered the Western Theological Seminary. With the life and work of the Seminary he had already been made somewhat familiar. An older brother, Thomas B. Wilson, had but recently completed the course and was now beginning his ministry in one of the churches of the city. By him he was introduced to the professors and students, and relieved of much of the embarrassment to which a young man is liable when entering a new circle and beginning a new line of work. This brother, it may be said in passing, after a brief but earnest and fruitful pastorate, first in Pittsburgh, and then in Xenia, O., died at the age of thirty-six. His two sons have taken up the work

* See pages 179, 180.—EDS.

which he laid down, and though still young, have become well known and influential ministers of the Presbyterian Church.

The Seminary building in 1852, containing chapel, library, and lecture-rooms, as well as apartments for the fifty-five or more students then in attendance, stood on the summit of Monument Hill. Its appointments and accommodations, as Professor Wilson used to remind the students of later years, were not such as to encourage luxurious habits, or to unfit young men for the practice of self-denial in the ministry. The ascent from the street was laborious, the furniture meagre, the walls bare, the descent in either direction dangerous for those not accustomed to stand on slippery places, the outlook from the windows less exhilarating than might have been expected, in view of the cloud of smoke which made it difficult at times even to trace the outline of the hills or discern the meeting of the rivers. Yet he seems to have found his life in the Seminary from the very beginning congenial and attractive. He soon became absorbed in his new studies, which interested him more deeply than those of the college curriculum, and he pursued in these the method of careful and thorough mastery which he had previously adopted. His Hebrew was often prepared several days beforehand, that the vocabulary might be the more deeply imprinted on his memory by frequent reviews. His history was thrown into tabulated form so that its facts might be grasped and held the more firmly. In theology he tasked himself with a liberal course of reading, in connection with the study of lectures and text-book. And in his careful economy of time, provision was made for

heart-culture no less than mental improvement. He believed firmly with Luther, *Bene orásse est bene studeuisse*, a motto which he often repeated to his students subsequently. In recalling the pleasant memories of his Seminary life he would frequently speak with deep interest of the morning prayer-meetings to which the classes were summoned by the early bell in the hall, inconveniently early for some, and of the alternate Mondays which were given wholly to prayer and meditation. He would gratefully recur to the seasons of refreshing which were at times enjoyed in the institution, and to the spiritual influence exerted by those holy men of God who then constituted the Faculty.

At the close of the Seminary year in 1855 his theological course was completed, but his connection with the institution was not allowed to terminate. His accurate scholarship and force of character had commended him to the Faculty as one who might render them valuable assistance in the work of instruction. The chair of Ecclesiastical History had become vacant through the transfer of Dr. McGill to the Seminary at Princeton. The Professor of Biblical Literature, whose work included both Old and New Testament exegesis, was in urgent need of assistance in Hebrew. As the way was not yet open for the election of a new professor, it was necessary to secure as instructor one who would be qualified to render aid in both these departments. The selection was made with entire unanimity on the part of the Faculty and the members of the Board who were consulted, and the name of Samuel J. Wilson was announced for the ensuing year as Instructor in Ecclesiastical History and Hebrew. Thus, under the guidance, as

he always felt, of Divine Providence, and without any seeking on his part, he was led to enter upon that which proved the great work of his life.

On the 18th of April, 1855, he appeared before the Presbytery of Washington, then in session in Wheeling, as a candidate for licensure. His early pastor, Dr. Brownson, was in the Moderator's chair; and it was a pleasant coincidence which he often recalled, that he whom he revered as his spiritual father, under whose ministry he had been brought into the communion of the Church, and from whose hand also he had received his college diploma at graduation, was the one from whom he now received the official announcement of his license to preach the Gospel.

His first work in the pulpit was that of supplying the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville while the pastor, Rev. H. G. Comingo, D. D., was travelling in Europe. After this he preached for some months in the Second Church of Wheeling and received an urgent call to become their pastor; but his engagement with the Seminary precluded his acceptance.

After two years of service as instructor in the Seminary, in which he fully met the expectations of the Faculty and indicated his eminent fitness for this line of work, it was felt by the friends of the institution that he should be advanced to the full professorship. He was elected to this by the General Assembly of 1857, in session at Lexington, Ky.; and on the 27th of April the year following he was duly installed as Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Homiletics. The union of two subjects of theological instruction so entirely distinct in the department assigned him was not intended to be permanent. It was to con-

tinue merely until the Faculty could be further strengthened. When Dr. W. M. Paxton, three years later, was elected Professor of Sacred Rhetoric, the proper adjustment was effected; and Professor Wilson was allowed to devote his whole time to Sacred and Ecclesiastical History. These branches, together with the History of Doctrines, included subsequently, continued to be his proper department during the twenty-five years of his service.

It was not without embarrassment and misgiving that Professor Wilson, with his modest estimate of his own ability and his conscious want of experience, took his place beside the eminent men who then constituted the Faculty. Dr. David Elliott ranked as senior professor, dignified in manner, saintly in character, for years past a recognized leader in the Church; next to him was Dr. Jacobus, an accomplished scholar, a high authority in Biblical interpretation, and an eminent author; and then Dr. Plumer, renowned as a pulpit orator, a commanding figure in church courts and religious assemblies, singularly impressive and magnetic in the lecture-room and the conference. To become the colleague of these distinguished men he justly considered a high honor; to be judged by the standard of their attainments he could not but regard as a severe ordeal. But the cordiality with which he was received by both professors and students at once relieved him of his embarrassment and afforded him all needed encouragement in his work. The high conception which he was led to form at the outset of the character and attainments requisite for a theological professorship was doubtless of great value to him in subsequent years.

The field which he was required to traverse, as Professor of Sacred and Ecclesiastical History, is one of such extent that to become familiar with all portions of it is the work of a lifetime. Sacred or biblical history as derived from a careful and critical interpretation of the sacred text, and illustrated from ancient monuments, contemporaneous records, and tradition, is a vast field for investigation in itself. The history of the Christian Church through its more than eighteen centuries of varying progress, growth, degeneracy, corruption, reformation, persecution, controversies, is a field equally vast, with a literature still more bewildering in its compass and variety. These two were united in the department of instruction for which Professor Wilson was to be responsible. Accordingly the work of preparing for his classes, while to him intensely interesting, was necessarily laborious. He was not so constituted that he could rest satisfied with superficial and showy acquirements. Neither his taste, his judgment, nor his conscience would admit of any preparation for his work which had not the stamp of thoroughness. For a time he fell into the mistake, to which ardent students are ever liable, of denying himself his afternoon recreation and abridging his hours of sleep, in order that he might get on more rapidly with the course of reading which he had mapped out for himself. His health, as might be supposed, suffered in consequence, and he was compelled to modify his plans; but it is doubtful whether he ever learned the lesson of observing due moderation in intellectual work.

As an equipment for his work in the field of Old Testament History he regarded a measure of Hebrew

scholarship as essential ; and this he aimed to supplement with some knowledge of the cognate languages. He thought it important, too, that he should keep himself fairly conversant with the latest investigations in the sphere of biblical archæology and sacred geography, and with the latest movements in Old Testament criticism. In dealing with the history of the early Church, particularly in tracing the development of Christian doctrine, he would find his way, whenever practicable, to the sources. He aimed at familiarity with the writings of the leading Reformers, especially those of Switzerland and Scotland. Of the careful study which he expended on the life and times of John Knox an intimation is given in his celebrated lecture. With the general progress of investigation in the department of historical theology, as presented in periodical literature, German and French as well as English, he strove to keep himself thoroughly familiar. It is probable that he attempted to accomplish too much during the first few years of his service in the Seminary—that he subjected himself to an undue strain in his effort to acquire at once the full mastery of his subjects ; but of his remarkable efficiency as a teacher there can be no question.

His own interest in the branches which he taught was kept fresh through daily study and investigation, and this naturally awakened a corresponding interest in his classes. He was considered specially successful in giving attractiveness to the more rugged and forbidding portions of ecclesiastical history. He had the art of bringing into their proper relation the disjointed facts of the narrative ; of marking the successive stages of a bewildering controversy ; of point-

ing out the underlying principle to which events were due and by which they were to be explained, and thus evoking order from apparent confusion. And his skill as an instructor in this department was illustrated no less in what he omitted to teach than in what he taught. Amid the multitude of incidents, chaos of facts, with which he had to deal, he was careful not to allow himself or his classes to become bewildered. He would fix attention on the *characteristic features* of each period and keep these steadily in view until they had been thoroughly photographed on the memory and made, as far as might be, a permanent acquisition.

At the death of Dr. Jacobus, in October, 1876, Dr. Wilson became the senior professor and the presiding officer of the Faculty. Within the eighteen years which had elapsed since his inauguration, the Faculty had undergone a complete change. First came the resignation of Dr. Plumer, who was followed in the chair of Theology by Dr. A. A. Hodge. Then Dr. Paxton resigned the chair of Sacred Rhetoric, having accepted the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in New York, to be succeeded a little later by Dr. Hornblower. The venerable Dr. Elliott, after his thirty-eight years of service, died in 1874; two years later occurred the sudden and lamented death of Dr. Jacobus.

In consequence of these changes it had frequently become necessary for the professors to take up work which lay outside of their proper departments. Some delay on the part of the Board in filling the recurring vacancies was unavoidable, and in the meantime the work of instruction had to be provided for in all the

branches of the course. It was remarked by his colleagues that Dr. Wilson was peculiarly fitted for such extra service ; that with little embarrassment to himself and no detriment to the classes he could take up, in an emergency, and conduct successfully, the work of any department in the Seminary. There was no branch in the curriculum, it was said, which he did not at some time teach, and teach well.

During the last seven years of his life he had devolved upon him, in addition to his regular work, the administration of the Scholarship Fund and the general supervision of the students, which materially increased his labor and responsibility. For the financial management he had but little taste, and, he thought, but little aptitude ; but the work of helping, counselling, and encouraging the young men was to him thoroughly congenial. He was always ready, though quiet and seemingly distant in his manner, to welcome the confidence of those who approached him for advice and spiritual counsel ; and as his relations with the students now became more intimate, he was all the more earnest in seeking to impart to them spiritual quickening and stimulation. "I am persuaded," he would say again and again, "that more should be done to *inspire* these young men for their work." He sought to have the atmosphere of the institution so warm with spiritual influence that every heart might catch the glow, that every student might go forth to the field as the Disciples from the upper chamber in Jerusalem, on whom had rested the tongues of fire. His standard of ministerial character was high ; he wished no drones in the hive ; he would have everyone who was seeking admission earnest

and consecrated; and he would have everyone who was going forth filled with a holy enthusiasm for his work.

He attached special importance to the meetings in the chapel for conference and prayer. Those who attended these conferences will not soon forget the spirit and power with which he often spoke. Sometimes he would begin with hesitation and seeming reluctance, as if feeling that others might occupy the time more profitably. For a few sentences he would proceed slowly, pausing between his words, uncertain apparently what special line of thought he should present. But the momentum would increase with each succeeding sentence. As he mused the fire would burn; his drift and purpose would be more clearly indicated; every ear would grow attentive. The short, clear statements would follow each other with increasing rapidity, interspersed with luminous illustrations, sometimes provoking a smile, but clinching the truth which he sought to fix upon the heart none the less effectually. Everyone present would be touched and thrilled with a style of address which might almost be described in the words of the Roman poet, "*Fervet immensusque ruit,*" as he would be pressing, perhaps, the Church's aggressive work—the cause of Foreign Missions, the cause of Home Missions in the West or South; perhaps discussing the duties and responsibilities of the pastorate, urging to diligence in the work of preparation, or pleading for the unreserved consecration of the life to Christ. And the young men would go to their rooms with new views of the grandeur of the work for which they were preparing, and new conceptions of the responsibility connected with their high calling.

diligence and success. The church was strengthened in every respect, and advanced to a higher position of usefulness in the community as the result of his labors.

In 1861 he was induced to undertake the supply of the Sixth Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh. If he had been seeking an inviting field for the exercise of his ministry, he would probably have declined the invitation. The organization had been made up of discordant elements seemingly, and its history thus far had been one of alternate growth and decline, with frequent changes in the pastorate, due largely to the want of harmony and co-operation among the members. The church had been for some time vacant when he was asked to take charge of it, and was greatly depressed. Its membership had been reduced to about forty; it was burdened with debt; its resources were limited, and its prospects for the future seemed very far from encouraging. He entered with much trembling upon the work that was thus set before him, the work of strengthening the things which remained; and through his earnest labor, and the hearty co-operation of the little band that gathered about him, the process of restoration began almost immediately. Twenty-two were added at the first communion; a new interest was felt, the throbbing of a new life, before the close of the first year. The church became cemented together and organized for work as never before. Ten years later it had a membership of 466, instead of the forty with which the pastorate began; the debt had been cancelled, the edifice remodelled, and it had become one of the largest and most effective organizations in the city.

He ministered to this church for fifteen years, first in the relation of stated supply, then from 1866 as regularly installed pastor, resigning the charge at the close of 1876 in view of his increasing duties in the Seminary. The growth of the church under his ministry was in the main steady and uniform. There were two seasons of special religious interest followed by unusual accessions, as the records indicate, but with this exception the ordinary conditions of spiritual husbandry seem to have prevailed. The seed of the Word was duly sown ; the former and the latter rain came in their season, and at every recurring communion, of which there were sixty-two in all, the church was gladdened with a more or less abundant in-gathering.*

Now what were the main characteristics of that preaching on which the divine seal was so conspicuously set during the years of his regular ministry, first in Sharpsburg, then in the Sixth Church? These are illustrated in some measure in the selected sermons which appear in this volume ; but there are elements of power in the pulpit which are not discernible in the printed discourse.

As a man and as a preacher Dr. Wilson was thoroughly and intensely earnest. Those who sat under his ministry had no question that he *believed*, and therefore spake. The tone and emphasis of personal conviction could be recognized in every utterance. There was that in his manner which indicated that he was conscious of the divine presence, and that his uppermost thought was not how he might please men, but how he might approve himself to God. His earnestness was often that which makes itself *felt*,

* See page 357.—EDS.

rather than that which is conspicuous to the eye or obvious to the ear ; a quality which baffles analysis and eludes description, but which finds its way to the heart as nothing else can.

In harmony with this intense earnestness of purpose was the subject-matter of his discourses. A marked preference was given in his preaching to the great central themes of the Gospel. He had no such dread of commonplace subjects in the pulpit as that by which some clerical minds have been invaded. He would not allow himself or his hearers to be turned aside from the main object of the service by the love of novelty or sensation. The first text on which he preached as pastor of the Sixth Church, vividly recalled still by some who were present, was the familiar doxology : " Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his father." The text which he selected for his last discourse, at the conclusion of his pastorate, was the no less familiar benediction : " Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will." These texts, the first and the last of the series, are not unfair specimens of the subjects he was accustomed to select. The work of the crucified Redeemer, remission of sins through his blood, the duty of faith, that of repentance, the new life, communion with God, Christian courage, Christian work, Christian giving, the life to come—these and such as these were his favorite topics for pulpit discussion ; and in some way or other he succeeded in investing

them with such interest and freshness that his hearers never betrayed drowsiness or impatience. In his closing sermon he records it as one of the grateful experiences of his pastorate that he had "found the people ever ready to come and listen to the plain, simple Gospel."

His discourses were constructed with immediate reference to practical results. The doctrinal content of his text was usually unfolded in clear statement at the outset, argument when it seemed necessary was employed, and illustration still more freely; but he never appeared to be fairly under way with his sermon until his logic was on fire. By some his ardor and vehemence were regarded as extreme. They were, however, the natural expression of his earnestness and depth of conviction. In his personal tastes he was by no means averse to the quieter and more meditative manner which some employ so effectually in their pulpit ministrations, whose speech distils as the dew and drops as the small rain upon the tender herb; but this was not the style of discourse for which nature had fitted him. It was his special gift rather to arouse and incite, to quicken the conscience, rebuke indifference, and stimulate to immediate spiritual activity. He wished to have people go from his church, he said, not soothed and self-satisfied, but with the deepened consciousness that their lives were far below the proper standard, and with the resolution to double their diligence for the future in pressing toward the mark.

In the style of his discourses he was careful to avail himself of the language of common life, excluding as far as might be technical and scholastic terms.

His sentences were simple in their construction, direct, not weighted with explanatory or restrictive clauses. He kept them straight like arrows that they might the more readily reach the mark. Such qualifying phrases as strict accuracy might seem to require, and as he would have employed if writing for the press, he introduced but sparingly. He had a thorough hatred of certain forms of prevailing wickedness, and answering to the strength of his feeling was the strength of his expression, bordering at times on paradox and hyperbole. He was convinced that the portion of the impenitent and unbelieving is death, and he so asserted in terms that could not be misunderstood; willing to be thought harsh and dogmatic rather than to be found unfaithful to his trust. He was resolved that he would announce no doctrine of the Bible in an apologizing or compromising way. "Let the Gospel be preached," he said in a published address, "just as it is, and woe to that man who trims or temporizes for the sake of an ephemeral popularity."

His power in the pulpit was widely recognized while he was comparatively young in the ministry, and his increasing reputation was attended, very naturally, with increasing labor. His services were in great demand for special occasions, the dedication of churches, the ordination of ministers, the opening of Presbyteries, commemorative and historical addresses. To the invitations which he received from far and near he generously responded to the limit of his ability. The number of special sermons and lectures which he sometimes delivered in the course of the year is surprising when we bear in mind

the amount of work which was regularly devolved upon him in the professorship and the pastorate.

During the years of the war his voice was often heard not only in the pulpit but on the platform in city and country, urging to loyalty and self-sacrifice in support of the government. It was in this cause, shortly after he had begun preaching in the Sixth Church, that he first attracted the attention of the public as a popular lecturer. A lecture on "The Times," or the crisis of the nation, which he delivered in his own church on November 20, 1862, produced such an impression that he was at once requested by leading citizens to repeat it in one of the halls of the city, for the benefit of the Subsistence Committee. The vigor with which he assailed the enemies of the government and their sympathizers, and defended the policy of emancipation, is described in glowing terms by the city press of that date. From this time forward his services as a patriotic speaker were in frequent demand. One of the most characteristic of his addresses was that which he delivered before the Ladies' Loyal League of Pittsburgh on the 27th of December, 1864. A few sentences may be quoted as a specimen: "We are far, far below an adequate appreciation of the epoch in which we live. We are making history which the latest ages will read with wonder and study with profit. Providence is crowding into years revolutions which it formerly required centuries to accomplish. Swift and unerring as the arrow from the string ideas and events rush onward. Mighty potencies are at work in the seething crucible of the nation's trial. The dross is being thrown rapidly off. New elements are

seeking new affinities and crystallizing into new forms and combinations. Everywhere there is quickened thought, deepened feeling, intensified action. GOD WORKS. Who at such a time, in such a cause, and for such interests would be idle, listless, indifferent? God has put within the reach of everyone the opportunity of doing something. *Your hands can war and your fingers can fight!* When the fearful struggle is over, when the awful crisis is past, when white-winged peace broods over a land renovated and purified by the fires through which it has gone; sharp, poignant as the tooth of remorse will be the regret of those who failed by effort, by offering, by self-denial, by sacrifice, to do everything in their power to aid and fortify the good cause."

It was at a later period, and in the discussion of subjects connected more immediately with the work of his profession, that he achieved his highest distinction as a platform speaker. In 1872 he was invited to take a leading part in the Tercentenary celebration in Philadelphia, commemorative of the work of John Knox in Scotland, of the organization of the first Presbytery in England, and of the martyrdoms of St. Bartholomew's day in France. In view of his familiarity with the history of the Reformation, and his recognized ability as an orator, he was requested to prepare the Memorial Discourse on the Life and Times of John Knox. A more congenial subject could not have been assigned him. Such was the impression which his discourse produced, when delivered on the 20th of November before the great congregation which thronged the Seventh Presbyterian Church, that there was a general desire expressed that it should be

repeated at some convenient time in the Academy of Music. He complied with the request on the 22d of January, and was greeted with an audience of four thousand persons, occupying every seat in the building, at least as many more, it was estimated, having been unable to gain admission. The oration, slightly modified as the occasion might require, was delivered subsequently one hundred times as a popular lecture.

In 1874 he was called to preside as Moderator over the General Assembly at St. Louis, an honor which came to him wholly unsought, and which indicated the esteem in which he was held by the church at large. The sermon with which he opened the Assembly at Cleveland the year following was on a subject which lay near to his heart, and on which he never spoke but with kindling emotion—the missionary purpose of the Church's organization and her duty to give the Gospel to the world. It has been regarded as one of the ablest and most effective of his discourses.*

In accordance with an appointment which he received from this Assembly, he took part as a delegate in the conference, which was held in London in July, 1875, for the purpose of maturing a plan for the confederation of the Presbyterian churches throughout the world. The deliberations of this conference resulted in the organization of the Presbyterian Alliance, with its General Councils to be held "ordinarily once in three years." He was a member of the first of these Councils, which met in Edinburgh, Scotland, July 3, 1877. In the second, convened in Philadelphia in September, 1880, he read a paper on the Distinctive Principles of Presbyterianism, in which he

* See page 201.—EDS,

stated and defended with characteristic clearness and emphasis the polity of the Presbyterian church. At the time of his death he was under appointment as delegate to the third General Council, held in Belfast in 1884. He was also at the time Moderator of the Synod of Pennsylvania, having been elected to that office at the meeting in Harrisburg in 1882.

It would not be in place in a sketch of this kind to refer in detail to the various departments of Christian enterprise to which he lent his influence. His sympathy with the cause of liberal education was natural in view of his work in the Seminary. He was a warm friend of the colleges in which the Seminary students received their classical training, and was frequently invited to deliver literary and missionary addresses before their societies. The last duty which called him from his home previous to his death was that of delivering an address at the commencement of Hamilton College, New York. He was specially attached to his own *Alma Mater* at Washington, and of course deeply interested in the plan by which the two colleges, Washington and Jefferson, were made one. At the time when the consolidation was effected, in the spring of 1869, he was requested by the Board to become the acting president of the Institution until the office could be filled permanently. His fitness for college-work, it will be remembered, had been tested already. We can well believe that he entered upon the unaccustomed duties of the presidency with less apprehension than he had felt seventeen years before when undertaking the work of classical instruction. Many of the friends of the institution hoped that the temporary relation would be made permanent, but

though he was profoundly interested in the prosperity of the college, now entering upon a new career of usefulness, he entertained no thought of withdrawing from the Seminary.

During the last year of Dr. Wilson's life his health seemed fairly vigorous, and he was able to complete the laborious duties attending the close of the session with less exhaustion than usual. The pleasant recognition of his services which surprised him at the close of the term in the spring of 1883 has already been mentioned. In the course of the summer his health became perceptibly impaired, but not to such an extent as to occasion much solicitude on his part until the middle of July. Although his appearance alarmed his friends, with characteristic energy he persisted in the discharge of his daily duties. Growing interested in athletics at Sewickley, he became a member of the association and indulged now and then in games of bowling, excelling in this as he had years before in quoits. Sabbath, July 15, he preached twice in the Presbyterian Church with great earnestness; in the morning on "The Manliness of Faith," and in the evening on "The Charge of David to Solomon." The death, the next day, of Dr. Hornblower, his intimate friend and associate in the Faculty, deeply affected him; he was compelled to give over his part in the funeral service to others, undertaking nothing but to pronounce the benediction. This was the last time his voice was heard in public. Three days later he was unable to leave his room in Sewickley. The disease which had been preying on his system was pronounced by his physician to be typhoid fever, and before it had run its course his strength and vitality

were exhausted. When during his illness he was reminded that he had often said, "I would rather wear out than rust out," he acknowledged that he had carried this too far. "Nature is only taking her revenge." Toward the last, in answer to the tender question of those at his bedside whether he wanted anything, he whispered, "Rest!" And when further asked if he were at peace, he replied with peculiar distinctness, "Perfect peace!" On Friday morning, the 17th of August, at half past ten, he fell asleep.

A funeral service was held in Sewickley, Sabbath evening, which was largely attended and was peculiarly impressive. But the main service was at the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, on Monday morning. The immense edifice was filled with ministers and laymen of all denominations. Lawyers, judges, physicians, and merchants were there to show the respect in which Dr. Wilson was held and to do honor to his memory. The Rev. Dr. Allison presided. The addresses of the Rev. Dr. Brownson and the Rev. S. F. Scovel, delivered with touching emotion, were worthy tributes to the great qualities of mind and heart which marked the life of the man whom they sought to reverence.

Dr. Wilson was married in 1859 to Mary Elizabeth Davis, a woman of fine spirit and lovely character, a favorite with all who knew her. She died in the summer of 1880 after a prolonged illness, leaving a son, Robert Davis, and two daughters, Eliza Cochran, now Mrs. Charles McKnight, and Jane Dill, now Mrs. William Walker. The son was a member of the Pittsburgh bar, with unusually bright prospects of success at the time of his death in 1890.

This memoir of Dr. Wilson would be very incomplete if a few words were not added in regard to his more private character, as known to his intimate friends and associates.

He was a man of more than ordinary sincerity. He had a profound dislike for pretence and simulation in all their forms. This was not shown in any sweeping denunciation of the shams which are prevalent in society, but rather in the scrupulous care with which he regulated his own speech and deportment. In his salutations and social intercourse his words could be taken at their par value. They were valid always for at least as much as they seemed to express. He was a stranger to the little devices by which many well-meaning persons solicit the good will and attachment of others, the employment of smiles and compliments as a means for the accomplishment of an end. In his manner he was singularly undemonstrative. Some thought him on this account distant and cold; but it was his strong recoil from the insincerities which are prevalent in social life, carrying him, perhaps, to the other extreme. His real regard for his friends was greatly beyond that which he would ordinarily indicate in his greetings, or express in their presence. They were often indeed surprised to learn, through other channels, of the thorough confidence he reposed in them and the deep interest he felt in their welfare. The more intimately men came to know him, the more deeply were they impressed with the entire genuineness, "the simplicity and godly sincerity" of his character.

He was kindly and charitable in his judgment of men. He had a keen perception of character, never

failing, however, to discern the good qualities as well as the frailties of those with whom he was thrown in contact. Nowhere was this more apparent than in his intercourse with the students of the Seminary. While the members of his classes often felt under his glance that they were searched through and through, there was at the same time that in his manner which encouraged them to believe that he gave them credit for honesty of purpose and endeavor, and that he had faith in their ultimate success. His criticisms were thorough, but always kindly and helpful. There was no mistaking the motive by which they were prompted. They left no sting behind, even when at the moment they may have been regarded as severe.

His sympathy flowed out spontaneously toward those who, in want of means, were struggling to work their way through the course. Many who are now laboring successfully in the ministry have reason to remember the kindly assistance they received from him in their time of need, and no less the tact and delicacy with which this was extended. Contributions were often entrusted to him by benevolent persons to be used at his discretion in connection with the Scholarship Fund of the Seminary. He esteemed it one of his highest privileges to employ such gifts in relieving worthy young men of their discouragement, and in helping them to enter the ministry without a burden of debt.

Another quality which he possessed in a singular degree was that of self-control; perhaps one should rather say, self-mastery. Body and mind seemed to be alike the ready servants of his will. The physical constitution which nature had given him was not the

most vigorous. Few who observed his slender form and pale face while a student in college would have anticipated for him a long life. Some were apprehensive that he might not live to enter upon the work of his profession. But through the self-control and systematic care which he exercised, his health became quite firm, and his vigor seemed to be increasing with his advancing years. His mental powers were inured to severe labor and held to a strict accountability. It was a principle with him that everything must be done thoroughly and finished at the proper time. Conscious, like most men of his temperament, of a natural tendency to procrastinate, he kept his work quite in advance. He would counteract the tendency by going almost to the opposite extreme. So in meeting his engagements he was accustomed to hold an ample margin of time in reserve. It was observed that during his entire ministry in the Sixth Church he was late in entering the pulpit only once, and then after a journey of fifteen miles over wintry roads. He would allow himself to shrink from no work that was devolved upon him because uncongenial or distasteful. His tastes and emotions as well as his intellectual powers seemed to be kept under strict discipline. He was no Stoic when sorrow and bereavement came, yet he maintained for the most part an outward calm, even when the inward storm of grief was at its height. He would not allow himself to appear, even for a moment, to have forgotten the inspiring and sublime truths which he had preached for the consolation of others.

He was eminently a man of God. What wilt thou have me to do, was the question he had asked with all

the earnestness of his nature at the time when the gracious call came, and the heavenly light shone about him ; and he seemed never to be forgetful of the obligation he had then assumed. His life was effective and fruitful because his devotion was deep and fervent. The things of the spiritual world were to his conception intensely real. When meditating on these it was not as if he had climbed up to some unusual elevation and was panting in the thin atmosphere of the mountain summit, but rather as if he was looking out from his accustomed point of view and breathing his native air. His spirituality was duly nourished by meditation and devotional reading. Next to the Word of God his favorite selections for this purpose were from the older Scottish and English divines, those whose writings evinced the deepest Christian experience and the most vivid sense of the divine presence and love. The writings of Samuel Rutherford occupied perhaps the first place in his esteem. To his letters, especially, he would turn again and again, as presenting the thoughts and aspirations of a thoroughly congenial spirit, often re-reading or recalling a favorite passage on Sabbath morning in connection with his immediate preparation for the pulpit. Yet he was by nature no recluse or ascetic ; his piety, as we have seen, was of the most active and practical type. It was in the closet that he received his baptism of power. He sought to live in habitual communion with God, as if in the very pavilion of his presence ; and hence the power and far-reaching influence of his consecrated life.

TRIBUTES.

From an editorial in the Pittsburgh *Commercial Gazette*.

“The Rev. Samuel J. Wilson, D. D., senior professor in the Western Theological Seminary, was one of the best theologians of the Presbyterian Church, and his demise in the zenith of his intellectual power and in the midst of his usefulness will be severely felt and widely lamented. He was pure and spotless in his private life, and an earnest and devoted teacher of the doctrines of Christianity.”

From an editorial in the *Interior*.

“Dr. Wilson ranked among the finest orators and ablest men in the pulpit and in the teacher’s chair. He was symmetrical in mind and character, and of bright and agreeable presence. With all his intellectual strength and his scholarship, he combined tender sympathies and an easily stirred emotional nature. Human, humane, brilliant in talents, modest, and devoted, the Church has met with a loss of the first magnitude in his untimely death.”

The Rev. Henry C. Minton D. D., in the *Presbyterian Banner*.

“His career was unique. His life was an inspiration and an object lesson. It grandly illustrated not only his own force of character, but the force of the prin-

principles he held. His loyalty to truth, blended with charity for error, furnishes a lesson we all need to learn. His students and friends can never forget his impressive simplicity of character."

From the New York *Observer*.

"Dr. Wilson was one of the ablest and most distinguished ministers in the Presbyterian Church. His public addresses were characterized by great learning and argumentative power. As a professor his great characteristic was luminous clearness; as a man, transparent sincerity and singleness of heart. His students were devoted to him, and there will be unfeigned sorrow at his death in every continent of the globe, among the many graduates of the Seminary who have enjoyed his teaching."

From an editorial in the Pittsburgh *Leader*.

"Professor Wilson was in the prime of his intellectual manhood, was capable to an extraordinary degree of inciting that enthusiasm in young men, without which all teaching is vain, and was probably held in more affectionate esteem than any divine in the Presbyterian Church of the West. He was, it is safe to say, one of the most popular platform-speakers in the United States, and before and during the war he distinguished himself by his patriotic addresses to soldiers and sailors, and his death is a public loss."

From an editorial in the *Presbyterian*.

"The worth of Dr. Wilson, his great acquisitions, and his rare excellence of character made him widely known not only throughout the Presbyterian Church,

but to many outside of its pale. A thoroughly modest man, he never thrust himself upon the notice of the Church, and only his great merit and his abundant labors drew to him the attention of all. His departure is a sad loss to the whole Church. There is no man in the denomination who held the confidence of the people more fully, and to whom, in any contest for the orthodox faith, more eyes would have turned as unto a leader and guide."

From an editorial in the New York *Evangelist*.

"That the death of Dr. Wilson has occasioned great sorrow throughout the wide circle of his personal acquaintance is a matter of course ; for he was possessed of qualities to call out warm friendship. And to a yet larger number who, though not intimate with him, yet recognized his excellence and devotion as a preacher and trainer of ministers, the sad event will be long remembered. The Church at large experiences a heavy loss in this sudden striking down of one who stood in the front ranks of her ministry, and was an habitual bearer of heavy cares and burdens. Dr. Wilson loved the truth, and the brotherhood which he believed to be its best embodiment. Thus his duties were congenial, and the Church has profited by all the mind and strength of a true son."

From the Pittsburgh *Chronicle*.

"In his public addresses Dr. Wilson showed himself a man of great earnestness and force, and his popularity as a speaker can best be illustrated by the fact that his lecture on John Knox made so great an

impression that he was invited to deliver it over and over again. Naturally, after obliging his friends about a hundred times, he had earned the right to decline any further invitations to this end. Dr. Wilson made some splendid speeches at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion; speeches which vibrated with life and energy, and devotion to the Union, and which roused the spirit of the people of Western Pennsylvania, as but few other efforts at the time could do. His learning, sagacity, integrity, and charity made him a counsellor in church affairs of unapproachable value."

The Rev. Daniel W. Fisher, D. D., LL. D., President of Hanover College, in the *Herald and Presbyter*.

"Professor Wilson profoundly impressed himself upon his students. He did this in part by virtue of unquestionable superiority of intellectual gifts, scholarship, and piety. But it seems to me that with these qualities as a basis, the main secret of his influence over his pupils was his royal manliness. Intense by natural disposition, he threw the whole fervor of his being in the direction of that which is unselfish and noble. There are people in our day who think of orthodox Christianity and vital piety as savoring of that which is weak and sentimental. The best antidote for these wrong notions would be to know such a man as Dr. Wilson. To his faith he added *virtue*, in the true Christian sense of the word—strength married to gentleness and humility. To this quality he also was largely indebted for much of the tremendous power which he often wielded in his sermons and public addresses."

The Rev. Samuel J. Nicolls, D. D., LL. D., in an address to the students of the Western Theological Seminary.

“What a rare man Dr. Wilson was ! He resembled a mountain lake, silent in its power and fulness, never moaning or clamorous like the sea ; pure, cool, transparent, lying indeed in the earth, yet mirroring so much of heaven. He was tender and gentle as a woman, yet with inflexible firmness of principle and conviction. His consecration to his work burnt like a constant fire within him.

“Eloquent in speech, a master in the arts of homiletics, ripe in scholarship, and, above all, rich in the experience of grace, he was as well qualified for the pastoral office as for the professor’s chair. We can all give his memory the tribute of our tears ; but to me there comes a feeling of loss and loneliness, as I walk these halls, which I cannot cast aside.

“ ‘ He passed ; a soul of nobler tone ;
 My spirit loved, and loves him yet,
 Like some poor girl whose heart is set
 On one whose rank exceeds her own.’ ”

Resolutions adopted by the officers of the Fourteenth Regiment,
 N. G. P.

“ WHEREAS, Chaplain S. J. Wilson has been connected with the Fourteenth Regiment since December, 1875, and by his courteous and Christian example has endeared himself to every member of the organization and set an example worthy of emulation, therefore be it

“ *Resolved*, That in the sudden and unexpected death of our chaplain we mourn and feel that we have lost

an earnest and sincere friend and spiritual adviser, and a consistent worker among the members of the regiment. That we bow with submission to the will of Him who does all things right, knowing that if we live the life that he did we shall all meet when the final roll is called across the river ; and be it further

“ *Resolved*, That these resolutions be recorded in the adjutant’s record of the regiment and a copy be sent to the family of our dearly beloved chaplain. Further, that we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and that the officers attend the funeral in a body.”

From an editorial in the *Pittsburgh Times*.

“ In the death of Professor S. J. Wilson the age loses a man whose place cannot be refilled perhaps during the present generation. While consistent in everything he advocated, whether of a secular or spiritual nature, his forcible utterances were always straight to the point and were calculated to sway the actions of men who were not easily led by another’s eloquence. As a minister he was eminently practical in all he advised, and was singularly free from any suspicion of the ‘bunkums’ that too often detract from the influence of otherwise worthy divines. This straightforward principle he carried into his sermons, and they were as practical in their aims as any of the secular enterprises engaged in by a successful merchant. Professor Wilson, in his half century of life, did more to elevate the cause of religion than almost any other divine in Western Pennsylvania, and while shedding a tear at his too early departure we must

admit that he did the work of a long life during the limited period he was allowed to remain on earth."

From the Minute adopted by the Presbytery of Pittsburgh.

"This Presbytery is profoundly moved by the utterances of sister Presbyteries on every side regarding the character and work of our beloved co-Presbyter, Samuel Jennings Wilson. While it is not possible that such a man can be the exclusive possession of any fraction of the Church, yet next to his family, and to the beloved pupils who were brought up at his feet in the school of the prophets, this Presbytery feels itself peculiarly bereaved in his demise.

"As we gather here to-day it is with unspeakable sadness that we perceive that seat vacated which was so seldom unoccupied at our meetings for the last twenty years. We feel a melancholy pleasure in joining our testimony with that of others as to our brother's learning, so profound and varied ; as to his unreserved consecration to Christ of all his gifts and attainments ; his unswerving loyalty to the doctrines and polity of the Presbyterian Church ; his forceful eloquence as a preacher of the Gospel ; and his invaluable services to the cause of Christian education, both in promoting the prosperity of Washington and Jefferson College, and especially in subserving the interests of the Western Theological Seminary, to which his very life was a sacrifice.

"But while we who knew Dr. Wilson most intimately are proud to testify that in such tributes to his memory there is no extravagant eulogy, we desire here to emphasize our testimony to his exemplary character as a Presbyter. Throughout the course of his varied,

arduous, and willing labors, he by no means subordinated his duty as a Presbyter, but made it co-ordinate with the exercise of the other functions of his ministry. As an inflexible rule in his place at the organization of Presbytery, he was found at his post at adjournment. A loving son with filial reverence to the fathers in the ministry, he was an elder brother beloved to every younger minister; yet in Presbytery *the people* were ever on his great heart. He was wont to say, 'Brethren, the smallest church of Christ is greater than any man!'

"Clear and positive in his conviction of principles and methods; earnest, ringing, and fervent in debate; his perfect sincerity and unmistakable deference to the feelings and judgments of others won and kept the affectionate esteem and respect of those who most widely differed from his opinions. While his multifarious duties might seem to have rendered it impossible that he should add to the offices of professor, presbyter, and preacher that of pastor, the truth is that for fifteen of the best years of his life he fed and led a flock of Christ in green pastures and by the still waters. He preached with marked individuality—with the power and demonstration of the Spirit. At the same time he knew his flock. He lived in their joys and sorrows. He kept accurate trace of their temporal affairs and spiritual concerns. He habitually analyzed and formed a definite idea of the character of each member and adherent of the Sixth Church, Pittsburgh, the people to whom he gave that special work for the Master to which his mother dedicated him in infancy.

"Whether in the sanctuary feeding the flock of

God, teaching in the school of the prophets, or sitting with the elders of Israel, he was alike eminently useful to the Church.”

From a paper adopted by the Presbytery of Washington, Pa.

“Some men are great by the position in which Providence has placed them ; some again are distinguished by the gifts of fortune, and have acquired fame and distinction by the noble use of the means which God has committed to their stewardship. Others, like our departed friend, are endowed with those remarkable intellectual and moral qualities which, in their combination, always compel the attention of men ; exerting an influence and commanding a respect which is not limited by position and is not dependent upon the gifts of fortune. This kind of greatness belongs to the man and not to his place ; it is individual and not official ; it is inherent and not reflected from place or circumstance. It is a greatness which is not exaggerated by distance, but is felt the more as we approach the nearer.

“Dr. Wilson had a wonderful facility in acquiring knowledge, and to this he added ready eloquence and quick sagacity in seeing the true bearing of questions which required an unflinching adherence to Scriptural principles, and conscientious convictions which no gentleness of spirit, or influence of retiring modesty, ever brought him to compromise or suppress.

“He was equally distinguished for his resolution and self-reliance. Hence it was that from his very boyhood, through the whole course of his life, he was so eminently a self-made man. He had untiring energy—work was his element. He was never idle,

and while life lasted he worked. Of all things he loved to preach the Gospel of the free and glorious grace of God. No one who has had the good fortune to hear him can ever forget the grand exhibitions of truth which he presented.

“But it was not in the pulpit only that Dr. Wilson shone ; in his private sphere of action as a Christian his virtues were not less distinguished than his duties as a minister. He was a man of ardent piety, though he was not forward to speak of his religious exercises. Deep devotion and unaffected humility entered largely into this part of his character. His nobility of mind rendered him utterly incapable of performing a mean or selfish act, his native kindness of disposition, sweetened still more by grace, made those who knew him trust and love him, binding men who stood in nearest relation to him with the strongest bonds. He was a genial companion, and, in his hours of relaxation, mingled with his chosen friends in conversation with a heartiness that was delightful. He was a firm and true friend as well in adversity as in prosperity.

“He was a remarkably modest man, as free from arrogance and presumption, as humble in the estimate of his own importance, as one can be well conceived to be in this world of sin. And yet he was as brave a man as ever lived.

“He was a successful and accomplished professor in the Theological Seminary. He was a thorough Presbyterian in his views of doctrine and order. He was not merely acquainted with the doctrines of the Gospel, but they so imbued his whole train of thought that they came forth in his teaching without effort

or labor in all their native majesty and grace. He united in his own person a remarkable assemblage of those qualities which fit a man for discharging his high trust as a professor ; he possessed in a high degree the dignity that commands respect, the accuracy that inspires confidence, the ardor that kindles animation, the kindness that wins affection.

“ On the whole, if a bright intellect, unaffected simplicity of manners, stanch integrity of heart, unswerving fidelity in friendship, the gentleness of the lamb, and the boldness of the lion,—and all these qualities consecrated by a piety the most ardent and sincere on the high altar of devotion,—have any claim to respect, the memory of Dr. S. J. Wilson will long be cherished with tears of admiration and sorrow by those who knew him.”

The Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge in the *Presbyterian Review*.

“ The death of Rev. Professor Samuel Jennings Wilson, D. D., LL. D., of the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny City, Pa., is noticed in the editorial pages of the *Presbyterian Review* because he was from the beginning one of its most honored and influential Associate Editors. The undersigned is entrusted with the preparation of this notice, because he was for thirteen years the colleague and intimate friend of its distinguished subject.

“ The fact that Professor Wilson was by the spontaneous suffrages of his peers made the first Moderator of the great Synod of Pennsylvania, accurately marks his rank in the entire Christian ministry of that immense Commonwealth. In learning, ability, eloquence, and influence he was beyond question the

most eminent Christian minister of any denomination in his native State. And it is a coincidence that will not be forgotten that Pennsylvania's greatest minister, Samuel Jennings Wilson, and her greatest lawyer, Jeremiah Black, lay awaiting their burial at the same time.

“There are two measures of a man's greatness : the one to be determined in the estimate of his intrinsic qualities, the other by his acquired position and relation to the community of which he is a part. In each of these Professor Wilson's claim to be regarded great is valid.

“His natural faculties were of a high order, and they were earnestly and wisely exercised in the highest uses from his childhood. He possessed capacity for concentrated and sustained attention, a retentive memory, wide and clear intellectual vision, accurate judgment, vivid and fertile imagination, strong affections, burning enthusiasm, and unparalleled powers of expression by word, look, and gesture. The foundation laid in his school and college days for his future scholarly growth was accurate and broad. Afterward he continued uninterruptedly to the close of his laborious life a constant student in every branch of his profession, and a wide general reader. He was for twenty-eight years tutor and Professor of Sacred and Ecclesiastical History and of the History of Doctrines, but on different occasions and for protracted periods he also discharged the duties of the professors of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature, of New Testament Greek and Exegesis, and of Systematic Theology, and all with distinguished success. His thought was as clear as light, his judgment

sound, and heart pure and brave and as true as steel. He was extraordinarily grave and silent in his manner ; often, in the company of his colleagues or in his family, giving for long passages of time no other sign of conscious life than that afforded by the following of his watchful eye. But under that apparently sleeping surface a whole teeming world of life brooded, and sometimes volcanic fires rolled. His preaching, as the many thousand hearers of his oration on John Knox will testify, and as the majority of the churches in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio will cherish among their proudest sectional traditions, was often characterized by the most moving and overmastering eloquence. Often in the Seminary prayer meeting his voice broke upon us like the sound of a trumpet, and he at once lifted up the whole service to a higher level of vision and devotion.

“ The true greatness of a man rests more in his character, especially in its moral elements, than in his intellect or his learning. Professor Wilson in this species also graded among the very highest of his generation. He was unselfish, pure, absolutely consecrated to his chief ends, concentrated in purpose, of strong will, of strong passions held in restraint and always made to serve reason and conscience. Self-respectful but unambitious, sympathetic with all weakness and suffering, strong as a lion, tender as a woman, true and honorable as a knight of Christ.

“ As to the second element of greatness found in his position and his relation to his community, Professor Wilson must be estimated as occupying an even yet higher rank. He was native to the soil, embodying in finest quality and proportions the characteristic

excellences of Scotch-Irish ancestry and of the Western Pennsylvanian population. He was truly representative as a man, and as a Presbyterian minister, in a sense and to a degree not true of any other man of his generation. His grandfather, Thomas Dill, gave his whole life to prayer ; visiting in turn all the sections of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia and Eastern Ohio, seeking the conversion of souls and the revival of the Church. His mother, Jane Dill, was a woman of great force of character and eminently spiritual and devoted. She consecrated her son to the ministry from his birth, and impressed her own character and purpose upon him in his infancy.

“ On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entering upon his professorship, he said : ‘ I am glad to have the opportunity of saying that whatever I am is due to my mother. I would rather hear it said that my mother was Jane Dill, and my grandfather praying Thomas Dill, than to hear it said that my mother was Queen and my grandfather Emperor.’ He struggled to gain his education, but went up through all the stages first in each class from the start. He became teacher in every school in which he learned, retaining to the end a most absolute identification of himself and his interests with his scholars and his schools, and of the section of the nation out of which these grew. His roots ran out into all that land and took deep and wide hold of the ground.

“ Every student, especially every struggling student, was taken into his heart. The professor appeared always reticent and undemonstrative, yet no honest

student ever misread the man. It was to him before any of his colleagues through all those years of service that the student needing sympathy went ; whether poor, or sick, or bereaved, or in spiritual darkness, or in need of counsel for his future course. Once loving he loved forever, for greater tenacity of fibre God never wrought out of Scotch-Irish or Northman blood. Thus his nearly one thousand graduates remained bound to his heart by hoops of steel. He prayed for them, wept with them, gloried over them, following them along all their ways. And they knew him and gloried in him as their leader, and now they weep over the wide world, for their prince is dead.

“ He was naturally put forward as the representative of his section, and as such bore all the honors from his immediate constituents, and from the Church as a whole, open to the career of a Presbyterian minister. He had been Moderator of the Synod of Pittsburgh, and was Moderator of the great Synod of Pennsylvania at the time of his death. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1874, was for a time acting President of Washington and Jefferson College, and would have been so always if he had not preferred to be the presiding professor of the Western Theological Seminary. He represented his Church in the preparatory meeting in London in 1875, and in the Grand Council in Philadelphia in 1880. He was the orator always spontaneously chosen to represent his denomination as a whole on its grandest occasions, as upon the Tercentenary Anniversary of Presbyterianism, A. D. 1872, in Philadelphia, and his own more immediate circle, as at the funerals of men so pre-eminent in his section as the Rev. Dr. Elisha P.

Swift and Rev. Dr. C. C. Beatty. And if he had continued in his place for a century, all the elements of power, and all the tributes of love and honor from a wide constituency, would more and more have gathered into his hands.

“Western Pennsylvania has generously entertained, while they lived, many an ally enlisted from other fields, and with equal generosity cherished their memory after their death. But there is no risk in anticipating the judgment of history in inscribing in letters of gold the name of her own son, Samuel Jennings Wilson, at the head of the list, first and best beloved, and longest remembered of a noble line. Dear friend, it was a blessing to know thy heart. It will be a living joy to assist in keeping thy memory green.”

I.

JOHN KNOX.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES AND SERMONS.

I.

JOHN KNOX.*

AT the beginning of the sixteenth century Scotland was wrapped in the densest gloom of intellectual and moral darkness. Feudalism, ignorance, superstition, licentiousness, and tyranny—the worst elements of the Middle Ages—held brutal sway throughout her borders. The bishops and abbots, with half of the wealth of the realm in their coffers, outranking princes and nobles both in dignity and power, and setting at defiance alike the laws of God and man, outraged every principle of virtue and every dictate of decency. Priests and friars, bestial in their stolid sensualness, filled the land like the frogs of Egypt. There were friars white and friars black and friars gray—friars of every hue and habit and description, and friars everywhere.

Monasteries and nunneries were counted by the hundred, and each several one of them was a leprous plague-spot. The investigation into the condition of monasteries in England which was ordered by Henry VIII. disclosed a corruption as festering and loathsome as that upon which fire and brimstone were rained in

* At the tercentenary celebration, Philadelphia, November 20, 1872.

Sodom. The state of morals in the Scottish monasteries was, if possible, worse.

The people had these bishops, abbots, priests, and friars for their teachers, leaders, and examples in holy living. "The priest's lips no longer kept knowledge;" and when immortal souls "sought the law at his mouth," they were tantalized with dead forms in a dead language, which were as destitute of the spirit and grace of the gospel as a mummy of the Pyramids, wrapped in cerecloth, is destitute of warm, pulsing blood and stirring passions. The Bible was almost as unknown as one of the lost Sibylline books. The pulpit was obsolete. Instead of the sermon were substituted gossip, scandal, ribald jest, and obscene comedy. By means of excommunication, anathema, and interdict—the most terrific ecclesiastical machinery ever invented—the clergy tyrannized relentlessly over the souls and bodies of men. Priests ground the faces of the poor as systematically and as sedulously as though they had been called of God and ordained of men for this specific service. The Church, which should have been the friend and helper and teacher and lifter-up of the people—which should have been quick to discern their wants and swift to avenge their wrongs—used all its power to keep them in ignorance, to foster their superstitions, and to add to the bitterness of their burdens.

This apostate Church, winking at every species of vice, and tolerant of all forms of iniquity, "breathed out threatenings and slaughter" against all who ventured to question her authority or dared to seek for light and truth. For all such she had the ready argument of tyrants, *fire and sword*. Men were burned at

the stake for having the New Testament in a language in which they could read and understand it. Yet this vast despotism, with all its elaborate machinery of oppression, was impotent to arrest the progress of the truth. It could burn men with balls of brass in their mouths to keep them from preaching the Gospel in the flames, but it could not destroy or paralyze the truth for which these men died.

But the day of Scotland's redemption was drawing nigh. The echo of the voices of Wickliffe and Huss sounded faintly along her shores. By and by she caught glimpses of the light which had been kindled in Germany, Switzerland, and France.

A youth of twenty, with the blood of earls and dukes in his veins, invested with a high ecclesiastical dignity from his childhood, and with a long and brilliant line of promotion open before him, began to feel the stirrings of the new spirit that was abroad among the nations; went to Germany, sat at the feet of Luther and Melancthon at Wittenberg, caught the enthusiasm of the eloquent converted Franciscan monk, Francis Lambert, at Marburg, and returned to Scotland all aflame with zeal to preach the gospel. One afternoon a fire was prepared in front of the old college in St. Andrews, and this young man—only three-and-twenty years old—died at the stake as only one of God's heroes can die, and then history wrote, in ineffaceable characters, the name of the proto-martyr of the Scottish Reformation—*Patrick Hamilton*.

As had been predicted, "the reik of Patrick Hamilton infected as many as it blew upon." From his ashes sprung men armed with the panoply of the Gos-

pel. The hierarchy could burn men, but these very burnings kindled a light which could not be put out. A learned and eloquent evangelist arose in the person of George Wishart. When he preached, crowds hung upon his lips, spellbound, by the hour. If churches were shut against him, he preached in the streets, on dikes, or from city gates. His voice rang like a trumpet through Scotland. It was one of the few truly brave and grand voices that have been heard in this world, but it was soon quenched in fire. On the gentle slope in front of the castle of St. Andrews, the sea sounding his requiem, George Wishart gloriously sealed his testimony with his blood. His persecutors, fearing that eloquent, clarion voice even in the flames, stopped his utterance by tightening a cord around his neck. Through the tapestried window of the castle, reclining on luxurious cushions, Cardinal Beaton witnessed the martyrdom, glutting his lecherous eyes with the agonies of this illustrious witness of the truth.

The hierarchy, wielding the tremendous power which had been won for it by Hildebrand and Innocent III., bearing two swords, the temporal as well as the spiritual, insolently lording it over prince, priests, and people, and setting its face like a flint against all enlightenment of the intellect or soul, exercised a most cruel and heartless despotism. Its spirit was devilish. So long as its magnates could roll in wealth, so long as they could pamper their lazy bodies on the hard earnings of the poor, so long as without restraint or let or hindrance they could indulge their brutal lusts and passions, they were content ; but rather than lose an iota of their ill-gotten and ill-used power,

rather than have the people read the Word of God for themselves, they would see Scotland lighted from one end to the other with blazing stakes and fagots. They had the power, and they used it savagely. Their inquisition for those who dared to preach Christ was as keen and unerring as the scent of the bloodhound. Every voice that was raised in behalf of truth and righteousness was stifled in fire. Every kindling of light was trodden out in blood. To have the love of Christ in the heart, and to dare proclaim it, was swift and sure destruction.

Whence, then, can deliverance come? Where can be found a man strong enough and brave enough to grapple with this gigantic despotism, whose mighty power has been the steady growth of ages? Has God in his quiver one such arrow? Has he, in all his kingdom, one such champion hero?

A tutor in the family of Douglass of Langniddrie, who had been a teacher of philosophy at St. Andrews, until, becoming disgusted with the jargon of scholasticism and the corruptions of papacy, he abandoned the one and renounced the other, became the devoted follower and chivalrous sword-bearer of George Wishart. When Wishart was arrested, he advised the tutor to return to "his bairns," as he could no longer be of any service to him. Very reluctantly, and only after earnest remonstrances, the tutor followed this advice. Besides teaching the classics, he exercised his pupils daily in the Holy Scriptures and indoctrinated them theologically by catechetical instruction, and at stated intervals these catechisings were public.

The times were now fraught with momentous issues, and events big with the destinies of peoples

crowded thick upon each other. A few months only after the day upon which Cardinal Beaton, lounging on his velvet cushions, had witnessed from his window in the castle, with undisguised satisfaction, the burning of Wishart, his own lifeless body, covered with the gaping wounds of assassins' daggers, was hung as a public spectacle from that identical window.

The tutor of Douglass, together with his pupils, took refuge in the castle of St. Andrews, which was then held by the enemies of the late cardinal. Here he was soon recognized as one who was eminently fitted to become the teacher and leader of men and of princes, rather than to be the tutor of boys. When the judgment of his friends in this regard was solemnly announced to him, and he was adjured to undertake the work of the ministry, he burst into a flood of tears, shut himself in his chamber, and for days was overwhelmed with the profoundest grief. Through the importunity of friends, and partly through the impertinence of a certain champion of the papacy, he was at length constrained to enter the pulpit in defence of the truth. It was a memorable day in Scottish history when he first preached in the parish church at St. Andrews. Brave men held their breath as they listened to his bold and sweeping utterances. Such preaching had not been heard in Scotland for ages. "Others hewed the branches of the papistry, but he struck at the root." Some rejoiced and took courage, some doubted, some hoped, some feared, many were furious, but all felt that there was a new power in the world, while a few chosen spirits recognized JOHN KNOX *as the ordained champion and leader of the revolution then beginning in Scotland.*

By the aid of French forces the castle of St. Andrews was reduced, Knox was taken prisoner, was loaded with chains and confined as a galley-slave. Through hardship, exposure, and sickness his body was reduced to a skeleton, but his spirit remained invincible. Once the galley on which he was confined came in sight of St. Andrews, and the spires of the city being pointed out to him, he was asked if he knew the place. With kindling eye he replied: "Yes, I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I am fully persuaded, how weak soever I now appear, that I shall not depart this life till that my tongue shall glorify his godly name in the same place." We admire the indomitable spirit of Julius Cæsar, who threatened to their faces to crucify the pirates who held him in their power as a prisoner; but these words of Knox, in the condition in which he then was, breathe a grander courage than that of Julius Cæsar.

Released from the galleys, he spent five years in England as an asylum from persecution, and as a preacher in Berwick and New Castle he was "mighty in word"; as Chaplain to Edward VI. he "stood before kings"; as a court preacher he was as plain and fearless and searching as Latimer; as a theologian he was consulted in regard to the Book of Common Prayer and the Articles of Religion; as a divine a brilliant line of promotion was open before him in the Anglican Church. Edward VI. proffered him a bishopric, and any dignity in the English Church was within his easy reach; but he could accept none of these without the sacrifice of honest and well-

grounded convictions, and he therefore relinquished them all "for conscience' sake," and remained loyally and heroically true to these convictions in spite of gold and glory. He remained poor and untitled ; but is there a title on earth that would add any dignity to the simple name JOHN KNOX ?

When that "idolatrous Jezebel, mischievous Mary of the Spaniard's blood," came to the throne, Knox was compelled to flee from England. He went first to France, thence to Switzerland, and thence to Germany. His exile on the Continent forms an important segment of his life, for it threw him into contact with other Reformers from all parts of the world, and afforded him time for study and mature reflection. In the matter of the church at Frankfort, he had an opportunity of testifying publicly against the false and pernicious principles upon which the English Reformation was conducted, and, in consequence, he again proudly accepted exile rather than sacrifice or compromise a jot or tittle of his honest convictions. But the most important feature of this part of his life was his intercourse with John Calvin at Geneva. These two great men, whose influence has struck deeper into the currents of history than that of any other two men then living, entertained the most ardent esteem and friendship for each other. Although Knox at this time was fifty years old, he pursued his studies at Geneva as diligently and enthusiastically as the merest tyro. This seems to have been the sunniest part of his stormy life. He was engaged in congenial studies and he was surrounded with congenial companions, yet he relinquished these studies and the society of congenial spirits in Switzerland, and re-

turned to Scotland just so soon as he felt that he could be of service there.

Back once more in his dear native land, he preached day and night, almost incessantly, and the "word grew mightily." No part of his life was more fruitful of great results than this brief sojourn in Scotland at this time. His clear vision pierced through all disguises, shams, and compromises. His sharp, incisive judgment penetrated to the very core of the issue. To him all compliance with papal ceremonies was treason to the cause of truth. With a steady hand, that never missed its aim, he at one blow cut the last tie that bound the hesitating Reformers to the papacy. Thus early in the struggle he settled at once and forever the policy of the Reformation in Scotland. There were to be no compromises, no temporizing expediences. The work was to be genuine and thorough. At this time, when almost totally hidden from the world and unknown to it, he laid deep and immovable the foundations of the Scottish Reformation. His glowing earnestness fused the floating, incoherent elements of Reform into consistency, symmetry, and strength. A master-hand was on the helm, and the noble ship, responding to his touch, assumed that course which she held triumphantly to the end. All ecclesiastical history since that day is a vindication of Knox's policy of the Reformation. It is the only true policy.

Called to the pastorate of the English church in Geneva in 1556, Knox returned to Switzerland, where he remained for two years. While there his time was occupied in preaching, in pastoral labor, in working upon the Geneva Bible, and in uttering his terrible

“Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.”

In the meantime the queen regent of Scotland, “crafty, dissimulate, and false,” having thrown off her cunningly woven disguises, took the first step toward the total extirpation of the Reformation in Scotland by summoning the Protestant preachers to stand their trials at Stirling. The queen regent, Hamilton, archbishop of St. Andrews, and Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow, notwithstanding bitter and rankling jealousies among themselves, had joined hands for the purpose of crushing out Protestantism utterly. The plans were all matured. The plot was ripe. The mine was about to be sprung. At this supreme crisis the man whom God had been preparing, by a long and severe discipline, to be one of his ordained instruments in great achievements, steps suddenly upon the scene. Elijah was kept hidden in obscurity until he was to confront Ahab. Moses had a forty years’ discipline in the wilderness, and came from the deserts of Midian to stand before Pharaoh. Moses and Elijah were no more really chosen, ordained, and prepared ministers of God to act in great crises of the Church than was John Knox. In slavery and in exile his nature was seasoned and toughened to the texture of true heroism. In his public catechisings at Langniddrie, he first trained to popular speaking that voice which afterward shook thrones and dashed to pieces the schemes and policies of kings, queens, princes, and nobles.

On the invitation of certain noblemen he returned to Scotland “in the brunt of the battle.” His appearance at Edinburgh, as sudden and as unexpected as

the appearance of Elijah at Samaria, created among his enemies as great a panic as though it had been the invasion of a hostile army. A good man in earnest, and with a good cause, is as "the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof," mightier than armies and navies. Although under sentence of outlawry and liable at any hour to be arrested and executed, Knox resolved to stand with his brethren at Stirling and share their dangers and their fate, "by life, by death, or else by both, to glorify God." But from this threatened danger the Lord preserved both him and them.

Amidst the throes of incipient civil war, and in verification of his own prediction while a galley-slave, he returned to St. Andrews. The archbishop peremptorily forbade his preaching in the cathedral, and threatened that in case he should dare to do so he would be shot down in the pulpit by the soldiers. In defiance of the archbishop's threat, and in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, he yet preached.

This was the very crisis and pivot of the struggle. At Augsburg the princes saved the Lutheran Reformation, when the theologians would have compromised or surrendered. Knox, by his splendid intrepidity, saved the cause in Scotland, when nobles as brave as the bravest would have yielded to the demands of the archbishop. John Knox at St. Andrews is a figure as grand and towering as Martin Luther before the diet of Worms.

The effects and results of Knox's preaching at this time were marvellous. In the three days at St. Andrews—the primal see of Scotland—popery was utterly overthrown, the Reformed worship was set up,

images and pictures were torn from the churches, and monasteries were demolished. Knox's doctrine was as fatal to popish superstition as the fire which ran along the ground in the plague of the hail was fatal to the vegetable gods of Egypt. Wheresoever that doctrine went—and it ran very swiftly—popish power and popish idolatry, with all the paraphernalia thereof, melted before it.

In less than a month after his triumphal appearance at St. Andrews, Knox's voice was ringing among the rafters of St. Giles's and of the Abbey church at Edinburgh. Chosen at once as pastor of St. Giles's, he entered upon his labors in that church which his name has made historic throughout the world, and where "his tongue was more than a match for Mary's sceptre," and where so often "his voice in an hour put more life into men than six hundred trumpets could."

During the trying vicissitudes of civil war, Knox was the one pillar of strength upon which Scotland leaned with her whole weight. Wise in counsel, utterly fearless in action, mighty in the resistless torrents of his eloquence, the nation turned to him instinctively as its God-given leader. With a price upon his head, with hired assassins waylaying his path, ever at the post of duty and of danger, "careless of his own carcass," thinking only of his dear Scotland, in the darkest extremities of perilous times waking the expiring courage of heroes with the trumpet peals of his eloquence, he fought the good fight bravely through, until within one year peace was proclaimed, popery was abolished by act of Parliament, and a confession prepared principally by himself was

adopted. There never was a nobler fight or one that was more signal in its achievements. A complete revolution was accomplished, popery was abolished, the Reformed Church had a firm status and a complete Presbyterian organization. The battle was really gained. Henceforth the struggle was to maintain the ground which had been won.

A more dangerous power, however, than fire and sword was now to be encountered in the insidious influence of a brilliant court, which had as its centre the beautiful and fascinating Mary Stuart. The eagle eye of Knox perceived at once the point of danger, and Mary, on the other hand, as soon discovered the one power which stood in the way of the accomplishment of her designs. Knox was summoned to Holyrood, and in a long conference Mary tried her best to intimidate and awe him. She might as well have tried to shake Salisbury Crags with the breath of her nostrils.

When the news of the massacre of the Protestants at Vassy in France reached Holyrood, Mary had a grand ball to celebrate the event. On the next Sabbath, Knox thundered in St. Giles's against those who "were more exercised in fiddling and flinging than in reading or hearing God's most blessed Word, and those who danced as the Philistines their fathers danced, for the pleasure which they take in the displeasure of God's people." Mary sent for Knox the next day. He retracted nothing, but told the queen to her face that her uncles, the Guises of France, "were enemies to God, and spared not to spill the blood of many innocents," and then let her understand very distinctly that "it was not his vocation to stand at her chamber door and to have no further

liberty, but to whisper his mind in her Grace's ear." That voice was for Scotland and the world.

"He departed," as he tells us in his "Historie," "with a reasonable merry countenance." "He is not afraid!" whispered the papists as he passed. Turning upon them, he replied, "Why should the pleasing countenance of a gentilwoman affray me? I have loked on the faces of many angry men, and yet have not been affrayed above measure." That man could not be frightened. Next, Mary plied all her exquisite art to flatter him, but in this she succeeded no better.

Times grew critical. Many of the nobles were proving recreant. Knox sacrificed some of his dearest and sweetest friendships rather than yield an inch or an iota to the growing encroachments of the papacy. In his estimation one mass was worse for Scotland than a hostile army. The nobles were ready and anxious to compromise. Parliament was pliable and plastic in the hands of Mary. Knox alone stood in her way. He, therefore, must be silenced or put out of her way somehow.

For the fifth time Knox was summoned to the palace. In a torrent of tears and a tempest of passion, Mary stormed and railed at him. Carried beyond all bounds of prudence, she at last spitefully exclaimed: "What are you in this commonwealth?" Grandly Knox replied: "A subject born within the same, madam; and, albeit I am neither earl, lord, nor baron within it, yet has God made me—how abject soever I am in your eyes—a profitable member within the same; yea, madam, to me it appertains no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it doth to any of the nobility."

There is not in history a nobler answer.

For writing a circular letter, which he was authorized to do by the General Assembly when any exigency demanded such a measure, he was arraigned and tried for treason. He made a brave and able defence, and to the bitter disappointment and chagrin of Mary he was acquitted. The queen had learned that Knox could not be intimidated, neither could he be flattered, or cajoled, or wheedled into compliance with her wishes. She had also discovered that she could not have him beheaded for treason in Scotland.

She next entered into a conspiracy by which, through a wholesale slaughter of the Protestants, she hoped to get rid of her enemy. A league had been formed between the Pope and the Guises, by which Protestantism in France was to be utterly rooted out by force. To this infernal bond Mary set her fair and jewelled hand, and that brought Scotland within the fatal scope of the league. But there is a wheel within a wheel. A jealousy between Mary and her husband, Darnley, and the consequent murder of Rizzio, turned the fierce currents of history into other channels, and Scotland was saved from the horrors of a massacre such as that of St. Bartholomew.

Under the regency of Murray the Church had peace, and the revolution of 1560 was ratified. There was still a strong and vicious papal party, but by firmness the regent kept down all insurrections until he was taken off by the hand of an assassin.

Under the regency of Lennox there was civil war. The castle of Edinburgh was held at this time by the queen's forces, and these forces were under the command of the apostate Kirkcaldy of Grange. Over-

whelmed with grief on account of the death of his beloved Murray, Knox had been smitten with apoplexy, and was no longer able to walk to church or to ascend the pulpit without help. Yet he was as watchful and fearless as ever. Not liking the reports which he received of the preaching in St. Giles's, Grange came down to church one morning with a band of desperate men to intimidate the preacher. The old man rightly interpreted their presence as a threat, and, his infirmities forgotten for the time being, his wonted fires flamed forth again ; and leveling his thunders right at Grange, he made the very shingles on St. Giles's tremble.

His friends now feared for his life. The castle was full of Hamiltons, all thirsting for his blood. He was shot at through the window of his own house. But he was totally unconscious of fear. At length he was prevailed upon to leave Edinburgh, on the ground that his longer continuance there would involve the lives of his friends. He went to St. Andrews.

James Melville, who was then a student, has preserved for us in his diary a very graphic account of the habits and appearance of the great Reformer at this time. He brings the scenes vividly before us. We see the tottering old man walking and sitting in the yard at St. Salvator's College, calling the students around him, exhorting them to be diligent in their studies, to know God and his work in the country, and to stand by the "gude cause." With his heart yet young, we find him encouraging the students by his presence at a play which was acted by them on the occasion of the marriage of one of their regents. We see him in his great weakness creeping to the

kirk, "slowly and warily," with a "furring of martics about his neck," a staff in one hand and his trusty servant supporting him on the other side. We see him lifted bodily by two men into the pulpit, and then leaning wearily upon it for support. We hear his tremulous, faltering, uncertain tones as he opens the text ; we listen as he "proceeds moderately for the space of half an hour"; and then entering upon his application, he warms and glows until he makes the students "grew and tremble so that they cannot hold their pens to write," and kindling with the rush and momentum of his thought, the spirit triumphing over the half dead body, we see the shrivelled limbs become instinct with life and energy, and the whole man "so active and vigorous that he is like to ding the pulpit in blads and flie out of it."

Providence opened up the way for his return to Edinburgh before he died. He returned according to an earnest invitation, and on the express and emphatic condition that he "should not temper his tongue or cease to speak against the men of the castle."

Once more he is back in his old pulpit, but his voice can no longer fill St. Giles's. To accommodate him with a smaller audience chamber, the congregation prepared for him the Tolbooth church. While these preparations are in progress, I invite you to accompany me for a little while to the Continent.

When Knox was driven out of England by "Bloody Mary," he found a grateful asylum in France, where he formed many intimate and ardent friendships. Perilous times cement kindred spirits.

While Luther was lecturing on philosophy at Wittenberg, the venerable Lefevre in France, through the

study of the Epistles of Paul, had reached the central doctrine of the Reformation, justification by faith. Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux, occupied the same theological ground. When, therefore, this doctrine was proclaimed in Germany, France responded to it with a quick and live sympathy. The leaven of the Gospel spread rapidly from the professor in her great university to the peasant in the furrow—from the prince by the throne to the mechanic at his bench. Margaret of Valois, queen of Navarre, the witty, the accomplished, and the beloved sister of Francis I., was in full sympathy with the Reformation, and for some time she carried the sympathies of her royal brother with her. But it was not to be expected that the enemies of the Gospel would quietly witness these rapid conquests without putting men to death, “for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.” As in other countries, so in France, persecutions raged fiercely. Loaded with every opprobrious epithet, charged with crimes as atrocious as those which were laid against the early Christians by the pagans, subjected to tortures as refined in cruelty as those of Nero, in spite of fire and steel and the balançoire, the noble band of martyrs and confessors in France heroically maintained their course, singing psalms at the stake, “glorifying God in the fires,” bearing their testimony to the truth, until their enraged persecutors, in order to silence them, cut out their tongues and flung them, yet quivering, into their faces. In the sixteenth century, France was the bloodiest theatre of persecution of any country in Europe save one.

Yet the blood of these glorious martyrs only ferti-

lized the soil for the propagation of the truth. The smoke of their sacrifice disseminated the principles for which they died. The Scriptures were translated into French by Olivetan, the relative of Calvin. The Psalms, turned into metre by Marot, "the poet of princes and the prince of poets," were sung at the court and on the fashionable promenade of Paris, and were hummed even by King Francis himself. The printing-press was busy. It teemed with books and tracts. Tracts were scattered like autumnal leaves in the streets of Paris.

A placard against the mass was one night posted on the walls of the principal cities throughout the kingdom, and even on the king's own door. Francis was infuriated when he thought of the insult against his own majesty, and was alarmed and horrified when he thought of the insult against the holy sacrament. As a public expiation for this latter offence, he ordered a solemn procession, which in its object, its spirit, its incidents, its grotesque blending of extreme devoutness with savage ferocity, is one of the most unique in history. Everything possible was done to make it the most imposing spectacle of the kind that had ever been witnessed in France. The highest dignitaries in Church and State, emblazoned with the insignia of their offices, adorned the ranks. Every shrine in Paris was emptied of relics, and the procession was graced with all the treasures of the reliquary, from the crown of thorns to the beard of St. Louis. Under a canopy borne by princes of the blood, the host was carried by the bishop of Paris. In six public places on the route of the procession as many altars were erected for the repose of the sacrament, and be-

side each of these altars there was a scaffold, a pile of fagots, and an iron beam, so arranged by means of pivot and pulley that it could be raised and lowered at will. When the head of the procession reached these altars successively, a Reformer was tied to the end of the beam, and by a seesaw movement was plunged again and again into a bath of fire. These awful dippings were so timed that, the ligaments being consumed, the victim dropped into the blazing pile just as the king was devoutly kneeling at the altar in adoration of the host. The misguided, maddened populace bowed down in the streets to worship bits of wood and dead men's bones, while, at the same time, they morbidly luxuriated in the exquisite tortures of those "of whom the world was not worthy." Strange extremes meet in human nature! This spectacle engendered a morbid taste for public slaughterings, which has many times since converted France into an Aceldama, a field of blood, and which has had as its legitimate results the guillotine of the Revolution and the awful butcheries of the Commune, three centuries later.

A French refugee in Basle heard with keenest pain reports of the awful sufferings of his friends in France, and his indignation was kindled to a white heat when the persecutors, with the king at their head, attempted to palliate the atrocities which they were committing by publishing the basest calumnies against both the opinions and practices of the Reformers. He determined that these traduced and persecuted people of God should be vindicated. To this end he wrote a little book, and in a bold and immortal address dedicated it to Francis I. This

was the first edition of what the world now knows as Calvin's Institutes, the noblest apology ever penned by an uninspired man.

The Institutes of Calvin at once gave consistency and symmetry to the Reformed Church in France ; and, in spite of sceptre and sword, cemented by the blood of martyrs, it grew strong, until it published its own apology, in its doctrines as crystallized in the Confession of 1559. At this time, a single step in the right direction would have emancipated France from the thralldom of the papacy, but she knew not "the time of her visitation." Behind the throne, upon which sat a poor, weak, sickly, uxorious boy yet in his teens, stood the Lorraines, with the Duke of Guise at their head, and they with consummate ability and craft and utter unscrupulousness wielded the powers of the government for the suppression of the gospel. It was an ominous conjunction—the gloomy despot, Philip II., on the throne of Spain, the Duke of Guise behind the throne of France, with Mary Stuart, niece of Guise, as wife of the puppet king, and the mother of Mary and sister of Guise as queen regent of Scotland. It was a conjunction which portended evil, and it brought upon France "a day of wasteness and desolation," a time when God's people "were scattered and peeled, meted out and trodden under foot"; a time when every sanctuary of safety and of right was ruthlessly invaded and wantonly desecrated ; a time when clustering villages of peaceful, thrifty, God-fearing citizens were razed as though they had been dens of wild beasts, and with an overthrow so utter and complete that not a stone was left to mark the spot where they had been, nor a human being to tell

the story of their destruction ; a time when rivers in their courses were dammed up with the bodies of slaughtered saints ; a time when the lords and ladies of the court regaled themselves daily, amidst pleasantries and repartee, by witnessing, from the windows of the palace, the mortal agonies of tortured martyrs ; a time when the atmosphere of the court became pestilential from the stench of blood ; a time when little children at their plays talked about and familiarized themselves with the thought of death by martyrdom.

The massacre of Vassy, in open and utter defiance of the edict of January, which has been called the Magna Charta of religious liberty in France, demonstrated to the Protestants the absolute necessity of self-defence. Longer non-resistance would be suicidal. They rallied, therefore, under the standards of their renowned leaders Condé and the Colignis. Jeanne d'Albret, queen of Navarre, put her young son Henry into the ranks as a soldier, and pawned her crown jewels to raise money for the war. Charlotte de Laval, urging her husband, the Admiral Coligni, to take up arms in defence of the suffering Protestants, was asked by him : " Are you prepared to endure confiscation, flight, exile, shame, nakedness, and hunger, and what is worse, to suffer all this in your children ? Are you prepared to see your husband branded as a rebel and dragged to a scaffold, while your children, disgraced and ruined, are begging their bread at the hands of their enemies ? I give you eight days to reflect upon it ; and when you shall be prepared for such reverses, I will be ready to set forward and perish with you and our friends." Charlotte instantly replied : " The eight days are already

expired. Go, sir, where your duty calls you. Heaven will not give the victory to our enemies. In the name of God I call upon you to resist no longer, but save our brethren or die in the attempt." The Admiral was in his saddle the next morning. There were heroines as well as heroes in those days.

The baleful theory of uniformity—the theory that there was room in France for only one Church, and that the Roman Catholic Church—divided the nation into two hostile camps and plunged the country into a series of civil wars. Spain sympathized with and aided the Catholic party; Philip II. urging upon France the policy of extermination which he was carrying out in the Netherlands. England and the Netherlands sympathized with and aided the Protestants, the latter country sending her immortal Prince of Orange to take the field. It was a struggle great and memorable, both in the principles at stake and in the distinguished leaders on each side. It was the genius, heroism, and godly enthusiasm of the Bourbon and the Coligni on the one side, and the Machiavellian craft, intrigue, and devilish hate of the Guise and the Medici on the other.

Wars follow each other in rapid succession. "Blood toucheth blood." The fields Dreux, St. Denis, Jarnac, Moncontour, and Arnay le Duc rendered the valor of the Huguenots historic. Condé and D'Andelot are dead on the field. Then there comes a lull in the din of battle, a short respite from war. Negotiations are going on concerning a marriage alliance which is to unite the two parties and give lasting peace to France. The Admiral Coligni is invited to the court, and has repeated interviews

with the young king Charles IX. He urges upon Charles the policy of uniting France and the Netherlands in an alliance against Spain. Catharine, the queen-mother, on the other hand, used all the witchery of her power to thwart that policy and to poison the mind of Charles against Coligni.

One loves to dream of the results that would have attended the policy of Coligni. France Protestant and in alliance with the Netherlands, and the allied armies of the two countries led by such men as the Prince of Orange and Coligni ! What a different history of Europe would we be reading to-day, and what a different map of Europe would our children be studying to-day !

The Admiral Coligni was at this time the head and soul of the Huguenot party. He had gained the ear, and by his frank, high-toned Christian chivalry was rapidly winning the heart, of King Charles. The queen-mother, her son the duke of Anjou, and the young duke of Guise took the alarm. Charles must be rescued from the potent influence of Coligni at all hazards, and these three spirits balk at nothing that will further their plans. They resolved upon the assassination of the admiral, but through unsteadiness of aim the assassin only succeeded in severely wounding him. The conspirators had hoped to destroy the Huguenots by striking down their illustrious chieftain. In this they were foiled. They then determined to compass their ends by a general massacre, which was to begin with the Huguenot nobility then assembled in Paris on the occasion of the marriage of the gallant Henry of Navarre with the sister of Charles IX. The beginning being made in Paris,

the massacre was to become general throughout the provinces.

Catharine, with all the magic power which she exercised over her children, and with all her consummate Medicean art, began to work upon the king to wrest from him the fatal order. She appealed, in turn, to every motive and passion. With exquisite skill she touched every spring of his being—his fears, his suspicions, his pride, his vindictiveness, his vanity, his jealousy, until, maddened, frenzied, in a delirium of rage, vexation, and mortification, he exclaimed, with a horrible oath, that since they thought it right to kill the admiral, he was determined that every Huguenot in France should perish with him, so that not one should be left to reproach him with the crime.

This happened an hour before midnight. Arrangements were instantly completed for the murdering to begin the next morning. The signal was to have been given from the great bell of the Palace of Justice at daybreak, but Catharine, in her impatience and nervousness, ordered the tocsin to be sounded from the belfry of a neighboring church an hour and a half earlier. Then Catharine and her two sons, Charles IX. and the duke of Anjou, stole to a window of the Louvre and tremblingly peered into the dark and quiet streets. All was as still as death until they were startled by a single pistol shot. A sudden spasm of remorse seized the guilty trio, and they sent word to Guise that he should proceed no further with the massacre. But it was too late. Guise, with his leash of sleuth-hounds, was already well on his way to the hôtel of the admiral. The soldiers who had been stationed to guard the hôtel betrayed their trust, and

became the eager accomplices of the murderers. Awakened by the noise at the gate and in the halls, Coligni, yet weak from wounds, had risen from his bed, had thrown around him his dressing-gown and was sitting in an arm-chair when the assassins entered. He did not move. There was not the tremor of a muscle. There was not the quiver of a nerve. He looked into the faces of those desperadoes as calmly as though they had been his children coming to kiss him good-night, and regarded their naked swords and daggers with as much composure as though they had been the arms of his mother extended to embrace him. One of the most desperate of these desperate men was wont to say that he had never seen man meet death with such constancy and firmness.

The assassins made swift and thorough work of it. In the court below, Guise and a few of kindred spirit sat upon their horses. Up from the horsemen comes the eager, impatient cry : "Have you done it?" "It is over," was the reply that dropped from the window. Again comes up the cry : "But here is Guise, who will not believe it unless he sees it with his own eyes. Throw him out of the window." And the gashed body of the best and the greatest man then in France was thrown down upon the pavement of the court beneath as though it had been the carcass of a dog. Not yet satisfied, Guise dismounted, stooped down, and in the darkness of the early morning peered into the face of the dead hero. The face being bloody beyond recognition, Guise coolly took his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the blood from the features, and again scrutinized them narrowly. "'Tis

he. I know him," he said, and as he rose gave the body a kick, then vaulting into his saddle, and shouting, "Courage, soldiers! We have made a good beginning. Now for the others!" he galloped from the court-yard.

The blood of the great, the good, the immortal Coligni was the first that was shed in this awful massacre. His body was afterward subjected to every indignity and insult which satanic malignity and ingenuity could suggest.

The preparations and arrangements for the massacre were extensive, elaborate, and complete. They were made by those who had a genius for laying snares and weaving nets and setting traps and achieving success in murder on a grand scale. Ever since the great procession of expiation under Francis I., the people of France had been undergoing a continuous education which was fitting them to become actors in tragedies of horror. The inflammable populace of Paris were as ripe for a carnival of blood as tinder is ready for a spark. The houses of the Huguenots were all marked. The papists had as a badge a strip of white linen round the arm and a white cross in the cap, while in the windows of their houses flambeaux were burning for the double purpose of designation and of giving light to the murderers in the streets. The signal was sounded from every steeple in the city. "Kill! kill! Down with the Huguenots! Down with the Huguenots!" were the watchwords. Suddenly Paris was converted into hell. The halls and staircases of the Louvre were slippery with the best and noblest blood in France. There was no more pity for the toothless babe than for the

bearded man. Dead and dying bodies rained from the windows. In some cases blood reached the shoe-latchets. But I draw a veil over the horrible, sickening details.

Fast as couriers could carry the news, the hellish contagion spread throughout the provinces. In each city and town and village the scenes of Paris were repeated, until, according to some estimates, as many as one hundred thousand were slain. And certainly it will not lessen our sad interest in this awful tragedy to know that the victims of it were Presbyterians in doctrine, worship, and discipline.

When the news reached Spain, Philip II. was beside himself with joy. He regarded the massacre as the highest possible exemplification of Christian virtue. At Rome the Pope and cardinals went in state to church and had *Te Deums* sung and masses said in honor of the event ; and genius, in the person of Vasari, was employed to perpetuate the memory of it by a painting on the walls of the Sistine chapel, and there, on those walls, stands that painting, the damning evidence of the Pope's complicity in the massacre. A medal was also struck to commemorate the event. But when the news reached England the court went into mourning, and Queen Elizabeth did herself and her nation immortal honor by administering a stinging rebuke to Charles IX. through his ambassador. When the news reached Edinburgh, Knox was overwhelmed with grief, because many of his personal friends had been slaughtered. Once more the old man was carried to the pulpit and lifted into it, and then he poured out the red-hot lava of his indignation against the perpetrators of the hellish outrage, and

denounced the judgments of heaven against the cruel murderer and false traitor, the king of France, consigning him to the eternal "execrations of posterity to come." This was one of his last public services. After this he preached the installation sermon of his colleague and successor in the Tolbooth church. That was his last public service.

In devout meditation, in hearing God's word, in joyously entertaining his friends—for Knox was eminently a genial and social man—in counseling his session and his colleague, in trying to reclaim Kirkcaldy of Grange, in solemnly admonishing Morton, who was about becoming regent, in taking affectionate leave of relatives and friends—the few days that remained to him on earth were occupied. With exclamations and ejaculations dripping with the very myrrh of the Gospel constantly on his lips, he lay waiting till "God's work was done." With a clear intellect and an unclouded spirit he triumphantly ended his "long and paneful battel."

In the middle of a paved street in Edinburgh the passer-by reads, upon a square stone, this inscription :

J. K.

1572.

Beneath that spot, over which now trundles the commerce of a great city, were once laid the remains of him who "never feared the face of man."

He has been dead these three hundred years. During all this time history has been busy with his life and his character. These have been fiercely assailed and eloquently defended. For three cen-

turies his work has been speaking for him with ever-increasing volume of meaning and of eloquence. He needs no other monument. He needs no other apology.

He is charged with rudeness and coarseness toward the elegant lady, Mary Stuart, queen of Scots, but there is absolutely nothing in the records to justify such a charge. He was firm—firm as the Pentland Hills; he was inflexible—inflexible as the fully-developed, storm-strengthened oak; and having learned, as he tells us, from Isaiah and Jeremiah, to “call wickedness by its own terms, a fig a fig, and a spade a spade,” he did speak in all plainness as both his “vocation and conscience craved,” but always with dignity and courtesy, nevertheless. With some soft sentimentalists it is an unpardonable offence that he should have made Mary weep and “shed never a tear himself.” Hear his own defence: “Madam, in God’s presence I speak; I never delighted in the weeping of any of God’s creatures—yea, I can scarcely abide the tears of my own boys, whom my own hand corrects, much less can I rejoice in your Majesty’s weeping; but seeing that I have offered you no just occasion to be offended, but have spoken the truth, as my vocation craves of me, I must sustain, albeit unwillingly, your Majesty’s tears rather than I dare hurt my conscience or betray my commonwealth through my silence.” If that be coarseness, perpetual thanksgivings to God that John Knox had the grace to use it! “Better,” said Regent Morton, “that women weep than that bearded men be forced to weep.”

But I submit that such a man as this is not to be measured by the rules of etiquette or by the laws of

gallantry. Knox had more serious business than playing the courtier. Every time that he stood before Queen Mary he carried the spiritual destiny of millions on the tip of his tongue. He was there to defend truth which had taken hold of every fibre of his being. He might have pleased Mary, but by doing so he would have betrayed the cause of Protestantism in Scotland, and that would have involved the cause of Protestantism in England. So long as Elijah the Tishbite and John the Baptist need no apology for coarseness, John Knox shall need none.

But suppose he had faults? They are but specks on the surface of the sun. The sun makes the earth rich in all beauty and fertility, notwithstanding, and Knox made Scotland "blossom as the rose." "Knox is the one Scotchman to whom of all others his country and the world owe a debt," says the weird hero-worshipper, Thomas Carlyle.

"It was not for nothing that John Knox had for ten years preached in Edinburgh and his words had been echoed from a thousand pulpits. His was the voice which taught the peasant of the Lothians that he was a freeman, the equal in the sight of God with the proudest peer or prelate that had trampled on his forefathers. The murders, the adulteries, the Bothwell scandals, and other monstrous games which had been played before Heaven there since the return of the queen from France, had been like whirlwinds fanning the fires of the new teaching. Princes and lords only might have noble blood, but every Scot had a soul to be saved, a conscience to be outraged by these enormous doings, and an arm to strike with in revenge

for them. Elsewhere the plebeian element of nations had risen to power through the arts and industries which make men rich; the commons of Scotland were sons of their religion, while the nobles were splitting into factions, taking securities for their fortunes, or entangling themselves in political intrigues; the tradesmen, the mechanics, the poor tillers of the soil, had sprung suddenly into consciousness with spiritual convictions for which they were prepared to live or die. The fear of God in them left no room for the fear of any other thing, and in the very fierce intolerance which Knox had poured into their veins they had become a force in the state. The poor clay which, a generation earlier, the haughty baron would have trodden into slime, had been heated red hot in the furnace of a new faith."* Thus historians who have no sympathy with Knox's creed are constrained to recognize the inestimable value of his work and his teachings. Such services as he rendered to his country and to the world might condone for a little rudeness in the presence of a woman whom he believed to be, and whom history has adjudged to be, a murderess.

He is charged, moreover, with intolerance. But of what was he intolerant? Of error and corruption that were rank and pestiferous, of tyranny which treated the soul of man as a mere plaything of kings, lords, and prelates. He did well to be intolerant. He could have done nothing less, and have remained a true man. His intolerance consisted simply in his carrying out unflinchingly the only principles upon which a reformation worthy of the name could have been achieved in Scotland.

* Froude.

His Presbyterianism was not derived from Geneva. He did not learn it from John Calvin. He found it where Ulrich Zwinglius found his Presbyterianism—in his Greek Testament. He made the discovery when he was teaching his “bairns” at Langniddrie. His views on this subject were fully matured when he was in England, before he had ever seen Calvin. And so strong were his convictions on the subject that the offer of a bishopric could not tempt him to modify his policy in the slightest. He and those who aided him in preparing the Book of Discipline, as Row said, “took not their example from any Kirk in the world—no, not from Geneva—but drew their plan from the sacred Scriptures.” Knox, therefore, could make no compromise with popery without a total betrayal of principles in defence of which he counted not his life dear unto him.

And this Presbyterian system of doctrine and government is the strongest and safest defence against popery that has ever been reared. Knox detected the weakness of the English Reformation. Events have amply justified his fears and vindicated his views. The Anglican Church has, in a measure at least, become a training-camp for the papacy. In the great reaction against the Reformation which was directed by the Jesuits, Presbyterianism saved Protestantism. It formed a bulwark against which the maddened waves beat and dashed and broke in vain. Had Knox faltered in Scotland, Protestantism would have been swept from England as the whirlwind sweeps dry leaves from the highway.

The time may not be far distant when the decisive struggle will be between the armies of Antichrist and

the compact and serried hosts of this our beloved Presbyterianism. Contemplating, therefore, the life of Knox, one of the grandest ever lived on this footstool of God, and catching inspiration and enthusiasm from our theme, let us close up our ranks and stand firm, ready to repel assault or to charge to victory.

II.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN THE UNITED
STATES FROM THE ADOPTION OF
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AMERICAN Independence has been achieved. The Colonies have taken their place as free and independent states among the nations of the earth. In bringing about this, the most momentous political event of the last century, the ministry and laity of the Presbyterian Church bore an essential and a conspicuous part. These men were the descendants of the Huguenots whose blood, shed in the cause of religious freedom, had baptized almost every acre of France; of the Dutch, who, under William the Silent, had struggled and fought against civil and religious despotism amidst the dikes of Holland; of the Scotchmen who signed the Covenant with the warm blood of their veins, and who had fought to the death under the blue banner of that Covenant; of the heroes whose valor at Londonderry turned the scale in favor of the Prince of Orange and secured the Protestant succession in England—sons of the women who, during that memorable siege, carried ammunition to the soldiers, and in the crisis of the assault sprang

* At the Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia, June, 1876, by appointment of the General Assembly.

to the breach, hurled back the assailants, and turned the tide of battle in the critical, imminent moment of the conflict.

These were not the men to be dazzled by specious pretexts, or to stand nicely balancing arguments of expediency, when issues touching human freedom were at stake. These were not the men to barter away their birthright for pottage. They who had endured so much in the cause of freedom in the Old World, who, for its sake, had left all and braved the perils of the ocean to seek a refuge in the forests of an unbroken wilderness, were not the men tamely to submit their necks to the yoke, how smoothly soever it might be fitted for them by the deft hands of king, Church, or Parliament. Consequently, the Presbyterians in the Colonies were almost to a man, and to *a woman*, patriots "indeed, in whom there was no guile."

In a Presbyterian community not far from the spot where the first blood of the Revolution was shed, in a Presbyterian convention which had for its presiding officer a ruling elder, was framed and promulgated the Mecklenburg Declaration, which embodied the spirit and the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and which antedates that document by the space of a year and more; and even earlier than this, within the bounds of old Redstone Presbytery, the "Westmoreland Declaration," was made at Hanna's Town, in Western Pennsylvania.

None in all the land better understood the nature of the struggle, or more thoroughly appreciated the importance of the issue, than those men. They saw in the impending conflict more than a tax on tea or

a penny stamp on paper—more even than “taxation without representation.” In addition to political tyranny they perceived the ominous shadow of spiritual despotism, which threatened to darken the land to which they had fled as an asylum, and they esteemed their fortunes and their lives a cheap sacrifice at which to purchase for their posterity in succeeding generations the blessings of religious freedom.

Into the struggle, therefore, they threw themselves heart and soul. With enthusiastic devotion, they put at the service of their country the last penny of their substance and the last drop of their blood. Wherever a Presbyterian Church was planted, wherever the Westminster Confession of Faith found adherents, wherever the Presbyterian polity was loved and honored, there intelligent and profound convictions in regard to civil and religious liberty were developed as naturally as the oak grows from the acorn, and there, when the crisis came, strong arms and stout hearts formed an invulnerable bulwark for the cause of human freedom. As the Spartan defended his shield, as the Roman legions fought for their eagles, as a chivalrous knight leaped to the rescue of his sweetheart, so our Presbyterian ancestors, with a prodigal valor and an unquenchable ardor, sprang to the defence of their sacred rights.

An adequate history of their services, their sacrifices and their sufferings has never been written, and, alas! never can be written now. No monuments have been left from which such a history can be compiled. In the pulpit, in the halls of the provincial and the Continental Congresses, in the army as

chaplains and as soldiers, the ministers rendered invaluable service by their eloquence, their wisdom, their learning, their courage, and their example, while the laity took into the ranks a heroism as stalwart as that of the Ironsides of Cromwell. Presbyterian blood from shoeless feet tracked the snow at Valley Forge. From the Schuylkill to the Chartiers pulpits rang with utterances which were at once scriptural and patriotic, and which were so sound and fearless and inspiring that they deserve to take rank in the series of kindred testimonies in the Scottish Church borne by such men as Knox, Buchanan, Rutherford, Brown of Wamphry, Cargill, and Renwick. These utterances embodied principles which, emanating from the republic of Geneva, consecrated by the holiest blood of Scotland, sheltered and defended by more than Spartan heroism and endurance in the forests of America, now underlie the institutions of every free government on the face of the whole earth.

Republicanism is Presbyterianism in the state ; so that in the victory of our revolutionary forefathers there was a triumph of principles in defence of which our ancestors in the ecclesiastical line had for generations poured out their blood like water. These principles could find no hospitable or congenial home in Europe, and had fled for refuge to the great ocean-bound wilderness as their last hiding-place. A few half-clad, half-starved, and not half-equipped regiments of provincial militia bore the ark which contained the charter of freedom for the nations. They bore it bravely and well, and when the clouds of war drifted away, lo ! there stood on these shores, disclosed to the gaze of the world, a Christian republic

which, as a pharos, flings its light across the ocean to guide the footsteps of nations in the path of liberty, of progress, and of universal brotherhood. Every civilized nation on the globe has felt the throb of our free life. Over the ark of our liberties dwells the political shekinah of the world, to which all the oppressed shall look, and guided by which they shall at last be led into a large and goodly Canaan of civil and religious freedom.

But the war is over. The transcendent achievement has been won. After seven years of fierce and bitter struggle, dove-eyed Peace has spread over the land her shadowing wings, dripping with celestial benedictions. The inchoate elements of national life have crystallized into a compact and symmetrical republican government. The colonies have become States, and the Constitution of the United States has been adopted.

Owing to their pronounced and intense patriotism during the war, the Presbyterian ministers and churches had borne the brunt of the fury of the enemy. Pastors were driven away from their flocks, churches were turned into barracks or stables, and in many instances were torn down or burned. Congregations left without pastors, and exposed to all the deleterious influences of war, were scattered as sheep without a shepherd. Many churches could adopt the refrain of the prophet: "Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste."

But as soon as the sword was returned to its scabbard the Church addressed herself to the task of

restoring her broken walls, building up her waste places, and gathering her scattered sheep to the fold again. With a sublime faith and an unerring intuition she divined the future greatness of the nation, and hastened to make such adjustments in her polity and organization as would enable her to meet worthily present and prospective responsibilities.

The complete constitution of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, containing the Confession of Faith, the catechisms, the government and discipline, and the directory for the worship of God, was finally ratified and adopted by the Synod of New York and Philadelphia in the year 1788; and at the same meeting the necessary steps were taken toward the formation of a General Assembly by dividing the synod into four synods, and by ordering that a General Assembly, constituted out of the "said four synods," should meet in Philadelphia in May of the following year.

Thus organized and equipped the Church stands abreast of the new era, "her loins girt about with truth, her feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," in her hand "the sword of the Spirit," and with her feet set toward the west.

The first General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America met in the Second Presbyterian Church in the city of Philadelphia on May 21, 1789, and was opened, according to the appointment of synod, with a sermon by Dr. Witherspoon.

In fancy let us visit this small but august body of men.

In the moderator's chair is the courtly Dr. Rodgers,

and at the clerk's table sits the chivalrous Duffield—whose ancestors, reaching America by way of England, Scotland, and Ireland, had their Huguenot blood enriched with Puritanic and Covenanting ingredients—who during the war had preached under fire, and who, along with Beatty, had braved the perils of the wilderness in crossing the Alleghenies, in order to set up the standard of Presbyterianism on the banks of the Monongahela, the Allegheny, and the Ohio, and to proffer the blessings of the Gospel to the Indians on the banks of the Muskingum. On the floor is Dr. Witherspoon, of distinguished presence and of still more distinguished achievement; the eminent divine, the able statesman, the pure and valiant patriot, who shone alike conspicuously in the pulpit, on the floor of Congress, and in the president's chair; in whose veins ran the blood of John Knox, and whose whole life proved him to be a worthy descendant of the great Scottish Reformer. Beside him, and coming from the same presbytery (New Brunswick), and destined to be his successor in the presidency of the College of New Jersey, is the eloquent and learned Dr. Stanhope Smith, the founder of Hampden-Sidney College, now in the fullness of his marvellous powers and at the zenith of his splendid fame, whose oratory recalled the grandeur of Davies and did not suffer in comparison with that of Patrick Henry.

There, too, is the polyhistoric, the encyclopedic scholar, the profound divine, the accomplished provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Ewing, who on an hour's notice could lecture on any subject in the curriculum of the university, who was the peer of Rittenhouse in mathematics, and who in conversa-

tion could keep old Dr. Sam Johnson at bay. From Baltimore comes the renowned Dr. Patrick Allison, who went to that place when it contained only thirty or forty houses, and in a log hut had preached to a congregation of six families, but whose usefulness and reputation grew with the growth of the city, until, as a preacher, a presbyter, and an accomplished and fearless controversialist, no one stood above him, and of whom Dr. Stanhope Smith said, "Dr. Allison is decidedly the ablest *statesman* we have in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church." There, too, is Cooper, one of the Apostles of the Cumberland Valley, a valiant military as well as spiritual leader; and the ungainly but saintly Moses Hoge of Virginia, who, destitute of the natural gifts and graces of oratory, so moved men by his "blood earnestness" that John Randolph said, "That man is the best of orators"; and McWhorter, who had been the chaplain of Knox's brigade, and who in the darkest hour of the Revolution hastened to headquarters to encourage the commander-in-chief; and Azel Roe, who inspired a cowardly regiment with courage and then led them into battle, and who was as full of humor as he was of courage and patriotism; and Latta, who with blanket and knapsack had accompanied members of his church to the camp and the battle-field; and Dr. Sproat, in the pastorate the successor of Gilbert Tennent and the predecessor of Ashbel Green; and Dr. Robert Smith, who at the age of fifteen, having caught the spirit of Whitefield and having consecrated all the strength of a vigorous body to the work of preaching the gospel, was abundant in labors, and with his hand on the plough

never once looked back ; and Dr. Thomas Read, whose extensive missionary labors in the wilds of Delaware gave him so accurate a knowledge of the roads, paths, and bypaths of the region, that he was the only man who could extricate Washington and his army from the perilous position which they occupied at Stanton, before the battle of Brandywine, so that the modest pastor of Drawyer's Creek may be denominated the saviour of his country ; and the genial Dr. Matthew Wilson, who was both a divine and a physician, and eminent in both professions—good men and true, all of them, who had “endured hardness as good soldiers” both in the cause of Christ and for their country.

In point of numbers this Assembly was not large, there being on the roll only thirty-four commissioners, representing thirteen presbyteries, but in point of dignity, learning, ability, zeal, and experience it compares favorably with any of its many illustrious successors. An able committee, raised for the purpose, reported fifteen rules for the government of the body, which have since been supplemented but never improved, so that substantially these are the rules by which, to this day, the General Assembly has been governed. Drs. Witherspoon, Allison, and Stanhope Smith, the ablest committee which the Assembly could command, drew up an address to George Washington, President of the United States, which address, as a document, is worthy of the genius and eloquence of these three illustrious men, and which, while it has nothing in it of the cringing servility and sycophancy which are begotten of the adulterous union of Church and state, is yet, at the same time, a dignified and

loyal acknowledgment of the "powers that be" as "ordained of God."

Regarding with apprehension the fact that many of the presbyteries had failed to send commissioners, and thoroughly comprehending the importance of holding together the widely separated parts of the Church by a common bond, and being as jealous against schism as the Israelites when they went posting to Shiloh to demand of the trans-Jordanic tribes an explanation of the altar of witness, the Assembly adopted a circular letter "urging in the most earnest manner the respective synods to take effectual measures that all the presbyteries send up in due season their full representation," so that the scattered tribes of this Israel might, through their representatives, appear together once a year before the Lord at the sanctuary. Nor was the deplorable and pitiable condition of the frontiers forgotten or neglected, but received, as it deserved, most earnest and solemn attention. On a report of Drs. Allison and Stanhope Smith, the synods were requested to recommend to the General Assembly at their next meeting, two members well qualified, to be employed in missions on our frontiers, for the purpose of organizing churches, administering ordinances, ordaining elders, collecting information concerning the religious state of these parts, and proposing the best means of establishing a gospel ministry among the people; and in order to provide necessary funds the presbyteries were enjoined to have collections made and forwarded with all convenient speed. This action was in full accord with an unbroken line of deliverances stretching back to the very beginning of organic Presbyterianism in this

country. The Church of our fathers was poor of purse, but rich in faith ; and though "little among the thousands of Judah," she had a heart big enough to take in the world. From the first she has been a missionary Church. Woe be unto her if she lose that spirit !

Desirous, moreover, to spread the knowledge of eternal life contained in the Holy Scriptures, the Assembly adopted measures by which to aid the publication and dissemination of an American edition of the Bible, thus indicating the genuineness of their Protestantism by their love for and attachment to the Word of God pure and simple.

Adam Rankin, from the presbytery of Transylvania, who, like the thief in the Gospel, seems not to have "entered by the door," but to have climbed up some other way, brought before the Assembly a portentous overture to the effect that the Church had fallen into a "great and pernicious error in the public worship of God by disusing Rouse's versification of David's Psalms and adopting, in the room of it, Watts' imitation." Mr. Rankin being heard patiently "as long as he chose to speak," which was at "great length," an able and judicious committee was appointed to confer with him privately ; but efforts toward relieving his mind proving futile, he was earnestly "recommended to exercise that Christian charity toward those who differed from him in their views on this matter which was exercised toward himself, and he was guarded to be careful not to disturb the peace of the Church on this head." These reasonable and fraternal recommendations were disregarded by him, however ; and returning home, by a fierce and fanati-

cal agitation of the subject, he produced in the Church in Kentucky a schism which for years entailed lamentable disaster upon the cause of Christ in that State. The temper and action of the Assembly in the premises show that the policy of the Church on the question of psalmody was settled.

In answer to an overture as to whether the "General Assembly would admit to their communion a presbytery who are totally averse to the doctrine of receiving, hearing, or judging of any appeals from presbyteries to synods or from synods to General Assemblies, because in their judgment it is inconsistent with Scripture and the practice of the primitive Church," it was said "that although they consider the right of appeal from the decision of an inferior judicature to a superior one an important privilege, which no member of their body ought to be deprived of, yet they at the same time declare that they do not desire any member to be active in any case which may be inconsistent with the dictates of his conscience." This does not prove or argue that the Assembly, which was almost entirely composed of Scotchmen and Irishmen or those of Scotch-Irish extraction, held or sympathized with lax ecclesiastical views, but it only shows that in peculiar and delicate circumstances the Assembly acted cautiously, prudently, and charitably. It would have been marvellously strange if, after all her testimony and all her sufferings in defence of her principles, the Church should at this point have tamely repudiated these principles. The very calmness and mildness of the answer rather show the firmness of her convictions and the strength of her position.

The Church at this time consisted of 4 synods, 16 presbyteries, 117 ministers, and 419 churches, 204 of which were vacant. Single presbyteries embraced whole States and indefinite expanses of territories besides. Pastors had parishes as large as England, Scotland, and Ireland all put together.

The shock of the French revolution was felt on these shores. Infidelity in France, in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity, had committed atrocities for which human speech has coined no fitting or adequate terms. In its wanton, blasphemous impiety it had violated all sanctities; it had desecrated all shrines, it had trampled upon all rights, human and divine; it had christened the dreaddest instrument of modern times the "holy guillotine"; it had striven to quench the light of hope in the heart of man by decreeing that "there is no God," and that "death is an eternal sleep"; it had wreaked its direst vengeance on the living, and then, hyena-like, had rifled the grave that it might dishonor the bones and dust of the illustrious dead. It has left its track on the page of history as the trail of a filthy snake, in orgies of lust and in carnivals of blood. The mephitic atmosphere of its licentious and ribald atheism was wafted across the ocean, and threatened to blight with a curse the virgin life of the young republic. If the principles of French infidelity had fairly taken root in American soil, they would have produced a harvest of anarchy, lust, and carnage such as they had produced in their native soil; and for some time after the Revolutionary War it seemed that such a catastrophe as this awaited the nation.

During the war France was our ally, and thus the

sympathy between the two countries was close and responsive. French fashions, French manners, and French modes of thought and of living dazzled the minds of many. Some of the leading statesmen of the time and many of the lower politicians were avowed infidels. French infidelity was discussed around the camp-fires, in legislative halls, in social circles, at the Federal capital, and in the backwoods of remote Western settlements. War, too, had left its dregs and *débris* of vice, idleness, drunkenness, and debauchery. The very air was heavy with the poison of deadly error, and the Church itself felt its paralyzing influence. Formalism, indifference, and skepticism prevailed among professing Christians, while many of the pastors were mere "hirelings who cared not for the sheep." The foundations of religion, morality, and of social order seemed to be giving way. In view of this state of things, the General Assembly, in the year 1798, issued a pastoral letter which to this day sounds like the blast of a trumpet. The letter speaks eloquently and solemnly of the "convulsions in Europe" and of the "solemn crisis" in this country; it points with alarm to the "bursting storm which threatened to sweep before it the religious principles, institutions, and morals of the people"; it frames a dreadful indictment against the age, charging it with corruption of manners, prevailing impiety, horrible profanation of the Lord's day, contempt for religion, abounding infidelity, which assumes a front of daring impiety and possesses a mouth filled with blasphemy; and it declares that among ministers of the Gospel and professors of Christianity there was a degree of supineness, inatten-

tion, formality, deadness, hypocrisy, and pernicious error which threatened the dissolution of religious society. A dark picture, truly, but not a whit darker than the subject which is portrayed.

Nor were such views and forebodings confined to the clergymen. Patrick Henry, in a letter to his daughter, says: "The view which the rising greatness of our country presents to my eyes is greatly tarnished by the general prevalence of deism, which, with me, is but another name for vice and depravity."

The clouds which thus lowered over the new States and threw their black shadows of evil portent far into the future were scattered by the breath of the Spirit of God going forth in powerful and widespread revivals of religion. During the Revolutionary War, on the borders of Western Pennsylvania, in a rude fort into which had been driven the scattered families of a sparse neighborhood, and in which they were held besieged by bloody savages, through the modest, earnest conversations of one layman, the mighty work began which forever settled on these shores the issue as between the Gospel and French infidelity. It was "an handful of corn in the earth," in a strange seed-plot, but the fruit thereof to-day, in all these States, and far hence to the Gentiles, "shakes like Lebanon." "It is the Lord's doing, and it is wondrous in our eyes." From the year 1781 to the year 1787 there was an almost continuous effusion of the Holy Ghost in marvellous power upon the churches in Western Pennsylvania. Souls were drawn as by an irresistible magnet to the pulpit, and held for days and nights under the power of the truth in its enlightening and saving efficacy. To measure the results of such a

work at such a time, in a society which was in a formative state, is as impossible as it would be to estimate the contents of the covenanted blessings of Abraham. From that rude fort "their line is gone out through all the earth."

When the work had gone on for five years in Western Pennsylvania, there might have been found beyond the Blue Ridge, one Saturday afternoon, in a dense forest, a mile from Hampden-Sidney College, four young students holding a prayer meeting. For the first time in their lives they opened their lips in prayer in the presence of any except their God. Hidden in the deep recesses of the woods they stammered forth their broken petitions, but no prayers uttered beneath the domes of grand cathedrals and in the presence of thousands of rapt worshippers were ever more efficacious. The next meeting of these students was appointed in one of their rooms in the college, and behind bolted doors and in suppressed voices they began to sing and pray; but the news of the strange proceeding spread rapidly through the college, and soon a mob was collected at the door of the room, whooping, thumping, swearing, and threatening vengeance; nor was the riot quelled until two of the professors appeared upon the scene and vigorously exercised their official authority. *A prayer meeting raised a riot in Hampden-Sidney College!* If we take into account the additional fact that outside of this little praying circle there was not a copy of the Bible among the students, we can form an idea of the degree to which the leaven of infidelity had infected the minds of the young men of that generation. From that little prayer meeting in

the woods began a precious work of grace which spread through the counties south of the James River and swept up and down the great valley of Virginia, baptizing in its course the two literary institutions, Hampden-Sidney College and Liberty Hall Academy, which afterward became Washington College, and giving to the ministry such men as Drury Lacy, with "the silver voice and the silver hand," William Hill, Carey Allen, Nash Legrand, James Blythe, John Lyle, James Turner, and Archibald Alexander. Thus the proud, vaunting speculations and blasphemous scoffings and swollen insolences of infidelity were silenced in Virginia by the power of the Holy Ghost exhibited in the conversion of souls.

Such power as this was not pent up within State lines. The venerable Patillo came up from North Carolina to see the wonderful works of God, and returning home with mind and heart aglow finished his ministry in a blaze of religious fervor. A young man who years before had left North Carolina in order to seek an education in Western Pennsylvania, and who in the meantime had been converted under the preaching of Rev. Joseph Smith, and who was among the first of those who were educated under Dr. McMillan, having been licensed by the presbytery of Redstone, started southward to visit his kindred, and on the way having stopped at Prince Edward and caught the holy contagion of the revival there, was the means under God of arousing the churches from a deathlike stupor and of diffusing the spiritual awakening from the Dan to the Catawba. With intense convictions, a fearless and merciless reprove of sin, a pitiless scourger of formality and hypocrisy, with an impas-

sioned manner and a voice like seven trumpets, Rev. James McGready flashed the terrors of the law into the minds and hearts of men until the stoutest quailed. After some years of most arduous and fruitful labor in North Carolina he removed to Kentucky, where his searching, discriminating preaching became the means of the great awakening in that State, the mighty influence of which, in a reflux tide, swept over Tennessee, the Carolinas, Virginia, and Western Pennsylvania.

The revival in Virginia and North Carolina had brought into the ministry a band of young men whose hearts God had touched in a signal manner. Never was a knight of the cross more eager to encounter hardship and peril in the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hand of the infidel than were these young soldiers of the Lord Jesus eager in their flaming zeal to engage in arduous and perilous enterprises for the glory of their Master. In order to furnish them a suitable field, the Synod of Virginia, in the year 1789, organized a committee on missions, which from year to year sent forth these young heralds to carry the Gospel to destitute places. Among these went forth such men as Nash Legrand, an Apollo in physical grace and proportion, with a voice whose modulations were as pleasing as the dulcet notes of a lute, and "whose labors were more extensive in spreading the revival than any other agent employed in the work"; William Hill, one of the immortal four who held the prayer meeting in the woods at Prince Edward; the eccentric, witty, brilliant, genial, and eloquent Carey Allen, "whom the common people heard gladly," and whose intense ardor soon consumed his physical life;

Robert Marshall, who, spared through six hard-fought battles of the Revolutionary War, to become a soldier in a holier war, enlisted all the enthusiasm of his impulsive nature in the work of preaching the Gospel with earnestness and startling directness ; Archibald Alexander, whom to name is to eulogize ; William Calhoun, the companion of Carey Allen in his missionary toils and perils ; the brilliant, able, and scholarly John Poage Campbell (a lineal descendant of the seraphic Rutherford), whose sledge-hammer logic dashed to pieces the Pelagianism of Craighead, and who wielded a pen which was at one time as keen as a Damascus blade and at another as terrific and crushing as the battle-axe of a mailed knight ; the praying Rannels ; James Blythe, whose room had been the rendezvous of the praying students at Hampden-Sidney College ; and Robert Stuart, the laborious missionary, the accomplished educator, the faithful pastor, a Melanchthon in council, but a Luther in battle, Of this number some labored in Virginia and some went to Kentucky. These were the young guard of Presbyterianism, who, snatching up the drooping standards of the sacramental host, with a holy chivalry bore them onward through teeming dangers and sore privations, to plant them firmly and conspicuously on outpost and picket-line. These were the youthful heroes whose clarion voices, tuned to the love of Jesus, called the Church from out her intrenchments, in which she had for long been cowering, and made her aggressive in her whole mien, attitude, and spirit, and led her forward to victories which rendered the spiritual opening of the nineteenth century as bright as "another morn risen on mid-noon."

The last century drew to its close amidst dense spiritual darkness in Kentucky. The rapid increase of population had far outstripped the supply of ministers and the multiplication of the means of grace. The labors of Father Rice and a few men of kindred spirit were wholly inadequate to meet the demands of the times. Amidst the contagious spirit of land speculation and the exciting scenes and incidents of border life, many who at their former homes had been exemplary Christians forgot their vows, struck their colors, and went over to the ranks of the enemy, while those who, although not professors, had been respecters of religion, became open scoffers, and open scoffers grew more and more bold in iniquity. Mammon, rum, and mad adventure ruled the hearts of men with despotic sway. Infidelity, vice, and irreligion came in like a flood, wave on wave, threatening to overwhelm and sweep away the foundations of all social, civil, and ecclesiastical institutions. "The people sat in the region and shadow of death." In the perilous crisis many of the ministers of the Gospel grew faint-hearted, and through cowardice or apostasy betrayed the cause which they were sworn to defend. A stiff and stark formalism, and the unhappy controversy and schism on the subject of psalmody, had well-nigh destroyed all piety in the Church, while in the walks of public life infidelity prevailed, and among the masses abominable and high-handed crime abounded.

Such was the desperate condition of things in Kentucky when the young missionaries from Virginia and North Carolina entered it and began to preach the Gospel with such a fulness of conviction and with vividness so awful that all classes of men, from the

philosophic skeptic to the red-handed desperado, were swayed by its power as the fields of headed grain bend before the sweep of the wind or as clouds marshal to the step of the storm.

The revival began in the year 1797 in the churches which were under the pastoral care of Rev. James McGready, who preached the most vital and solemn doctrines of the gospel with prodigious force and startling directness. The religious interest thus begun, extended and deepened until, in the year 1800, on sacramental occasions, thousands came from far and near, bringing with them provisions and conveniences for temporary lodging. This was the origin of camp-meetings; and when once inaugurated, they became a distinctive feature of the times and constituted a marked agency of the work as it was carried on. When the camp was established, it became, for the time being, the centre of all life and interest. The plough rusted in the furrow, the sickle was hung up even in the time of harvest; all ages and all classes swelled the crowds which poured in from all sides, as the tribes of Israel converged by all paths to the tabernacle. Thousands of vehicles, with their thousands of neighing horses, filled the groves and gave the appearance of an army encamped. Men, women, and children, old age with its staff, the child with its rattle, the invalid with his bed, the matron with her cares, the maiden in the freshness of her beauty, the young man in the glory of his strength, were there by tens of thousands.

From the moving, teeming multitudes the hum of voices arose like the distant roar of the sea. Now the volume of praise arises as the "voice of many

waters," and now all is hushed except the impassioned tones of the preacher, which, magnetized by the burden of the message and by intensity of emotion, kindle to a flame the hearts of the breathless throng as when the wind drives to race-horse speed the leaping flames on a dry prairie. The spectacle at night, with the scattered tents and wagons, and the multitudes of men, women, and children, and horses, all dimly revealed by camp-fires, torches, lamps, and candles, and the deep, dark, silent forest around, made up a scene fit for a Raphael to picture in colors or for a Milton to paint in words. Amidst scenes and incidents so wild and strange and impressive, with so many inflammable elements commingling and with so many intense influences and forces co-operating to produce the deepest conviction of sin on the one hand and to excite the most ecstatic devotion on the other, it need not be a matter of astonishment that lamentable extravagances both of sentiment and of conduct were developed; but these extravagances formed no essential part of the revival, and are to be carefully discriminated from it. Some of the ablest and wisest pastors who were engaged in the work solemnly protested against the "bodily exercises" and all their unseemly concomitants. The Lord sent a gracious revival, but through the folly and vanity of man it was marred and disfigured by abominable excrescences; or, in the language of the venerable Father Rice, "it was sadly mismanaged, dashed down and broken to pieces," so that the work which began under auspices so bright ended in disastrous fanaticism, heresy, and schism. When the Spirit of God moved the waters which had been so long stagnant,

profuse froth and scum were thrown to the surface in the form of New Lightism, Universalism, Arianism, and fanaticism.

The New Light schism in its brief and fitful career swept up the cast-off skins of errors, new and old, as they lay strewn along the track of time all the way from Gnosticism to Shakerism, and was at last merged into that creedless Babel of theological opinions founded by Alexander Campbell.

The widespread religious interest created a demand for ministers of the gospel, and at the same time begat a desire to preach the gospel in the minds of many who had no academical or other training to fit them for the sacred office. The licensing and ordaining such men, in utter and high-handed defiance of the requirements of the Book of Discipline, both in regard to literary qualifications and to the adoption and subscription of the Confession of Faith, led to the schism which resulted in the organization of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

From these conflicts the Church emerged greatly reduced in numbers and resources, it is true, but, nevertheless, purer and more compact than before. Amidst the fierce storms she preserved her standards intact, vindicated the cause of theological education, resolutely refused to abate an iota of the conditions of subscription of the Confession, and demonstrated to all the world that in times of high-wrought excitement it is safer to stand on the rock of principle than to drift with the eddy currents of expediency.

Notwithstanding these deplorable fanaticisms, apostasies, and lamentable schisms, there was a genuine and extensive work of grace throughout

the churches in Kentucky and Tennessee. The "bodily exercises" were no part of the work of the Holy Ghost. The revival was a work of God notwithstanding the "bodily exercises." In the prolonged and intense excitement the infirmities of human nature threw to the surface a great many irregularities and extraordinary physical phenomena which, to a degree, obscured the real work in its progress and results. The winnowed wheat glides quietly into the garner, while the chaff and mildew darken and pollute the air.

In the second year of the present century the revival began at Cross Roads, in Orange Co., North Carolina, and from that centre radiated its spiritual quickening light and power through a wide circle. Such was the interest in hearing the gospel from the living teacher that thousands, in the depth of winter, stood listening the livelong day in drenching storms of rain, sleet, and snow. Meetings were continued through the whole night to the breaking of the day, and then were resumed at nine o'clock on the next morning. The infidel, the scoffer, the formal professor, the drunkard, the debauchee, the giddy youth, the hardened criminal, the learned, the ignorant, the bond, the free, the master, the slave, were all brought under the resistless influence and were made one in Christ Jesus. No barriers erected by Satan were sufficient to arrest the progress of the work; but purged to a great extent of the extravagances and excrescences which had been so prolific of mischief in Kentucky, it gained thereby in depth and power, and has left in the Carolinas spots as marked in the memory, and as dear to the hearts, of

Presbyterians, as the moors and mountains of Scotland are sacred in the eyes of the Covenanters.

In Virginia the revival began in a little prayer meeting of private Christians among the mountains where there was no stated ministry—another instance of proof that genuine revivals are not produced by blowing trumpets or by the impressive marshalling of great crowds. Now, as ever, the Lord is not in the storm nor the earthquake nor the fire, but in the “still, small voice.” The more quietly and obscurely a revival begins, the greater is its real power. The influence of that little band of praying disciples among the mountains, not one of whom probably could construct a half dozen consecutive sentences of good English, rose like the little cloud which the servant of Elijah saw from the top of Carmel, and descended in copious showers of blessing throughout the State for many years thereafter.

In the autumn of the year 1802 there were marvellous displays of divine grace in the pastoral charge of Rev. Elisha McCurdy, consisting of the churches of Three Springs and Cross Roads in Western Pennsylvania, in which churches a praying band had for some time before been observing a concert of prayer on each Thursday evening at sunset. The gracious influences thus kindled soon spread to the congregations of Cross Creek, Raccoon, Upper Buffalo, and Chartiers, whose pastors were respectively Rev. Thomas Marquis, Rev. Joseph Patterson, Rev. John Anderson, and Rev. John McMillan. The interest and power of this revival culminated at the “great Buffalo sacrament,” in November, 1802, at Upper Buffalo, Washington Co., Pennsylvania. Vast

crowds attended this meeting, and religious services were continued almost without interruption from Saturday noon to Tuesday evening, and all these exercises were accompanied with marvellous displays of divine power. During the progress of this meeting Rev. Elisha McCurdy preached his celebrated "war sermon," under the power of which, according to eye-witnesses, it seemed that every tenth man had been smitten down. Rarely in the history of the Church have such ministers labored together in a revival as met in this one—Patterson, "full of faith and the Holy Ghost," Marquis of the silver tongue, Anderson, whose searching discourses penetrated the hidden places of the human heart as a surgeon's probe goes to the bottom of a festering wound, and the lion-like McMillan, whose thunderous tones in preaching the terrors of the law made sinners feel that the trumpet of the archangel was sounding. Under the preaching of such men began the wonderful work of grace which in its progress reached and blessed "every Presbyterian congregation west of the mountains in Pennsylvania."

Nor were these outpourings of the spirit confined to the South and the West. In the Eastern part of the Church the revival influence was not so mighty nor so extraordinary in its phenomena, yet it was no less genuine or precious or far-reaching in its influence and results. In the year 1802 a deep and continued work of grace began in the First Church of Newark, N. J., which was then under the collegiate pastorate of Dr. Alexander McWhorter and Rev. Edward Dorr Griffin. The ministry of Dr. McWhorter had been a series of revivals, and the history of this ministry

had a brilliant continuation under Dr. Griffin, a physical and intellectual giant, whose splendid endowments were consecrated without reserve to the service of his Lord and Master; and whether preaching in a metropolitan pulpit or in a school-house or in a cramped and dingy town hall, these endowments were all brought into play with their overpowering effulgence. His wonderful endowments both of body and of mind, his majestic presence, and his magnificent oratory place him conspicuously in the front rank of the preachers of all the ages; and a revival of religion was the occasion on which he seemed to be most at home, and on which his faculties worked most harmoniously and most brilliantly.

While in commanding ability and Demosthenic eloquence Dr. Griffin was without a peer, there were colaborers of his who were not a whit behind him in devotion and in influence. Such were Rev. Henry Kollock, upon whom the mantle of Whitefield seems to have fallen; Dr. James Richards, afterward the successor of Dr. Griffin in the First Church of Newark, N. J.; Rev. Asa Hillyer, whose every instinct was evangelistic, and whose thoughts and prayers accompanied his gifts to the ends of the earth; the witty and genial Armstrong (Amzi, D. D.); the amiable Perrine (Matthew La Rue, D. D.); Robert Finley, "the father of the American Colonization Society," who, in his enthusiasm for the cause which he had espoused, brought the mightiest minds in the United States Senate to sit at his feet. These brethren, quickened by the spirit of revival, went forth two by two through the destitute portions of New

Jersey, in quest of "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and in these missionary tours they were greatly blessed. Preaching to the miners among the mountains they saw, as Whitefield in England had seen, the tears of penitence wash white furrows down the begrimed and hardened cheeks of these men. The work was quite general throughout the State, and persons of all ages and of all ranks and classes were brought to Christ.

From the year 1803 to the year 1812 the narratives on the state of religion which were adopted by the successive General Assemblies are almost uniformly cheering and inspiring by their intelligence of revival, of victory over infidelity, which had been so much dreaded ; of steady, healthful growth and increasing aggressive power on the part of the Church. One year brings the news that "there was scarcely a presbytery under the care of the General Assembly from which some pleasing intelligence had not been announced, and that in most of the Northern and Eastern presbyteries revivals of religion of a more or less general nature had taken place." In the following year we hear of remarkable outpourings of the Spirit of God over the "vast region extending from the Ohio River to the Lakes, which region a few years before had been an uninhabited wilderness," as well as in the Synods of New Jersey, New York, and Albany. Then again the glad tidings come up from Long Island, from the banks of the Hudson, and from the "newly settled regions in the western parts of the State of New York," which desert, under the auspices of grace, promised to become as the garden of the Lord ; and at another time these glad tidings come from Philadelphia, Cape May, Baltimore, and Wash-

ington City. From time to time the delegates from the Congregational churches of New England brought good news of revivals in Connecticut, in Yale College, in Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Maine. From the Merrimac to the Mississippi, from Cape Fear to Cape Cod, from the Chesapeake to the Lakes, came year after year tidings of revival, of the conversion of sinners, of the discomfiture of infidelity, and of the triumphs of grace, which were more glorious than any that were ever bulletined by martial heroes from Nimrod to Moltke. In all this wide circle the General Assembly from its watch-tower "could trace the footsteps of Jehovah," could perceive distinctly amidst the tumultuous strife the progress of the triumphal chariot of the Lord of hosts, and could see the pillar of cloud and of fire going before the people as they penetrated the great Western wilderness. With the smoke of the "clearing" rose the incense of prayer and praise. Thus into the foundations of our national institutions went the tempered mortar of sound theology and of vital godliness. With these fathers religion was not a theory or a philosophy, but a life.

The narratives on the state of religion frequently and eloquently refer to the conquests of grace over infidelity and false philosophy. They tell how these opposing forces were by the power of God driven from the field, and how their champions were either converted or else covered with confusion. They also repeatedly rejoice in the fact that the educated mind of the nation was turning more and more to the cross of Christ. When we remember the widespread prevalence of infidelity in the latter part of the eighteenth

century and the front of brazen-faced assurance which it put on, and when we think of the persistent and malignant efforts which were made to brand Christianity as a vulgar delusion, utterly unworthy the consideration of an intelligent mind, and when we consider how this seductive infidelity, under the guise of philosophy and respectability, had poisoned the political and social life of the nation—we can understand the solicitude of the Church in the solemn crisis, and know why it was that she so rejoiced when she saw the banner of the cross lifted up and advancing, while the standards of the enemy went down amidst the panic-stricken ranks of unbelief.

Thus, by the power of the Holy Ghost, the gates of the new century on this continent were swung open. The Sun of righteousness arose, and the sentinels, from Plymouth Rock to the peaks of the Cumberland Mountains, passed the watchword, "*The morning cometh.*"

The first pulsations of organic Presbyterianism in this country were the throbbings of missionary zeal. As early as the year 1707 the presbytery ordered that "every minister of the presbytery supply neighboring desolate places where a minister is wanting and opportunity of doing good offers." The entire ministry of the Church was thus organized into a missionary corps. Like the children of Issachar, they were "men that had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do." They divined the coming grandeur of the empire which, springing up in the forests of America, was to stretch "from sea to sea," and they recognized clearly and felt profoundly the

supreme necessity of laying the foundations of this empire in the principles of the word of God, so that it might be able to withstand the winds and floods and earthquake shocks which it must encounter in its march down the centuries. The Church and country greatly needed godly and faithful ministers, and also the means by which these ministers could be supported. Earnest and repeated cries for both men and money were sent to England, Scotland, and Ireland, and any favorable response to these entreaties awakened the liveliest sentiments of gratitude in the hearts of these laborious self-denying servants of God, who, with scanty material resources, but with a marvellous wealth of faith, were humbly and heroically discharging the obscure duties which belong to the "day of small things."

At the first meeting of the Synod of Philadelphia an overture was adopted to the effect that the several members of the synod "contribute something to the raising of a fund for pious uses." These ministers gave out of their poverty, and according to the spirit of the overture, it was only after they had thus given, that they might "use their interest with their friends on proper occasions to contribute something to the purpose." They did not merely inculcate benevolence, "as the manner of some is," but gave a practical exemplification of it. They not only pointed out the way to their flocks, but led them in that way. As I may not traverse this part of the field, which has been so thoroughly canvassed* let it suffice to say that the Presbyterian Church in this country, from the very first, has been in heart and soul, in body and spirit, in life and limb, a missionary organization.

* In the address of another on this same occasion.—EDS.

The General Assembly took up and carried forward the work which had been inaugurated by the presbytery and the synod. At its first meeting this subject occupied the earnest thought and care of the General Assembly, and the synods were enjoined to furnish, through the presbyteries, suitable missionaries, and the churches were urged to take collections for the cause, that thus both men and means might be furnished for the establishment of churches on the frontiers.

In the next year (1790) the Synod of Virginia, not having received the official action of the General Assembly, organized a very efficient "Commission of Synod," which sent its missionaries from the "bay shore to the Mississippi." I have in another connection spoken of the Commission of the Synod of Virginia, of the remarkable band of missionaries which that Commission sent forth, and of the great work which these missionaries accomplished within the borders of Virginia and in Kentucky and Tennessee. The Synod of North Carolina also inaugurated measures of its own for advancing the picket-line along the extensive frontier. These synods were to report their operations to the General Assembly.

By these different agencies and from these different centres the aggressive work of the Church was pushed vigorously forward. The missionaries were itinerant, travelling over fields immense in extent and bristling with difficulties and dangers. The General Assembly sent its missionaries mainly to Central New York, Northern Pennsylvania, and to the Eastern Shore of Maryland. One circuit extended from Lake George to the northwestern frontier of

Pennsylvania. Another stretched from Northumberland Co. along the branches of the Susquehanna, and beyond the head-waters of that river northward to Lake Ontario and westward to Lake Erie. At the beginning of the century the Synod of North Carolina had sent its missionaries, in connection with the missionaries of the General Assembly, westward to the Mississippi and southward well-nigh to the Gulf of Mexico.

In these aggressive movements of the Church the Indians were not forgotten ; the work of "gospelizing" them occupied the early and earnest attention of the General Assembly. Abundant and urgent incentives to such an enterprise were found in the condition and necessities of these savage tribes, while splendid examples of devotion and success in this field were on record as a sanction and an encouragement in the undertaking. The immortal author of "The Treatise on the Will," "the greatest divine of the age," had spent the fullest and the ripest of his years among the Indians at Stockbridge, Massachusetts ; and Brainerd, by his labors and apostolic zeal among the same people on the Delaware and the Susquehanna, had given to Christendom new ideas on the subject of missionary consecration and enthusiasm, and on the power of the gospel as a saving and civilizing agent among the lowest and most degraded classes. Under the power of such incentives, and in the light of these great examples, the Gospel was preached to the Indians along the frontier from the Hudson to the Mississippi. Our forefathers, with their trusty rifles as a defence in the one hand, held out with the other the Bread of Life and the blessings of civiliza-

tion and education to their treacherous and bloody foes. The dreadful war-whoop was answered by the trumpet of the Gospel of Peace. The Church kept bravely abreast of the line of population as it advanced westward. The watchmen of Zion, seeing the standards of the sacramental host borne steadily onward over mountains, across rivers, through difficult and perilous places, and planted amidst the log cabins of the frontiersmen and the wigwams of the Indians from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, could have taken up the shout of the mediæval poet :

The royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth with mystic glow.

Presbyterianism has always been the patron and promoter of learning. An open Bible, an enlightened intellect, and an unfettered conscience have ever been her watchwords. Whithersoever she has gone she has borne the torch of learning along with her. Her goings forth have been attended by an illumination like to that which attended the steps of Milton's Raphael in Eden. The pioneers of American Presbyterianism, true to the traditions of the past, carried the lamp of learning with them into the wilderness. Under the bare and rude rafters of log cabins they held converse with the mighty spirits of Greece and Rome, and within sound of the Indian war-whoop and within sight of the council-fires of savage tribes they laid the foundations of literary institutions whose influence has had a wider reach and a deeper current than ever belonged to the doctrines of the Porch or the Academy.

The log college of Tennent on the banks of the

Neshaminy first gave the distinctive stamp to American Presbyterianism, and that of Blair at Fagg's Manor, Pa., was scarcely less influential, and shall ever have a secure place in its unique historic niche so long as it can be said, "Samuel Davies was educated here and went forth into the world an exponent and exemplar of his *Alma Mater*"; while that of Finley at Nottingham, Md., sent forth such men as Dr. Waddell, the immortal blind preacher, whose eloquence William Wirt has made familiar to every schoolboy.

In Western Pennsylvania, as early as 1782, Rev. Thaddeus Dodd opened his log academy on Ten-Mile Creek; Rev. Joseph Smith, at Upper Buffalo, appropriating his kitchen for the purpose of a Latin school, gave it the dignified and classical title, "The Study"; while even earlier than this Dr. McMillan, on the banks of the Chartiers, laid the foundations of Jefferson College.

The same policy was pursued in North Carolina. The self-educated Patillo taught a classical school at Granville; Dr. Hall had his famous "Clio's Nursery" at Snow Creek, and his "Academy of the Sciences," with its philosophical apparatus, at his own house; the flaming evangelist McGready opened a school at his house; Wallis had a classical school at New Providence, McCorkle at Salisbury, and McCaule at Centre. Patillo and Hall not only taught, but wrote text-books. The spirit of these men is indicated by an incident in the life of Patillo. Once, in his absence from home, his house was burned; and the first question on meeting his wife was, "*My dear, are my books safe?*"

Down the beautiful valleys of the Holston and the Clinch, in Tennessee, emigration poured from North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. The first settled minister in this region was Rev. Samuel Doak, who built a log college, which in 1788 was incorporated as Martin Academy, the first literary institution established in the valley of the Mississippi, and which afterward, in 1795, became Washington College. Subsequently removing to Greene Co., Mr. Doak opened his "Tusculum," an academy to prepare young men for college. This institution also developed into a college. A small library, procured for Washington College in Philadelphia, was carried to Tennessee in sacks on pack-horses. In five years after the first settlement of the State by Daniel Boone steps were taken toward the founding of a seminary of learning in Kentucky. The originators and promoters of this scheme were Presbyterians, and the school, the first in Kentucky, was opened in the house of Father Rice.

Presbyterianism is an Aaron's rod, which always buds with intellectual as well as with spiritual life. The Graces and the Muses, in chaste and modest fellowship with Christian virtues, dwelt in the Western forests. Beside the fires on the altars of pure religion burned the lamp of sound learning. "The church, the schoolhouse, and the college grew up with the log cabin, and the principles of religion were proclaimed and the classics taught where glass windows were unknown and books were carried on pack-horses."

Devotion to freedom, profound conviction of duty, stanch and unswerving loyalty to truth, stern adher-

ence to principle, catholic charity, an active benevolence, love of learning, the spirit of missions, and the power of revival—these were the vital forces of early American Presbyterianism; and these forces had as the theatre of their operation the republic of the United States, with its vast and unsolved problems and its untold possibilities of wealth and power, while as the epoch of their development these forces had the nineteenth century, with its teeming enterprises, its concentrating energies, its momentous conflicts and issues.

Having thus endeavored to set before you clearly, in its distinctive characteristics, the Presbyterian Church of America during the last decade of the eighteenth century and the first decade of the nineteenth century, and having endeavored to place the Church fairly abreast of the mighty current of modern history, the rest of my task must be despatched more summarily. In the execution of it I shall give only broad outlines and shall deal with forces rather than with facts.

The work of revival, the power of which had been felt from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, had evoked the spirit of missions, and the spirit of missions had enlarged the views and broadened the sympathies of Christians and of churches, and in this way different denominations had been brought together in friendly co-operation. In the year 1802 the General Assembly adopted the Plan of Union, under which a Presbyterian church might have a Congregational pastor or a Congregational church might have a Presbyterian pastor, these pastors retaining

their respective ecclesiastical relations. The motives which prompted this action were in the highest degree laudable and honorable, but the practical operation of the plan was beset with difficulties, and these difficulties soon began to manifest themselves. Swift currents were now sweeping the Church out into untried waters. New elements, new forces, and new issues entered into the history year by year. The incidents of the drama thicken. Events hasten ; the tide of mingling peoples rolls westward ; the steps of Divine Providence will not tarry ; States in the South and in the West rise as by magic ; along new lines of trade and travel cities spring up in a night ; vast and important mission-fields are rapidly opening, and the Church has neither the men nor the means with which to occupy these fields.

In the year 1806 the late Dr. James Hoge of Columbus, O., was sent as a missionary to "*the State of Ohio and PARTS ADJACENT.*"

As the new age, with its tumultuous and mingling elements and its pressing demands on Christian activity, hurried on, it developed difference of views and of policy where unanimity of both had prevailed before. In pushing forward the cause of evangelization there were two antagonistic theories according to which the work was conducted. One theory multiplied voluntary and irresponsible societies in different localities, and operated from various centres without unity of purpose or of government. The other theory strove to unify the benevolent work of the Church and to bring it within the metes and bounds of ecclesiastical control. In the slow but steady working out of this latter theory the committee on missions, which

was raised by the General Assembly in 1790, became a stated committee, the stated committee became a standing committee, and the standing committee passed into the Board of Missions in the year 1816. In the same way successive efforts in behalf of ministerial education resulted at last in the Board of Education in the year 1819.

Besides these antagonistic views and policies in respect to the benevolent work of the Church, questions arose under the operation of the Plan of Union which touched the vital principles of Presbyterianism. There was no dispute as to what Presbyterianism was, but as to how far its fundamental principles might be ignored or suspended for the sake of expediency. These questions and the differences which arose out of them became more and more emphasized each succeeding year. By some the Plan of Union was put above the constitution of the Church. By others the Plan of Union was regarded as a masterly device for congregationalizing the Church, or else for destroying both Presbyterianism and Congregationalism and producing a hybrid monstrosity of ecclesiasticism which would be a caricature of both. The differences were deep, striking down to the roots of the Presbyterian system, and were consequently irreconcilable.

In addition to the differences in regard to policy and polity, there were deeper doctrinal controversies. The cloud which contained this storm came from New England. New measures and New Haven theology created a great amount of distrust and disturbance throughout the Church. The very sincerity, earnestness, and honesty of the men who were engaged on both sides of the controversy made the contest all the

more determined and the excitement attending it all the more intense. Each succeeding year, with its discussions, conventions, and trials for heresy, widened the lines of divergence and whetted the points of antagonism. With much of heroic devotion to principle, as well as with much of mingled human infirmity and error on both sides, the contest waxed hotter and hotter, until it reached its culmination in the excising acts of 1837 and the division of 1838.

Of late years it has become quite the style to speak in a tone of deprecating pity of these ecclesiastical battles of forty years ago, as though they were mere quibbles about words or disputes about the tithing of the mint and the anise and the cummin, and to quote them as proofs of a very low state of piety and of the prevalence of a rabid spirit of scholasticism and of dead orthodoxy; but it becomes us to beware lest we fall into the condemnation of those who, "measuring themselves by themselves and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise." Deep and strong convictions of truth and of duty, and a firm adherence to these convictions at any cost, can never be a just cause of reproach to Christian men. For such convictions believers in all ages have been "tortured, not accepting deliverance," and have counted their blood as cheap as water when shed in such a cause. They "contend earnestly for the faith" because that faith is infinitely precious to them. A Church or a Christian without sharp and distinctive beliefs is a body without a spinal column, bones, or marrow. If ever the time comes when men shall not care to defend what they hold as Presbyterians or Methodists or Baptists or Congregationalists, the time will have

come when men will not care to defend the truth of the Gospel at all. If to be a Presbyterian makes a man any the less a Christian in any sense or in any particular, then let us burn our Confession of Faith and our Book of Government ; let us tear down and tear up the banner which was carried by our forefathers through so many persecutions. But if Presbyterianism is scriptural in theory and holy in its practical results, then let us never be afraid or ashamed to avow it. A Church without a creed is to one which has a creed as the hyssop on the wall is to the cedar of Lebanon or as the jelly-fish is to the Nemean lion. The danger is not that we shall hold these doctrines too firmly or cherish them too sacredly, but that through remissness and indifference we shall let slip the precious trusts which have come down to us on rivers of martyr blood.

It is a significant and remarkable fact, and one which deserves especial emphasis at our hands, that those years of controversy and debate which preceded the division of 1837 were years of spiritual growth and prosperity in the Church, "the Holy Ghost thus signifying" that the doctrines of the gospel are the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation even when preached in strife and debate. Better preached thus than not to be preached at all. We are not justified in passing judgment on these men of '37, some of whom linger among us, who, "firm in the right as God gave them to see the right," followed their convictions straight to the issue, regardless of sacrifices or consequences.

The division of 1838 was followed by a period of tumult, litigation, and readjustment. The ploughshare

ran through most of the synods and presbyteries, and through many of the churches even. Certain loose elements which were set afloat by these riving processes oscillated between the two bodies for some time, but at last attached to one or the other of them, or else drifted away to other spheres of ecclesiastical attraction and affinity. When the dust and smoke of the conflict were dispelled, the view revealed two Presbyterian Churches with the same Confession of Faith and the same Form of Government and the same Book of Discipline, working side by side in the same field, yet having differences which were quite characteristic and distinctive.

The Old School Church was to a remarkable degree homogeneous in its constituent elements, and was distinguished for a rigid orthodoxy and a strict ecclesiasticism. The New School Church, on the other hand, was not homogeneous in its constituent elements, and was distinguished for a liberal construction of the standards, and for an ecclesiasticism which, for the sake of the voluntary and co-operative system of beneficence, put in jeopardy the interests of a just and necessary denominationalism. The Old School Church continued in its orbit, in possession of its titles, dignities, and endowments, while the New School Church, against its will, was flung off into a new and untried sphere. The Old School Church had a well-defined policy, and went right on in its course, with scarcely a jar or a jostle in its ecclesiastical operations. The New School party, stunned by the sudden and summary blow of excision, without a legal status and beyond the pale of its wonted ecclesiastical relations, was at first without a fixed policy; and through

abounding magnanimity refusing to disentangle itself from incongruous alliances, was by these alliances seriously distracted and weakened. Its generosity, magnanimity, and charity are beyond all praise, but unhappily these amiable and noble qualities outran the less dazzling and sterner attributes of wisdom, prudence, and a just conservatism. The experiment of an amalgamated Presbyterianism, therefore, was made in propitious circumstances, under favorable conditions, and by those whose sentiments and sympathies rendered the effort a sincere and cordial one ; yet the experiment failed, and the failure has gone into history. There is nothing in this that is derogatory to the party which made the experiment, but it is, on the contrary, in the highest degree honorable to it that in the circumstances the experiment was made ; yet the failure is none the less significant and instructive.

The changes which were made in the constitution by the New School Church were soon discovered to be disastrous to the interests at stake and to the efficiency of ecclesiastical operations, and the mistake which had thus been made was speedily rectified by restoring the " Book " to its original form and by reinstating it as the constitutional law of the Church, both in the letter and in the spirit of it. In the violent agitations, and amidst the swift and turbulent currents which succeeded the division, the Church had been swept somewhat from its moorings, but as soon as the storm had subsided it swung back to the safe harbor and the strong anchorage of constitutional Presbyterianism.

The theory of co-operation and of undenomina-

tionalism, in spite of the most unselfish and liberal efforts in its behalf, gradually broke down, and the pitiless logic of facts forced the Church to adopt a policy against which her charity and her sympathies reluctantly, but which the solemn calls of duty and the urgent exigences of the times not only justified, but rendered imperative. She undertook to educate her own ministry, to create and disseminate her own literature, and to conduct her missions in her own fields in her own way ; and when to a well-defined task she set her hand, the work glowed beneath her touch. A new energy thrilled along every fibre of her organic life. Full of hope and zeal and enthusiasm, with a united and inflexible purpose, she entered upon a new era in her history which was as radiant with promise as the roseate sky mantling with the blushes of the morning. She had come at length to a clear conception of her mission. She saw her work distinctly and emphatically outlined in a field which suggested and invited boundless effort ; and to that work she went, with heart and mind and soul exulting in the free play of her untrammelled individuality.

The Old School, at the time of the division, had a wonderfully homogeneous constituency, a clearly defined theology, a pure Presbyterian form of government, a fixed policy, an enthusiastic unanimity of sentiment, leaders of consummate ability, the prestige which accrued from its legally recognized status, an ecclesiastical machinery ready to its hand, a definite work to do, and an entire singleness of purpose in the prosecution of that work. The Board of Missions (Domestic) and the Board of Education had already been organized and in operation for a score of years.

In the stormy year of 1837, amidst the tumults of excision and division, the Board of Foreign Missions was organized, and into this board was at once merged the Western Foreign Missionary Society, which had been formed and operated by the synod of Pittsburgh for six years previous to this date; and thus "the wall was built even in troublous times." Nor did this old church, even amidst the absorbing interest and excitement of such a crisis as that of 1837, forget for so much as an hour that "the field is the world." The Board of Foreign Missions, which was then constituted, has continued to this day to be a source of steadily increasing power and blessing, and on its records are the names of as heroic men and women as ever planted the cross among savage men or amidst "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," and its martyrology is as glorious as that which was enacted in the Coliseum or in the imperial gardens of Nero.

With a full recognition of the power of the press and of the supreme importance of a sound theological literature, the Board of Publication was organized in the year 1838. Out of the work of Domestic Missions grew the Church Erection Fund of the New School Church and the Board of Church Extension of the Old School Church, both of which were merged at the reunion into the Board of Church Erection. Nor has the Church forgotten her worn-out veterans and their widows and orphans, and her efforts in their behalf resulted in the Board of Ministerial Relief. The benevolent agencies of the Church are not cunningly devised frame-works of abstract and finely spun theories, but each one of them has arisen out of the

actual necessities of the work and the urgent, emphatic demands of the times. They are a growth, a development, not an invention.

In both branches of the Church, during the separation, the subject of slavery produced earnest discussion and deep, widespread agitations. In the New School Church the deliverances on the subject by the General Assembly became more pronounced from year to year. The Northern portion of that Church became gradually, but surely, more emphatic in its anti-slavery convictions and utterances, while at the same time the Southern portion, through a variety of potent and subtle influences, was quietly slipping away from the testimonies of the Church against slavery, and assuming the position that slave-holding was sanctioned by the Bible and was an institution not only to be tolerated but defended. Of necessity the breach between the parties became wider and wider each succeeding year. Their views were so divergent and so utterly irreconcilable that there was no hope or possibility of a compromise. The crisis came in the year 1857. The Southern synod withdrew. The debates preceding the schism were candid and fraternal, and the parties separated without bitterness and with sincere mutual respect and love.

In the meantime the political horizon grew black with angry and portentous clouds, and muttering thunders gathered to a storm in which not only churches went asunder, but in which States which were knit together by ties of brotherhood "were rent with civil feuds and drenched with fraternal blood." Amidst the trooping furies of an awful civil war the

Old School Church was riven asunder, the split following the line which separated the loyal States from those which were in rebellion against the Federal government.

At this point a word is necessary in regard to the attitude and the teaching of the Church on the subject of slavery. The testimony of the Church on this matter has always been clear and explicit. In the year 1787 the Synod of New York and Philadelphia "highly approved of the general principles in favor of universal liberty that prevail in America, and the interest which many of the States had taken in promoting the abolition of slavery," and "recommended to all their people to use the most prudent measures, consistent with the interest and the state of civil society in the counties where they lived, to procure eventually the final abolition of slavery in America." This action was reaffirmed in 1793. In the year 1815 the General Assembly "declared their cordial approbation of those principles of civil liberty which appear to be recognized by the federal and State governments in these United States," and urged the presbyteries under their care "to adopt such measures as will secure at least to the rising generation of slaves within the bounds of the Church a religious education, that they may be prepared for the exercise and enjoyment of liberty when God in his providence may open a door for their emancipation," and the same Assembly denounced "the buying and selling of slaves by way of traffic, and all undue severity in the management of them, as inconsistent with the spirit of the gospel."

The immortal paper upon the subject which was

adopted by the General Assembly in the year 1818 begins with these ringing words: "We consider the voluntary enslaving of one portion of the human race by another as a gross violation of the most precious and sacred rights of human nature, as utterly inconsistent with the law of God which requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves, and as totally irreconcilable with the spirit and principles of the Gospel of Christ, which enjoins that 'all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them';" and the entire paper is in the tone and spirit of its initial sentence. The action of 1845 deals with the single and specific question as to whether slaveholding *per se* and "without regard to circumstances is a sin and a bar to Christian communion"; and that action did not in any way or to any extent nullify or invalidate the former deliverances of the Church courts on the subject. The General Assembly of 1846 declared that in its judgment the action of the General Assembly of 1845 was not intended to deny or to rescind the testimony often uttered by the General Assembly previous to that date. Upon the deliverance of 1818 the Church as a body has always stood. To have abandoned that ground at any time would have rent the Church in twain.

Up to the time of the division the united Church occupied that ground. After the division in 1837 the utterances of the New School Church on the subject grew clearer and sharper every year. During the same time the Old School Church, while she was not aggressive on the subject, but for the sake of peace and charity was conservative, yet stood firmly by her past testimonies, so that even during

the Civil War and after the abolition of slavery she had not to change a sentence or a letter in her record, nor to adjust in the slightest her attitude so as to put herself in line and sympathy with the moral forces of the times. While the General Assembly thus held the ground of 1818, it must nevertheless be confessed that a rapid change of sentiment was going on in the Southern portion of the Church, until finally the bold position was assumed that slavery as an institution was right politically and morally, and as such was to be defended and conserved, but the Church as a Church never held nor sanctioned such views. The spirit of both the Old and the New School Churches was to bear unequivocal testimony against the system of slavery as an institution, and yet at the same time to exercise the largest charity toward those who, through no fault of their own, were involved in the evils of that system. If, therefore, the Church committed an error, the error was on the side of charity ; and if there were those who proved recreant to her testimonies and who abused the "charity that hopeth all things," the fault was theirs, not hers. Whatever may have been the errors of individual members or of portions of her communion, I am bold and proud to say that there is nothing in her records on the subject of slavery of which she need be ashamed or for which she need offer an apology.

Amid the fearful throes of rebellion both Churches were in full sympathy with the government in its efforts to restore order and to preserve the integrity of the nation, making their voices heard and their influence felt in favor of supporting the "powers that

be as ordained of God," and both Churches rejoiced and sang hallelujahs when, in the providence of God, slavery, the cause of the rebellion, was utterly overthrown and ground to powder. Neither, in their ardent loyalty to their country, did they forget their allegiance to their Lord, nor were they, even in these perilous times, derelict in carrying forward the standard of the cross.

In the suspense and danger and agony which attended the ravages of war, Christians of all denominations were drawn closer to each other. Great union associations, such as the Christian Commission, threw different Churches into contact and sympathy. This was specially the case with the Old and New School Presbyterian Churches. In the furnace of affliction their hearts were fused and mingled. They began to look each other in the face, to take each other by the hand, and in doing so they found that their hands were warmed by the same Presbyterian blood, and that their pulses beat to the same Christian hopes and purposes. They found that they had imperceptibly come together, that they were standing on common ground, that God had been leading them by a way which they knew not.

Each Church, in its own sphere and in its own way, had been working out important problems under the guidance of Divine Providence. In its own sphere, and according to the laws of its inner life, the New School Church had freed itself from alien elements and entangling alliances, and had become a homogeneous Presbyterian body both in doctrine and government. The Old School Church, straining her conservatism to the utmost tension, hoped and prayed

that the dark and perplexing problem of slavery might be solved in peace and charity and without the stern arbitrament of the sword. But God willed otherwise. The fetters of the slave must be dissolved in blood. Standing bravely by her testimonies against slavery and bearing her witness against treason and rebellion, the Old School Church calmly awaited the decisive events of Providence; and when the schism of the Southern Church came, taking from out her pale the slavery issue, she felt herself relieved of a weight which had grievously beset her for years.

Thus God in his wise and mysterious providence had settled the issues between the two Churches. All that was left was for them to acknowledge and accept what God had done. The union of the two bodies was consummated on November 12, 1869, in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., and the two Churches became organically one on the basis of the standards, pure and simple, and under the title of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, forming, as we trust, a true Church of Christ, whose uplifted banners shall become a rallying-point for all Presbyterians on the continent, where they may meet and settle all differences in a way which will be honorable to all parties, where the scattered Presbyterian tribes may flow together as the tribes of old Israel poured to Zion, and shall become one, and shall be to all the world the best representative of a true unity which is not formed by external appliances, as though bound by hoops of steel, but a unity which is developed and strengthened by a conscious and intelligent oneness of intellectual belief and spiritual life—one not as a wired skeleton is one, but as a living

man is one ; a broad Church not in the sense of being latitudinarian, but broad in Christian sympathy and in the worldwide scope of Christian effort.

Since the reunion the progress of the Church has been steady, harmonious, and rapid. With past alienations, feuds, and bitternesses buried utterly out of sight and out of hearing ; united, hopeful, and “strong in the Lord” ; bound by indissoluble ties of brotherhood and fellowship to those of our own household of faith, and with ardent and ample charity for all others, we stand on the threshold of the new century, and with devout thanksgiving to God for the past and for the present we hail and welcome the great future.

Such is the past. Its perils, its toils, its journeyings, its disasters, its achievements, its conflicts, its discouragements, its declensions, its revivals, its mighty sermons, its high debates, its struggles, its privations, its sacrifices, its rewards, its failures, its successes, its hopes, its disappointments, its divisions, its reunions, its unheralded and unrequited labors—have all gone into their place, and have performed their part in fulfilling the purpose of God toward this land and the world. They form a picture of surpassing interest—a picture strong in blended light and shadow, but having withal much more of light than of shadow. We have good reason to be proud of our Presbyterian ancestry, for what they were, for what they achieved, and for what they represented. We have a glorious heraldry, but we must not rest in these.

The great Roman satirist lashes with whips of scorpions the degenerate sons of the Curii and the Lepidi, who with dice and wine and soft voluptuous-

ness melted away their dissolute lives in the statted halls of illustrious ancestors, where every tablet groaned with a wealth of genealogical lore and every wreath and chaplet was redolent with glorious memories. Let us be careful that we incur not such satire. We have been sitting beneath our genealogical tree and rejoicing in its stanch branches and in its capacious shade. We have been gathering up the articulate lessons and the solemn, inspiring voices of the century that is gone. Let these lessons and voices only quicken us to read aright the signs of the times, and to hear and to interpret rightly the voice of God as it comes to us in his Word and his providence, that through watching and prayer, through faithfulness and self-sacrifice, the present may not be a lie and a slander on the past, but that it may be a consistent opening and preparation for a brighter and grander future.

III.

THE DISTINCTIVE PRINCIPLES OF
PRESBYTERIANISM.

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FROM eternity God chose a people for himself. The idea of the Church rests upon and springs out of the eternal purpose of Jehovah. In the working out of this eternal purpose the divine thought assumes form and visibility in time. The true people of God as they are known to him throughout all the ages, those who have been, and those who will be redeemed, constitute the invisible Church. But since man can only judge as to who are the people of God by a credible profession, "all those who profess the true religion, together with their children," constitute the visible Church. The Church, therefore, in its idea and necessity, rests upon no tradition or expediency, not upon apostolical authority alone, not upon a happy after-thought of God, but upon his blessed, eternal purpose according to the counsel of his own will. As to churchism—if we must have it of all dimensions, high, low, and broad—here is churchism which in its "breadth and length and depth and height" is commensurate with the "love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

In the government of a God "whose bosom is the

*At the Second General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance, Philadelphia, September, 1880.

home of law," which law is voiced in the harmony of the world, this visible Church must have a form, an organization. It is a body. The earth, which is preserved from fire for the sake of the Church, swings through the ranks of marching suns to the music of the spheres. This God of order would not leave his highest creation—the Church—to go on at random or in anarchy. Here, naturally and presumably, we should expect the highest type of law and order and government ; of power regulated ; rights guarded ; order maintained, with all due liberty of thought and action.

I. Presbyterianism maintains, therefore, that there is a Church ; that there has been a Church from the beginning of human history ; that the plan of the Church lay in the mind of God before the foundations of the world were laid. This is high-churchism of the right kind.

II. This Church, then, has a founder, a lawgiver, a governor, a king, a head ; and this king, lawgiver, and head is Christ. Presbyterianism maintains, always has maintained, and always will maintain so long as true to herself, the supreme headship of Christ. To his Church Jesus Christ has given laws and a form of government. To him alone is the Church responsible for what she does in her legitimate and appropriate sphere. These laws given by Christ to his Church are contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, which Scriptures—

III. Presbyterianism holds to be the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice ; the Bible, the Bible alone, and the whole Bible. To this principle Presbyterianism has always been loyal ; always "fol-

lowing God's word," as the immortal Rutherford has it.

Richard Hooker—*nomen clarum et venerabile!*—in his "Ecclesiastical Polity" begins the discussion at very long range, concerning law in general, law of nature, of angels, of reason, etc., then Scripture. On the other hand, Presbyterianism begins, continues, and ends with Scripture—with all Scripture. After we have learned what the Scripture saith it is time enough to consult antiquity, history, canons, nature, or logic. The Old Testament and the New Testament are not antagonistic nor contradictory, nor inconsistent the one with the other; the one is not a supplement to the other, nor is the New Testament a feeble apology for the Old, but both alike are the Word of God. The Church is one throughout the ages. Thus going to the Word of God, to the whole Word of God, reverently to learn what form of government Christ has given to the Church, and pressing out the very essence of all dispensations, and lifting the name right from the sacred page, with the breath of Jehovah upon it, we exclaim, Presbyterian!

What, then, is Presbyterianism?

1. First and most obviously, it is a Church government in the hands of Presbyters (elders); and of these there are two classes—viz., teaching elders and ruling elders. Every ordained teaching Presbyter has authority to discharge all ministerial functions—viz., to preach the Word, to administer the sacraments, to dispense discipline. There are no orders in the ministry, such as characterize Prelacy—Bishops, Presbyters, Deacons. Each Presbyter in the New Testament was, and by right is, a Bishop—a Bishop

in the sense of an overseer of the flock, not an overseer of his brethren. Associated with the Presbyters—who, besides ruling, “labor in word and doctrine”—are others whose peculiar function it is to rule; hence called Ruling Elders.

These ruling elders are not laymen, but are chosen from among laymen, and are ordained to a spiritual office, and in ecclesiastical courts represent the people, and in these ecclesiastical courts have equal powers with the teaching elders. It is conceded on all hands that the office of ruling elder is perpetual, and in logical Presbyterianism the exercise of this spiritual office should no more expire by limitation of time than the exercise of the spiritual office of a preaching elder should expire by limitation of time, or than the exercise of a man’s spiritual gifts and graces should expire by limitation of time.

Each congregation is governed by a bench of elders. From the lowest court to the highest the power of the keys is in the hand of Presbyters, and this Presbyterian authority is *episcopal*. We have no controversy with Episcopacy. We hold it, believe it, teach it, practice it, defend it. Each Presbyterian minister is a bishop—is indeed the only scriptural kind of bishop; an *episcopos*, overseer of the flock, but not a lord over his brethren. We are Episcopalians, truer ones than those who arrogate the name to themselves, for they have but few bishops, whereas we have many. Prelatists are they, but scriptural Episcopalians they are not. We are Episcopalians, but not Prelatists. Prelacy has no foundation in the Word of God. It is a human device, a human invention, a human after-thought.

The government of the Church is by elders ; and

2. This government by elders binds the Church together organically. Each court is subordinate to a higher court—the Church Session to the Presbytery, the Presbytery to the Synod, the Synod to the General Assembly. The power of the Church is not in the whole body of believers, but *representatively* it is in these courts. There is no scriptural example of ordination by one presbyter, but by Presbytery ; so there is no scriptural example of authority exercised by one bishop, but by an assembly of bishops, Presbyters. Thus order, decency, discipline, in the house of God are secured, and at the same time the rights of every member are carefully guarded. The proceedings, conclusions, findings, and judgments of all lower courts are subject to review by the higher courts, and this review carries with it control. No congregation is or can be independent, but is an integral part of the Presbytery, and the Presbytery is an integral part of the Synod, and the Synod of the General Assembly. An independent Presbyterian Church is an anomaly—a monstrosity. Thus we have

3. Unity. Many members forming one body, and the body in subjection to the head ; a living organism, not a unity secured by arbitrary power, not the unity of iron bands which make the chariot-wheel one, but the plastic power of an informing inner life which makes the cedar of Lebanon one, or the oak of Bashan one, with many members. There is a strong government, but this government is only ministerial. The Church can make no laws to bind the conscience. She can only administer the law as laid down in the

Word of God. It is constitutional government—government according to the divine constitution.

And, 4, this unity is catholic.

If Presbyterianism be *jure divino*, it is and must be catholic. "We believe in the Holy Catholic Church;" and besides this, Presbyterianism is the only form of government which can really give scriptural expression to this catholicity. Papacy or Prelacy can no more do this than Napoleonic imperialism could give expression to the catholicity of human freedom. Catholicity, moreover, is an instinct of Presbyterianism. In the Book of Discipline of the Kirk of Scotland, as early as 1581, it is declared, "Beside these assemblies, there is another more general kind of assembly, an universal assembly of the Church of Christ in the world, which was commonly called an ecumenic council, representing the universal Church, which is the body of Christ."

Rutherford in "Divine Right" declares that "ecumenic and general councils should be, *jure divino*, to the second coming of Christ" (58).

Gillespie says: "Besides provincial and national synods, an ecumenical, or more truly a general, or, if you please, an universal synod" (Prop. 36).

(a) This scheme of government therefore is logical and symmetrical. Each part fits to its fellow without jar or friction; the body develops naturally and harmoniously into full, rounded proportions, without excrescences or monstrosities; "the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord."

(b) It is logical and symmetrical because it is scriptural. It claims to be *jure divino*. Normal,

healthy Presbyterianism—Presbyterianism which has the breath of life in its nostril, the pulse-beat of life in its wrist—has never abated a jot or a tittle of that claim. If the system be not *jure divino*, if it be not scriptural, let us know it and let us have done with it. Let us understand ourselves, brethren, and then the world will understand us. Our right to be here as a General Presbyterian Council rests on the fact that our system in government as well as in doctrine is *jure divino*. Our catholicity is not to be maintained by a dilution of our Presbyterianism ; we are not to reach comprehension by beating out the gold of the sanctuary until it becomes so thin that it can be put to the base purposes of tinfoil. If our system be not *jure divino*, we as Presbyterians, especially as a Presbyterian General Council, have no right to exist. Let us not be ashamed of our birthright ; above all, let us not sell it at Esau's price.

Boast they of apostolical succession ? We claim patriarchal succession. Presbyterianism is older by millenniums than the apostles. The apostles only take their place in the unbroken line of Presbyterianism, which had been in successful operation for thousands of years before Peter cast his first net or caught his first fish. At Horeb, in the light of the burning bush, *nec tamen consumebatur*, Moses received his great commission, which ran thus : "Go, gather the elders of Israel together." Jehovah sent Moses down to Egypt to convene the Presbytery. Through the elders, the representatives of the people, he was to act, and through them he did act. From the burning bush at Horeb, Moses went to Presbytery. There were Presbyterians ages before Peter was born, or

Rome was builded, or Prelacy or Papacy was ever heard or dreamed of. We date far beyond apostolic times. One purpose runs through the ages. The Church is one in all dispensations. There is but one plan of salvation. Abel was saved through the blood of the Lamb. At Sinai, and during the sojourn in the desert, the elders represented the people. The establishment of the monarchy left the Presbyterial government of the Israelitish Church intact. Let it be borne in mind that the Israelitish Church and state were not identical. Gillespie and Rutherford set that at rest for ever.

The government of the synagogues was Presbyterian. The death of Christ abolished the temple service, which was sacrificial and ritual. There was no more need for altar, or priest, or sacrifice. Christ fulfilled the law by taking the place of the types. When the temple service was thus abolished there remained the form and service of the synagogue ; and the first converts being Jews, the synagogue model was ready to hand. There was no revolution ; when ritualism was abolished by the sacrifice of Christ the Presbyterianism of Moses remained. There is not a scintilla of evidence for any other form of government in the New Testament. Diocesan bishops are unknown to the New Testament. Neither is there any trace of Independency or Congregationalism in Judaism.

The lines of the covenant run from one dispensation to another unbroken, only expanding so as to embrace all who shall believe, of all nations, together with their children.

The system is scriptural, and because scriptural it

is logical and symmetrical. It is not first made logical, and Scripture made to square with it, but it is drawn directly from the Word of God, not cunningly framed to meet some exigency or expediency, not according to any prepossessions. The eternal thought of Jehovah takes form and visibility in just and due proportion. Presbyters are identical with bishops in New Testament usage. On this point there is an unbroken chain of authorities from Augustine to the present Bishop Lightfoot.

Paul called presbyters of the Church of Ephesus bishops (Acts xx. 17, 28).

The apostles ordained them elders in every church (Acts xiv. 23).

Peter, himself an elder, charges elders as bishops, overseers, and pastors of the flock, but not "lords over God's heritage."

Presbyters were ordained by the laying on of hands of the Presbytery (1 Tim. iv. 14).

An accusation against a presbyter could not be entertained except in and by Presbytery before two or three witnesses (1 Tim. v. 19). A presbyter is entitled to a fair trial by his peers. That was Paul's presbyter, according to the glorious Samuel Rutherford. Throughout the Bible from end to end the Church is Presbyterian, from the times of Moses to and through the times of the apostles—from the Shekinah of the burning bush to the Apocalypse of John. Jehovah sent Moses to the elders of Israel, and in the Apocalypse the elders, together with angels and cherubim, worship and preach and sing the new song in company with the countless multitude before the throne. In the visions of John there are no prel-

ates, but the elders are there, and are there representatively. From the household of the antediluvian patriarch to the worship of the apocalyptic Church in heaven, the thought and scheme and spirit of the Bible are Presbyterian.

(c) And, being scriptural, it is historical.

That apostolical Presbyterianism was in the third century superseded by Prelacy is only too obviously true, but this Prelacy came not by the door of scriptural authority, but, like a thief and a robber, climbed up some other way. From Judaism and paganism it crept in, bringing with it altars, priests, sacrifices, and the elaborate ritual appropriate to these ideas.

During the Middle Ages, whenever and wherever a witness for the truth arose, who by the study of the Word of God had been instructed and quickened, and who, thus instructed and quickened, desired to lead the Church back to apostolical simplicity and purity, there we find a Presbyterian. This is true of all the forerunners of the Reformers and of all the Reformers; and in every country the Reformation was conducted on Presbyterian principles except in England. Prelatists say Presbyterianism is not historical, but it is historical in apostolical times and in the best ages in the world's life. If it ever is submerged it is in the days of the deepest corruption, when it is confessed that Prelacy held the field.

Nor is Presbyterianism simply a form of ecclesiology, but, going as it always does to the Word of God, it there finds a system of doctrine which is much more important and precious than any form of polity. Excellent as our form of government is, it is withal only the casket which contains and conserves the

treasure of sound doctrine. We put doctrine first, form of government secondary—the form only to give proper expression and efficiency to the doctrine. So that, with all its strength and clearness of conviction, Presbyterianism is catholic and charitable in spirit and in sympathy.

Presbyterianism, then, is not a mere form or badge, but a system of doctrines and principles, the form being appropriate to the doctrines, the history of which can be traced back along a line of fire to the Apostle Paul, and thence to the burning bush at Horeb. The true line of succession does not consist in the unbroken continuity of empty, extra-scriptural forms and ceremonies, but in the continuous holding forth and passing forward of the vital doctrines of the Gospel, accompanied by the spirit and power of true godliness. The line passes on from Abel, the first martyr, to Enoch, the seventh from Adam; from Enoch to Noah, the preacher of righteousness; from Noah to Abraham; from Abraham to Moses; from Moses to Paul; from Paul to Augustine; from Augustine to Claudius of Turin; from Claudius to the Waldenses in their Alpine fastnesses, to Succat, commonly known as St. Patrick, a good, sound Presbyterian; from Succat through the Culdees; thence through every witness of the truth during the Middle Ages; thence through the Reformers. Along the whole line stakes and fagots have blazed, and along the whole line Presbyterian blood has been sprinkled and ashes of martyred Presbyterians have been scattered.

Kings, prophets, patriarchs, all have part
Along the sacred line.

This system is scriptural, logical, and symmetrical. The form is not a mere shell, but is a body for vital forces which live and move and work; which work, moreover, within prescribed limits according to established laws. We are not dealing with dead forms, but with living principles. For example:

1. The headship of Christ as held by Presbyterians renders Papacy impossible. Christ is King alone, and has on earth no vicar. He has no deputy, and needs none, and he who usurps such an office presumptuously puts himself in the place of God. Christ has no vicar, but he as King sends out his ambassadors, his ministers, and they declare his will, they preach the Word. They are not to minister at an altar, not to parody the one infinite sacrifice of the Son of God; nor are they sent to amuse or astonish the people with the fancies and crudities of their own imaginations, but to declare the will and counsel of the ever-living, all-ruling King. This will of the King has been written, put on record for us in his Word, and this is our rule, our only rule, our sufficient rule.

This sound, simple principle sweeps utterly away all theories of tradition, all theories of *quod semper, quod ubique et quod ab omnibus*, and all theories of development.

All intelligent and honest papists and prelatists know that their systems are not found in the Bible, and on that account they scout the idea of the sufficiency of Scripture: hence they base these systems on expediency, decency; then they have fallen back on tradition, antiquity, Church history, the *consensus* of the ante-Nicene fathers;* but being ignominiously

* NOTE BY EDS.—It is “sure that nothing like modern Episcopacy existed before the close of the first century.”—DEAN STANLEY.

routed from these positions by advancing scholarship, Moehler suggested, and Cardinal Newman elaborated, a theory of development which can account for the Papacy apart from apostolic authority. Is it not suggestive, is it not decisive against them, that all these extreme prelatric theories, and just in proportion to their intensity, discredit the sufficiency of Scripture? In the magical hands of Newman this development performs the most wonderful feats. He makes the Incarnation to be the antecedent of the doctrine of mediation; this develops into the doctrine of the Atonement, and that into the doctrine of the mass and the worship of saints. In other words, the divinity and incarnation of our Lord develop into the worship of saints and relics. From the same source he draws the sacramental principle, and this develops into the seven sacraments, the unity of the Church, the Holy See, authority of Councils, sanctity of rites, veneration of holy places, shrines, images, furniture, vessels, and vestments. "The doctrine of the sacraments leads to the doctrine of justification; justification, to that of original sin; original sin, to the merit of celibacy." With such a theory he only needs the last law of development which he lays down—viz., "Chronic Continuance"—to be able to achieve anything by development without either Scripture or history, and for that matter without reason or common sense.

The headship of Christ is potent against Popery, so also against Erastianism. To the Church is given no sword, but the power of the keys. The State bears the sword, the Church the keys, and Christ alone the sceptre.

Ministerial parity as a principle is sharp, keen, distinctive, and far-reaching in its sweep and power. It is a two-edged ploughshare which cuts up by the roots Prelacy and the very beginnings of hierarchical order, distinction, supremacy. As a principle this is the touchstone of Presbyterianism. Departure from this simple principle early in the history of the Church laid the foundation for the astounding claims and achievements of the Papacy of Hildebrand; and departure from it, however slight, is always fraught with danger.

Ministerial parity implies a ministry. Presbyterianism holds no uncertain views on this subject, but sound scriptural views, which the world greatly needs to hear. There is a Christian ministry, *jure divino*, and the sacred functions of this office—preaching the Word and administering the sacraments—are not to be assumed or usurped by anyone's taking this honor to himself; but men are to enter this office according to the order laid down in the Word of God.

If a man be called to preach, he is called of God, and called according to the divine ordinance. Here again we find in Presbyterianism a ploughshare, which cuts up by the roots the pestiferous weeds of Plymouthism, and all forms of ecclesiastical insubordination and anarchy: and may God speed the ploughshare!

The office of Ruling Elder gives the people a representation in all ecclesiastical courts, and the people having a right to choose their own officers, the heart of the Church is thus brought near to the people, and the heart of the people is kept near the Church,

Presbyterianism is an impregnable bulwark against spiritual oligarchy and spiritual monarchy ; and also against sacerdotalism, sacramentarianism, and ritualism. A Church truly Presbyterian can never become ritualistic, because ritualism is extra-scriptural. Even on the theory that the Christian Church is modelled after the temple service, it by no means follows that the Church must be prelatic ; but, on the contrary, it is quite true that the Levitical priests were not prelates, nor was the system in any of its features prelatic. But the temple service was abrogated by the one infinite sacrifice, offered once for all by our Great High Priest. Priesthood, altar, sacrifice, types, all vanished in the presence of the Antitype. He is a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek, not after the order of Aaron. He has no successor in office. Who now dares obtrude himself into the sanctuary as priest ? who dares to build again Jewish altars and to usurp the prerogatives of the one High Priest who, in the heavenly sanctuary, ever lives to intercede ?

What a pitiable spectacle it is to see a poor mortal, tricked out in his vestments, manipulate a wafer and call it a sacrifice ! With this sacerdotal idea comes ritualism in all its modes, degrees, and extremes. Presbyterianism knows but one King and Head of the Church, and but one High Priest and Mediator, who "hath made us kings and priests unto God." The dowry through his blood is the universal priesthood of believers. This is Presbyterian sacerdotalism.

Presbyterianism gives strength and security just where these are needed, and gives this strength and security on scriptural foundations. It has liberty

with strength as against the Papacy, and strength with liberty as against Independency. "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." We are not ashamed of our polity and form of government. We are not ashamed of its origin, of its history, of its past, of its present, of its hopes for the future.

Presbyterianism is liberal, charitable, unchurching no one, attaching more importance to purity of doctrine and of life than to any form of government, and is ready always with a good conscience to fellowship with all who "hold the Head"; and so in controversy she has always been on the defensive; but when attacked she has always shown that she is able to take care of herself and the precious interests committed to her. We are willing and anxious to live in peace and in charity and good-will toward all men, but if prelatists persist in unchurching us, and in spurning Presbyterian ordination, we retort by saying, "Your Prelacy is unwarranted by Scripture; and if you have nothing better than this figment of apostolical succession, then your bishops are no bishops, and your Church is not a true Church." We are Episcopalians, true *Presbyterian Episcopalians*.

IV.

THE HISTORY OF PREACHING.

IV.

THE HISTORY OF PREACHING.*

FATHERS AND BRETHREN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS, AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS OF THIS ASSEMBLY :

It is expected that I should discuss, on this occasion, some subject connected with the department the charge of which has lately been devolved upon me by the Supreme Judicatory of the Church. With what sincere shrinking and self-distrust I enter upon its duties, I need not here express. As appropriate to the chair of History and Homiletics which I am to fill, I have chosen for my theme to-night, "The History of Preaching."

In Eden, at the cool of the day, when the voice of the Lord was heard in the garden, preaching began. That was the first religious instruction given to a man as a fallen creature needing salvation ; and that voice was the voice of Him who afterward preached on the mountain-sides and the seashores of Judea. The Messianic promise in that sermon contains the essence of all evangelical preaching ever since and till the end of time. It is the text of which Redemption is a divine elaboration—the bud of which prophecy and its fulfillment are the blossom, and a Redeemer crowned and a Church triumphant, the glorious fruit.

* At the inauguration of the author as Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, April 27, 1858.

This, therefore, is the beginning and the basis of all preaching.

The first distinguished preacher of whom we have any account is Enoch, the seventh from Adam. He had the primary requisites of his office—a vigorous faith and an ardent piety. He enforced his precepts by a consistent practice. His life was “visible rhetoric.” While yet a young man, according to the standard of that age, “God took him” from the pulpit on earth to the choir in heaven. Jude gives us an idea of his preaching. The godlessness that brought the Deluge was then rapidly increasing. Against this, and amidst this, he lifted up his voice in no timid or ambiguous tones. He fearlessly pointed men to the judgment seat and the pains of an eternal retribution : and his course was approved, for before his translation “he had the testimony that he pleased God.”

Noah was “a preacher of righteousness”—“was perfect in his generation,” and for more than a century preached to the skeptical antediluvians. This we know ; his style and manner are subjects of conjecture.

As early as the days of Moses, elocution was regarded as an important element of a preacher’s success. When pleading to be excused from the mission to his brethren in bondage, his language is, “O ! my Lord, I am not eloquent : but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue.” And the Lord said, “Is not Aaron, the Levite, thy brother ? I know that *he* can speak *well*.” It is absurd, indeed, to attribute to Aaron theatrical tones and attitudes, but it is equally absurd to suppose that his discourses

were rude deliverances, with no regard to emphasis, intonation, or gesture. We have the word of God for it, that he could speak well, and the crisis justified his speaking as well as he could.

Ezekiel's discourses were set off by an exquisite delivery. He had "a pleasant voice," and had it completely under his control. So flexibly obedient was every organ of speech that he is compared to one who could play well on an instrument. Those who cared nothing for the matter of his sermons were charmed and enchanted by the manner of them. They listened with rapture to the melody of his voice and the music of his periods. "He was to them as a very lovely song." Good elocution, therefore, is by no means a modern accomplishment.

Samuel was the founder of theological seminaries. The first institution of the kind was at Naioth, near Ramah. Others were afterward established at Jericho, Gilgal, and Bethel, whither Elijah and Elisha often resorted. Under these venerable and inspired teachers, young men were trained for the prophetic office; and from these seats of sacred learning they went forth in the spirit of their great masters. From this time onward we have a succession of prophets, which extends in an unbroken line to Malachi; and an illustrious succession it is! They not only served their own generation, but have left behind them works that will outlive the world. So long as there is a saint or a sinner on the earth, their words will be a power in the hearts of mankind.

Almost every species of style, temperament, eloquence, and delivery had its representative among these men. In this succession was the distinguished

missionary and street-preacher of Nineveh, whose startling sermons brought a haughty king and two millions of his dissipated subjects to repentance. Here, too, we find the uneducated but sublime and fearless Amos ; the concise and pungent Hosea ; the Homer of prophets, Isaiah ; the fervid and imaginative Joel ; the copious and elegant Micah ; the glowing and graphic Nahum ; the tender-hearted Jeremiah, the John of the Old Testament ; the prayerful Habakkuk ; Daniel, the Christian statesman, who went to his closet for inspiration and political wisdom ; the tragic Ezekiel, the Æschylus of the Hebrews ; the earnest revivalists, Haggai and Zechariah ; and last of all, Malachi, on whose lips prophecy expired.

Preaching from a pulpit and on a text began in the time of Ezra. History has afforded us few such scenes as we have in this reformer's preaching in the square before the Water Gate in Jerusalem. Upon a temporary "pulpit of wood which they had made for the purpose," he stood and preached "from the morning till midday," to a congregation of fifty thousand souls. That the young preacher of Surrey Gardens should keep the attention of ten thousand for three-quarters of an hour is considered wonderful, but here the attention of five times that number was kept for six hours. God's spirit was there, and a great revival was the consequence. That public square became a Bochim. The weeping of the people was so excessive that it had to be restrained. A correct reading and a faithful exposition of the Scriptures were the means. That day forms an interesting section in the history of preaching. Here, too, dates the origin of synagogues, which continued to multiply till the com-

ing of Christ, and in which, during all this time, preaching was regularly kept up.

Now we glide in silence over a period of four centuries, nothing special arresting our attention, until we are startled by the voice of one crying in the wilderness. "In the spirit and power of Elias," who was his model and whose mantle had fallen upon him, John the Baptist went forth to preach to a careless, apathetic generation. Earnest, vehement, and original, he drew great crowds to hear him. His eloquence thrilled like an electric current through the land. Such was his popularity that politicians trembled for the safety of the state; and had he been a demagogue, he could have bidden the people bear him in triumph to a throne. As it was, such a hold had he upon the popular heart that Herod was afraid to put him to death. With his coarse raiment, solitary habits, and simple diet, he would, no doubt, nowadays, be considered eccentric, as perhaps he was then considered; but there was an inspiration and power in his eccentricities. He was second to no human preacher whose words ever woke the echoes of this earth. Unawed by greatness or authority, his voice rang out as distinctly and decidedly against sin in the court as in the wilderness, on the commons or by the river-side. At the cost of his life he rebuked immorality. We have such an estimate of him as we have of no other mortal. He whose forerunner he was says of him, "Verily, I say unto you, Among them that are born of women, there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist."

The ministry of the Great Preacher let us pass in awful silence. "He spake as never man spake."

The child plays and prattles around the little cascade, but stands awe-struck and speechless at Niagara. We are on holy ground, we are in the presence of a divine subject—let us, in adoring silence, pass on.

In the apostolic age, Peter and Paul are the prominent figures that attract the attention of the most casual and careless observers. They are the representative preachers of their day—the one an apostle to the Jews, the other to the Gentiles—the one a domestic, the other a foreign missionary.

Ever since the Fall, the boundaries of revealed truth had been gradually extending, the horizon of man's spiritual vision enlarging, and the topics of religious discourse multiplying. By the life and death of Christ, the armory of the Christian orator had been replenished with wonderful facts and fulfilments. The kingdom of heaven had actually come. All the materials, equipments, furniture, and resources necessary for the full operation of a Christian ministry were ready. The crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension were recent facts, to be wielded with prodigious power by the apostles. The day of Pentecost, therefore, is an era in preaching. The pulpit occupied a higher level that day than ever it had before—commanded a more extensive and astonishing view than ever before, and received, as its legitimate possession, topics which it never reached till then. Peter then announced that the work of redemption was complete. Christ *actually* crucified was preached for the first time. It was an illustrious inauguration of the New Dispensation. Three thousand souls will celebrate it in heaven forever and forever.

The sermon was a model one. It is thoroughly bibli-

cal. Verbal quotations from the Old Testament compose fully the half of it, and what is not in the letter, is in the spirit of the Bible. It is evangelical. Christ is the theme throughout. Every sentence is a tribute to his name, and work, and character : and if Peter was the first Pope, he preached a very different doctrine from his "infallible successors." He gives no hint of any Mediator but *One*. He gives to his Redeemer undivided glory, and puts upon his brow an undivided and untarnished crown.

Had the sermon been delivered in our time, the preacher would be pronounced, by some, an ultra-Calvinist. He hesitates not to speak of "the determinate counsel of God," and makes no apology for using such language.

It is bold. He charges his congregation with Deicide. He valiantly takes up and adopts the reproachful title the Jews had given his Saviour, and preaches to them Jesus of Nazareth. Nor was it a harangue without order or object. His purpose was to prove the Messiahship of Christ, and the accountability of his hearers, and never for an instant does he lose sight of it. He advances to his conclusion as directly as an arrow goes to the mark. There are no digressions or episodes until he announces his "Therefore." Those who look upon preparation and premeditation as a reflection upon the promised grace and assistance of God, find little to support their opinion in this great inaugural sermon of the New Dispensation.

This was the kind of preaching that filled Jerusalem with the doctrines of the apostles, and made the proud Sanhedrim tremble under the conscious guilt of the Redeemer's blood.

In the meantime a diligent young Jew was prosecuting his studies on the banks of the Cydnus, strolling for relaxation through the woods that lined its banks, or, for more vigorous exercise, scaling the craggy tops of the Taurus mountains, all the while nursing his pharisaic prejudices and dreaming of promotion in the Church of his fathers. While with callous and sunburnt hands Peter was plying his nets, this ambitious young Hebrew was studying law with Gamaliel. He left Jerusalem amidst the conflicting joys and regrets with which a student leaves college ; he returns to the city with the fury of a persecutor. He was one of the mob that hurried Stephen to his martyrdom. This horrible tragedy only increased his thirst for blood. He is away to Damascus in pursuit of his prey. Past Bethel and Shiloh and Gilboa, Ebal and Gerizim and Jacob's Well, the fiery young inquisitor hurries on in a frenzy of bigotry and pharisaic zeal, on an inhuman errand to the oldest city in the world. But instead of persecuting the Church, he preaches Christ when he gets there. In that city, rich in patriarchal associations, began the ministry of Paul. How shall we get his dimensions? Spiritually and intellectually, his proportions are gigantic. Beside him, modern preachers are like ordinary sized men beside the Colossus of Rhodes.

At Antioch, where first arose the name that is to fill the earth, within sight of the grove of Daphne, the first farewell meeting for missionaries was held. After prayer and the laying on of hands, and we can well imagine, tearful partings, "Saul and Barnabas were sent away," the simple but impressive cere-

monies strangely contrasting with the orgies in the neighboring grove.

The first field visited by these regularly appointed missionaries was the island of Cyprus. Amidst the groves of Paphos, where Venus is fabled to have arisen from the foam of the sea, they preached the Gospel. From this place Saul carries with him a new name, and henceforth *Paul* becomes the prominent actor in the Apostolic Church. Past places immortal in history he presses on in his journey, envying not the great Athenian the combined laurels of Salamis and Plataea, as he passes the spot where they were won in one day. At Perga he stops to preach Christ to the devotees of Diana, as he afterward did at Ephesus. Up through the mountain passes of Pisidia, whose ruggedness and dangers had worried the patience and perseverance of two whom the world calls *Great*; "in perils of robbers," for he was amidst dens of them; with blistered feet and aching limbs, he toils on to preach to the citizens of the Capital forgiveness through the blood of the Redeemer. Thence he goes to Iconium, the cradle of the Ottoman empire. Leaving civilization, he penetrates the wilds of Lycaonia, exploring districts where "water was sold for money," to preach to the uncultivated pagans of Lystra and Derbe. Weary and wounded, scarred and blackened by stoning, he turns to retrace his steps. Scorning to take a near cut home, he revisits the scenes of his persecutions and sufferings, braves again the enmity of the Jews at Iconium—dares the dangers of the Pisidian passes—struggles across the plains of Attaleia—and, once more at Antioch, gives to the Church the first missionary report.

Soon he is away on a second tour. Past the home of his childhood—over the Taurus mountains—through the Cilician gates (a narrow defile, for the possession of which Cyrus and Alexander spent both blood and treasure), he is back again to Derbe and Lystra and Iconium. He spends the period of sickness and convalescence in preaching the Gospel to the volatile Galatians. As a soldier of the Cross he treads the plains of Troy, where once rattled the Grecian and Trojan war-chariots; and where Alexander gathered inspiration for the conquest of the world, at the tomb of Achilles, he girds himself for the evangelization of Europe. Bruised and sore, from scourging and the stocks, he leaves Philippi and goes to Thessalonica, where, after the arduous labors of a day of missionary life, he works till late at night at his trade to eke out a frugal subsistence. Persecution chases him to Berea. His enemies dog him to this retired village. As a fugitive he passes the vale of Tempe and Olympus, “the home of the gods”; but his thoughts go higher than the throne of Jupiter, and trusting to a mightier power than the “red right hand” of Olympus’ chief he sails for Athens. Classic associations cannot detain him there. In a few days he is in Corinth—the Paris of the old world—working diligently at his trade through the week and preaching in the synagogue on the Sabbath, and in the intervals of his toil writing letters to the disciples in Thessalonica. Once more he is at sea, sailing among the gem-like islands of the Ægean. He stops but a little while at Ephesus, but long enough to preach Christ. Across the Mediterranean again he sails to Cæsarea, visits

Jerusalem, and goes once more to Antioch, where he was ordained as a missionary. And comes he to throw up his commission? No! He equips himself with higher resolves and renewed zeal for greater conflicts than ever. Toiling through his native Cilicia, through Galatia and Phrygia, he redeems his promise and comes to Ephesus. Next we find him at Troas. Across the *Ægean* again, he visits Neapolis and his beloved Philippians—poor, but liberal Philippians—and from this point pushes his missionary researches almost if not quite to the shores of the Adriatic: then down through Greece, he pays the Corinthians a last visit, and in the house of Gaius writes the immortal letter to the Romans. Hired assassins are on his track, and he is driven up through the north of Greece, over the plains where the fate of Rome as a republic was decided, and across the fields that Homer has peopled with his heroes. Again he is on the *Ægean*. The scenery is enchanting—classic associations are swarming around him, and he can appreciate them too, but his thoughts and his heart are in Ephesus. Behold the pastor! He sends a message to the elders for them to meet him at Miletus. They eagerly comply, and upon the seashore hear, for the last time, the Gospel from the lips of their beloved Paul. He tears himself away from his broken-hearted congregation, and is soon floating again over the blue waters of the Mediterranean. While the vessel is discharging freight at Tyre, Paul is up in the city preaching. At Cæsarea his girdle is made a symbol by which to predict for him chains and sufferings; but his own prophetic instincts had anticipated any warning of

that kind. The weeping and remonstrances of his friends wring his heart, but the prospect of martyrdom moves him not. The prophetic intimations were not false. Scarcely is he in Jerusalem till he is in the hands of a mob. Rescued by the police from a violent death, he is likely to receive as little mercy at the hands of the civil power. He is actually stretched on the rack, and but for the talismanic words, *I am a Roman citizen*, would have been cruelly tortured. Forty men bind themselves by an oath to neither sleep nor eat till they have taken Paul's life. By an escort of Roman soldiers, therefore, he is hurried to Cæsarea, and is thence sent to Rome for trial. While the ship is lying at the wharf at Sidon, the apostle is on shore engaged in pastoral labor. A shipwrecked prisoner, he evangelizes Malta. After a long and disastrous voyage, jaded by travel, and galled by fetters, he comes at last to the city of the Cæsars. He does not wait to know the issue of his trial. He is bound, "but the word of God is not bound." He throws open his house and invites the people to his ministry, and to it they come in crowds. For two years he preaches constantly, from morning till night, his chains clanking upon him at every gesture he makes. That manacled, emaciated prisoner wields in Rome a power mightier than that of Cæsar or the Senate. His words thrill through the brave, hard hearts of the prætorian guards. He has converts in Cæsar's household. And let us hope at least that Seneca learned from him something better than Stoic philosophy.

At last he is at liberty. Surely the old man will re-

tire now ! He is hardly out of prison until he is away on a tour of pastoral visitation to the Eastern churches, and then to the far West, accomplishing his long contemplated visit to Spain. Stooping beneath the weight of seventy years, his constitution, never rugged, now shattered by hardships and exposure, he carries the Gospel to "the utmost bounds of the West." Then northward he goes to "those inclement shores, which the lordly Roman shivered when he named," and, if tradition is to be believed, he preached in the streets of London, then returned to Rome and received his crown.

Such was preaching, and such was a preacher's life in the first century. Congregations did not then assemble in solemn churches, and sit devoutly in their pews. Paul preached to the Jew in the synagogue, and the pagan in the streets ; his text in the one instance being a Messianic prophecy, in the other an inscription upon an idol god. He adapted his language and his thoughts to the unlettered barbarian and the erudite Athenian—to the Attic philosopher and the Corinthian merchant—to the loungee in the market place and the king in his palace—to the beggar in rags and to Cæsar in his royal purple. When speaking in his own defence, he forgets his cause to plead the cause of his Master. Dragged bleeding from an infuriated mob, he stops on the stairway of a Roman prison to entreat his persecutors to be reconciled to God ; and may we not presume that the eloquence which made the old profligate Felix tremble, would also startle the young wretch Nero ? As Paul was arraigned at his bar, we may feel assured the tyrant would not

go to judgment without hearing of Jesus and his Atonement.

The Apostolic age was succeeded by the Patristic. After the death of the apostles the prominent ministers were their pupils, the apostolic fathers, some of whom had seen Christ in the flesh.

There was no special change in either the manner or the matter of preaching. The ministry became less itinerant and more local. As yet they had no church edifices. When they could, they availed themselves of the synagogues. Ordinarily they met in private dwellings. Gaius is called the host of the whole Church, because they assembled at his house, which was convenient and commodious. Benches to accommodate the hearers, an elevated seat for the preacher, and a table for the elements of the Supper, constituted the simple paraphernalia of these primitive places of worship. Their meetings, which, according to Pliny, took place very early in the morning, were social, and all their exercises were free and familiar. They were untrammelled by any conventional rules or customs. After hearty congregational singing, much prayer, and lengthy readings of Scripture, the preacher delivered, in an easy conversational style, a short sermon on some portion of the Scripture that had been read.

Their intimacy with the apostles is what distinguishes these men, whom we take as the representative preachers of their age. These were the companions of those who had been the companions of the Lord. They were brought into close and sacred contact with inspiration and apostolicity, until inspiration and apostolicity ceased. As these men received the

indorsement and approbation of John and Paul, they need no vindication of ours.

The apostolic fathers were succeeded by the apologists, and into this class we shall admit more than those technically so called, including all from Quadratus to Augustine.

In those days Christianity needed able and valiant defenders, and it had them. Emperors, philosophers, wits, satirists, humorists, atheists, infidels, pagan zealots, the snarling Cynic, the sensual Epicurean, the cold Stoic, the proud and polished disciple of Plato, and the Jew, with his chronic prejudices, were all up in arms against the rising sect.

In the Roman empire religion was incorporated with all their civil, social, and domestic relations. A blow at their religion, therefore, struck their whole civil and social fabric. Hence, demagogues and politicians cried havoc to Christianity! Men who in their very hearts loathed paganism and laughed at it, were yet furious in its support for the sake of the state. The conflict between the two powers was a death-struggle, and they knew it. No wonder it was desperate and bloody. When to be a Christian was a capital crime, the apologists stood up nobly in defence of the truth.

“Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands.” Upon the Christians was heaped the blame of all calamities. If there was not enough rain in Africa or too much in Italy; if the Nile did not overflow its banks or if the Tiber did; if there was an earthquake in Asia or a fire in Rome; a pestilence in Ethiopia or a famine in Egypt, it was all attributed to the evil influence of the saints. In the courts of

kings, the apologists intrepidly defended their religion from all such attacks and aspersions.

Pliny had scouted the idea of Providence, had pronounced immortality a dream, the nature of man a lie, and had lauded suicide as a virtue. The Stoics saw nothing better than obstinacy in the heroic fortitude of the martyrs, and it was gravely debated whether by philosophy it might not be possible to acquire the same intrepidity as the Galileans acquired by mad fanaticism. The fact they could not deny; but they would neutralize its effect by attributing it to a wrong cause. Miracles were classed along with the tricks of magicians and vagabond jugglers. The spread of Christianity was accounted for by the extreme credulity of the age. The Greek scholar, too, came gayly to the attack, with all the gallantry of a knight-errant. If Lucian had a shaft of wit sharper than his wont, he winged it against Christianity. The wisdom of Celsus was scandalized by the simplicity of faith. That the Gospel was offered to the illiterate and the poor on the same terms as to the philosopher, was a mortal offence to his pride. To him, humility was meanness; the Atonement was his scorn. He made himself merry over the supposed uncomeliness of Christ's person. Porphyry, with the pinion and the eye of an eagle, swooped over the field of sacred history to search for contradictions and discrepancies. Hierocles *hissed on* the hounds of persecution; and, when the Church was torn and bleeding, had the impudence to address "words to Christians from a lover of truth." Old sages, and heroes, and contemporary impostors were held up as compeers, if not superiors, of Christ. Against all these the apologists defended

their religion manfully. They parried blows, come from what quarter they might. In the presence of a power that had their lives at command, they spake out heroically, and the thanks of all succeeding ages are due to them for it.

But these men were earnest preachers as well as gallant polemics. Justin Martyr would go home from contests with skilful dialecticians, where all his hellenistic culture was called into active requisition, to meet a few plain, simple-hearted disciples, who were awaiting him at his own house, or go to some cave or other secluded spot to preach the Gospel to those who were ready to risk their lives to hear it.

Let us go into one of these assemblies. Everything, even to the apparel of the congregation, is plain and unostentatious. There is a hearty, sincere affection between the members. The test of discipleship, love to one another, is there. Christianity has disenthralled and exalted woman, and she is here along with, and on a level with, her husband. An atmosphere of prayer pervades the room. These people live beneath the droppings of the Mercy Seat. They begin not their ploughing in the fields or their labor in the workshop without prayer. Now all is stillness and solemnity. At a desk, some distance from the pulpit, arises the reader. He is a youth, possibly a boy ten or twelve years old. He reads passages from the Old and New Testaments, which are heard with eager attention. A necessity for much reading of Scripture in public arises from the scarcity and costliness of copies of the Bible. There are men in the assembly who, although they are unable to read a word, can nevertheless repeat the greater part of the Bible from

hearing it read at Church. The reading is interspersed with singing, which, although it is not artistic, is powerful enough in its fervent simplicity to make such men as Augustine weep. After the devotional exercises, the preacher from his seat—the congregation standing—delivers his sermon.

Sermons were much more frequent then than now. There was one at least on almost every day in the week and several always on the Sabbath, two or three sometimes during the same service. In length they varied from ten minutes to two hours. In structure they were simple, mostly expository. Sometimes they were written out and memorized; sometimes they were read from manuscript; sometimes the subject was studied, and the speaker clothed his thoughts as he went along; sometimes they were delivered from short notes, and sometimes were quite extempore.

The illustrious names of this period—and there is a host of them—need not feel aggrieved at Chrysostom's representing them. Augustine, indeed, was a profounder thinker; Jerome, a better scholar; Athanasius, an abler debater, and with more influence in deliberative bodies; Origen was a greater critic; the Gregories were more learned theologians and stronger controversialists; Tertullian had more acumen; Ephraim Syrus had a more splendid fancy; Basil the Great had a purer style, and was more of a *belles-lettres* scholar; but Chrysostom was pre-eminently the preacher of the age.

He grew up in the genial sunshine and the pure atmosphere of a pious mother's influence. He enjoyed the very best advantages of education. He studied

eloquence in the school of the man whom Gibbon calls "the last glory of expiring paganism," and in that school carried off the palm without a competitor. During his short practice of law, he would learn much of human nature and human depravity. Four years he was in a cloister, and spent his time in studying the Bible. Two years he was in solitude on the mountains, and spent his time in the same way. Six years more he devotes to hard study at Antioch. At forty he preaches his first sermon. No hasty preparation here; no hurrying from Jericho before the beard had grown. Antioch is soon full of the fame of the young preacher. For twelve years he labors faithfully in his first charge, and is then called to Constantinople, where his eloquence drew to his pulpit ten thousand hearers.

His mind was vigorous, comprehensive, fertile, and well disciplined. His imagination was brilliant and his heart full of fervor and tenderness. His exalted nobleness exposed him sometimes to the charge of pride. His command of language was wonderful. "The common people heard him gladly." He was eminently a popular preacher. Instead of allegorizing, refining, philosophizing, and elaborating subtleties, he wrung from the text its true spiritual import, and gave it to his congregation in its purity. He had great versatility. Every species of eloquence almost can be found in one of his sermons. His delivery was earnest and impetuous. He spake with great ease, grace, and naturalness. His declamation must have been magnificent. Even when speaking from memorized manuscript he worked loosely enough in the traces to take advantage of any extempore

thought. If the attention of his congregation was diverted by the sexton's lighting the lamps, or by any noise in the streets, a paragraph of the sermon would be devoted to it. He used material wherever he found it, and used it well. On his way to church he sees a number of sufferers in the street, and that morning preaches an extemporaneous sermon on charity.

Eutropius, the prime minister of Arcadius, was an unscrupulous villain. From his persecutions, persons often fled for asylum to Chrysostom's church, and the pastor always bravely refused to deliver them up. Eutropius, therefore, had the right of asylum abolished. Times changed. The first man who fled to that altar after the law was enacted was Eutropius himself. Chrysostom comes into church on Sabbath morning and finds him lying at the altar, when he delivers a thrilling extempore address on the vanity of the world. "Vanity of vanities," he exclaims, as he sees the crestfallen tyrant. He calls the roll of departed honors, pomps, luxuries, offices, and hopes, and lets a melancholy echo answer the call; then turning to the humbled courtier, reminded him of the faithful warnings he had given him. He lashed the sins of the city without mercy. He had not to go to Sodom, Gomorrah, Nineveh, Tyre, or Sidon, for themes. He found enough to talk about at home—in Antioch and Constantinople. A corrupt court smarted beneath his scourge. He called the queen a Jezebel and a Herodias. His invectives against royal iniquity remind us of John Knox. But even this golden-mouthed prince of preachers sometimes so far forgot himself as to play upon words, and once indulged a

desire to be singular so far as to write three sermons on the text, "Salute Aquila and Priscilla."

From the time of Augustine, the tone of the pulpit steadily deteriorated, until at last it became the merest jargon. Religion gradually left the heart and enthroned itself in the intellect, the imagination, and the senses, and as the result, we have scholasticism, mysticism, monasticism, ritualism, celibacy, and superstition. There were other enemies of literary and religious life at work in those days besides the barbarian hordes that overthrew the Western Empire. The Asiatics are constitutionally dreamy and contemplative. This is as characteristic of them as thought and action are of Europeans. Plato is more Asiatic than any of the Greeks ; consequently he was the favorite of the Mystics. Beneath the combined influence of this temperament and philosophy, the active, vigorous, living Christianity of the first century degenerated into a mopish sentimentality. The fancy usurped the place of conscience. Religion consisted in a passive, listless, dreamy semi-consciousness, an introversion of the thoughts, an abstraction from everything objective or practical, until the man became a spiritual and an intellectual chrysalis. We would expect such a system to produce every species of fanaticism and insanity, but would go elsewhere for pulpit eloquence.

Monasticism was calculated to dwarf the intellect, narrow the mind, freeze the affections, and render the most generous outgoings of our nature stagnant. It is from beginning to end a system of selfishness, self-torture, and self-conceit. The benevolence of the anchorite terminates on the salvation of his own soul.

He is either unwilling or afraid to grapple with the actualities of real well-doing. The system is calculated to make misanthropes and lazy slovens—almost anything, indeed, but good preachers.

Prosperity and royal favor, moreover, loaded the Church with a splendor and a ceremonial that well-nigh smothered her inner life. Architectural taste and display were considered as of more importance than genuine piety. The spiritual was sacrificed to the æsthetic.

A temporary expediency, too, threw down the barriers that had kept the unworthy out of the Church. Heathen rites and snatches of heathen mythology were adopted in order to conciliate the pagans and effect a compromise between the two systems, so that Christianity came to be little more, little else, indeed, than a baptized paganism.

As with the Church, so with the pulpit. When the preacher's office came to be attended with honor, ease, affluence, and influence, instead of persecution, self-denial, and death, there was a rush of the unworthy into it. Men actuated by the most mercenary motives sought the office of the ministry. Worldly-mindedness, pride, hypocrisy, low intrigue, chicanery, selfishness, sluggishness, and ignorance distinguished the clergy. In the election of men to high places in the Church, spirituality was scarcely a consideration at all. Their rhetorical attainments, their political influence and financial tact, were of primary importance, while piety was hardly allowed to occupy even a secondary place.

Theological learning, as well as learning of every kind, steadily declined. Magical effects, that were

supposed to supersede altogether the necessity of education, were attributed to ordination.

The want of good theological seminaries was also greatly felt. At first there was but one, that at Alexandria. Others were afterward established, but they were not adequate to the demands of the age. Among the Greeks, candidates for the ministry went to the schools of rhetoric which then flourished. The learning acquired there, although entirely secular and artificial, yet, when baptized by the Spirit of God, was consecrated to good ends, as in the case of Chrysostom, Basil the Great, the Gregories, and others ; but when in the absence of spirituality, a man took to the pulpit nothing but the rhetorical precepts and artificial manner and tastes of these schools, he made a sorry successor of the apostles. The pulpit then became a platform from which an orator exhibited to a congregation what graceful curves he could make with his arms, what exquisite attitudes he could assume, and how completely his vocal organs were under his control. In godly men it required grace to keep them from being intoxicated by the injudicious demonstrations of approval from their audience. What must have been the state of the Church when the pulpit was filled with men who aimed at nothing higher than to elicit a round of applause or incite a smile by some low witticism !

Charlemagne felt the necessity of an able ministry, and directed his efforts accordingly, but for the want of competent teachers little was accomplished. As few of the clergy had the intelligence to compose even very inferior discourses, *homiliaria* were prepared for them—sermons ready

made to hand—so that they might have *something* to read to the people.

Without descending to particulars, some idea of the pulpit in those days can be gathered from these generalities that have been given. It spoke all kinds of languages, until at last it emitted nothing but a mummery which neither preacher nor people understood. Alms-giving, asceticism, celibacy, flagellation, voluntary beggary, and mystic contemplation took the place of the blood of Christ. Men preached pilgrimages, purgatory, the martyrs, Plato, Aristotle, or a crusade—anything, indeed, but Christ. Those who dared to speak the truth were silenced by persecution or driven into exile. But we emerge into the light again.

The Reformation was a revival of religion, and consequently a revival of evangelical preaching.

As early as the sixth century, Gregory the Great found it necessary to urge upon the clergy the necessity of preaching more than they did; and long before the times of Luther the pulpits had become, as Latimer quaintly remarks, “bells without clappers.” Now the pulpit rang out once more joyously and distinctly with a pure Gospel, and the churches became vocal with the earnest utterance of God’s truth. Learning lit her lamps again. The Bible was brought out from cloisters, its lids were unclasped, and as it was opened it flung from its leaves a heavenly fragrance and influence. Instead of the chatterings of drowsy monks, or the wire-drawn distinctions of schoolmen, the people heard the Gospel in its purity. No longer compelled to listen to the rude deliverances of illiterate men upon the necessity of pilgrimages,

the sovereign virtues of relics and dead men's bones, or the primary importance of self-inflicted tortures, or self-imposed poverty, or insulated anchoretism, they heard with delight of the doctrines' of grace, Christ crucified, and justification by faith.

Great crises develop great men. God makes emergencies, and he makes the men to meet them. All the world listens with respectful attention when, in the roll-call of the mighty dead, the names of Luther, Melancthon, Zwingli, Calvin, Beza, Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and Knox are pronounced. These men all had their peculiarities and their failings, too, but they were earnest and evangelical, and left their mark indelibly upon the history of the race.

Luther was bold, impetuous, overwhelming. Cowardice and indecision were no part of his nature. When he fastened his theses to the door of the castle, he drove the nails to the head. When he burnt the Pope's bull, he sent it into the fire with a defiant fling. When he hurled his inkstand at the devil's head, he did it with a steady and resolute aim. In the pulpit we recognize the same Luther. Melancthon, on the other hand, was mild, amiable, conciliating. Luther was the storm, Melancthon was the "still, small voice"; and the latter was often the more effective of the two. Knox, Calvin, and Beza have been thus described: "Knox came down like a thunder-storm, Calvin resembled a whole day's set rain, Beza was a shower of the softest dew."

The preaching of these men was scriptural, direct, cogent; sometimes uncouth and inelegant. There were sentences and passages in their sermons which would offend the delicate and fastidious ears of

modern critics and congregations, but those sermons never failed to exhibit Christ and his cross. They never treated with timidity or false delicacy the subjects of man's apostasy, total depravity, and exposure to eternal wrath. They were earnest men engaged in a serious business, and they had no time to spend in toying with men's fancies, or coquetting with their tastes. Their anecdotes and illustrations were not used because they were elegant or beautiful, but because they served a purpose—not as mere tinsel and trapping, but as solid material.

Uninspired men never produced more wonderful results. Luther's words have been called "half battles." In his power to impress the popular mind, it is questionable if Latimer was ever excelled. He did it in his own quaint, droll way, to be sure, but *he did it*. The ardent soul of Knox always rose superior to his frail body; and he infused his own fire into his audience.

Time will compel me to pass over, in very great haste, the history from this point to the present.

Since the Reformation, the pulpit in all countries has undergone great vicissitudes. In England the simple, effective style of Latimer, Cranmer, and Jewell was soon lost, and a strained, stilted one was substituted in its stead, with which the people had no more sympathy than if it had been in the Sanscrit dialect. The king set an example of pedantry, and the nation, like a great sycophant, obsequiously followed. Sermons came to be little else than a display of shallow scholarship, an array of Greek and Latin quotations, an assemblage of bad puns, studied antitheses and feeble alliterations. They were studiously

destitute of unction, or anything that savored of earnestness. The preachers would have been scandalized by the insinuation that they were affected by the truths which they professed to teach. They were immaculately innocent of being in the least moved themselves, or of attempting in the least to move others.

Then came the Puritans, who, much as they may be scoffed at for their nasal twang, their sanctimonious eccentricities, and long, lumbering sermons, were nevertheless mighty in the Scriptures, and of consequence mighty in the pulpit, and have done a work which entitles them to the everlasting gratitude of Church and state.

The seventeenth century boasts of many pulpit orators. Barrow was the first sermon-writer in England, and the second mathematician in the world—the model which the great Chatham copied, and whose sermons he had by heart. Baxter, when living, was admired by such men as Barrow and Sir Matthew Hale, and now his name and works have been embalmed in the hearts of five generations. Bunyan, with no learning, and a library consisting of the Bible and the Book of Martyrs, became one of the most powerful and popular preachers that ever lived, and produced works that have become the common property of Christendom. Literary critics are as eager now to do justice to his genius and his Anglo-Saxon, as Christians always have been ready to honor his piety, spirituality, and experience. We can barely mention John Howe, Tillotson, South, Charnock, John Owen, and Jeremy Taylor. Such a constellation would shed glory upon any age.

These men were not immaculately faultless, nor as a body are they so superior to the clergy of the present as to make us discontented with our lot. The division and subdivision of sermons they sometimes carried to a ridiculous extreme. Even Baxter occasionally indulged his propensity for ingenious speculation in discussing topics that belong more to scholastic philosophy than to Christianity. Tillotson was by no means deeply evangelical. Dr. South rather wickedly exhibits the faults in the style of his illustrious contemporary, Jeremy Taylor.

The reign of Louis XIV. was the Golden Age of pulpit eloquence in France. In proof of this it is only necessary to say that this was the age of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Saurin, and Fénelon. Technically speaking, these names suggest all the highest excellence ever attained in the art of sermonizing. In sacred oratory, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon have a pre-eminence and an association akin to that of Demosthenes and Cicero in classic eloquence. In spirituality, faithfulness, and genuine earnestness they have been far enough surpassed by men to whose names belongs no such lustre as belongs to theirs ; but in them we find an elaboration, a completeness of design, and an exquisiteness of finish which we seek in vain anywhere else.

The echoes of the great and good men of the last century and of this still linger among our altars, and their virtues and memories are sacredly and tenderly treasured up in the sanctuary of our affections. Is there an Irish Protestant heart that does not beat quicker at the name of Kirwan or Carson ? To mention Christmas Evans, or John Elias, is to start the

tears in a Welshman's eyes. Have Scotchmen forgotten M'Crie, Chalmers, or Edward Irving? Do not Vinet and Monod live in the affections of the French? Have English arms or intellect achieved anything in the last century which Great Britain could not better afford to lose than the fame of Whitefield, Robert Hall, and John Foster? An American feels almost sinfully proud when he repeats the names of Edwards, Davies, Griffin, and Mason.

Such the History of the Pulpit has been. Whether in the future it shall grow purer and stronger, year after year ascending to a still higher level, from which Christ crucified shall be more fully exhibited, or whether it shall again become corrupt and imbecile, a blot and a disgrace—God knows.

Shall we have preachers whose hearts are all aglow with love to Christ? The Church needs them—the world demands them. No amount of natural or acquired ability can compensate for the lack of fervent piety. Intellectual sermons may be as clear and sparkling as icicles, and as cold. The moonlight is beautiful, but it is the heat of the sun that brings the verdure from the soil and ripens the fruit in its clusters. The truest eloquence earth ever heard is the unrestrained utterance of a heart full to overflowing of love to God. Evermore give us that eloquence!

And shall we have preachers mighty in the Scriptures? There was an intimate connection between the eloquence of Apollos and his knowledge of the Bible. In all ages, in proportion as the pulpit has been biblical, it has been powerful. There is no danger that the Bible will be exhausted. Its subjects

never wear out. All other subjects do. Christ crucified is a theme that will never grow old.

And we want men who shall not only know the truth, but who shall not be afraid to speak it. He who preaches any doctrine of the Bible in an apologizing, compromising way, is a coward. Those doctrines, when faithfully uttered, never fail to find a response in the hearts and experience of men. Let the Gospel be preached just as it is—and woe to the man who trims or temporizes for the sake of an ephemeral popularity !

Great responsibilities, therefore, devolve upon our theological seminaries. They must necessarily give tone to the pulpit. Most of all, it is expected and desired of them that they send out from their halls and lecture-rooms a re-enforcement of good preachers—men trained more for active service than for abstract speculation and scholastic theorizing—men in communion with their God, and in sympathy with their fellow-men ; whose ministrations shall not be cold, perfunctory task-work, but the earnest utterances of living truths, the power of which they have felt upon their own hearts, and are thus enabled to speak that “ which they do know.”

Our piety and our patriotism unite in putting up the petition that in our land the pulpit may achieve its proudest triumphs—that Anglo-Saxon energy, enterprise, and genius may have their highest development in the American preacher. It is said that “ men go to Scotland to learn what to say, and to England to learn how to say it.” God speed the day when they shall come to the United States to learn both what to say and how to say it. All the world should pray God to

send America an able ministry, for all the world has mighty issues at stake in this matter. "Westward," long since, "the star of empire took its way," and a tide of intelligence and true greatness came along with it. That tide will find its farthest limit on our shores, and then in a sublime ebb will roll back till it has covered all the East with millennial glory, and the nations shall see in reality what Ezekiel saw in vision—the waters of the sanctuary flowing from the Far West, and flooding the earth with righteousness.

V.

OUR COUNTRY CALLS—A WAR SPEECH.

V.

OUR COUNTRY CALLS—A WAR SPEECH.*

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I am a minister of the Gospel. I am no politician. If I looked upon this struggle as a mere political issue, I should not be here; but I consider it as high above mere party politics as the heavens are higher than the earth. My allegiance is first to my God, next to my country.

Is this issue worth all that it is costing us in blood and treasure? I solemnly believe it is.

In the balance over against the interests at stake, money is lighter than a moth-eaten feather. Let debt come. Out of the vital energy of your sinewy arms, farmers and mechanics, you will pay it. Let every acre in our farms, and every stone and brick in our houses be mortgaged. We will pay the debt, or we will bear it without a murmur, and when we die we will roll it over on our children, who will be worse than craven if they do not assume it cheerfully and bear it bravely.

To estimate this issue in dollars and cents would be as monstrous as it would be to barter away a mother's love for husks that the swine do eat, or as it would be to trade and traffic in the affections of a wife or of a daughter. Gold is trash, silver is dirt, real estate is dung, when once thrown into the scales

* At a Mass Meeting in Allegheny, July 24, 1862.

against an undivided country, an unsullied national honor, an unstained and an untorn national flag.

But is it worth the blood, the tears, the agony, the maimed bodies, the broken hearts that it is costing us?

Yes! and a thousand times more thrice told. There are worse things than death, or bloodshed, or war. Cowardice is worse. Dishonor is infinitely worse. Let blood flow until it reaches the throat-latches of the horses, rather than have one Star plucked from the galaxy of States—rather than have one inch of American soil alienated from the Constitution which our fathers gave us.

Let no man “lay to his soul the flattering unction,” that there can ever be two peaceful republics on this continent. In the language of Holy Writ, “Say ye not a Confederacy.” We had better fight it out now than have incessant and interminable war hereafter. Secession consummated is the infernal Pandora Box from which will issue all imaginable and monstrous political evils for us and for our children, and for the world. Let one rod of American soil be wrested by force from the jurisdiction of the United States, and we may as well tear our flag to ribbons and sell it for rags. We may as well take the parchment on which the Constitution is written, and make lighting-papers of it. That proud banner would then no longer float on every sea and on every shore, the unchallenged emblem of republicanism triumphant; but it would be jeered at by every despot and aristocrat on earth as the tattered, despicable symbol of the utter failure of popular government.

The hour we fail in this struggle, the sun goes back

fifteen degrees on the dial. Men of Pennsylvania! shall it be so? No! over the smoking blood of Rippey and of Black, swear to-day that it shall never be so long as there is in Allegheny Co. a man to ram home a cartridge, fix a bayonet, or pull a trigger.

If it must be so, let this land be deluged with blood. Out of that red and clotted ocean, civil liberty will arise regenerated and purified and resplendent as Minerva leaped in full panoply from the brain of Jupiter.

There is no election left us in this matter. The bloody issue has been forced upon us, and we must meet it manfully, or lie down like whining spaniels at the feet of a treason-dyed aristocracy. Are ye ready for that, ye sons of Benjamin Franklin?

We call Heaven to witness that the loyal people of this country desired not blood. To a man they were for peace. While you were going on with your farming, your merchandise, and your mechanic arts, perjured traitors were secretly plotting the destruction of the best Government on earth. The conduct was so atrocious that you would not—you could not believe it. While you were at home quietly pursuing your peaceful callings, these iniquitous men were rifling our arsenals, drilling soldiers, and even training their guns on the flag-staff of Sumter. Still you could not credit the atrocity.

At last came the consummation of the blackest villainy, perfidy, and treason in the records of all time. Men who all their lives had been dandled and fondled by the most indulgent Government in the world, deliberately shot down the Stars and Stripes, shouting and cheering as it fell. The heroic Ander-

son and his gallant band left the hot and smothering walls of Sumter, carrying with them their colors, riddled with rebel shot. Then you and I, and all of us, started from our sleep.

Pennsylvanians ! will ye ever sleep more until that outraged flag shall float again on Sumter, and over every nook and corner from which treason, for a time, has driven it ?

The leaders of the rebellion have, of late, a very pious horror of bloodshed. But we all know perfectly well that there was scarcely any other word in their vocabulary but blood until the spirit of the North awoke. Their horror of war and their let-us-alone policy were developed simultaneously by the "uprising of a Great People." Mrs. Jeff. Davis had engaged a cook for the White House. Wigfall was to have been dashing up Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, on his prancing charger, last June, one year ago.

Their meekness of spirit was induced by the determination and the sublime battle cry of the united North ; and if ever that meekness of spirit is to return to them, it will be through the same determination and the same battle cry.

In the sight of high heaven we protest that the loyal people of this nation are not responsible for this bloodshed. Upon the heads and souls of the rebels will cling with damning tenacity every drop of blood shed in this struggle. They would have it so, and now that the issue is fairly made let us not shrink from meeting it. We must meet blood with blood—steel with steel.

Never did a Government bear so much from impertinent traitors as this Government bore. The

sword of retribution slept too long, but now that it has leaped from its scabbard, never let it again be sheathed until the very odor of treason is purged from the land.

With you, fellow-citizens, rests the settlement of this contest. Let the people rise in their majesty and will it, and in less than six months treason will be crushed into the earth so deep that the trumpet of the Last Judgment will not awaken it.

Oh, that we could feel our responsibility ! Oh, that we could, for once, get to the top of our high privileges !

Never have such responsibilities been rolled upon a nation as those that rest upon us in this crisis ; and the privilege is equal to the responsibility. But one such opportunity has occurred in the history of the world as that which is now offered to us.

To you, fellow-citizens, are committed the interests of civil liberty and the destinies of popular government throughout the world, and for all time. Dare you prove recreant to the high trust ? It may be that this generation is to be made a vicarious sacrifice for posterity. No higher honor could be put upon it. Let the sacrifice be made. The eyes of the world are upon us. The fate of unborn millions is involved in our conduct. Never did such incentives spur a nation to action. If we falter, if we balk, then henceforth let Ichabod—"the glory is departed"—be written on the forehead of every man-child born in the North.

There is no use in disguising the fact : a perilous, a momentous crisis is upon us. The hour is big with the fate of the Republic. "It is high time to awake

out of sleep." The rebels are in awful earnest. Their leaders are fighting with halters about their necks, and of course they will fight desperately. They will scruple at no means. The life of a *mudsill* is nothing to them. They will slaughter their men like sheep for the shambles. Action, prompt, resistless action, is the demand of the hour. This we must have, or all is lost. Let no man lay his head on his pillow to-night until his name is on the roll of his country's defenders, or until he has rendered to his conscience a good reason why his name should not be there. Don't wait to cure your hay or bind your oats. Your country is more to you than meat, and that country may be ruined beyond redemption before your harvest is gathered into your barns.

Men of the North, awake! arise! arouse! The *reveille* of liberty is beating! Up! up! and to arms! Rally to the colors!

Stay not for questions while freedom stands gasping,
Wait not till honor lies wrapped in his pall;
Brief the lips' parting be, swift the hands' clasping,
"Off for the wars," is enough for them all.

The issue is clearly, sharply defined. We must achieve by force the permanence of this Government, or go to our graves dishonored, and bequeath to our children and our children's children a heritage of taunts and sneers. We must accept the alternative. Alleghenians! what say *you*? Shall your country cry to you for help, and cry in vain? What is a man's convenience, what a man's life, in a contest like this?

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, and die we must;
But oh! where can dust to dust

Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed?

Fall in! fall in! ye brave Pennsylvanians! To the rescue of the old flag! Liberty on her bended knees and with streaming eyes implores your aid. Take a solemn vow to-day that your life shall be at the service of your country until our eagles shall again sweep in triumph over every acre of American soil. Never had brave men so many incentives to heroic deeds. Treason is to be punished, blood is to be avenged, wrongs are to be righted, a country is to be saved. Strike, then!

Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land.
Strike! for tyrants fall in every foe;
STRIKE! for Liberty's in every blow;
FORWARD! let us do or die!

VI.

MINISTERIAL CONSECRATION.

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It is necessary neither to prove from Scripture, nor to enforce by argument, the duty of Christian or ministerial consecration. It seems to be universally conceded that this consecration is to be so entire as to comprehend the whole man in the completeness and symmetry of his being. Yet while no word in the Christian vocabulary is more readily admitted or more orthodoxly used, there is no *thing* in the Christian life that is more sadly misapprehended and more grossly misapplied. Out of this misapprehension have grown doctrines and practices which, for ages, have been sapping the vigor and energies of the Church of Christ. This was the fountain-head of asceticism and all the extravagances and fanaticisms which have flowed from it. Under the conviction that prayer and meditation comprehended the whole duty of man, thousands, in the early ages of the Church, rushed to the deserts, dwelling in dens and caves, and living on herbs and roots. Zoroastrianism soon tinged the theology and piety of the Church with its peculiar views of the essential evil of matter, and hence, in order to promote godliness in the soul, ingenious methods of torture were invented for the body.

* To the students at the opening of the Western Theological Seminary, September 15, 1868.

Here, then, we have the philosophy of the wonderful, grotesque, eccentric, sad, and thrilling history of asceticism. This, with all its concomitants and consequences, grew out of a partial and distorted view of Christian consecration. While the soul was consecrated to God, the body was devoted to dishonor and abuse, and vile neglect and extremest mortification. In reading this history, the conviction is forced upon the mind that these ascetics were sincere and almost sublimely earnest, and we feel the kindlings of a certain kind of admiration for them. Simeon the Stylite, on his pillar, was a hero; a very contracted, distorted, lop-sided hero, it is true, but a hero nevertheless and notwithstanding.

You, gentlemen, are in no probable danger of asceticism, but you are in danger of errors which spring from the same partial and defective one-sided view of Christian consecration from which sprang the asceticism of the early centuries. It is of the utmost importance that each of you should be impressed with the fact that you have a BODY, and that the Lord claims for his service your entire being in its completeness, symmetry, harmony. It was monstrous to abuse the body as the Stylites and Flagellants did; but to be indifferent to health and physical development is an error of the very same kind. The body is the only organism through which we can serve God; and there is no antagonism between spiritual health and physical health, nor any sympathy between godliness and indigestion. No degree of spirituality, therefore, can absolve a man from his duty to his own flesh. What your ministry is to be either respecting your own comfort in it or respecting its power upon

others, will depend in a large degree upon the state of your stomach and nervous system. It is said that Henry Ward Beecher once sat to be examined by Fowler. The phrenologist laid his hands on the subject's head, stepped back, and exclaimed: "What a splendid animal!" It was no disparagement to Mr. Beecher to say that he is a splendid animal. The ministerial invalid corps—the large number laid utterly aside, and the still larger number who are crippled and straitened in their work on account of ill-health—furnish lamentable evidence that there is some sad, radical defect in our system of theological education and in the style of our clerical living. In this education and in this style of life there is little or no attention given to the body. If it can stand the strain upon it without suffering from acute disease, it is left to the inevitable attack of the whole host of chronic complaints. There is no care or attempt to develop it along with the mind.

Gentlemen, there is as much need of physical consecration as there is of spiritual consecration. The soul *and* the body, God has joined together; let no man put them asunder. Let no one flatter himself that he is doing God service by pushing his studies or his work at the expense of the brain. Let no one presume that he is guiltless in jeoparding or injuring his health by overeating, oversleeping, or by irregular or slovenly habits. In keeping yourselves unspotted from the world, forget not to keep the pores of the skin open; in ruling the spirit, forget not to control the appetite. We relieve our consciences by attributing our ailments to the will of Providence, while these ailments result from the vio-

lation of the simplest laws of hygiene. The seat and cause of nine-tenths, if not of ninety-nine hundredths, of our clerical sore throats, are to be sought for and found in the stomach. Speaking injures the throat no more than exercise injures the muscles of the arm. It is disuse, or misuse, through which the throat becomes diseased. If the vocal organs cannot endure exercise one day in seven, what must be the lot of the digestive organs, which are taxed day and night ! Rest is conceded to everything but the stomach ; and men treat it as though it were the wickedest thing on earth, and deserved no rest. What wonder if it rebels under such treatment, and in retaliation inflicts the horrors of hypochondria !

It is high time that we were emancipated from the idea that a clergyman is a sort of semi-spiritual being, and that he is subjected to a set of arbitrary laws from which other mortals are free. We have the clerical gait, the clerical tone, the clerical suit, and the clerical cravat. According to this code clerical, there are special, peculiar proprieties for the minister, which he dare not violate even for the sake of having his torpid lungs filled with fresh air, and his languid blood startled from its sluggish pace. He who allows himself to be cribbed and fettered by these unrighteously imposed laws will soon be as destitute of life and nature as a bandaged mummy. With his cares, anxieties, and overpowering responsibilities, the minister above all men needs rousing, exhilarating exercises. He demands something more than a melancholy walk, or a dull turn at the dainty game of croquet, which bears to the manly exercises about the relation that the Latin diminutive bears to the parent

noun. Clerical hands are not too holy to throw the quoit, or wield the bat, or hold the fishing rod, or level the rifle. Never mope and stew over the fire and drug yourselves with nostrums, while there are fish in the streams, game on the hills, an ax at the wood-pile, or a horse in the stable which can carry you on a gallop through the eddying snow and storm. Such recreations will not only give tone to your system, but tone also to your piety, and vim and variety to your sermons. Many of you I trust will find your fields of labor on the Western frontiers ; yet an indispensable condition of success in such a field is the physical capacity to endure hardness. The foundations of our Western Zion were laid by men who were not addicted to kid gloves or cologne water, tea and toast, mufflers or warming pans. Until mid-life Macurdy cracked the whip over a six-horse team. McMillan had the body of a giant and the voice of seven trumpets, while Herron more than once quelled fights on Penn Street by rushing from his study in his gown and taking the astonished combatants one in each hand, and shaking them at arm's length, and giving them a lecture at the same time. These men were not quite up to the Oxford standard in Greek accents and Latin prosody, but they were thoroughly versed in the profanities of muddy roads and swollen streams.

It is to be feared that there is in the breast of many the lurking sentiment that it is not quite fitting that a student should have rugged health ; but that there is some necessary connection between intellectuality and ill health, that it is vulgar for a scholar to eat anything stronger than toast and tea. Remember

the mind works through the brain, and the brain of the student needs material nourishment as much as the right arm of the blacksmith. We want a scholarship higher and wider and profounder than we have ever had, but along with it we want physical force to make it available.

There is another phase of the subject which is no less pertinent and important. Your ministry is not only to be in the body, but by and through the body. The light and fervor of the inner man must be communicated through the instrumentality of the outer man. You are to be preachers. Your vocation is to speak and teach. Vocal culture, then, is a necessary part of your education. When you have disciplined your mind and stored it with theological lore, your work is not yet done. You must learn to communicate that which you have. A communication must be established between your heart and the hearts of the people. Puritanism, in the violence of the reaction against ceremonialism, went to the opposite extreme, and fell into the error of supposing that the Word of God is honored by an unattractive and vicious delivery. The influence of this error has been felt even down to our own day. For his altar, the Lord requires at our hands the very best we have to offer. It is preposterous that a minister, under pretext of reverence for the Word of God, should convert the sound of the Gospel trumpet into a nasal twang, and pitch the great and precious promises to a dismal monotone, and in reading the Scriptures adopt a style of elocution which in inflection, intonation, or emphasis, makes not a shadow of distinction between the blessings of Gerizim and the curses of Ebal. Is

this the service which God requires at our hands? The Lord touched the mouth of Jeremiah, and seraphim laid a live coal from the altar on the lips of Isaiah. The mouth is to be consecrated to this service, as well as the mind and the heart. The ground of the divine election of Aaron to the ministerial office was that he could *speak well*.

Has that man, then, come up to the standard of ministerial consecration who has paid no attention to the development and culture of the vocal powers, and who, for want of this, has in his utterance as little flexibility as though his lips were made of pot-metal? Actors give to this subject the intensest labor and study, but young preachers rush into the pulpit with about as much knowledge of speaking as was possessed by Balaam's ass, and for their presumption deserve as sound cudgelling as that venerable beast received at the hand of its master. Your duty in this regard, gentlemen, will not be discharged without great labor. There is a sentence of Quintilian which I commend to your attention, and which might profitably be used by you as a motto: *Multo labore, assiduo studio, varia exercitatione, plurimis experimentis, altissima prudentia, presentissimo consilio, constat ars dicendi.* (In much labor, assiduous study, varied exercise, many trials, greatest prudence, and readiest judgment, consists the art of speaking.)

The true orator, the man who is instinct with the spirit of his subject, and who has all his powers well in hand, speaks with his whole person. From head to foot the limbs of the body and features of the face become the live exponents of the thoughts and feelings of the soul. Those of you who have heard

Gough, know how he can convulse or subdue an audience without articulating a syllable. The countenance, the limbs, the arms, the hand, the very fingertips, are made to tell the whole story. By the iniquitous construction of pulpits, two-thirds of the preacher's person are hidden from view. It behooves him, therefore, to turn to the best possible account all the resources of the remaining third. Imagine Demosthenes making the Athenians shout, "Let us fight Philip," by speaking to them from within a hog's-head, or even from a modern pulpit! Imagine Choate swaying, melting, moulding his twelve men, from a box pinned up to the wall in the neighborhood of the ceiling! By his surroundings the preacher is put at a great disadvantage; but instead of tamely submitting to this disadvantage, he should do all in his power to overcome it. The Gospel is not preached by merely forming words mechanically and lazily, with no other sign of life or emotion, and with a face as blank as a dead wall and as expressionless as a piece of sole leather. It is no wonder that such preaching falls short of the hearts of the people. Far be it from me to advocate a theatrical style, or anything, indeed, that even tends to degrade the sermon to the level of a mere performance for display and elocutionary effect; but I do insist that the man who has consecrated himself to the ministry should bring to that work every force and element of his nature which can be made available.

The two chief defects of education are superficiality and narrowness. The riches and resources of the intellect do not lie on the surface. They are not reached by skimming; they are brought out only

by thorough cultivation. The mind must be sub-soiled. As men who have consecrated themselves to a holy work, it is your solemn duty to educe and discipline every power of the intellect. To do this is as sacred a duty as it is to pray or to preach. It is mockery for a man, under pretense of spirituality, to neglect studies and exercises which conduce to the growth and discipline of the mind. It is making spirituality a cloak for laziness, which would otherwise appear in its stark nakedness and ugliness. Piety must have knowledge to sustain it and thought to nourish it. Without these it will evaporate in sighs ; and the man who in the seminary is too holy to study, will, in his ministry, have nothing better to offer than vapid commonplaces. The Levitical offering had to be without blemish. Nothing that was maimed, or scurvy, or scabbed, or having on it so much as a wen, could come upon the Lord's altar. Take care, gentlemen, that you, through indolence and negligence, do not bring to God's altar minds dwarfed, and maimed, and scurvy through inaction.

Not only is education superficial, but in the cultivation of the intellect large tracts of it are left untouched. It is astonishing how small a fraction of their powers even educated men call into active service, and in case of the ministry this is not only astonishing, but lamentable and blameworthy. The extreme reaction of Puritanism, to which I have before referred, has made itself felt at this point of the Church's life also, by discountenancing all the amenities of style, and acting upon the theory that only a part of the powers of the mind, and they of the baldest and driest, are to be brought to the service of the

sanctuary. Shall the understanding be consecrated to God, while the imagination, with its wondrous powers and possibilities of good, is subjected to a proscription as relentless as that enforced by the Stylite against his body? Rather let the understanding, imagination, and sensibilities all be cultivated to the highest pitch, and let the whole soul, thus symmetrically developed and all aglow with its harmonious action, be laid at the feet of Jesus. What right has any of you to keep back from the service of your Master any faculty with which he has endowed you? Let your education, then, be not only thorough, but let it comprehend your manhood in its integrity and completeness. Let all your powers be kept in constant training, ready for efficient service at a moment's warning. The Lord has need of them all.

After the mind has been properly educated and disciplined, it must be kept in condition, and constantly improved by a liberal course of study and reading and observation.

All study is useful. Any mental exercise which gives tone and snap and liveness to the mind, is beneficial, and is to be pursued as bearing directly or indirectly upon the work of the ministry. The volume of the Word is to be illustrated by the volume of nature. Thus taught the great Teacher. Let science, philosophy, and art bring their treasures to adorn the Cross. Let not the pulpit be converted into a lyceum, with Christ dimly in the background; yet let the whole domain of thought be laid under tribute for the Gospel's sake. Let the heart be under the baptism of the Spirit, and all things will be seen in the light of the Cross, and science and art will

proffer their willing ministries to the service of the truth as it is in Jesus. Put Christ in the triumphal car, and let all science and knowledge take their place in his train to aid in swelling his triumph ; and do not, as the manner of some is, lead Jesus bound behind some inflated theory or favorite hobby. With your every faculty awake and active, gather all the resources within your reach, and put them all into the service of the truth. Take the spoils of Egypt for the tabernacle. Strive to make your ministry rich in thought and observation and the garnered wisdom of the ages. The preacher should be wise, that he may teach the people knowledge. The dignity and worth of your ministry will not depend upon the place where, or the circumstances in which, it is exercised ; but upon the spirit that shall pervade it, and upon the labor, thought, learning, and experience you shall put into it.

Brethren, have I made myself understood ? What I wish to say is this : as consecrated men you have no right to keep out of your work any part of your nature, or to subtract any particle of that which goes to make up human force ; that you are to carry into the cause your whole spirit and soul and body. If this standard be reached, you will never complain of the hardships of your calling.

It is the world's standing reproach that the pulpit is dry and uninteresting, and dwells apart from the ordinary thought and sympathy of humanity. No longer ago than last week, William Lloyd Garrison began an article in the *Independent*, with these sentences : " The pulpit is proverbial for its dulness. Ordinary sermonizing powerfully tends to somnolency, closing the eyes like an opiate." Instead of efferves-

cing with righteous indignation at such reproaches, we would do well to profit by whatever of truth they may contain. If the pulpit is dull, it is because the occupants of it do not put into it the whole soul and all its powers.

The high themes of the Gospel can be so presented that the popular heart will thrill at the utterance of them. There is, it may as well be confessed, a growing prejudice against doctrinal preaching. The cry is for practical sermons. But how divorce practice from doctrine? How enforce precepts which pertain to godly living apart from the doctrines which underlie the Christian life? The ground of this prejudice is not in the doctrines, but in the manner of presenting them. In the hands of Paul they were not dead abstractions, but quick and powerful. And put them, now, in the hands of a living, earnest man, a man who has convictions, and they are still quick and powerful—it may be Newman in St. Mary's; or Spurgeon in his Tabernacle; or Lacordaire in Notre Dame. It is not a question between written or unwritten sermons—between sermons read or sermons spoken—between sermons extempore or memoriter—sermons doctrinal or practical. It is not the form, but the spirit, that is vital and essential. An unwritten sermon may be as dry as mummied dust, while a manuscript may be as fresh and fragrant as the morning. The Word of God is not bound, in the sense that it can be preached in only one way. The preacher should be master of all styles, ready to adapt his address to all audiences and to ever varying circumstances. He should be able to write as elegantly as Melville, and be, at the same time, as offhand as

Spurgeon. In preaching he should be equally at home in a cathedral or a coal-bank. He should be able to preach with manuscript or without, with preparation or without; by following a premeditated train, or by adopting a new one, on the spur of the moment, which will be adapted to the immediate occasion; he should be so full of the digested matter of the Gospel, as to make it a matter of indifference with him whether he preach twice or twenty times a week; he should be so apt in apt and telling illustrations, that he can carry his message right home to the hearts of the people who are at the moment looking up into his face for the bread of life.

This is not an ideal standard, impossible of realization. It is within the scope of practicability; and the Church and the world want and wait for such men; but those dainty, kid-gloved, pomatumed exquisites—who put the “balm of a thousand flowers” in their sermons as well as upon their handkerchiefs; who have a keen eye for the highest temporal good; who rate churches according to their material resources; and whose first question is, “What’s the salary?”—are wanted nowhere, unless it should be in a millinery shop to sell ribbons.

Brethren, a glorious work lies before you. Thank God that he has called you to it, and that he is about to put you into it. “Magnify your office.” “Covet the best gifts.” Prefer to be a prince among preachers to being the first crowned head of Europe. Be men—earnest, strong, brave men—healthy in body, mind, and heart—men of God—God’s men true and loyal:

Sworn liegemen of the cross and thorny crown.

VII.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
PASTORATE OF THE REV. DR.
BROWNSON.

VII.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PASTORATE OF THE REV. DR. BROWNSON.*

TWENTY-FIVE years of human life in any station and in any circumstances is a matter of momentous interest and importance. Life! Human life! Of what hopes, regrets, defeats, successes, loves, griefs, and sympathies the wondrous fabric is woven! A quarter-century of such life cannot be void of interest, though it be spent in a dungeon or in an Esquimaux's hut or in a felon's cell. By what factors, then, will you compute the results of a quarter-century of faithful ministerial labor? Who will write the history of the work done in twenty-five years by an accredited ambassador of Christ, who pleads with men, "in Christ's stead," to be reconciled to God? Such work humbly and faithfully done anywhere must tell mightily on human destinies, and must project its influences forward until they take hold on eternal issues. The real results of such work are not manifest. The breaking up of the fallow ground and the sowing of the seed only are done here. The harvesting is to be done hereafter. Now we look abroad over fields newly sown, or, at most, with the tender

*In the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, Pa., December, 1873.

shoots struggling up through the clods. But oh! what an apocalypse for men and angels the harvest-home will be when all the sheaves shall be gathered with shoutings and rejoicings!

In any computations concerning such work, we are dealing with elements which are invisible and intangible and imponderable, but which are superlatively potent and far-reaching in their power. The minister of God wields spiritual weapons. He touches springs which in their action and reaction are mightier than the sweep of the universe. He strikes keys which make heaven resonant with joy. Twenty-five years of such work! Who will write it up? It cannot be put into figures or statistical tables. It cannot be written in annals, expressed in eloquence, or sung in poetry. Written history is but the anatomy of real history, and bears to it the same relation which a wired skeleton bears to a living man. When God's books shall be opened, causes as well as effects will be seen, and then "they that be wise (teachers) shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Could we see the hidden springs and the occult forces which lie beneath the surface of things, we might be able to write a history in some degree worthy of such a work.

The history of this ministry is greatly enhanced in interest, and the power of it is greatly intensified by the fact that it has been exercised for all these years in the same place. It is a rare privilege to be permitted by Providence to preach the Gospel for twenty-five years to one church, and especially when that church is united, harmonious, fraternal, and cordial.

In these fretful, feverish times of ours, long pastorates are alike honorable to both pastor and people. The fact itself deserves distinct recognition and emphatic commendation. But it also carries in it a certificate concerning the quality of ministerial work done here. No theological wish-wash, no weak rinsing of the wine-cask, no gilded, decorated cobs and husks, no dishing up and setting forth of highly seasoned hodge-podge of the current news or of sensational themes would have fed and nourished and satisfied such a people as this for these twenty-five years. Their cultivated, just, discriminating taste would long ago have turned away with loathing and disgust from all vulgar clap-trap ; from all theatrical display or rhetorical tricks ; from all intellectual gymnastics or pyrotechnics ; from all clownish oddities and eccentricities and idiosyncrasies.

And just here we find a pertinent and suggestive lesson for both churches and preachers. The lesson is this : The pastors who make for themselves a large and warm and firm place in the hearts of their people are those who preach simply and plainly the pure Gospel. It is a lesson which the public greatly needs to learn. The question that is now too often asked by churches seeking a pastor is not " Does he preach the gospel," but " Will he *draw* ? " The identical question which is asked concerning a third-rate actor in a Bowery theatre ! Will he by startling utterances, made in disregard or in utter defiance of God's Word, or by fantastic tricks of voice or manner, attract a throng of gaping curiosity-seekers and sensation-mongers ? An affirmative answer to such questions is generally regarded as an unqualified recommenda-

tion. If there should be, perchance, a flaw in his moral character, so much the better. It will give spice and piquancy to the sensation of those who go to the house of God as the Athenians went to the market place, to "hear something new."

By such a policy churches may be forced into an artificial growth, but it is as different from the healthy, steady growth which comes from the preaching of the simple old Gospel as the growth of Jonah's gourd was different from that of the oak of Bashan, or as the course of a planet is different from the whirr and flare and explosion and—extinction of a sky-rocket.

The popular opinion is that the influence of a minister, after a certain length of time, wears out in a church and community. This is a very great and a very grave mistake. The influence and the power of a pastor, who is earnest in his studies and faithful in his duties, not only do not wear out or diminish, but, on the contrary, increase steadily year after year, as the on-flowing river deepens and broadens and gains momentum. Those who wear out or run out or run dry are like the Nile in its lower course, which has no tributaries, no affluents, and of necessity diminishes instead of increasing as it advances—its waters being drunk up by the sand, and there being nothing to supply the waste. Each added year should make a pastorate more and more rich in all elements of usefulness and power. The possibility and practicability of this have been demonstrated here.

What an ineffable privilege it is to be permitted to stand in one place for a quarter of a century and preach the Gospel to one people, with the bonds of mutual confidence and esteem growing firmer and the ties of

sympathy and affection growing stronger all the while ; to see children grow up under the moulding influence of an unbroken pastorate, the same hand which sealed them in infancy as members of the visible Church leading them in the paths of righteousness and distributing to them the elements of the Lord's Supper ; and the same lips which invoked the name of the Trinity over them in baptism pronouncing upon them nuptial benedictions ; to watch middle life soften into age, old age mellow and ripen for glory, and childhood and youth take the place of those who are passing away ; to mingle with and to share the joys and sorrows and sympathies of the same people, to bear comfort to the same families for so many years and through so many vicissitudes, and to be the means of leading to Christ souls of the same household, even to the third generation !

Not only is the length of this pastorate a matter of congratulation, but the place, the time, and circumstances of it could scarcely be more felicitous. From what other spot could the influence of a pastor radiate farther or along more important lines ? With a college on the one hand and a female seminary on the other, a class of hearers of both sexes have been brought to these pews who are more interesting and hopeful than any others who come within the compass of a preacher's voice or within the sphere of a pastor's influence. If you would see the fruits of this ministry, you must look far beyond the limits of this congregation and of this commonwealth. You must go far beyond the seas, where the cross of Christ is being set up in the face of the grim and mighty systems and superstitions of the Orient ; you must search far and

wide in hundreds of families over which is cast the halo of a saintly woman's influence and example ; you must go into the pulpit, on the bench, into legislative halls, into seminaries, colleges, academies, and schools and mission stations throughout all this land. The number of those who have been brought to Christ in this church during these twenty-five years, and who have entered the ministry, is sufficient to form a good-sized presbytery, or even a small synod. Such a record as this will surprise no one who knows anything of Dr. Brownson's lively interest in students ; his genuine, sturdy sympathy with them in their studies and struggles, and how his labors and his prayers have been bent to their conversion. In him the student always finds a true friend and a wise counsellor, who can enter into his feelings and sympathies as though he himself had been at college but yesterday. He has read and criticised many crude essays and orations ; and, while his criticisms have been just, and sometimes severe, they were always made in such a spirit as not to discourage, but to stimulate to more earnest effort. If the spiritual masonry by which the Church is edified could be revealed to the bodily eye, traces of his hand and the impress of his spirit would be found in hundreds of pulpits throughout the land. Thus the results of his labors have not been confined to this congregation, but are like the river of Egypt, which overflows its banks, filling canals and lakes, and carrying fertility and verdure far and near, "making the wilderness and solitary places glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose, giving to it the glory of Lebanon, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon."

A chief and a crowning glory of this pastorate is that it has been a pastorate of revivals. It was inaugurated in revival. An outpouring of the Holy Spirit solemnized and consecrated its beginning, and furnished a promise and a pledge that the Lord would continue to be with pastor and people. With some of us those initial weeks are the most memorable of all the weeks of these twenty-five years. To some of us the "old church" is invested with a glory which can belong to no other building—a glory such as, in the eyes of the Israelites, belonged to the Tabernacle, over which rested the fiery-cloudy pillar. That was the time and that was the place of "the love of our espousals." Then were displayed the presence and the power of God as really as when, at the dedication of the temple, "fire came down from heaven and consumed the burnt offerings and the sacrifices: and the glory of the Lord filled the house." The strange but mighty influence stole over the town and the college. There was an unwonted solemnity and awe in the rooms of the students, along the halls, and in the campus. When it was whispered from one to another that such and such a one had remained at inquiry meeting, an electric thrill made the circuit of the whole company of students. None could resist the power of the influence. The most giddily thoughtless and the most desperately reckless were subdued and awed. They were in the presence of a mysterious power about which they could no more be skeptical than the Israelite could be skeptical at Sinai when he saw the "mountain altogether on a smoke" and wrapped in a "thick cloud," and when he heard the thunderings and "the voice of the trumpet exceeding

loud." Nothing could divert the mind or wrest the thoughts away from the great subject. A little incident may serve to illustrate this. One night a student who lived a short distance in the country, having to wait for a brother who remained as an inquirer, asked a classmate to stay and keep him company. The two got in a cellar door-way at the end of the church to shelter themselves from the cold winds, and while keeping up a vigorous stamping of feet to stimulate the circulation, they talked of studies and literary societies, of contest, of fun and frolic, and projected amusements—earnestly striving to keep up their spirits and to act as though there was nothing unusual going on. But it was of no use. All attempts broke down. Finally one said: "I wish I was in there with my brother Tom to-night. It is where I ought to be instead of shivering here." The other said nothing, but thought much and felt more. The boys who stood stamping and shivering in the door-way that night are both in the ministry.

It is no wonder that a pastorate thus inaugurated by such an unction from on high should be prolonged and blessed. At the very outset the prayer of God's people was answered: "Arise, O Lord God, into thy resting place, thou and the ark of thy strength." And as it began in revival, so it has continued to be a pastorate of revivals. The pillar of cloud and of fire has been over this tabernacle. Happy, thrice happy, the pastor who has thus the manifest seal of the Holy Ghost upon his ministry! May the years that remain of this pastorate be a continuous Pentecost!

Not by any means the least significant topic suggested by this occasion is the character of the times

in which this ministry of a quarter of a century has been exercised. Within that time thrones have been set up and thrown down ; science has put a girdle round the world in less time even than the daring fancy of Shakespeare demanded ; God's step has been among the nations, until all barriers are removed and every land is open to the heralds of the Gospel. In the fierce strifes and conflicts of the times, and in the rapid revolutions of opinions, venerable parties and theories and policies and philosophies have crumbled as a potter's vessel that has been smitten by a sledge-hammer. "The foolish things of this world"—in both Church and state—have "confounded the wise," and the "weak things of the world have confounded the things which were mighty, and the base things of the world, and things which were despised, yea, and things which were not, have brought to nought things that were." Frequently during these years we have read in the daily newspapers items concerning single events which contained in them more that was of supreme interest to humanity, and which portended more of weal or woe for the future, than all of the events which have been embalmed in the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides. So rapid and radical have been the changes, so swift and thorough have been the revolutions, that we can scarcely be said to be living in the same world in which we lived twenty-five years ago. And when facts and issues shall appear in their true light and at their proper value, it will be found that the man who, amidst these tumultuous years, ever watchful of the great interests committed to him, with an eye to "discern the signs of the times," brave enough to speak the right word at

the right time, unswayed by popular tempests—*sævis tranquillus in undis*—with a true heart and a firm hand has stood here, at his post, an accepted counsellor, teacher, and leader, it will be found that this man has wielded a sceptre more potent for good than has any king in Europe.

How infinitely grander is such a record than that of an Alexander, or a Cæsar, or a Napoleon, or a Wellington !

The men to whom the gratitude and honors of the Church are due are those who patiently cultivate the field into which the Lord has put them. The ministry of some men is as unsettled as a gypsy's camp. They are perpetually seeking change, and as intensely covet the fields of their neighbors as Ahab coveted the vineyard of Naboth ; and like him, in chagrin and disappointment, they "lie down upon their bed and turn away their face and eat no bread," instead of "doing with their might whatsoever their hands find to do." Thus energy is frittered away, enthusiasm evaporates, and life is wasted. The men who conquer are those who "fight it out on the same line."

The walls of the spiritual building which "groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord" go not up by sound and fury. Quiet, steady forces are, in all spheres, the mightiest and the most efficient. During the construction of a great bridge in Holland one of the principal traverses, nearly five hundred feet in length, was placed about one inch too far on the piles. No enginery could move it. In the morning the end that was too far advanced was securely bolted down. Then by expansion, through the heat of the sun, the end that was left free silently, imperceptibly crept

along the piles. In the evening the latter end was fastened, and the contraction, through cold, caused a like movement of the opposite extremity. Twice repeated, the operation brought the traverse into position. The noiseless warmth of the sun and the cool atmosphere of the night accomplished that which deafening machinery could not accomplish. Thus the quiet, steady, and often unappreciated labors of a long pastorate lift up and carry forward great works and interests of immeasurable preciousness, while the world sees and hears nothing. Only the opening of the Lamb's Book of Life will reveal the work that has been done here in all the importance, results, and issues of it.

VIII.

“HIGHER LIFE”—A CHAPEL TALK.

“ HIGHER LIFE ”—A CHAPEL TALK.*

To all that the advocates of this so-called “ higher life ” say about the fulness and sufficiency of Christ we most cordially agree. In this there is surely nothing new. The fact is, all that is good in this theory is as old as the Gospel itself, while all that is novel is erroneous. What is true in it you can hear on any Sabbath from any evangelical pulpit in the land. The fulness and sufficiency of Christ we believe, preach, and rejoice in. We also believe in a higher spiritual life. But the advocates of this theory confound justification and sanctification, in that they make them both *acts*; whereas sanctification is a work—a progressive, a life-long work. Now in opposition to this old, sound, and scriptural doctrine we have the theory set forth that by going through a certain formality of making and signing a covenant, or by some other magical art or operation, there is brought about this sudden transition into a state of holiness or perfection ; for if you get down to strict definition, the doctrine is found to be identical with the old doctrine of perfectionism. There is nothing in the act of sitting down and writing out a covenant to make a man holy. The men who trust to such things are deceiving themselves.

* November, 1878. A stenographic report.

A few weeks ago a man came into my study, and he had not been there five minutes until he volunteered the statement in voluble and vainglorious terms that he had not committed a sin for twenty-six years—and yet he was a book agent. He asserted with great emphasis that he was perfectly certain that he had not, in thought, word, or deed, done wrong for more than a quarter of a century. Yet that man had not grace enough to keep his face clean. He was *sinfully dirty*. It is sheer absolute presumption for a man to say that he is certain that he has not committed sin. What does such a man know of the human soul with its faculties, with its thoughts and desires darting more rapidly than electricity, with its passions and impulses in all their complex and occult workings! To pronounce dogmatically on such a subject is presumption at least, if not blasphemy. Our highest conception of the holiness, the spirituality, the scope, and comprehensiveness of the divine law falls infinitely below the truth. And beyond the line where we suppose that responsibility ceases there is still a world of accountability.

Just here lies the secret of this error. It arises from a lack of a true and adequate conception of what sin is. The theory does not exalt holiness, but it drags down the divine law. Each man makes a divine law to suit himself. The law is cut to fit the capacities and tastes of different persons. The book agent before referred to admitted that he had bad dreams; in the heat of the discussion he became white with rage, and in order to escape dilemmas in his argument he lied three distinct times; yet went

away declaring solemnly that he had not sinned for twenty-six years, and that during that time he had not once prayed for forgiveness. Not long since I asked a Presbyterian minister—an advocate of this theory—what he would say to a man who made such assertions as the foregoing. To my utter surprise he did not object to them, but said that it was necessary to define what was meant by “sin.” There it is in a nut-shell. Why define, or refine, or split hairs? We are not talking about words, or fancies, or definitions, but about things. Under these definitions and distinctions are hidden things which they call infirmities—not sins, but “infirmities.” These infirmities need to be repented of, they need the washing of the blood of Jesus, but it will not do to call them *sins*. Why not call them by their right name, unless it be to foster an abominable vanity! I do not believe that there is any true Christianity in such a course. I do not believe that there is any true Christian experience in it. By the Spirit of God we are led to see the glorious sufficiency of Christ. In the same way we are led to discover the pollution of our human nature, and these discoveries do not contract our views of the sweep of the divine law, but on the other hand greatly heighten and amplify these views. This is Christian experience as described by the Apostle Paul, and the testimony in regard to it has been uniform throughout all ages of the Church. The real controversy between us is not so much about holiness as it is about sin. If these men do not sin, their natures must be perfectly holy, for “who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?” From an impure fountain, impure streams will flow.

The tendency of this doctrine is to antinomianism. Suppose one man covers up some sin under the name and the guise of an infirmity. Another man covers up some other sin under the same name and guise. Thus every man sets up his own standard, and the motive is not to honor and exalt the infinite law of God, but to preserve the assumed reputation of living without sin. Every iniquity may be committed under such a system.

Another trick is to evade the charge of sinning by the plea of unconsciousness. They do not sin *consciously*. The question is whether we sin at all or not. The assumption here is that we are not responsible for unconscious sins. But we are responsible for the formation of evil habits, and through these evil habits we sin unconsciously. The profane swearer takes the name of God in vain unconsciously. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

I have known an advocate of this doctrine to permit a promising missionary enterprise to languish under his pastorate for lack of consecrated work. I do not want such a "higher life" for any of you. If this is a "higher life," then I want a lower. I want a life low enough to get down on a level with the thresholds of the poor, that will expend itself in laboring for the conversion of sinners. I do not say that a lazy man cannot be saved, but I do say that a man who is too lazy to discharge his solemn and manifest duty has no right to lay claim to perfect sanctification. I have no faith in any Christian experience which detracts from the spirituality, depth, breadth, length, height, scope, reach, and comprehensiveness

of the divine law. I believe in that Christian experience which, in proportion as it is developed, sees more and more the infinite purity and holiness of the law, and which, just in this proportion, discovers defilement, corruption, and utter unworthiness in ourselves, and which thus sinks the soul in the dust at the foot of the cross to give all honor and glory to the Lord Jesus Christ.

IX.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS
OF 1883.

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ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1883.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN: With many pleasant memories of the past, with a profound feeling of sadness at the present parting, and with most earnest prayers for your future success and welfare, we now sunder the tie which has united us so closely as professors and students. Three happy years have glided quickly past as day after day we pursued together our investigations in the boundless fields of theological inquiry. These investigations, in their place and measure, were intended to fit you for your high calling; and if they have at all served their purpose, they have formed within you habits of thoughtful study, they have created within you a quenchless thirst for knowledge. The truly educated mind will find fields for endless research everywhere. If there be no opportunity for quiet study in a cosy library, then the broad prairie, the mountain path, or the narrow, busy street will become a library teeming with lessons and suggestions. These diplomas are not to be considered as certificates of discharge from the duty of study, but, on the contrary, they should be interpreted as your written orders for the campaign, which means your whole life. All these past years of preparation were intended to fit you for systematic and effective

intellectual work, and if you are to do that work efficiently, you must be earnest students. You cannot acquit your consciences in this regard by concluding that your situation is so unfavorable, that circumstances are so unpropitious, that you cannot study. *You must study.* Let the situation be favorable or unfavorable, let circumstances be propitious or unpropitious, you must study. Circumstances must be made to bend to your necessities in this respect. Obstacles must be converted into opportunities. Without intellectual and spiritual activity and growth you will become drivellers and drones, and will spend your lives in threshing old straw. There is no incompatibility between the most profound learning on the one hand, and the most direct contact with the popular mind and heart on the other. Learning that educates men away from the people is a false learning. It is shallow, spurious, and undeserving of the name.

The last, the highest, and the ripest result of scholarship is the faculty of simplifying that which is abstruse, of expressing profound and difficult things in the plain language of every-day life. Read Hebrew and Greek—indeed I charge you to read and study these languages every day, and Latin too. Read if you choose, also, Egyptian hieroglyphics and Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions, but when you preach do not display the processes by which you reach results; do not parade your learning, but speak to the people in good, honest Anglo-Saxon—preach the Gospel straight from the heart; let it leap from the tip of a ready tongue. The great steam hammer of Nasmyth, which crushed rocks and ores as if they were pipestems, could nevertheless be worked with such delicacy that

it would break an egg-shell in a wine-cup without injuring the glass. Strength and delicacy, force combined with fineness—this, young gentlemen, is the ideal which you should set before you. Be as strong as lions, as swift as eagles, and as gentle as doves.

Vast fields open before you at home and abroad. By the blessing of God you may mould civilizations, and lay the foundations of empires. In whose mouth the Lord puts his word, him “He sets over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build and to plant. He makes him a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against kings and against princes.” “Be strong and of a good courage.” He who goes to his work timidly invites defeat; indeed he is half defeated already. You have the truth of God to preach, you have the commission of the Master under which to work; and the promise is that “He will be with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”

I.

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

I.

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.*

“And let the whole earth be filled with his glory.”—PSALM lxxii. 19.

THESE words breathe the innermost spirit of the Gospel. In whatever form this spirit expresses itself, whether in prophecy, in type, in parable, or in prayer, its aspirations and its utterances embrace the whole world. The spirit of the Gospel is the spirit of missions. Without this, Christianity is a spurious or a dead Christianity; without this, a Church is not a true Church. The missionary element of the Gospel, therefore, is not an accident or an adjunct, but belongs to the very essence and soul of it.

The spirit of missions, therefore, is a badge of the true Church and a pledge of her success and triumph.

From out the ruins of the Fall, prophecy uplifts her majestic form; with a glance she scans the vista of the coming ages and proclaims ultimate and complete victory through an incarnate Redeemer. Thus was struck the keynote of prophecy; and the resounding prophetic harmonies to which the Church has marched through the ages have never fallen below this pitch.

Abel by his martyr-blood, Enoch by his walk with

*Moderator's sermon at the opening session of the 87th General Assembly, in the First Presbyterian Church, Cleveland, O., May 20, 1875.

God and his translation to heaven, Noah by his ministry of righteousness—these bore testimony to a faith which was not restricted by any lines of race or of latitude. The blessing of Japhet was that he was to be “enlarged” and was to dwell in the tents of Shem. Ungodliness, rallying its forces at Babel, attempted to set up a universal empire in the interest of atheistic humanitarianism; but He that “sitteth in the heavens laughed” at the impious attempt to wrest the crown of universal dominion from Him to whom only it rightfully belongs, and scattered the races “abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth,” to be gathered again only at the cross of Christ. Babel stands as a monument to all generations of the folly of attempting to establish a universal kingdom save under the sceptre of the Son of God. In its deepest significance, the history of Babel is a chapter on missions.

The separatism of the Abrahamic covenant and of the Mosaic economy did not contravene this œcumenical spirit of the Gospel, but was in the fullest accord and sympathy with it. The lines contracted for a time in order that with a wider and a more assured grasp they might embrace the world. All that was national and restricted in these dispensations was only temporary, and had for its purpose the education of a people through whom the knowledge of the true religion was to be diffused throughout the earth. The fence was not to shut the world out, but to keep the Church in. The Abrahamic promise rose from the individual to the nation, and from the chosen nation to “all the families of the earth.” The dying Jacob, with prophetic vision, looking past the waving

sceptre of Judah, saw the gathering of the people to Shiloh. When read aright, the Abrahamic covenant is only another form of the Apostolic commission.

The distinctive doctrine of the Patriarchal religion was the unity of God, and this doctrine carried in itself the ground and the pledge of a reunion of humanity. By her belief in this doctrine the Church, amidst the brick-kilns of Egypt, proclaimed the universality of her mission. On her march from bondage she carried in the same doctrine the charter of her freedom and her title-deed to the Promised Land. Even in the desert, by her testimony to the truth, she touched by her influence distant nations, as the fiery pillar flung its light far into the surrounding darkness. A Church which has in its creed the unity, omnipresence, and supremacy of God can accept no field which contains less than the whole race. So that the creed of the Patriarchal and the Mosaic Church made it, of necessity, a missionary Church.

The land of promise was at the centre of ancient civilizations—"by the cross-roads where the highways of all nations met." The influence of the covenant people, therefore, radiated in all directions. Their altar-fires were signal-lights of hope to a perishing world. Their jubilee trumpets woke seas and mountains and deserts to the echoes of salvation. The converging tribes, on their march to keep festival at Jerusalem, startled nations and kingdoms by the swelling choruses of their hallelujahs. The ships of Solomon bore the name of Jehovah to India on the East and to the Pillars of Hercules on the West. And with their capital and temple in ruins and their land laid waste, they became a nation of missionaries

in foreign countries. The time of exile was the missionary age of the Jewish Church and nation. Thoroughly cured of idolatry, chastened and spiritualized by affliction, although without temple and altar, and with her harps on the willows, the Church became vigorously and valiantly aggressive. Her Psalms were sung in the palaces of kings. Cyrus the Great studied prophecy, and under the impulse of that study sent the exiles home with their holy vessels to re-establish the worship of Jehovah on Mount Zion. The seeds of truth were scattered as on the wings of the wind in the dispersion. Alexander the Great, in his conquests, carried with him the language of the Septuagint. These latter days of Judaism were distinguished for vigorous, aggressive activity. Synagogues were planted everywhere ; and what were these but mission chapels? The unworthy proselytism which the Saviour denounced was only a distortion of this missionary zeal. It is deserving of special emphasis that while national glory was waning—while crown and sceptre were passing away, the truth which had been committed to the chosen people was widely disseminated among the nations. In this way the earth-shaking tread of Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, and Alexander the Great prepared the way of the Lord. So that in the course of history from Eden to Calvary, there never was an hour when the Church was authorized to confine the blessings of the Gospel within circumscribed limits. The people of Israel were subjected to separistic ordinances only in order that they might be educated in spiritual knowledge, and thus be fitted to transmit this knowledge to others. It was the aim and purpose and spirit of the dispen-

sation to prepare a nation, each member of which would be fitted to become a missionary to the Gentiles. He who was a Hebrew of the Hebrews became "the Apostle to the Gentiles." The philosophy of history, therefore, is the spirit of missions.

The spirit of prophecy, moreover, is the spirit of missions. The vision of the seers was fixed upon the form of the Son of Man towering above the coming events and advancing generations. In the distance, cross and crown and kingdom blend; humiliation and suffering lead to conquest and universal dominion, and the last and highest note of prophecy is always a note of triumph.

In the very beginning of his sublime prophecies, the rapt son of Amoz saw "all nations flowing unto the mountain of the Lord's house." Beyond the battle of the warrior with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, he saw arise the Prince of Peace, "of the increase of whose government there shall be no end"; whose administration is to be confined to no pent-up limits, but who is to "bring forth judgment to the Gentiles," who is given "for a covenant of the people," a "light of the Gentiles," who is to "set judgment in the earth," who is to "sprinkle many nations," to "bring forth judgment unto victory," and although bruised and put sorely to grief, he is to "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." He is to "divide the spoil with the strong," "the isles are to wait for his law," and "all flesh shall see his glory."

By an eternal decree the "heathen are given to the Son for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." The wail of anguish in the 22d Psalm passes into a shout of triumph in

view of the fact that "All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him."

Even Balaam heard the shout of a king among the people of God, and saw a sceptre rise out of Israel which was to be swayed over the nations. The royal son of David depicts, in glowing colors, the beneficence of the reign of the Prince of Peace; describes the growth of his kingdom until it reaches from "sea to sea," and "from the river unto the ends of the earth." He watches the handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountain until the "fruit thereof shakes like Lebanon." He sees the blessing of Abraham fulfilled in Christ, and hears all nations calling him blessed. Then prophecy passed into praise in the sublime doxology: "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen."

If we turn to the prophecies respecting the Church, we shall find the same spirit pervading them. The Bible knows nothing of a Church which is restricted to any limits of race or of latitude. The vision of the seers never rested until it touched the ends of the earth.

When the "Church shall rise and shine," the "Gentiles shall come to her light and kings to the brightness of her rising." "The abundance of the sea," "the forces of the Gentiles," "the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah," "the gold and incense of Sheba," "the flocks of Kedar," "the ships of Tarshish," "the glory of Lebanon," "the service of the

sons of strangers," and "the ministry of kings" shall be devoted to her. According to her chartered rights she is authorized to take possession of the earth in the name of her Lord. By her commission she is commanded to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and when by faith she shall arise to the level of her duties and her responsibilities, the Lord will put all forces, material, financial, and political, at her service. Commerce, science and art, peoples and kings, will become her allies. "The earth will help the woman."

Two objects filled the vision of the prophets as they looked down the long avenues of the future. These objects were the coming Messiah and the Church redeemed by his blood; and the mission of the one and the progress of the other were unrestricted by any limits of race, latitude, or nationality. Before the cross all lines are obliterated. The blood-washed congregation come "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." With a steady gaze and an unwavering purpose, Prophecy points forward to a time when the "kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." Whither Prophecy points, thither should the Church move with unflinching faith and with undeviating step.

The types of Scripture carry in them the same sublime lesson. A type is an embodied prophecy; and the entire system of typology in the Old Testament is in complete harmony and sympathy with the covenants, promises, and prophecies, both in thought, spirit, and impulse, and gives expression to them moreover in a dramatic form. When our first parents were driven out of Paradise, the Tree of Life was left

standing in the midst of the garden. It was kept for man, until he should be led back to it through the righteousness of another. The cherubim and the flaming sword were not placed at the east of the garden to terrify man, but to "KEEP THE WAY OF THE TREE OF LIFE." The flaming sword turned every way, so that when the time came, access to the tree might be had from every quarter. Here, then, was an embodied promise of a coming salvation and of a reunion of humanity. The Tree of Life in the midst of the garden expressed in type that which the Protevangelium expressed in words. From Eden, Prophecy flings her bow of promise until it spans the whole course of time and touches again the "Paradise of God, in the midst of which is the Tree of Life, to which all who do his commandments have a right." The Tree of Life was thus kept for no one race or nation, but for all of every race and of every nation who shall accept the proffered salvation.

At the east gate of Eden cherubim were placed. We find them also in the tabernacle and in the temple, as well as in the visions of Ezekiel and of John. These strange figures arrest attention and excite enquiry both from their peculiar form and by reason of the positions which they occupy in Revelation. The cherubim were composite figures, combining in themselves the four highest forms of animal life. Typically they represent glorified humanity. By their position in Eden they showed that the way to the Tree of Life was kept open for the return of fallen man. By their position in the Holy of Holies they showed that, through atoning blood, humanity is raised to the throne of God, since they

overshadowed the Mercy Seat, which was the dwelling-place of Jehovah. In the vision of Ezekiel they are also in connection with the throne of God, and thus typify the exaltation of our glorified humanity. In the Apocalypse they, together with the elders, sing the new song, saying: "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. And hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." Then the angels to the number of ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, catch up the mighty strain, saying, with a loud voice: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." Then all creation joins the universal chorus, saying: "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." That which was suggested in type in Eden is now consummated in heaven. Grace has triumphed. Glorified humanity, with indefinite powers and possibilities, comes from "every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." From Genesis to Revelation—from Eden to the Paradise of God, the types of Scripture point along the exact line of the covenants and of prophecy, and find their realization in a Church blood-washed and redeemed out of every nation under the whole heaven. Along that line the Church must move or be derelict in her first and her last duty.

The Son of God, in whose Person and life were represented all the spiritual forces of previous dispen-

sations, when about to leave the earth—with the marks of his sacrificial death upon him—gave to his apostles the supreme law of the Church: “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.” This must ever be the norm and standard of duty for the Church of Christ. By disregarding it, the Church forfeits her claim to the perpetual presence of her ascended and power-invested Lord.

Pentecost, the festival of first fruits and the memorial of the giving of the Law, had its typical fulfilment in the inauguration of the Covenant of Grace and in the gathering of the first-fruits of the new dispensation. By tempest and flame the Holy Ghost was manifested, and the apostles began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance, so that “men out of every nation under heaven heard in their own tongues the wonderful works of God.” Races dispersed at Babel were reunited at Pentecost. The import of the cloven tongues of flame was that the Gospel was to be preached in all languages, in all lands, and to all nations. No one tongue was to have a monopoly of the good news. The message could no more be confined to Palestine than a peal of thunder can be pent up in the cloud which gives it birth.

Pentecost was the harvested results of former dispensations, as well as the inauguration of the new dispensation; and, consequently, comprehended in itself the spiritual forces of both the past and the present, and these concentrated forces met and blended in one focal thought and purpose—*The Gospel to every creature*. This should be the supreme thought of the Church from which nothing must divert her. Just before his ascension the Lord said

to his disciples : “ It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power ; but ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you ; and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.” The power of the Holy Ghost and the spirit of missions are synonymous. The language of the Lord just quoted contains the charter of our Boards of Home and Foreign Missions. There was no time for idle speculations, while Judea and Samaria were without the Gospel. The manifest and imperative duty of the Church was to carry the Gospel from Jerusalem to the uttermost part of the earth. Home missions were not to be neglected, nor were foreign missions to be forgotten. Through Judea and Samaria the Church was to reach the uttermost part of the earth. The same law binds us—binds us as really as though the Lord had uttered those words to us directly. We have our Jerusalem, Judea, and Samaria, and through these we are to push our conquests to the ends of the earth. The whole work of the Church is one work. No two parts of it antagonize. This work the Lord Jesus Christ has committed to the Church in an awfully solemn commission and stewardship. How can the Church answer to the Lord for the non-accomplishment of the work which has been assigned her ?

The apostles understood the import of their commission and went forth to the fulfilment of it in the spirit of their Master ; one to Mesopotamia, another to Parthia ; one to Scythia, another to India, and Paul “ far hence to the Gentiles.” They took the commis-

sion and translated it into heroic deeds and triumphant martyrdoms.

The spirit of missions which breathed in the promises, which lived and wrought in the covenants, which sustained the voice of prophecy, which shaped the course of history, which inspired the prayers of patriarchs, prophets, and kings, which was sung in Psalms and dramatized in types, became at last incarnate in the apostles. From the Protevangelium to the Apocalypse, the idea of missions pervades every part and every page of the Bible. It is the fibre of its life, the blood of its veins, the pulse-beat of its heart. He, therefore, who would escape responsibility in this matter must be blind to all the events of a comprehensive Providence in the past, deaf to all the voices of prophecy for the future, dead to all the appeals of duty for the present ; he must tear out of the Word of God that which constitutes the very warp and woof of it ; he must repudiate the example of apostles and martyrs ; he must deny the " Lord that bought him."

Nor has there been anything in the history of these eighteen centuries to lift this responsibility from the heart and the conscience of the Church. There is not a single reason, motive, or impulse which actuated and impelled the Apostle Paul which should not, in an equal degree, actuate and impel us. He, indeed, saw in all their enormity the pollutions and atrocities of Paganism. He saw thrones and fortunes built on the tears and blood of the poor. He saw the family in ruins, woman a slave, infancy exposed to death, and old age dishonored. He was brought in contact with religions in which lust and murder were enjoined as

acts of worship. On every hand were altars which reeked with filth, and temples which flamed with the unchaste creations of genius. The people came to the shrine and the priests came to the altar with images of uncleanness before them on every side. Children grew up amidst scenes and in an atmosphere where modesty and virtue were stifled before years of discretion were reached. A lewd mythology was the catechism of youth. But in this there was nothing peculiar. Such was and is and will be human nature without the Gospel. Paganism improves not with age. "The world by wisdom knows not God." The awful indictment framed against the heathen world in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans still stands in force in every count and specification of it. The very evils which the Gospel encountered in the Roman empire, it encounters in heathendom to-day. The Gospel at first restored the family, lifted woman to her true dignity, and proclaimed the universal brotherhood of man. It purified and conserved civilization at home, and laid foundations for new institutions and new civilizations abroad. The Gospel has the same spheres in which to operate now, and the same functions to perform within these spheres. To his ancient people God said: "Behold I have set the land before you; go in and possess the land." By his Word and by the commingling voices of his Providence, he is saying with emphasis the same thing to us. To no other nation, in all time, has he given such a heritage as he has given to us—a land whose territory extends "from sea to sea," whose "stones are iron," and whose "rocks pour out rivers of oil." Along with this wealth of heritage come correspond-

ing and commensurate responsibilities. We do not have a perpetual lease of our liberties and privileges ; but the continuance of these will depend upon the manner in which we use our stewardship. If the purifying and conservative influences of the Gospel do not pervade the body politic, not only shall we perish, but the very elements of our strength and greatness will become the swift instruments of our destruction. We shall fall to pieces of our own weight. The ballot-box will become our Pandora Box. Constitutions and charters will become so much waste parchment, and the ghastly skeleton of our greatness will be flung into the charnel-house of nations. In the home work of the Church, therefore, there is a field for the exercise of the purest patriotism and the profoundest statesmanship. The loftiest eloquence of Senate chambers cannot save nations in which the masses are corrupt. While Cicero was thundering in Senate and Forum, Roman liberty was expiring in the grasp of a despot. A pure Gospel for the people is the only hope for this nation. Without this the republic will not complete the first half of the second century of its existence. If this overthrow of the republic should come, the ruins of it will be the most melancholy of all those which mark the track of nations ! The only way in which so dire a calamity can be averted is by evangelizing the masses. This, fathers and brethren, is one of the deepest convictions of my heart. What superlative folly, then, for men to rob the treasury of the Lord in order to hoard up fortunes for their children ! Rather let them, by their Christian labors and benevolence, make sure that their children shall have a country in which to live ; that there

shall be in the country institutions under which the dearest rights and interests of life will be protected.

Nor must we forget that "*the field is the world.*" A thousand Macedonian cries come to us, for one which came to Paul. Our faith, our prayers, and our gifts must embrace the whole world. It is no mean honor to belong to a Church which has its arms around the globe. Let us not be unworthy sons of such a Church. Rather than deny their Lord timid young girls faced the Libyan tiger and the Nemæan lion in the Colosseum. It is to be feared that some deny their Lord now rather than give a few dollars of their superfluous wealth to his service. The Lord does not call us to martyrdom, but surely he does call us to some service which involves self-denial and self-sacrifice. In the Levitical economy it was required by statute that a tenth be given to the Lord. In the Christian dispensation the amount or proportion is left to the conscience of each individual: but surely it should not be less, but more. Abraham gave voluntarily to Melchizedek a tithe of the best—"from the top of the heap." Of one thing we may rest assured; the kingdom of Christ will come whether we aid in its coming or not. If we refuse to do our duty, widows and orphans will take up the work and carry it on.

Nations die of plethora—of financial apoplexy. The hoarded wealth of Rome destroyed her. Mercenaries bore her eagles to defeat and disgrace. A similar fate awaits this nation unless its rapidly accumulating wealth be carried through channels of benevolence to the ends of the earth. In this respect a great responsibility rests upon the office-bearers of

the Church ; for if they who bear the Ark of the Lord go forward, the people will follow.

In every system there is some principle which is controlling, harmonizing, and regnant. In the practical operations of the Church we find such a principle in the spirit of missions. When this spirit is active and vigorous, all schemes of beneficence are carried forward harmoniously and successfully ; and this is so, simply because the spirit of missions is the spirit of the Bible, and the spirit of the Master. So long, then, as this spirit is regnant in the Church, her progress will be steady and harmonious and abreast of the developments of Providence ; and her march will be in the line of the covenants, promises, and prophecies, and every step will be toward victory. Preparatory influences are at work on a vast scale ; and when these shall have fulfilled the plan of God, then, " nations shall be born at once." The Lord of Hosts is organizing victory. " He will hasten it in his time."

For ten years the Grecian sentinels kept their watchtowers, waiting and watching for the beacon-fires which should announce the fall of Troy. At last the signal came—a flash of light—and from tower to tower the fiery message leaped over land and over sea, until from Ida to Argos the announcement of victory had been carried on the wing of the flame.

So the watchmen of Zion " shall lift up the voice ; with the voice together shall they sing ; for they shall see eye to eye " when the light of the Gospel shall flash from shore to shore, from island to island, from continent to continent, from pole to pole, and " the whole earth shall be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen."

II.

“QUIT YOU LIKE MEN.”

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“*Quit you like men.*”—I COR. xvi. 13.

THESE words stand near the close of this epistle. They are a part of the concluding exhortation. The sentence is a short, but a very strong and significant one. Neither the language nor the idea was original with Paul. The text is a quotation from the Old Testament. In a battle between the Israelites and Philistines, Israel was defeated with a loss of four thousand men. They wondered why the Lord had smitten them, and determined to send to Shiloh for the ark of the covenant that it might save them from their enemies. Accordingly the ark was sent for, and when it came into the camp was welcomed with such enthusiastic shoutings as to send terror and dismay throughout the ranks of the enemy. But the narrative itself is graphic :

“And when the ark of the covenant of the Lord came into the camp, all Israel shouted with a great shout, so that the earth rang again.

“And when the Philistines heard the noise of the shout, they said, What meaneth the noise of this great shout in the camp of the Hebrews? And they

* Before the Society of Religious Inquiry, of Washington College, June 17, 1855.

understood that the ark of the Lord was come into the camp.

“And the Philistines were afraid, for they said, God is come into the camp. And they said, woe unto us! for there has not been such a thing heretofore.

“Woe unto us! who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty Gods? these are the Gods that smote the Egyptians with all the plagues in the wilderness.”

But their language was not all the language of despondency and despair. Hear their commanders speak:

“Be strong and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines, that ye be not servants unto the Hebrews, as they have been to you: quit yourselves like men, and fight.”

Paul's imperial fancy laid all things under tribute. From the arena and the battle-field he drew some of his most startling imagery. The whole of the verse from which my text is taken is couched in military language: “Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.” The idiom of the text is somewhat unusual, yet very impressive. It is used by Xenophon and other classic writers, and signifies a manly, conscientious discharge of duty, or intrepid conduct in danger. “Samson,” says Milton, “quit himself like Samson.”

Paul and the Philistine, however, spoke from very different platforms indeed. The one stood on the battle-field—one sanguinary conflict over and a second in prospect; while the other stood on a watch-tower of Zion. The conduct, then, of course demanded by the one would involve in it far more than that de-

manded by the other. A stubborn resolution, with more of the dogged than the heroic in it, would have met the demands of the Philistine: but Paul has spiritualized and expanded the idea.

Christianity sanctions neither churlishness nor pusillanimity. It makes the heart bigger and the views broader—the affections more chaste, the sympathies more catholic. Never, no, never did Christianity make a man anything less than a *man*. It makes men humble, it is true, but humility is not a mean or crouching feeling. It is a rational sentiment founded on self-knowledge. The humblest Christian that bows in dust and ashes before his God has a far more exalted idea of the dignity of his nature than the proudest Pagan that ever trod the earth. Webster said, everything great is simple. We may add, everything great is humble. It is narrow and unworthy ideas of what we are and what we are to be, that make men proud; whereas, it is a lofty consciousness of the vast capacities of the soul, and a sense of the meagreness of present attainments, that make men humble. The Latin tyro declining *stella* is wiser in his own conceit than Newton composing his Principia. Webster was as much an humbler, as he was a greater man than Joe Smith the Mormon. Absalom was prouder than Solomon.

Christianity not only enlarges the heart, but the intellect also. The Christian's text-book—the Bible—is above all other documents, extant or extinct, in sublimity and all that expands and exalts the soul. Those who study it most become not only mighty in the Scriptures, but mighty in word and deed also. Take from Milton the language and imagery of the

Bible, and you have shorn him of his strength and glory. Byron borrowed his beauties and his sublimities, too, from the Book of Books. Chatham read Isaiah for hours before going to the House of Commons in order to arouse and elevate his mind for his contemplated effort. Burke read the Bible "morning, noon, and night." "He formed a habit," says his biographer, "of going freely to its pages for imagery and illustrations." And was there ever a man of broader views than Burke? "The first thing," says a judicious reviewer, "that strikes us in a survey of Burke's mind is its remarkable comprehensiveness. He had an amplitude of mind, a power and compass of intellectual vision, beyond that of most men that ever lived." I do not say that these Bible readings made Burke everything that he was; but I will say, that without them he would never have been either the man or the orator that he was.

Christianity and the Bible had a similar effect upon the intellect and ideas of Newton, our enemies themselves being the judges. That illustrious philosopher, in his commentary on Daniel, remarked that before the fulfilment of the prophecy (*viz.*, 1260 years) the modes of travelling would be so improved that men would go fifty miles an hour. Upon this, Voltaire made the following criticism: "Now look at that mighty mind of Newton who discovered gravitation, and told such marvels for us all to admire; when he became an old man and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the Bible, and it seems that in order to credit its fabulous nonsense we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel fifty miles an

hour. The poor old dotard !” A little more than a century only has elapsed since Newton penned his prediction, and we travel already *sixty* miles an hour. Besides, we have summoned “the winged minister of thunder” to our service, and send it over the land and under the water, to do our errands for us. In the light of the nineteenth century, Voltaire’s opprobrious epithet, dotard, seems much more applicable to himself than to the object of his pity.

Permit me now to enumerate some things which, according to my conception of the subject, enter into the character and course of conduct demanded by the text. And here, I observe, that this character in its general features comprises :

- I. Love and loyalty to God,
- II. Integrity toward man,
- III. And fidelity to self.

No one will presume to say that Wolsey was any less honorable or manly because he loved and assiduously served his king. His error was not that he loved and served his sovereign, but that he loved and served him to the exclusion of his Creator ; hence his bitter reflection on his death-bed, that if he had served his God as he had served his king he would not, then, have deserted him.

If love and loyalty to an earthly king be manly, love and loyalty to the King of Kings, still more. Love to God as a principle of action is the grand governor in the machinery of a man’s motives and efforts. This is the loadstone that gives to human pursuits their proper direction—a heavenward tendency. To adopt the figure of another : “If you carry steel filings from a muddy street to a beautiful garden, you

make an improvement in their condition, but if you apply a magnet to them, you give to them another motion altogether, and lift them not horizontally but vertically from the earth." All the elevation of man by science and civilization is only a horizontal change. It is reserved for grace to change man's pursuits from a prone to an upward direction—to raise him from earth toward heaven.

Without this controlling element the most laudable enterprises are "Babel-building and will have a Babel issue." "A crown reached in the face of God will be but a burning circlet. A throne or a presidential chair attained by violation of the laws of God will be a restless seat. Reputation and renown achieved in spite of God will be but poor enjoyment to him who has them." But how all this Babel ambition of getting a name sinks into less than insignificance in presence of the grand master principle of the Christian life. Love to God once in the heart, and human life moves on, "wheel within wheel," with all the beautiful regularity and delicate adjustment of a celestial system—steady and undeviating as the rings of Saturn, as they whirl with almost incredible velocity around their planet and keep it company, at the same time, in its pathway round the sun, bound by no bands—suspended in space by no power, save the invisible but omnipotent influence of attraction. How alike are God's natural and moral governments! "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," is the precept; "and all things shall be added unto you," is the promise. What is this but the law of gravitation in the moral universe? "All falls under it, clusters around it, becomes holy and prosperous

just by *love's* being in the heart and actuating all.” The sum of the moral law is love to God and integrity toward man, and there is not a virtue adorns our nature or exalts our species but is the offspring of these parent virtues. Conformity to God's law will evolve a manhood of the most consummate symmetry, perfection, and proportion. Deviating from this standard, down the scale we go till we land in drunkenness and debauchery, on a level with the beast.

But while the moral law enjoins duties toward God and man it no less distinctly enjoins duties toward self. We have an inspired epitome of the Ten Commandments in which self-love is made the standard of our philanthropy. The law requires no man to love his neighbor, whether Jew or Samaritan—more than himself. To defend one's body, and one's good name—compared with which “the purse is trash”—is only to obey an exalted instinct. He who does less is a suicide.

But to descend to particulars, I observe: It is manly and manlike to bear contumely and reproach in defence of the truth, in advocacy of the right, and in behalf of the weak. So long as the constitution of our nature continues as it is, it will require more of moral heroism than men ordinarily possess, to brook the sneers of public odium. The pangs of the rack or the stake are little harder to endure than the pointing of the finger of scorn. John Blair Smith said, that of all the trials and sufferings enumerated in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, none struck him as being so severe as the “cruel mockings” mentioned there. The wagging of the heads of the passers-by was made an ingredient in the Crucifixion. To bear

popular contumely from day to day—to be met at every corner by the pointing of scorn's contemptuous finger, and to see continually the wagging of the heads of those that pass by, is a living crucifixion still. Yet the world has but little of which to be proud to-night but has cost some one suffering, loss and ridicule. The first principle of modern astronomy, taught now in the nursery and the lap, cost poor old Galileo wearisome days and nights in prison. The right of private judgment—a free pen and a free press—cost both blood and treasure. It is said there was not a single man in the venerable Synod of Dort who had not been maimed or mutilated in some limb or member, for the truth's sake. Hampden braved the displeasure of his sovereign, rather than pay a penny or a peppercorn of unjust taxation. Such men are martyrs, for they had the spirit of a martyr and should have a martyr's crown.

Again: It is manlike to live and labor for the amelioration of the present, and the permanent good of posterity, to the disregard of the ephemeral applause that accrues to the sycophant and time-server.

Popular fame and favor have a marvellous power over the human mind and heart. To obtain them, many (alas! but too many) are willing to sacrifice their integrity and independence, and to assume the air and address of the demagogue Absalom. To such the voice of the people is louder than the voice of God. "But to put to hazard one's ease, security, interest, or popularity," for the benefit of those he has never seen is a trait—you may depend upon it, my brethren—it is a trait of the true man.

The path of duty is rarely easy and never, indeed,

flowery. “Obloquy,” says Burke, “is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory. Not only in Roman customs, but in the very nature and constitution of things, calumny and abuse are essential parts of a triumph.” To relinquish honors and hopes for the sake of sentiments honestly adhered to, to turn the back upon and pursue a course that leads away from ease and laurels, and do it from a conviction of duty, is *manlike*. But if there is in all the wide, wide world one who should be taken as the standard of all that is pusillanimous and little, it is he who cringingly compromises his sentiments for popularity or applause, and accommodates his conduct to the crooked policy of avarice or ambition. He who subdues a hemisphere, and does it from selfish and sordid motives, deserves not as much glory as he who plants a tree for posterity. Byron sought the applause of his own generation, and catered to the tastes of a degenerate age to win it. Verily, he obtained his reward! Milton had an aim and object far above the mercenary motives of most men. His invocation is not to Mammon or the Muses, but to the Holy Spirit. Yet Byron acquired fame and a fortune, too, while Milton realized but fifteen paltry pounds for “Paradise Lost.” But it is not difficult to decide which of these men acted more in consistence with the dictates of a true manliness. Ay! it is manlike to spurn lucre and reputation when the attainment of them conflicts with our duty to God or to our fellow-men. None but the truly manly do it.

Again: To alleviate misery; to go to the house of mourning in preference to the house of feasting; to light up the chamber of sickness and suffering; “to

explore the thought and explain the asking eye of the sufferer"; to brighten the path of life and smooth the pillow of death; this, this is manlike—I had almost said it is godlike.

Howard in the pestilence and prisons of Europe is a far prouder specimen of our species than Napoleon on the throne of France, with a nation at his feet and a world in awe of him. Miss Nightingale amidst the sick and wounded, in the hospitals of Scutari, is a far, far greater glory to her sex and her race than the Queen of England and the Empress of France, amidst the pomp and parade of a royal visit to London. The traveller in the millennium will pass by in disgust all the sensual and fulsome inscriptions on the tombs of kings and conquerors—from that of Sardanapalus, which Aristotle said was fit only for a hog, to that of the latest royal murderer—but will pause and read with peculiar interest the simple epitaph of Howard: "*Vixit propter alios*," and feel while standing there, that he is at the grave of a man who in his lifetime quit himself *like* a man.

The history of the world furnishes the life and example of but one perfect man. That example, however, thank Heaven! is neither negative nor neutral. Christ's philanthropy is always and everywhere apparent. He not only went about doing good but went in search of good to do. Nor did ridicule and contempt dampen his benevolence or arrest in the least his beneficence. Amidst scorn and laughter he raised the ruler of the synagogue's daughter. Escaping from an infuriated mob, who are attempting to stone him, he meets a blind man; and apparently unconscious of his own situation, stops and restores

the man's sight. The Saviour's sympathies were hemmed in by no restrictions of caste, narrowed down by no country or creed. The Syro-Phenician and Samaritan—the soldier and the soldier's servant, his friend, and his foe in arms against him—challenged alike his attention and his tenderness. He was no less very God and perfect man, while weeping at the grave of his friend Lazarus, than when entering Jerusalem amidst the hosannas of the inhabitants. If there is any virtue or meaning in Divine precept and example, then, verily, a philanthropic heart, a benevolent disposition, and beneficent hand are the noblest attributes of our nature.

Again: An energy that is indomitable and that never desponds is a trait of the true man.

Milton has almost constrained us to admire Satan himself, by investing him with just such a character.

“To be weak is to be miserable, doing or suffering.” Luther never rises into loftier sublimity than when rallying his timid and misgiving comrade Melancthon. Washington was never in his life more himself than when, in the darkest hour of the Revolution, he aroused the expiring energies of his staff by telling them that he could not yet persuade himself that his neck, which he playfully clasped with both his hands, was made for a halter. There spoke out the spirit of a man, indeed, in whom there was no guile. Canrobert was never more of a man or a hero than when he told the discouraged allies to “be still; be still; if they could not get into Sevastopol by the door, they would leap in at the window.” The storm strengthens the sturdy oaks; it is the weak ones only that it prostrates. Yet a man may win battles, subdue empires, or in a pro-

pitious moment vault into a vacant throne and after all be only, at best, a lucky fool ; but he who wins his way, step by step, through difficulties and discouragements—nothing daunted all the while—though it be but to the humblest post of influence and usefulness, “ gives to the world assurance of a man.” Cicero in his study was a greater hero than Cæsar in a battle. At one time in the battle of Inkermann, a division of the British army was surrounded by ten times their number. At this critical hour the terror-stricken soldiers cried out to Sir George Cathcart, the commander, that the ammunition was failing. “ Have you not still your bayonets, boys ? ” calmly replied Sir George. The old hero fell a few moments after, covered with mortal wounds, but that remark itself will immortalize him. When one resource fails, it is a characteristic of manly energy to fly to what is left. When the cartridges are expended, brethren, rely upon the bayonet. And then, when this energy of which I am speaking is strengthened by faith and perseverance quickened by prayer, they become elements that possess more than a talismanic power.

Once more : Generosity is an element of manliness.

It is unnecessary, before this audience, to draw a distinction between generosity and prodigality, between the benevolent man and the spendthrift. Yet this trait will appear to better advantage when laid alongside of its opposite, avarice.

Of all the gods enthroned in the Pantheon of an idolatrous world's worship, the Money God is the meanest ; and of all men among mankind, the miser has the narrowest heart. Avarice contracts the soul into a nutshell and congeals the heart into an icicle.

The drunkard may plead early temptation as an excuse for his vices. The gambler attempts to extenuate his crime by calling it polite amusement or gentlemanly sport. The duellist quotes the code of honor and screens himself, though dripping with blood, behind his chivalry, and even the highwayman talks loudly of his bravery and lofty daring ; but what excuse or extenuation for the miser ? The mean idolator, who “adores the *dirt* matured to gold.” Avarice is not only antagonistic to true manliness, but it is pusillanimity. It was Mammon—“the least erected spirit that fell from heaven”—that broke ground in building Pandemonium ; and from that day to this the fiend has been pursuing his graceless calling. In every heart of which he takes possession he builds a Pandemonium, where he and the seven other evil spirits he always takes with him, revel and hold jubilee, to the total exclusion of everything that is generous or good. The laws and institutions of Lycurgus were designed to develop the magnanimity of the nation. According to those institutions the money of the Spartans was made of iron, and even yet the name Spartan is almost synonymous with all that is magnanimous and noble.

All nature is generous and teaches us an example of generosity. The rose is not stingy of its fragrance even to the desert air. The clouds do not hoard their treasures, but shower them upon the woods and fields, and they, in return, send up their vapors as incense to the clouds again. The earth gives forth nourishment to the orchard and the garden, and they, in return, throw down their golden gifts into the lap of their mother. How dare that man lay claim to genuine humanity who is not only dead to all the generous

impulses of his own nature, but insensible, also, to the teachings of inanimate nature all about and above him? He who spends his life in hoarding dollar upon dollar, only in the end to tantalize him with contentment and happiness; who sits counting and contemplating his money in his chest, while wretchedness and want stand shivering at his door; who shuts his heart as closely as his coffer to all the appeals of charity at home and to the Macedonian cry that pierces his ear, from every point of the compass, from abroad—oh, it is folly, absolute folly, to say that such a one is a *man* in Paul's sense of the word!

As another element of manliness I would specify a rational courage that shrinks not to meet death in the path of duty, whenever, however, or wherever, that event may, in the providence of God, take place.

This, of course, is different from that recklessness that throws life away as a thing not worth having. The courage of which I speak is consistent with the most perfect prudence.

Death is by no means the greatest calamity that can befall a person. A man may live too long. When life no longer meets the ends of life, it ceases to be desirable. Napoleon said he should have died at Waterloo, or sooner. He spoke, it is true, from the abundance of a vain heart, but asserted a great truth, nevertheless. To his friends, who were dissuading him from sailing on a certain occasion, Pompey replied: "It is necessary for me to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live." A pompous speech in Pompey's sense of it; yet, it has a Christian application and propriety. I would couch my counsel to you, brethren, on this subject, in the words of Michael to

Adam : “Nor love, nor hate thy life ; but what thou livest live well.”

It was not the Spirit of God, nor yet an angel, but the devil who said a man would give all he had for his life ; and this, like the other assertions of its author, is a lie and a slander on humanity.

Let us, now, take a glance (for we can do no more) at the times we live in, and see if there is not enough in them to call into vigorous exercise every energy and manly attribute of our natures.

In many respects our age is an extraordinary and exciting one. Change follows change in quick succession. Event treads on the heels of event. The wires quiver beneath the magnitude of their messages. In nothing, either, is the age more extraordinary than in “its uncommon combinations of men and affairs,” The bankrupt vagabond of '48 is the adored idol of '55. Two nations that have been implacable enemies, from time almost immemorial, are allies in the Crimean campaign. The guns that thundered defiance and destruction against each other at Waterloo are now turned in common cause against Sevastopol. The author of atrocities which a few years ago shocked civilization to its centre, and at which England stood aghast with horror, is the lately promoted and highly applauded Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in the Crimea.

Special and astonishing providences, too, are everywhere observable. He who is insensible of them must shut his eyes and stop his ears. Amidst the most exciting scenes Europe has been witness of for ages, the Czar—the prominent actor in the terrible drama—is suddenly cut down. But yesterday he “was rejoic-

ing in the rapture of the strife, and like a chariot wheel catching fire as he went." To-night Nicholas sleeps alongside of his fathers. The Emperor and usurper of France is taking an evening ride through the streets of Paris. A resolute man, but a few paces from him, levels a pistol at his breast and fires twice. Napoleon's career is not yet accomplished, and till then he is immortal. The same hand that preserved the young George Washington from the seventeen balls of the savage marksman on Braddock's field preserved Louis Napoleon from the two balls of the assassin Pianori. It is consoling to be assured, by such special interpositions of Providence as these, that amidst all the din and clash of current events the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. There is not a manœuvre performed by Menshikoff, Raglan, or Pelissier, but the evolutions are inspected by the eye, and directed by the hand, of the Lord of Hosts. There is not a battery or bastion projected by Todleben but had its design from eternity in the mind of the Architect of the universe. There is not a ball or a shell thrown from or against Sevastopol but is guided by the same hand that guided the arrow shot at a venture—through the joints of the harness and to the vitals of Ahab. There is not an event occurs—jagged and rough-hewn though it seem to us—but will fall with perfect adjustment into its appropriate place in God's plan and purpose. But I am digressing. I return to ask what all these things mean? Or, "are they without a mission or a meaning?" No! They are portentously significant. They are the handwriting of God in the presence chamber of all nations. I do not pretend or presume to interpret

these mysterious characters, in which the signs of the times are written. I do not say, I do not believe, that passing events will usher in the millennium ; but it certainly requires a considerable degree of apathy and indifference not to feel that we are hurrying on to some important period in human history. An avalanche of events is manifestly precipitating us into some astonishing crisis or catastrophe. Presentiments are said to be prophecies. If this is true, the public mind at present is one vast volume of unwritten prophecy. From the old gray-headed man to the gay and giddy school-girl, there is in the minds of all a presentiment of something momentous impending. Dr. Cumming, supposing that the earthquake spoken of in the Apocalypse under the seventh vial is to be *literally* fulfilled, says he is every day expecting to hear the rending of the earth's crust and the outburst of its subterranean, long pent up elements. To say nothing, my friends, of a physical earthquake ; the world, by its premonitory sighings and tremblings, gives signs of an approaching moral convulsion that will send a thousand tottering systems reeling to their downfall and destruction. The Crescent is waning to inevitable extinction. The river Euphrates—the emblem of the Moslem power—is rapidly drying up. And while the Koran is destined soon to become an obsolete and unread book, a steamship is now in readiness to carry a million Testaments and half as many Bibles to China. Paganism is slowly but surely dying out. So weak and unpopular is Popery at home, that the papal chair has to be propped up with French bayonets. China is surging in a revolution. “Uneasy lies every head that wears a crown” to-night,

Daniel gives it as a feature of the times of the end that many shall run to and fro and knowledge be increased. To be satisfied that we occupy this very point of prophecy, let anyone stand for an hour on one of our wharfs, or at a railroad station. Over the iron net-work that covers the earth, up and down our rivers, and across our oceans, thousands pass and repass—to Kansas, California, and Australia—as incessantly as the running to and fro in an ant-hill. And is not knowledge increased? Is it not increasing with almost incredible rapidity? The best kind of knowledge, too. At the beginning of this century there were not more than five millions of Bibles in the world. Since that time the Foreign Bible Society itself has sent out thirty millions, and private enterprise perhaps twice that number. Astronomers are exploring immensity in search of new worlds, and finding them. Men go to the ends and the depths of the earth—to the North Pole, and into the tomb of buried cities—in search of knowledge; nor is their search in vain. Science and skill have despoiled disease of more than half its terrors; and, indeed, in every department the very palpableness of the truth that knowledge is increased has quite taken away its force. Society, brethren, is on the advance, and he who in his sympathies and feelings does not keep pace with it is not fulfilling his mission as a man. He who will not voluntarily keep up with the eager throng, will either be carried along with it, *nolens volens*, or trampled down and left in the dust where he ought to be.

But the name and object of your society direct our inquiries more particularly to the religious complexion of the times.

To imagine that the struggles in the cause of truth are over is Utopian. Just now a reckless infidelity, supported by an insinuating system of error, is deploying into the field; a force more formidable perhaps than Christianity ever faced before. It will be well for the Church, and well for the world, if there be found men adequate to the crisis.

The history of the next fifty years will, without doubt, form a thrilling chapter in the annals of the world and be read with avidity till time shall be no longer. This is an age of mammoth enterprises; so, too, it is destined to be an age of Titanic strifes. The enemies of our Christianity must be met in serried columns and single combat. Infidelity will have to be counteracted in the daily print and in the gilded quarto, in the court and in the coal-pit.

Few men attain so impious a temerity as to deny altogether the Divine Existence. The atheist has always been considered a moral monster. The Athenians drove him from their city. Atheism is the Ultima Thule of unbelief; yet it is not at all unlikely that before long the restless heavings of humanity will turn up some more daring system than the world has ever yet seen. But if out and out atheists and atheism are rare, we have enough of both in disguise. A system that degrades God to a mere process of thought, and makes Christ a creation of the Church, rather than the Founder and Redeemer of it, is certainly not many removes from the sheerest atheism. Now, rationalism does this, and even more. It annihilates a historical Christianity, and resolves the simple but sublime life of Christ into a gorgeous myth. The cradle of the Reformation is filled with

the nestlings of scepticism, and it will require a work little less arduous than cleansing the Augean stables to purge Germany.

Driven from one point the enemies of Christianity retreat, only to intrench themselves in another. Defeated on one field, they fly as decently as they can to the next. This shifting process has been going on for ages, and from present appearances will continue for a long time to come. Half a century ago the distinctive doctrines of Christianity had to be defended on the ground of Biblical criticism. On this field our foes were fairly vanquished. The most heartless and ruthless criticism could not expunge from the Bible the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement and spiritual Regeneration. It is not now denied that these doctrines are found in the Bible, or that miracles are recorded in the Gospels, but then these are all resolved into myths, fictions, and philosophical figments. Hume said miracles were incredible, but Strauss and his compeers have gone in advance of him, and pronounced them impossible. The contest must now be in behalf of a historical Christianity.

The young advocate of Christianity must expect to encounter infidelity in all its phases, from the boldest atheism down to the most diluted form that it assumes as it floats through the yellow literature of the day. Proteus was distinguished for his shapes—Rumor for her tongues—Error has its complement of both. It assumes the form of an angel of light, and talks in glowing language of the Gospel, but with a kiss betrays it into the hands of its crucifiers. Subtle and adroit as the serpent, it flatters the pride of the human

heart ; or, as the “toad squat ” at the ear of the sleeping Eve, appeals to the worst passions of our poor fallen nature.

Pantheism, that makes the worm an incarnation of Deity ; rationalism, that ignores Providence, resolves inspiration into genius, and makes prayer preposterous ; spiritualism, that “surrenders Christianity into the power of mere sentiment ” ; indifferentism, that “makes a man no more responsible for his belief than he is for the hue of his skin or the height of his stature,” and a stolid formalism, that reduces a vital and vigorous Christianity to a haggard skeleton of ceremonies—these, these are thy enemies, oh, Church !

“Heresies,” it has been said, “are like the river Arctusa, though they lose their current in one place they rise up again in another.” Our day is pre-eminently distinguished for the revival of old errors, for the resurrection of dead and decomposed systems. These carcasses are raised from the tomb to which they were long ago consigned, dressed up in modern costume, and exhibited to the public, with a Barnum amount of impudence and assurance. Pantheism, in all its poetic and attractive attire, is paraded as a new creation, just sprung from the brain of some transcendentalist ; but long, long ago, the sages of India taught substantially the same system. There were, no doubt, pantheistic antediluvians. There were pantheists, at any rate, in Japan ages before Spinoza was born. That the Egyptians were pantheists might be inferred from their worshipping beasts. That they were such the monuments of the country fully demonstrate. From Egypt pantheism migrated to Greece, and thence to Rome ; is now revived in Germany, and

transported to America, by such men as Emerson. Carlyle's hero worship is only a revival of ancient apotheosis. Rationalism is but another name for Epicureanism. Justin Martyr says the philosophers of his day thought it useless to pray to God, since all things recur according to the unchangeable laws of an endless progression. The positivist of this day harps upon the same string precisely. Spirit rappings are only the loosened tongue of Delphi's dumb-struck oracle. And so I might go on. Now to expose the origin of these errors is a very effectual way of arresting their progress. It is humiliating for men who plume themselves before the public as the legitimate proprietors of some patented system to be shown to be mere hucksters of the wares of other men. It is not pusillanimous, to say the least of it, thus to expose these *unmanly* moderns, who pilfer their errors from ancients and palm them off as original.

Roman Catholicism—the Antichrist, and arch enemy of Christianity—must very much occupy the attention of every Protestant American for years to come. After the Congress at St. Peter's last winter, and the new impetus imparted to Jesuitical intrigue by the deification and coronation of the Virgin, it will require the vigilance of an Argus to watch our liberties and our institutions. That man will not have lived in vain who shall loosen a single prop that supports this consolidated structure of superstition and sin, whose shadows darken our land like the locusts of Egypt. All compromise and conciliation here are traitorous to the truth. The attack of allied Protestantism against Rome should be as steady and unhesitating as the tread of the "noble six hundred,"

last winter, down the valley of Balaklava. We are now in the heat of the struggle with the emissaries of Antichrist, and that man is a coward and a miscreant that cries hold !

There is enough to be done in our day to engage a thousand hearts and employ a thousand hands, if a man had them. For Heaven and humanity's sake, brethren, stand not in or around the vineyard idle and dreaming. “The age of apathy is gone”—gone, it is to be hoped, never to return. Men are in earnest now in all they do. “Whether it be the manufacturing of a pin or the enlightening of a soul,” they enter into it in right good earnest. If ever there was a time since the creation-shout of the sons of God went up, that called for “no vulgar conception of things and for exertions in no vulgar strain, it is the awful hour in which Providence has appointed our being.”

It has been my privilege and pleasure, too, to be intimately and favorably acquainted with nearly all of you. I have no fears—I am sure no fears are entertained—as to your being able to acquit you honorably as men. The danger is that, by narrow and unjust ideas of your mission, you will wrap yourselves up in some secluded and contracted sphere, and sleep your lives away in a chrysalis state. Entertain, I implore you, some worthy conception of yourselves and your influence. Be not content to fulfil in society the office of a candle in a chamber—to light up a little circle, or a fireside—but aspire, oh, yes ! aspire to the sphere and functions of a sun, to spread light and fertility over a hemisphere. There is no topic to which I advert more cheerfully, or dwell upon with

more zest, than that of individual influence. It makes a man feel better, makes him prouder of his species, to think of what individuals (humble ones, too) have done, and of what they may still do. It reconciles one very much to the labors, hazards, and hardships of this hard, hard life. Samuel Mills said he would make his influence felt by half the globe. He died at the age of thirty-six, but accomplished all he said he would. We may, and often are, indeed, doing most when we suspect we are doing the least ; when, so far as we ourselves can discern, we are doing nothing at all. The skipping of a grasshopper moves the world ; but who perceives it ? There is no cause for despondency, either. Though the enemies of the truth are busy and bitter, and though there are some things that appear ominous of evil, upon the whole, our day is brighter and better than any that has come and gone before it. Our knowledge of the issue should nerve our arms with steel, and fill our hearts with fire. Final success is sure. Voltaire, the daring anti-theist, swore he would dethrone God, and blasphemously boasted that he would erase the name of Christ from the earth ; yet, " in every tongue on earth the Gospel has its music and glad echo " to-night. Anti-theists and atheists together—skeptics and scoffers, alike—are doomed to an inevitable and terrible overthrow. Every system and individual that opposes the cross will fall, and in that fall, like the Apostate Julian, as he threw his life-blood toward heaven, ascribe conquest to the Galilean.

At the battle of the Pyramids, as Napoleon threw his infantry into squares to sustain the impetuous charge of Murad Bey's cavalry, in order to arouse

their heroism he shouted to his soldiers as they fell into their places: “From yonder Pyramids twenty centuries look down upon your actions!” From yonder heavens, my brethren, “ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands”—look down upon *your* actions.

Just as this same hero had made his dispositions for another great and decisive battle, his eye caught the sun, as he rose in his strength and grandeur—“Behold the sun of Austerlitz!” broke in beauty and sublimity from his lips. Lifting our eyes away to China, Japan, and the Isles of the Sea, we can give utterance to the sublimer expression, Behold the “Sun of Righteousness”!

Everything, indeed, invites you to active, decided, manly effort. Where you can find nothing to encourage, you can always find something to excite you.

And now, brethren, in view of the past, the present, and the future; for the sake of the dead, the living, and the unborn, I charge you, this night—wherever you go, whatever you do, whatever you be—in the name and in the presence of God Almighty, I charge you, “Quit yourselves like men.”

III.

HOPE FOR THE REPUBLIC.

III.

HOPE FOR THE REPUBLIC.*

“Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities : thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down ; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken.

“But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby.”—ISAIAH xxxiii. 20, 21.

THESE words were spoken of the Jewish nation when it was threatened with dismemberment and destruction by Sennacherib, the Assyrian. They seem to be singularly applicable to our own case as a nation.

My political creed is very brief : *I believe in the union of these States.*

Shall this Union be preserved or shall it be rudely torn to fragments and the fragments thrown to the dust? This is beyond all comparison the most momentous political question that agitates the public mind at this time. In the presence of this, all others sink into insignificance. If the Union be preserved, the text will receive a second glorious fulfilment.

What reason, then, have we to hope that this will be the result of the pending struggle?

* Thanksgiving Day, November 26, 1863. Repeated for the benefit of the Christian Commission, in Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, Tuesday night, December 8, 1863.

I believe in the perpetuity of the Union because :

I. We are one by the physical structure and constitution of the country.

By the fiat of creation the Almighty has ordained that this nation be one. He has poured the floods of ocean around it in the form of a U, and that U stands for UNION. Through and through these States He has driven the iron bolts of mountain ranges. From north to south He has stretched the throbbing arteries of the nation's life ; and from east to west He has spread the tissue and net-work of the nation's blood-vessels. So long as the waters of the Mississippi flow to the Gulf the Union of these States must be preserved, at all hazards, at any cost, at all sacrifices. By virtue, therefore, of our national life and by the physical geography of the country, we are one.

Man, in his physical structure and constitution, is scarcely less a unit than this land is a unit. The head cannot do without the heart, nor the heart without the head. One member is the complement of the other, and it is only when all unite harmoniously that the body is complete, strong, and healthy.

So it is with this country. Sever it, disunite it, dismember it, and it becomes a heap of incomplete fragments.

Disjointed wheels, lying apart, do not constitute a watch. They may be complete and perfect in themselves ; but scattered over a table they will not keep time. From mainspring to pointer, everything may be in perfect order, but these disunited fractions do not, cannot mark the passing hours. In order to do this there must be *union*. Wheel must act upon wheel, cog must fit to cog, the chain must be stretched, the

spring must be bent ; there must be action, re-action, inter-action, and counter-action. Then the hands move, then it keeps time, then it is a watch.

Like the members of the body, like the wheels of a time-piece, the States and Territories of this country are parts of one great whole. The South supplements the North, the North supplements the South, and the West is the complement of both.

The old world may shut up our ports ; we can laugh a blockade to scorn.

We have within ourselves all necessary supplies and resources.

Let any man take the map and examine it for five minutes, and he will be convinced, beyond the power of logic, that the Almighty Maker of the world intended this land for one great people. The decree has gone forth ; it is proclaimed aloud and afar by the voice of the mountain storm ; it is thundered forth by the floods of the Atlantic ; it is echoed back by the billows of the Pacific ; it is carried by the Ohio to the Mississippi, and the Mississippi rolls it on in thunder tones to the Gulf.

The decree has gone forth. It is written in characters as enduring as the everlasting hills. The letters are traced in ocean-beds, in river-courses, and mountain-ranges. It has thus been written and promulged. Who will believe that a few mad-cap despots at Charleston and Montgomery can repeal it—can annul it ?

The glorious tabernacle of our liberties shall not thus be torn down. “ Not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed ; neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken.”

If this generation shall be so dastardly and derelict to duty as to permit the dismemberment of the nation, the next generation will rise in its might and its wrath, will dash to atoms every obstacle interposed between the different sections, will gather up again the dishonored fragments, and with the richest blood of the age cement them into one.

But I do not believe that this generation will leave to the next so glorious a consummation.

Great Britain was never designed by the Almighty for a heptarchy, nor France for a partitioned kingdom. The physical structure of these countries demonstrates this. Great Britain and France were insignificant powers until their disintegrated fragments came together, were welded into one, and they stood before the world consolidated kingdoms. Their union was the beginning of their strength and glory. Our dismemberment would be the end of our greatness and power. All over "the dishonored fragments of this once glorious Union," would then be written in hideous characters: "Ichabod ! Ichabod ! the glory is departed !"

I believe in the perpetuity of the Union, because :

II. The people of this nation are one.

Not, indeed, in speech, nor descent, nor taste, nor temperament, nor habits, nor customs. In these respects we are exceedingly diverse. We are, in these respects as varied as Jacob's ring-streaked, speckled, and spotted kine.

But, nevertheless, we are one by a far deeper and mightier principle of unity.

A common impulse peopled these shores when they were an unbroken, howling wilderness. A common

sympathy brought the colonists to this land. The Huguenots, the Puritans, the Dutch from Holland, the Scotch-Irish from Londonderry, had a common interest, common sufferings, a common hope, and they sought and found here a common home. Persecution and oppression drove them from their own lands. They left all, they sacrificed all but liberty. On these shores they sought and found a common asylum. They came from different countries, they spake different languages, their customs were widely different, but their hearts, notwithstanding, beat in unison on the subject of human rights and religious liberty. By virtue of this deep and tender sympathy they were, and their descendants are, one.

The fact that so many noble, self-sacrificing men of different countries, yet bound together by so powerful a bond of union, were thrown on these shores at the same time, is one of the grandest providential phenomena in human history. God's hand was in it. Political storms shook Europe. The tornado was wild and fierce. The ripened, mellow fruit was loosened from the branches. It fell—at Plymouth Rock and Manhattan Island. The green, the gnarled, the blighted fruit hung on, clung to the branches.

God sifted the nations of Europe ; the finest of the wheat was sown in American soil. The chaff, the cheat, the cockle, and the tares were left on the other side of the ocean.

All through our history this unity of principle and sympathy is manifest. While apparently we are the most heterogeneous people in the world, we are really, on the great and vital points, the most homogeneous. The diversities among us seem to be endless ; but

touch any of the wide-spreading chords of sympathy that unite us, and a response in perfect unison peals forth. How, for instance, the cannon-shot that snapped the flag-staff of Sumter brought the whole North together as one man, shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand, heart to heart !

There was the grand mistake made by the conspirators. They did not take this fact into account. They saw the North divided and wrangling about minor issues. They supposed that their overt treason would rend these parties hopelessly asunder, and set us to cutting each other's throats. Their view was superficial ; they did not look deep enough ; they did not go down to those deep-toned chords—far below the casual and superficial view—which stretch from heart to heart, and make a continent of freemen one.

Trees in the forest grow apart ; their branches chafe and fret each other ; they quarrel and wrestle ; every blast brings them into violent contact and collision ; but down out of sight, below the surface, their roots interlink and intertwine in the most intimate and inseparable sympathy and fellowship. So it is with us. At wide variance on a thousand minor issues, we are as one on the great root principles. Below the surface our sympathies intertwine.

That this is the fact the history of the rebellion demonstrates. No other government on earth could stand such a shock as ours has stood. Its strength, its bulwarks are in the hearts of the people. True, we have lamentable dissensions, but the wonder is that every State has not been rent with internecine war.

How grandly the old ship rights herself and climbs

the waves! She is no "painted ship upon a painted ocean." She has not only the form but the power. Her timbers are sound, every one of them; she is seaworthy if ever ship was; stick to her—she will ride the storm.

The South, it is true, listening to the counsels of her Catilines, has been precipitated into revolution; but even in these rebellious States, if the hearts of the people could be reached, these chords of universal sympathy would be touched and would respond. Already they begin to vibrate in North Carolina, Texas, and Tennessee.

This rebellion, therefore, is not a natural outgrowth of our national life. It is not American. It is a vile fungus on the body politic. It comes from disease—disease brought on by the poison of slavery that in an evil hour was injected into the national blood. Slavery is an unnatural element. This land was not peopled that it might become a prison-house in which human beings should grind in servitude, but that it might be an asylum for the down-trodden and oppressed the world over. The government was not founded for slavery. The constitution was not made for it. It is an unnatural element that has been foisted into our political system. It gained its importance through the power of filthy lucre. It was conceded on all hands to be wrong, until it became profitable. If it ever had any claim to sympathy or protection, it has lost every shadow of it by the rebellion.

The consequence of this poisonous foreign element in the system has been fever, delirium, and this foul boil and tumor on the body. It no more comes from

the natural, healthy American life, than small-pox or leprosy comes from the pure blood that God poured into the veins of Adam when he became a living soul. It is a disgusting fungus, a loathsome excrescence that has been produced by a virulent poison introduced into the system.

But it will not be fatal. There is vigor enough in the system to purify itself—to fling off the disease as the ocean billow tosses the feathery spray from its crest. Besides, skillful surgeons are at work on it. They will cut the vile excrescence away. Grant has just made a terrible incision.

The rebellion is only a fitful, unnatural exhibition of disease. This will be thrown off. Health will be restored and not even a scar left. Then from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific the life-blood of the nation will flow again, pure and free, and as true to the Union as is the pulse-beat of a healthy man to his heart.

The overwhelming sentiment of the people is: The Union, it must and shall be preserved.

We could not have this sentiment unless there was something for it to rest upon. That basis is the fact already mentioned, viz.: That on all the great root principles that underlie republican institutions, the people are one. Feeling thus, and bound together by sympathies so deep and comprehensive and wide-spreading and far-reaching, they will not allow a few—a despicable minority of despots—to overthrow these institutions.

They will keep the starry banner aloft and afloat. They will not let the tabernacle be torn down. They will fix every stake firmly in its place. They will see

to it that not a single strand of a single cord be broken.

I believe in the perpetuity of the Union and government because :

III. This perpetuity will be conducive to freedom and human progress.

This proposition can be doubted only by one who is totally blinded by prejudice or who is utterly ignorant of the issues involved. The rebels do not doubt it. They fight with this understanding. They want neither freedom nor general intelligence. Slavery and the general diffusion of knowledge cannot dwell together. Slavery dreads the *spirit* of the North quite as much or even more than it dreads the bayonets and columbiads of the North. The South attempts to found a mighty empire, the "corner stone" of which is Human Bondage. The North inscribes Universal Freedom on her banner, and flings it to the breeze. While He who came into this world "to proclaim liberty to the captives" sits on the throne of the universe, who can for one moment doubt the issue?

There never was a contest more clearly and sharply defined. The struggle is between liberty and oppression; between democracy and aristocracy; between republicanism and tyranny. If the Southern Confederacy, with its present constitution, succeed, back goes the sun on the world's dial twelve degrees. Shall this be?

Ever since Christianity entered as a factor into human history, ever since she taught the true dignity and worth of man, liberal ideas have been gaining ground. True, there have been long and dismal

nights of gloom , but, on the whole, freedom has been on the advance.

Every man is now considered worth educating. No life is so mean that it is not worth caring for. We are too often disposed to croak, to think and sometimes to say that we are going backward ; but our civilization, with all its faults, is vastly in advance of Greece and Rome, where the people went in crowds for entertainment to the amphitheatre, which flowed ankle-deep in human blood. The world does move, has moved, is moving. Our croaking can no more stop it than the Papal Bull could stop the sweeping comet in its fiery course.

When we are in a railroad car it seems to us the trees and fences, houses and fields are all flying, whirling backward. They seem to go backward because we are going so rapidly forward. So we sometimes think that the world is going backward because we are going with such velocity forward.

Man used to be held cheap ; his price has greatly advanced and is still going up. Christianity, education, general intelligence and free institutions have wrought the change. They put man's value up and keep it buoyant : and all the emissaries Satan can hire, in the shape of kidnapper, or slave-trader, or slavery propagandist, cannot bring about a depression. In the price current of the world, humanity has gone up to a high figure, and it will go much higher yet.

We hear much, indeed, of the low value set upon human life. This is a lamentable evil ; but it is felt keenly now, not because it is greater than formerly, but because our appreciation of human life is better.

In Rome—refined, elegant Rome—men by the thou-

sand were turned into the amphitheatre along with wild beasts to die, that by their expiring agonies they might cater to the morbid taste and curiosity of Latin ladies and their dissolute lovers. Would our civilization tolerate such exhibitions now?

In the Dark Ages, if a man dared to think for himself, he was consigned to the dungeons and the racks of the Inquisition. That was the last heard of him. What matter! It was only a heretic! The Inquisition could not live twenty-four hours in America.

In England they used to hang a man for stealing a sheep. It was on the principle, I suppose, of a life for a life; and they put the sheep's life on a par with the man's life.

Frederick the Great regarded a man as worthless unless he was six feet high and built in proportion, that he might stand on a level in the ranks of his gigantic grenadiers. "Military offences," says Macaulay, "were punished with such barbarous scourging that to be shot was considered by the Prussian soldier a secondary punishment." By Frederick man was valued as a fighting machine.

But now humanity is valued for its inherent worth and dignity. A man is not estimated on account of his wealth or his rank, but on account of God's image which he bears, and the God-given endowments he possesses. The value yet is far too low, but it is much higher than ever it was before. Every hospital, every asylum, home, and refuge bears testimony to the same fact. Thus Christianity and intelligence are elevating men—bringing them up from the depths and making each man a sovereign. No slavery, no system of oppression ever instituted can resist this uplifting,

on-moving force, but will die under it as certainly as the snowflake and icicle melt in the spring.

Already this force has emancipated England's slaves, and has struck the shackles from the limbs of Russia's serfs.

When Christianity was introduced into the world, slavery was universal. The number of slaves was prodigious. Some Roman citizens owned as many as twenty thousand at once. This was slavery, too, in its most revolting and horrid form. A slave's life was held cheaper than a dog's life. Under the silent but mighty influence of Christianity, the system began to die out, and under that influence the decline has been gradually going on ever since. The charge that Christianity has favored slavery is not true. Did time permit, I could show how Christianity has abolished slavery. Let Christianity, a free press, and free speech have a fair field, and there will be no slave in America in fifty years. This the slaveholders very well know.

Now I ask, if these ideas, if this upward and onward movement that has been gaining strength for nearly nineteen centuries, are to be arrested and turned back by a nest of conspirators hatched at Charleston? As soon would I believe that the bickerings of a brood of swallows on the eaves of a barn could stop the sun in the heavens. The conspirators may embarrass and check the movement somewhat for a time, but that they will succeed in turning back the mighty current of popular thought and feeling, I can no more believe than I can believe that the snowy arm of the Alpine maiden can stop the avalanche in its leap and its bound from its mountain home.

The chariot moves ; God is the charioteer. Clear the track ! Woe to the man who stands in the way ! He will be ground to powder, and all of him that will go down to posterity will be his dust and the immortality of his infamy.

IV. The past history, the present and the future prospects of the war, afford a good assurance that the tabernacle of our liberties shall not be taken down.

All things considered, our success has been amazing. President Lincoln expressed a great truth in homely phrase, when he said that the suppression of the rebellion was "a big job." It is not the work of a day nor a year. We must not be impatient. We have had great success ; no rebel pitches his tent on free soil to-day. With Gettysburg before his eyes, the enemy will not try invasion soon again. Not only have we defended our immense border, but our armies are in the heart of the Confederacy. Suppose the tables were turned, and that the enemy had driven us as far back as we have forced him, the faint-hearted among us would begin to think of taking refuge in Canada.

The interpositions of Providence in our behalf have been wonderful. None but a downright atheist can doubt them. When the traitors had the power completely in their own hands, why did they not stab the republic to the heart ? They attempted it ; the hand was raised but the blow was arrested, no one knows how. The historian who leaves special providences out of his account, will never write correctly the history of the momentous weeks which closed the last Administration. Providentially the President was delivered from the assassins of Baltimore. General

Anderson told me that when he and his little band passed from Moultrie to Sumter, the shadows of the night fell in such a way as to conceal them entirely from the view of the rebels. They passed undiscovered, although they were narrowly watched. The *Monitor* arrived just at the nick of time to meet the *Merrimac* and drive her back to her rebel den. Buell arrived at Shiloh in time to turn the fortunes of the day; he was to Grant what Blucher was to Wellington. All through the struggle such providences are observable.

In this connection the prosperity of the North ought to be mentioned. This has been contrary to all the predictions of enemies, and contrary, indeed, to the most sanguine hopes of friends. According to the traitors, cows were to graze in Broadway and Chestnut Street three months after the war began. Pittsburgh was to be as still as a cemetery. There was to be nothing in the North but bankruptcy and bread riots; yet never was there such prosperity.

This, by some, may be attributed to second causes, but these second causes would be utterly inefficient if they were not directed and controlled by the great First Cause.

This prosperity, amidst so gigantic an intestine war, is a fact unparalleled in history. Nor has it been without its effect. It has given other nations a conception of our resources such as they never had before. Europe stands aghast. When the war began, she locked her coffers, put a hard knot on her purse-strings, turned up her supercilious nose, and said: "You can't have my money to carry on the war." The war has been carried on without her money, and

now she begs to have the exquisite pleasure of lending us a few millions sterling. It is now Brother Jonathan's turn to be supercilious. He coolly thrusts his hands into his capacious pockets, and says: "*No, thankee!*" Europe begins to respect our financial resources.

She begins, too, to have a profound respect for our army and navy. When Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*, was in this country he was never done threatening us with Admiral Milne's fleet. If Mr. Seward did not speak more respectfully of England, the fleet would come down and knock Washington about his ears, some morning before he was up. If Mason and Slidell were not surrendered forthwith, Milne would weigh anchor and drop down along our coast, when our blockading fleet would disappear as snow in harvest. But now, so far as Great Britain is concerned, we should not know that such an institution as Milne's squadron existed on the face of the earth.

Suppose this terrible fleet should weigh anchor, who is so poor as to do it reverence? We would send out a little iron-clad after the whole batch as a farmer calls out his little terrier and sets him on a flock of sheep in his lane.

It is this development of power that has modified the course of Great Britain toward us. In strength is our safety. If we show the white feather every jackdaw will begin to peck at us; every second-rate cock on the European dunghill will begin to strut and crow and whet his spurs. Europe must be taught to let us alone.

I detest Russia; from the depths of my heart I

sympathize with Poland. Yet, notwithstanding, if England and France conspire against us, I would strike hands with the Czar, as a diplomatic measure. I would fraternize with the Polar bear, even, against any and all who will make alliances with the Southern Confederacy. Rather than yield one jot or tittle of the principle involved, viz., the integrity of the Union, and the right to manage our own affairs, let Europe and the whole world be wrapped in the flames of war. On other heads than ours will rest the responsibility.

Not only has our prosperity thus falsified all malicious predictions and opened the eyes of Europe, but it has also dethroned forever cotton as king. The king is off his throne, and the throne has gone to pieces and to the dust, never again to be set up. Cotton is deposed; Corn and Iron are supreme.

The past history of the war has accomplished another thing: it has vindicated Northern courage and manliness. These could not be vindicated under the "code," but they have been gloriously vindicated in the line of battle, in the impetuous charge, at the cannon's mouth, on parapet and wall.

When this war began, to hear rebels talk one would have supposed that every man in the Confederacy would have gone to the bottom of the last ditch rather than strike a single color; rather than relinquish a single gun; rather than surrender a single prisoner of war. Yet the Confederate flag has gone to the dust eleven times at the bidding of the Stars and Stripes. One man alone has taken from them 472 guns, and has captured of their soldiers 90,000 prisoners of war. I need not tell you who

that man is, for I am sure that already, in your hearts at least, if not on your lips, is the name of Unconditional Surrender Grant.

The most bigoted Southerner admits now that Yankees will fight. Donelson, Vicksburg, Antietam, Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge are ugly facts to reconcile with the theory that there is nothing but poltroonery in the North.

Greater heroism has not been displayed since the world began than has been displayed by the Northern army in the war for the Union. The glory of Sparta pales before the splendor of its prowess. This sounds like mere fustian, but it is sober truth. At Lookout Mountain our men charged the enemy above the clouds. Through the clouds and above them they swept upward with fiercer impetuosity than the storm sweeps downward. They fought with the clouds beneath their feet. The roar of their musketry was above the home of the thunder. Who dare say now that Northern men will not fight?

Thus the two topics which for twenty years have supplied the staple of Southern eloquence in Congress, and out of it, are exploded. Cotton is not king. Northern men are not cowards. What will the senators at Richmond find to talk about this winter?

From the past, then, we draw encouragement; and while the present is big with interest and fearful issues, nevertheless the heavens above us to-day have more clear sky than clouds. With Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and Foster in Tennessee; Banks in Texas; Gilmore thundering at the gates of Charleston; Butler at Fortress Monroe, and Meade on the Rapidan, we can, at least, rest in hope.

Grant is Lincoln's thunderbolt. He launched it, and Vicksburg was smitten to the dust. It is launched again—it gleams along Lookout Mountain, it scales the crest of Missionary Ridge, and the “Bragg” is knocked out of the Confederacy.

We cannot fathom the Divine purposes, but the doings of God in the past shed light on these purposes. If God has designed that but one nation shall inhabit this land, then the Union will be preserved.

May we not infer such a design from the physical structure of the country? It is a large land, but not large enough for two nations to dwell in. God has given us “broad rivers and streams,” but they are not to be ploughed by war-ships, as that is the meaning of “galley with oars” and “gallant ship,” in the text.

The same design may be inferred from the oneness of the people who settled these shores, and from the fact that God, in his providence, and in his Word, is on the side of the oppressed; and also from the fact that he has been most gracious unto us in the gifts of his bounty, and in special interpositions in our behalf.

When the Jew wanted to assure himself of God's continued favor and protection, he ran his eye back over the history of his nation, from the overthrow of Pharaoh to the destruction of Og, king of Bashan. The past was glorious and full of miraculous power. Doubt fled. With hope and joy he flung his glance into the future.

So do we to-day. God has not piloted the ship of state through so many storms, and over so many breakers, to allow her to be sunk by the snag, secession.

Then let the hurricane roar,
It will the sooner be o'er ;
We'll weather the blast,
And we'll land at last,
Safe on the ever-free shore.

“Then thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down ; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken.

“But the glorious Lord will be to us a place of broad rivers and streams ; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby.”

Faith, patience, endurance, are the requisites of the crisis. Great ideas develop slowly. Great sacrifices are the price of great blessings.

Greece rose, fought, struggled, died, and left as her legacy to the world heroism of character and beauty in language and art. That is the residuum of her wonderful history.

Rome rose, fought, struggled, died, and left to the world as her legacy the majesty and supremacy of law. May our legacy be republican institutions, based on Christian morality and intelligence !

Great blessings are to be had only at great expense. All the martyrs died for religious liberty. They were a mighty host. It was a fearful price, but the issue was worth it all.

The Crusades desolated Europe and Asia, sunk untold treasures, and sent millions of men to the grave, and after all failed in their object ; but they gave the death-blow to feudalism, and in this they were worth all they cost.

Thus the world moves. The commonest rights we

enjoy have cost blood enough to fill the channel of the Ohio, from bank to bank, with a crimson tide.

If we expect to enjoy the precious blessings of this government, and transmit them unimpaired to our children, we must be willing to pay the price. Rivers of oil, the cattle upon a thousand hills, are not sufficient. The best blood of the nation must be given.

Now it only remains to exhort everyone to be true to his country. Be turned aside by no sophistries of demagogues. Be warped by no partisan prejudices. Stand straight and firm by the flag-staff from the top of which stream the Stars and Stripes.

When a man sees a ruffian strike his mother in the face, it is no time for him to consult Paley on a point of morality. God has given him an arm, has poured into it the blood of manhood, and so long as one drop of that blood remains his duty is clear.

That patriotism is cold, to say the least, which, after it has seen the flag of the Republic torn with rebel shot, can sit down to discuss nice metaphysical distinctions in constitutional law; or which, worse still, can enter into calculations on the probabilities of the success of each party, that it may be certain to be on the winning side; or which, worst of all, balances itself with all the skill of Theramenes between the two parties.

Patriotism is instinctive. There is a story told of old King Abgarus, who came from the far East, from Ur of the Chaldees, whence the patriarch Abraham came. He brought wild beasts of various countries to Rome, and let them loose in the amphitheatre in the presence of Augustus. As soon as they were loose, the beasts ran, leaping, bounding, each one to that

part of the Circus where had been laid a little of its native soil. Its heart took it to the spot.

Man by instinct ought to love his country. A patriotism that can with stoical indifference see the old flag trampled in the mire by traitorous feet is not the kind for these times. Rather give us a manhood which, when it sees tender motherhood reeling beneath the murderous blow of a ruffian, will spring to its feet, and cry : " Villain ! that is my mother, and while this heart sends a drop of blood to this right arm I will protect and defend her ! " Give us rather a patriotism which when it sees perjured, blood-stained hands clutching at the flag, to tear Stripe from Stripe, and pluck Star from Star, will rush to arms, as a lion leaps from his lair, and cry : " Hands off ! ye traitorous horde ! Hands off ! while a spark of manhood lives that flag will be defended ! The last loyal heart will be flung between it and violence ! Through that heart ye will have to strike before ye can touch its sacred folds ! "

Citizen patriots ! stand by the colors ! through good and through evil report—in sunshine and in storm—come weal, come woe, stand by the colors ! Uplift and uphold the tabernacle of our liberties ! Strengthen its stakes, lengthen its cords ! Then when you are gone—when Jerusalem is a quiet habitation—when every stake has gone down to its place thence to be removed nevermore, when every cord has become stronger than triple brass ; when on all our broad rivers and streams there go nothing but the ships of a peaceful, prosperous commerce, then will your children, pride elating their countenances as they speak, rise up and say : " My father never moved lip nor finger against his country in the hour of her crisis and her trial. "

IV.

THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

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THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

“And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom.

“And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.”—LUKE xxiii. 42, 43.

No passage perhaps in all the Bible reveals more vividly the power of the Gospel to save to the uttermost than does this one. God's grace descends to the very bottom of human degradation and rescues the vilest and the lowest. The passage reveals not only the depths to which the Gospel goes in order to save, but also the heights to which it exalts those it thus saves. It gives us the soundings, and at the same time the altitude of redemption. It shows to us the Gospel thrusting its arms of love to the profoundest abysses of sin, grappling the most abandoned spirit there, and raising it to a citizenship in heaven and a companionship with Christ. It also reveals very clearly justification by faith. If salvation were not all of grace the hope of the best men would go out in the darkness of despair. If salvation were not thus of grace the hypocrite and Pharisee might hope, but the good man never. This little piece of sacred history is worth whole libraries on justification by faith alone. If men are not justified by faith, but by works, the thief would have been in perdition that day instead of in Paradise.

I invite you, my hearers, to spend this morning with me on Calvary. We could not be in a better place.

It is a spring morning. The birds are abroad and the flowers are in bloom, but the scene on the top of the hill Calvary ill comports with the peace of spring. The Son of God is on the cross—under the curse of the law—in the company of malefactors and thieves—exposed to the gaze and insults of the rabble. The hill is covered with his persecutors, who mock and taunt him. The executioners have finished their task, and have nothing to do but sit down and watch their victims. Thus watching they while away the time (as time, alas! is too often whiled away) by gambling. There is one piece of the Saviour's apparel that is beautiful and valuable. "This coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout." Tradition says it was a present from his mother. She had wrought it with great care, and with a kindness and yearning tenderness which none but a mother feels she had given it to her Divine Son. For this the soldiers were now contesting, unconscious that its owner was paying the penalty of their sins. "They parted my garments among them and upon my vesture did they cast lots." While they were thus employed, the Scribes and Pharisees reviling, the crowd insulting, and one of the thieves reproaching him, the dialogue between the Saviour and the other thief took place.

The world is seldom aware of the existence of its greatest benefactors, and likewise knows little about, or cares little for, the events that conduce most to its welfare. France gives birth to a young usurper who

is to crush the life out of human liberty, and yet the event is heralded from Paris to Cathay ; but when the Son of God and Redeemer of the human family was born, few in the world were any the wiser for it. The event created no excitement in the little village of Bethlehem. A warrior dies. His death stanches the blood that is streaming from a thousand hearts. His death is deplored. The press issues its sheets in mourning, bells chime solemnly, and business stands awe-struck and still ; but the Son of God, the King of kings, the Lord of lords, expires on Calvary, and the world knows not that he is suffering the expiation of its own guilt. Every event since the Fall pointed to that cross—every type and sacrifice was a shadow of it—the glory of all the prophecies gathered around it, yet the world, as stupid as the gambling executioners, was not aware that anything was taking place on Calvary more than the crucifixion of a common criminal. But this dying thief calls us back to the subject.

In the whole history of the world it would be hard to find an instance where in all human probability there was so little likelihood of a conversion to Christianity as in the instance of this man. He was an abandoned and desperate fellow—perhaps a murderer. He had been judged worthy of capital punishment. He was according to his own confession deserving of the ignominious death he was suffering. He may have been a pagan, and if so his religious education had been nothing but a jumble of silly and licentious fables about the heathen gods. He wanted that mightiest agent to melt the heart—the recollections of the religious instruction of childhood. To

him there were no remembrances of the little closet, and of prayers learned by rote from the lips of a pious mother, to revive latent truth and awaken dormant affections.

Moreover the man was dying. He was writhing in the agonies of crucifixion. Life was ebbing rapidly to a close. His spirit was fluttering on the brink of hell. Yet he joined with the other thief in railing at and reviling him who alone could save him. The other Evangelists say that "the thieves" took up the taunt from the crowd around the cross and cast the "same in his teeth."

But hark! His scoffings are turned to supplications! He prays! God has ordained that this brand be plucked from the burning. The Holy Spirit touches the heart of that thief, and though apparently as flinty and as unsusceptible of any impression as the rock that Moses smote, yet a gracious stream gushed forth.

If any think the evidences of this conversion are scanty, I invite such to examine for a few moments the faith he manifested, and this is the test of all Christian character. Such faith would save Satan if the Gospel had been designed for devils.

"I know not," says Calvin, "that since the creation of the world there ever was a more remarkable and striking example of faith."

He had to believe on one whom the highest tribunal in the land had put on a level with himself—one who "was in the same condemnation." He had to believe that a bleeding, dying, insulted fellow-sufferer was the God of glory and Redeemer of the world. The eye of his faith had to pierce through

all this humiliation and shame to see his divinity. His faith had to break through the ignominy of the Son of Man in order to get to the Son of God. He seizes, too, with a vigorous and as it were an intuitive faith upon all the fundamental principles of Christianity. He believes in a future state, the divinity of Christ, human inability, and the necessity of a Saviour. The Spirit has darted all these truths into his heart, and he has responded cordially to the divine teaching.

He was made no exception to the manner of coming to Christ. The law of the Gospel was not relaxed a particle. He came as all must come. He repented and confessed. He was converted as a sinner. The other malefactor wanted to escape ; but this one acknowledges his guilt. He repents as David repented, as Bunyan repented, as any Christian repents. Together with this conviction of sin comes the consciousness of human helplessness. He dictates no terms, proposes no conditions, but surrenders himself wholly to the mercy of God in Christ, and in that surrender every spark of pride is extinguished. There is no asking for a seat at the right or left hand of the Saviour ; he asks for no place whatever, but simply a remembrance. "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." The prayer is touchingly humble.

Euclid said there is no royal road to geometry. With much greater truth it can be said there is no royal road to heaven. Every rich and royal sinner must come to Christ just as this poor thief came. At the cross is one of the places where the rich and the poor meet together. David threw aside his robes of royalty and went into the closet, not as a king but as a sinner, and prayed like the publican. Christianity

admits no reservations, and makes no compromises. It will have the whole of the price, or none at all. He who would obtain the happy assurance of the thief must commit the matter of his salvation to Christ as he did. The experience of Christians is essentially the same in all ages. The religion of this thief is the religion of Adam and Abel and Enoch. His experience is theirs.

But I have already kept you too long from the Saviour's part of the dialogue. The answers of our Lord, especially to those in distress, have the directness of a sunbeam. There is no ambiguity about them. To one he says, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." To another, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole." To a third, "I will; be thou clean." The same promptness and directness characterize his answer to the thief.

All the sayings of the Saviour are of great interest because on every subject he touched never man spake as he did; but his sayings while on the cross are possessed of special interest on account of the circumstances of their delivery. They have in them the melancholy sweetness of a broken, half articulate farewell of a dying friend. There are seven of these sayings on the cross recorded. Three of them are expressions of compassion for those around him. He prays for his executioners with tenderness enough to make a statue weep. He notices his mother—speaks to her kindly, and commends her to the protection of the disciple most beloved. Another is the answer of the text, by which he converted the cross of a thief into the deathbed of a Christian. Was there ever

such a change? An hour ago he was blaspheming, now he is praying and praising. In the morning he was posting on to perdition, before night he was with his Redeemer in Paradise. Never was such assurance given to mortal as was given to this penitent by this reply. You may search the Bible from beginning to end, and you will find nothing like it. How different this answer from any that men would have made him! Some would have told him he was too wicked, others that it was too late, his day of grace was passed. The Romish priest would have sent him to Purgatory instead of to Paradise. But, thank Heaven, amidst this babel of human opinions there is a more sure word of prophecy, which always yields an infallible certainty to the souls that trust it. There is a truth in the text that extinguished forever the fire of Purgatory, and silenced effectually all who would exalt sacraments or ordinances above the sacrifice of Christ.

Thoughts at once obvious and interesting arise spontaneously from so suggestive a subject as this. One of the most evident of them all *is Christ's power to save*. If ever a sinner's case was desperate, this thief's was. The most sanguine piety could scarcely have indulged a hope; yet the Saviour brought him off triumphant and took him to glory as a trophy of his finished work. And if he could save while on the cross, who will despair now that he is in his kingdom and on his throne? If, while he himself was dying, he could save the thief from eternal death, who will now despair, seeing he "ever liveth to make intercession for us"? And oh! the precious power of that blood of atonement. While it was yet streaming

fresh and warm from the Redeemer's body, see what it could do ! It could take this dying robber, wash his soul of stains that had been deepening for a lifetime, and in an hour make him clean and holy—fit for the inheritance of the saints in light. Ye who would make sure of heaven, try the efficacy of this blood. Here is the specific, and the only specific that can cure and save you.

But Christ's power to save is not more certain than his *readiness to save*.

Would it not be natural to suppose that he might be excused from answering prayer or granting pardons just then? Without adverting to his spiritual agony, which was the burden of his passion, let us look a moment at his physical conditions. In the 22d Psalm we have a wonderful and dramatic description of the Saviour's sufferings while on the cross. According to this "all his bones are out of joint," his "strength dried up like a potsherd," and his "tongue cleaving to his jaws." These all are the natural effects of crucifixion. His extension on the cross would dislocate his joints. One of the most painful things in the world is to keep any part of the body in an unnatural position for any length of time. But the Saviour's body with all his bones out of joint had been kept in such a posture for hours ; yet, notwithstanding, he is ready to listen to the first breathings of prayer in a dying penitent. The loss of blood, and the mid-day sun in a hot climate parching his naked body, would soon bring on violent inflammation in the wounded parts, which would spread through all the veins and arteries, and rapidly dry up the moisture of the system, and thus produce the most intense and

intolerable thirst. No description of a battle-field is full and faithful which does not introduce the cries of the wounded for water. The soldier, as he lies weltering in his blood, will beg for water or for death. These entreaties are touching, and used to draw tears from the eyes of Napoleon, the hero of a hundred battles. It was this furnace-like thirst that dried up the strength of the Saviour like a potsherd. He did not complain of the nails in his hands or the spikes in his feet, he said not a word about his sore and swollen joints, but he was compelled to cry "I thirst." Yet, parched for drink as he was, he forgot all to save the thief.

To understand fully the sufferings of Christ on the cross, it must ever be borne in mind that he was a perfect man. He did not assume half of our nature but the whole of it. He was tremblingly alive to insult and ignominy; so insult and ignominy were made ingredients of the bitter cup he drank. "I may tell all my bones while they look and stare upon me," is a part of the description to which I have already alluded. This being stared upon is here put alongside of his most intense bodily agony. We have seen the Romans gambling for his clothes. He is exposed for hours to the embarrassing stare of a gaping crowd. One of the sorest temptations to which anyone can be subjected is to be dared to put forth a power which he is conscious of possessing. The Saviour escaped not this temptation either. "Ha!" cries one on this side of the cross, "he saved others—let him save himself if he be the Christ, the Chosen of God." And on the other side cries another, "Ah! If thou be King of the Jews, as thou dost profess to be, save

thymself." Now these taunts were as much a part of the Crucifixion as the stripes and the nails were. They were poisoned arrows that stuck and quivered in their victim. But all this could not make him disregard for one instant the sinner at his side. His fever and intolerable thirst produced in his case, as it would in the case of anyone, a swelling of the tongue. It would be painful and difficult for him to speak. He might have heard and pardoned the thief without uttering a word of comfort ; but no ! no ! in broken, half-articulate accents he gives him an assurance such as he never gave a patriarch, prophet, or apostle. Doubt that this light streaming around us comes from the sun, doubt your own identity or existence, doubt anything, but never doubt Christ's willingness to save the worst, the humblest, the youngest, the oldest, all—everyone. Listen to me when I tell you he is ready to save all, everyone ! I will make the assertion as strong as the English language can make it ; as strong as all languages, living or dead, can make it.

The *power of prayer* is another truth growing out of this subject. The man had never prayed before. The first petition that fell from lips worn callous by oaths and blasphemy was answered. It was one in which there was no formality. It has been said by an eminent divine that if Christ should be engaged in creating a world, and the cry of some penitent prodigal should be addressed to him, if both could not be attended to at once, he would abandon the creation of the world to attend to the case of the sinner. We can have no dynamics by which to compute the influence of prayer until we have an arithmetic by which we can compute the value of the soul.

Beside its saving quality, *it has a preservative power.* Naturalists tell us of a curious insect called the diving water-spider. By a law of its nature this little creature can envelop itself in an atmosphere like that which encircles the earth, only on a small scale, and thus shielded it can descend to the bottom of deep and stagnant pools, and although the water around it be bitter and putrid, the diver moves about dry and at its leisure. Prayer protects the believer with a vesture like this. Guarded thus he can descend into the unhealthy and contagious pools of the world, untouched and uncontaminated. Prayer is the buoy which rides the roaring flood; the asbestos robe, which defies the devouring flame. It is the tent in which frailty sleeps securely, and anguish forgets to mourn. It is the shield on which the world and the Wicked One expend their darts in vain. And when pain and temptation and agony are all over; whether wafted by Sabbath zephyrs, or winged by scorching flames; whether guided by hurrying angels, or dragged by raging lions; whether the starting-point be Patmos, or Jerusalem, or Smithfield, or Babylon, it is the chariot which conveys the departing spirit to the Saviour's bosom.

The *text corrects an error* which it is to be feared is quite wide spread. This consists in supposing that some preparation is required of the sinner before he can come to Christ. Men are ashamed to come to the Saviour all covered and reeking with their iniquities, and in too many instances set about a vigorous reformation of their lives to make themselves, if I may so speak, respectable candidates for regeneration. They want to take a part of the work out of

the hands of the Saviour. An egregious error! Christ will do the whole work, or none at all. He will have all the glory or none. If a man is dying he never thinks of waiting until he himself can effect a partial cure before he applies to a physician. The sinner's case is similar. What preparation had this thief? If he had waited to lop off his more flagrant vices; if he had waited to trim his character into a more decent shape; he would have waited till he was evermore undone.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.

There are a great many other topics suggested which I cannot take time to discuss. Permit me to mention some without dwelling upon them at any length.

(1) Justification is complete at once and forever. Bad, abandoned, and desperate as he was, the moment this thief believed, he was immaculate in the eyes of the law. Justice had nothing against him. With a faith only half an hour old he was as completely justified as was Abraham with his faith of a century. One drop of that blood now trickling down the cross was worth all the good works ever performed, all pilgrimages ever made, or all relics ever collected. The most eloquent preacher in France, if not in the world, died a few days ago. Among the last things he said was that his ministerial labors, his works, and preaching he reckoned as filthy rags; "a drop of my Saviour's blood," said he, "is infinitely more precious."

(2) Faith without works is dead. Let it never be forgotten that good works are no part of our justification. Let it ever be remembered, on the other hand, that faith without them is as worthless as salt without savor. They will never produce faith, but faith invariably produces them. This thief is no exception. He performed one of the best deeds ever mortal performed. He confessed Christ before a scoffing world. No sooner was he a Christian than he made a public profession of Christianity. And was ever Christ professed in such circumstances? He was, too, the only one in that awful hour who was found to testify to the Saviour's innocence. His disciples, for whom he had done so much, had deserted. John indeed was in the crowd, but fear had shut his mouth. Not one of those whom Christ had fed or healed was there to publicly declare that he was innocent. This was left for a dying thief. Who will say now that he did no good works?

He not only professed Christ, he preached him. The sense of pardoned sin makes every man a missionary. His field may be small. It may be his own household, or his neighborhood, yet he is none the less a missionary. Both the Bible and experience prove it. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come! And let him that heareth say, Come!" As soon as this thief heard, he said, Come. He began to preach. He could not work for God with hands and feet. They were fast to the cross. He had only one member left free—his tongue—and that he consecrated to the service, swollen, parched, and feverish as it was. All preaching is not done in the pulpit, or by ministers. All can do this in their own way. The little child that with

clasped hands kneels daily in its closet preaches to careless, prayerless men a more powerful sermon than was ever delivered by Whitefield or Chalmers. The lark that mounted singing to Heaven, as we came to church, uttered a sermon on gratitude and praise.

(3) The Gospel as a Gospel of love is exemplified in the case of the thief. There is scarcely any more striking proof of human depravity than the supreme selfishness that has reigned ever since the Fall. Man went from Eden a selfish, and consequently an unhappy being. This evil, like a haughty tyrant, has ruled him ever since. Christianity drives him out of self and sends him abroad with blessings for his fellows. No sooner did grace enter the heart of this thief than self-love left ; and he immediately thinks of others, admonishes a gentle rebuke to his companion, and comes out as the apologist of Christ.

(4) Religion is the easiest, and at the same time the most difficult thing in the world.

(5) No two parts of the Bible have been wrested more from their original purpose than the Parables of the thief and the eleventh-hour laborer. " This case," it has been said, " is recorded that none should despair, and only this one that none should presume." Indeed the mercies of God are never recorded for man's presumption, nor the failings of men for imitation. Death-bed repentance is too perilous an experiment to be tried in a case involving so much as the loss of the soul. And it never should be forgotten, that if one was saved the other was lost ; if one went to Paradise with the Saviour, the other went to perdition with blasphemy on his lips. It was then as it is

now, and as it will be at the Last Day ; two are together, the one shall be taken, the other left. The sun that ripens one apple rots another. The means of grace that are a savor of life unto life to one, are a savor of death unto death to another—another in the same circumstances, church, pew, or family. The thief that was lost had the same opportunities of repentance as the other, he heard all he heard ; yet one was taken, the other left.

But I only ask of those who are procrastinating to do as much as this man did. We have not a shadow of evidence that he had ever before had an opportunity of professing Christ. He embraced his very first chance. If all would do as he did there would be no need of death-bed repentances.

Have we, or have we not, the faith of this thief ? If we have, happy are we. The man who has a tithe of his assurance is as far above the petty trifles and troubles of the world as the eagle is above the crawling snail or the grovelling worm. There is an hour coming when we shall all need the remembrance this man prayed for as much as he needed it. This reply, indeed, shows us how close we live to eternity. A very slight partition divides the two states. We step aboard the cars ; the glowing wheels have to make a deviation of but six inches and we are in eternity. When we go aboard a steamboat there is the power of five hundred horses tugging at the boilers under us. Time is so short that it is really not a hyperbole to say of each one of us, to-day we shall be in Paradise or perdition. If that could be spoken literally, how it would startle us ! It should startle us as it is.

When that eventful hour comes, and come it must, it will little matter if our friends neglect and desert us—if our father and mother forget and disown us ; but it will be a matter of infinite importance if then he who remembered the thief shall remember us.

V.

TRIBULATION AND ITS FRUITS.

V.

TRIBULATION AND ITS FRUITS.

“And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also ; knowing that tribulation worketh patience ;

“And patience, experience ; and experience, hope ;

“And hope maketh not ashamed : because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.’

—ROMANS v. 3-5.

IN the preceding chapters of this Epistle Paul elaborated the argument for justification by faith. This fundamental article established, he proceeds to show the effects and consequences of it. The first effect is : “Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” The second is : Access to God through the same Saviour. The third is : Exultation in hope of the glory of God. The fourth is : Grace to glory in tribulations even.

The chastisements of Christians are a means of grace. They are not judicial punishments ; they are the corrections of a loving Father.

Nothing is more clearly revealed than the fact that tribulation is an important element in the Christian economy.

In one of his visions John saw “A great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands.”

The enquiry is made : "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? And whence came they?" The answer is :

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"I know thy works, and tribulation and poverty," are the words of commendation sent by the Spirit to the Church of Smyrna.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation," were among the last words of the Redeemer to his disciples.

Through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God, was the uniform teaching of Paul.

The manifest teaching of the Bible, therefore, is :

That tribulations are sanctified to God's people and become the means whereby Christians attain to the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus.

This is the general statement of a general truth.

In the text Paul gives us a brief analysis of the process by which this general result is reached. To this analysis I now invite your attention.

Tribulation worketh patience. Patience includes not only the disposition that quietly and meekly submits to suffering, but also the *power* to endure suffering. The simple point before us then is : How, in the economy of God, is this power acquired?

Exercise, effort, is the great law of growth in the divine government. It applies to the body.

If the child should lie in its cradle from morning till night it would soon be a corpse or a dwarf. It is the irrepressible activity of the child that develops the beautiful symmetry of the body. Not a muscle, tendon, fibre, nerve, gets leave to remain inert. By

an ordinance of God the child romps, the lamb skips, and the kitten plays. Exercise is life and strength. Inactivity is imbecility or death.

The muscles on the arm of the blacksmith that wields the hammer are as hard as hickory withes. The brutal prizefighter goes through the most rigid training before he enters the bloody arena. Roman fable illustrates the same thing, in the exaggerations of the strength of Milo, who, according to ancient story, carried a calf every day, his strength increasing with its weight, until he carried the full-grown ox, and with his hands could rive the living oak.

The law applies to the mind.

Why is every student, regardless of his prospective sphere, put upon the brain-perplexing problems of algebra, geometry, trigonometry, conic sections, and calculus? It is because the mind, as well as the body, grows only by effort. The greater the effort, the greater the growth.

Stuffing the mind with facts, dates, principles, is not education. A mind thus crammed is to a really educated mind what a sack of wool is to a pillar of brass or iron. The man who knows the most is by no means the strongest man intellectually. He that eats the most is not the strongest man physically. Gormandizer is not synonymous with giant. Effort—continuous, arduous, intense effort—develops the intellect, and nothing else will.

The law applies to the moral nature as well.

Love, pity, benevolence, are strengthened by exercise. The more a man pities, the deeper and tenderer his pity becomes. His demonstrations may not be so great as at first, but his feelings will be stronger.

The same is true of benevolence. The more a man gives, the more he will give. The more anyone does for the good of others, the more is he ready to do. The law applies in its full force to all the affections and virtues ; they develop and strengthen by exercise and only by exercise.

This same law obtains in our spiritual nature.

Faith, hope, charity, develop by exercise. Abraham's faith was athletic because God proved and tried him. "The trial of our faith," Peter says, "is more precious than that of gold which perisheth."

Our capacity for suffering is developed in the same way.

"Tribulation worketh patience."

One unaccustomed to pain will chafe under the slightest disorder ; but he whose companion for thirty years has been his crutch, who has not been free from pain for half a century, is resigned and cheerful. His passive powers have been undergoing an education all this time. The wonder so frequently expressed at the cheerfulness of great sufferers is a practical exegesis of the text : "Tribulation worketh patience." Physical pain is but a small part of tribulation. The soul is more susceptible, by far, than the body. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity ; but a wounded spirit who can bear ?" The wide territory of man's sensibilities and susceptibilities is exposed to attack ; soul and body suffer. Tribulation embraces the whole range of human sensibility.

God, in his manifold wisdom and infinite skill, adopts various expedients in his providence to discipline and edify his people. As varied as the skill

which clothes the earth with blades of grass and robes the forests of all the globe in leaves, no two of which are precisely alike, is the dealing of God toward different individuals.

Many of the noblest traits and highest virtues are brought out only by tribulation, as the golden wheat flies from its husk beneath the flail; or as the mallet and the chisel bring statuary from the formless marble, or as darkness makes the stars leap forth from the depths of the heavens. The man who escapes tribulation goes to his grave with many of the best springs of his being untouched and inactive. The full rounded symmetry of his character is no more developed than the whole harmony of a musical instrument is brought out by playing upon one string or striking upon one key. God in his providence sweeps his hand over all the keys and stops until the full harmony of the man's being is called forth. The passive powers of humanity God evokes by suffering. He stretches out the rod, and it becomes the wand beneath which hidden virtues and powers spring to light. An entirely new phase is given to character. A new and distinct set of qualities and attributes is called into exercise. Job in the extremities of his affliction is a greater and a better man than when he washed his steps with butter and the rock poured him out rivers of oil. The strength and glory of his character were never seen until he was smitten, stricken, and buffeted. Fire slumbers in the rock, and slumber it will until the hammer or the iron hoof of the prancing steed awakens it.

He has the most complete and symmetrical character who, sustained by God's spirit and grace, has

passed through the most trying vicissitudes of fortune and the keenest experiences of suffering.

Nothing more imperiously compels our admiration and homage than great patience—the power of enduring. This power, under God, is developed by tribulation. “Tribulation worketh patience.”

But this is only the beginning of the work ; the first step in a long process. Patience has its results, consequences, tendencies, influences. These all work. “Patience worketh experience.”

Experience here signifies test or trial.

It tests the promises of the world and finds them false. It tests the promises of God and finds them true. It tests the pious affections and finds them genuine.

With false weights in false balances we weigh the world, when in prosperity and success. In the furnace of affliction the balances are more accurate. The promises of the world are there received at a considerable discount.

The world fails just when some assistance or recourse is needed. It cannot pluck a single sorrow from the heart. It cannot put a particle of down in a death-bed pillow. It can give no title to any hope or inheritance beyond the grave. In all the critical junctures of human existence it is barren of sympathy and aid. What worth to him was David's crown as he went up to the chamber over the gate, crying as he went : “O my son Absalom ! my son, my son Absalom ! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son !” A trinket to lure the hours of a child his crown seemed then to him. His royal state and power proffered him no support or solace. He

would have exchanged the regal palace for the shepherd's hut and his kingly sceptre for the shepherd's crook, if thereby he could have plucked from his heart the gnawing grief.

He whose patience has been educated by tribulation writes with a diamond point on the world's best estate: "Thou hast been weighed and art found wanting."

Experience tests the truth of God's promises.

Many of the most precious promises are verified only in affliction. We cannot appreciate the Almighty as a shield until we need protection; nor as a sun until we need light. Nor can we appreciate Christ as a brother until we need sympathy.

"As thy day so shall thy strength be;" "My grace shall be sufficient for thee;" and a large group of similar texts have a fulness of meaning, a plenitude of comfort in affliction which they never could otherwise have. In seasons of severest trials God delights to prove himself faithful. He gives his people, at such times, indubitable evidences of his veracity and sincerity. "Taste and see that the Lord is good," is the challenge to every man. The infinite Jehovah stakes his character and his throne on the issue. Thousands in all ages certify the fact that these promises have been kept. They have glorified the Lord in the fires.

Experience tests pious affections and proves them genuine.

The house that resisted the storm and flood furnished good evidence, by that resistance, that its foundation was on a rock. The faith and love and holy affections that survive the tribulations which

produce patience furnish evidence quite as good that their origin is divine. Graces which outlive such trials are not the earth-born impulses of an hour. The man in whose heart they dwell has passed from death unto life. He is a new creature.

A word, here, of recapitulation. Experience tests the hollowness and emptiness of the world. This discovery gives wings to the affections and desires. They fly up to an eyry that is in the clefts of the Rock of Ages, where no storm, or flood, or disaster ever comes. The Divine faithfulness is tested at the same time, and this produces confidence in God, while the trial of faith proves it genuine. All this experience tends to one point. All these discoveries, influences, and tendencies combine to produce hope. Experience worketh hope—a blessed hope—a good hope through grace. “Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.” A hope that maketh not ashamed! It will never disappoint those who cherish it. It will never perish.

It is a bitter mortification to find a cherished hope go to pieces in the hour when all that it promised was about to be realized. But it is a source of gratification and unspeakable joy to find a hope to which we have long and fondly clung more than equal to all the emergencies which are to try it. Such will be the sequel of the hope begotten of experience.

The earnest of this final and complete vindication of this hope is the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. A spark of that love once in the heart will never go out. Rivers and deluges cannot extinguish it. Mountains and continents can-

not smother it. It will live on, burn on, until it blazes up into a lambent flame of eternal glory.

Thus: Tribulation worketh patience, patience experience, experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed. This is the apostle's inspired analysis.

The subject may have various applications :

I. Mark the estate of the righteous. All things are theirs, "whether the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are theirs; and they are Christ's and Christ is God's."

The believer can glory in tribulation even. He sees all things working together for his ultimate good. All the chaotic, conflicting, antagonistic events and interests of his history are as true to this one great end as the needle is true to the pole, or as the planet is loyal to the sun. While the unbeliever is bewildered and dizzied by the tumultuous eddy and whirl and strife of opposing influences, the believer sits aloft on a calm, strong tide, that with steady progress bears him onward to the everlasting haven. Nothing for a moment impedes his course. Nothing can. In prosperity he blesses God and walks softly. Beneath the rod he sings praises. Amidst the crash and utter wreck of earthly fortune he blesses him that gave and him that takes away. Temporal loss he sets down as spiritual gain. While his deposits and assets are diminishing he is laying up treasures in heaven which bankruptcy can never touch. His assets on high are safe. His deposits there are in the vaults of a bank that never fails or suspends.

The great universe, as it rushes like the lightning through immensity, will be made to stand still, if need be, sooner than the real interest of the meanest saint

shall suffer detriment to the weight or valuation of a hair.

If riches are for your good, the riches of the Rothschilds shall be yours. Your cup and your coffers shall be filled, pressed down, heaped up, shaken together, running over. If honors are for your good, honors you shall have until they overtop the regal splendors that perched on the imperial crest of David's son. If tribulation is for your good, tribulation you shall have. In the furnace you shall stay until all dross is purged away; and God, the great Refiner, shall see his own image clearly reflected in you. If necessary you shall pass from the society of dogs at the rich man's gate to be ushered through pearly gates into the New Jerusalem.

II. There is then a unity in the Christian's life. The purpose of God toward him is single. Everything in Divine providence contributes to carrying forward the Divine purpose. The believer's falls and backslidings are overruled for his good. Peter never forgot his denial. Perhaps no experience less bitter would ever have shaken his self-confidence. This, however (it may be observed parenthetically), no more justifies these falls and backslidings than the purpose of God justified the betrayer and crucifiers of our Lord in their work of perfidy and blood. To man belongs the sin. To God belongs the glory of bringing good out of evil.

No vicissitudes of fortune, therefore, no reverses, no disasters, can disturb the believer's relations with his God; nor change the purpose of his God toward him; nor arrest the drift and current of his life heavenward. Let all else be lost, the Divine idea of

ultimate salvation is preserved. This is never lost, nor lost sight of. Let fire, and flood, and financial crises come. Let them take everything that is inflammable; the title-deed to an inheritance in light is safe. It is secure beyond all risks. Scent of fire, moisture of flood, or tooth of moth shall never touch it.

We do not need, therefore, a different administration of Providence, nor a new charter, nor an amended constitution of the kingdom of God. The urgent need of Christendom is an overcoming faith. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

We stand amidst the deafening jar and din of conflicting interests. To the carnal and sensuous ear it is a bedlam of harsh and discordant noises. The ear of faith, however, detects a melodious harmony in it all.

We stand amidst events which seem to us as lawless and frenzied as a mob. Backward, forward, hitherward, thitherward they seem to be rushing in all the complex and intricate movements of chaos and confusion. Rise, my hearers, up to the serene region of faith and look down. Then you will see order springing out of chaos, system out of confusion. Then you will see tribulation working patience, patience experience, experience hope, and hope exultant in victory.

III. The legitimate effect of hope is to elevate, ennoble, and make magnanimous.

He that cherishes the hope of a nobleman's estate will pitch the tenor of his life above the purposes of a scavenger. This buoys up his tastes and pursuits. Pluck this from the heart of man and you consign him to infamy and beggary; but plant in his heart a

joyous hope and you give him an impulse that will do much toward his elevation.

The aims, the conduct, the bearing of a Christian, should comport with the hope he indulges. Ye are God's noblemen. Act worthy of your estate and the reversion in prospect for you!

How can you go back to the beggarly elements of the world? For a Christian to besmear his profession with the vices of the world is as incongruous as it would be for a king to act the part of a pimp or a buffoon. "He that hath this hope purifieth himself even as God is pure." Your citizenship is in heaven. Act as though that citizenship were a reality and not a sham. Actuated by such a hope, men ought to surmount all difficulties. With such a goal in view they ought to scale mountains, swim oceans, cross deserts, quench fire, vanquish storms, put fear beneath their feet, challenge death, and defy the powers of the grave. Not for one moment should their courage be dampened or their zeal abated, not even by the most formidable obstacles which the powers of darkness can interpose between them and their prospect of such a realization.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

In the presence of such a hope all murmurings, complainings, repinings, ought to be hushed into perpetual silence.

This life is but an infinitesimal segment of the soul's existence. On! on! on! and outward, and upward

stretches the immortal life of man. Embrace in your calculations that endless existence, the glory of which will augment forever, and what signify our present afflictions, which are light and but for a moment? They no more disturb the great sum total of the spirit's blessedness than the vibration of a gnat's wing disturbs the depths of the ocean.

When the travel-worn Israelite found himself at last in Canaan, plucking the grapes of Eshcol, he forgot the trials of the wilderness and blushed that he should ever have complained. And if the sensation of shame can be felt in heaven, the Christian will blush to remember that, with such a hope within him and with such a prospect before him, his lips ever uttered, or his heart ever harbored, a murmur or a complaint.

VI.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

VI.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

“And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

“And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel;

“Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.”—ACTS i. 9-11.

BRIEF as this account is, it is the longest we have of the ascension of the Lord. The fact is so grand and sublime that it had no need to be put on the stilts of grandiloquent language. The account tells us in chaste, simple phraseology all that it is necessary for us to know.

The central doctrine here is the ascension of the Lord. This is the stem, the trunk, and anything else in the passage belongs to the trunk as branches belong to the tree.

Forty days after his resurrection the Son of God ascended to heaven to assume the universal authority of his mediatorial kingdom.

This was a real transaction. It was no sham. As his incarnation, death, and resurrection were real, so was his ascension real. The incarnate Son of God in his theanthropic Person ascended from Olivet.

The reality of his bodily presence he demonstrated on several occasions after his resurrection. In this body, from a definite locality, within full and satisfactory view of competent witnesses, he gradually ascended to heaven. The same Jesus who lived, and died, and arose on earth, ascended to and now reigns and intercedes on high. Although removed from their sight he is not separated from his people. All his human interests, attachments, associations, and sympathies he took with him. A whole Christ is in heaven on the mediatorial throne. His interest in his people is as undying as is the power of his eternal life.

He went up from a definite locality. From a certain hill-top within view of men he ascended to a place where his glorified body now is.

It was necessary that Christ should thus ascend because :

I. He carries on his mediatorial work in heaven. He, as their Great High Priest, intercedes for his people. His death and resurrection instead of finishing his work only fully inaugurated it. His redemptive sufferings were finished, but his mediatorial work was only fairly begun. He ascended to heaven to carry it on. Within view of the scenes of his agony and crucifixion, in the body which was nailed to the cross, he went up to further advance in glory the salvation which he began in humiliation and sufferings. His interest in the results of his earthly mission is just as fresh to-day as it was on the day he passed into heaven. In his glorified humanity, susceptible of being "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," he prosecutes his work on high. This

was the object of his ascension. "He ever lives to make intercession for us."

II. It was necessary that he should ascend in order that the Holy Ghost should be given.

To his sorrowing disciples Christ said: "It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you."

This was the divine arrangement. We are under the dispensation of the Spirit. Christ was "exalted to give repentance and the remission of sins." The redemption which he purchased with his blood must be applied by the Holy Ghost. In thus ascending he was making another step in the progress of his work. Instead of having the earth as the centre of his achievements he has the throne of universal empire; and with the reins of dominion in his hands, and all powers and forces at his service, he sheds forth on the Church the gracious influences of his reign. By his precious blood Christ purchased our redemption. But Redemption would be valueless and inefficacious if it were not applied. The application thereof is the office of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost is God as really as the Father or the Son. He loves sinners as tenderly as Christ does. As lovingly as the Redeemer himself, does the Holy Ghost deal with them. So that to each one who accepts it, this redemption is as perfectly applied as though there were but one sinner on earth and as though the Trinity had no other work than the salvation of that one soul. When Christ left the earth he did not leave his work unplanned. All was arranged. From the universal throne down to the smallest incident which concerns a child of God,

everything is made to contribute to the good of the Church. In all those vast and intricate connections there are no gaps. The system is a harmonious unit.

III. Again, he said to his stricken disciples: "I go to prepare a place for you." In his intercessory prayer he reveals his deep interest in the future of his people when he says, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

He has gone on high to prepare a place for his people; a place adapted to the glorified humanity of believers. What that preparation is who can tell! Enough to know that he who gave his life a ransom for sinners is making the preparations. And while he is preparing the place yonder the believer is being fitted therefor by all the gracious dealings of God toward him.

This abode which Christ is preparing for his people is no narrow or pent-up habitation. Lift up your thoughts to take in something of the magnitude of God's works. God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Imagination is not swift enough or bold enough to reach the boundaries of the universe. The telescope sweeps a circle whose diameter is twelve million years as the light travels. That is, it would take a ray of light twelve million years to cross this diameter. "The rays which reached our earth last night from the pole star started forty-six years ago." There are orbs within that telescopic circle from which light that started when Moses was in the ark of bulrushes is travelling yet and has not reached the earth. "Could the heavens above us be blotted out, we should continue to receive light for thousands of years."

And with all that, how feeble and inadequate telescopic vision is ! That which it reveals, vast as it is, is only a corner of the universe. Beyond telescopic ken, there are systems and galaxies of systems stretching away to distances which to us are infinite. All that we know of the universe is no more than a hint and a suggestion of its vastness and grandeur. This, however, we do learn, that order and subordination reign everywhere. Planets revolve around their suns ; suns with their planets revolve around other centres ; galaxies of systems move in rhythm around higher centres ; and systems of galaxies move around still higher centres. We are justified in believing that there is a common centre, and capital, and metropolis of all ; and may it not be that in this centre Christ is preparing a place for his people ? Suppose that on this summit of the universe the heavenly Jerusalem is builded, and that the glorified spirit has a vision which can sweep and take in all that is below that summit ! Such a place, as an abode for his people, would be no more than conformable with all that Christ has done to render them capable of enjoying a heavenly inheritance. Past suns and systems and galaxies, attended by a retinue of angels, Christ, "leading captivity captive," ascended to his throne in heaven. Where he is, there shall his people be also. Their outlook will be upon the universe. Their study will be the annals of God's marvellous works. Nothing less than eternity can suffice for such a study.

God is great. His works declare him so. But we have mean and low ideas of Him. This earth is only a pebble amidst the magnitudes around us. Look up at the Milky Way at night. In it there are

eighteen million suns, whirling through space at the rate of thirty thousand miles a minute. We count forty miles an hour fast. The sun seems to us large, and so it is; but yonder is a star which is two hundred and fifty times as large; and yonder another which shines with the power of twelve thousand suns like ours.

When such a Creator, with such resources at hand, undertakes to prepare a place for his blood-bought people, what will that place be? In the light of these facts read again the Saviour's words, "I go to prepare a place for you."

Having thus considered the main fact, let us give some attention to two or three incidental matters.

1. He continued to converse with his disciples to the very last. "When he had spoken these things" "he was taken up." Luke says: "While he blessed them, he was carried up into heaven." His deep and lively interest in his people survived his sufferings. It was active and tireless during the forty days, and as he ascended he shed down blessings upon his awe-struck disciples. He is just as near to his people now as though he stood in the midst of them, bodily, as he stood among his disciples on Olivet. He as really blesses them as though the blessings were uttered audibly from his cloudy chariot. Our faith is dull and laggard! Unbelief suggests that the Being who sits as ruler among all these magnificences, amidst clustering suns and marshalled systems, will not stoop to notice the affairs of a poor sinner on this mean ball of our earth. The answer is that Christ is God; and God no more neglects the unfolding of a corn blade than he neglects the revolving of suns.

With him the bottle in which he keeps the tears of his poor saints is more precious than a world blazing with diamonds. To him the experiences by which holiness is developed in a believing heart are of more interest than the marshalled glories of the starry host. A pure desire, a holy emotion, is worth more than a universe of material splendor.

2. The ascension is a matter of history, as the resurrection is.

It was seen by competent witnesses. They had conversed with him, had walked with him—and they saw him ascend from the midst of them. They bore united testimony to the fact. Their testimony has been sifted by an infidel world.

Were these men mistaken? They were convinced of the resurrection against their prepossessions. They were not looking for such an event. Neither were they expecting the ascension. They hoped that Christ would remain on earth and establish a kingdom.

Were they dishonest? Why should they die in defence of a lie? Why should they lay down their lives for an impostor?

3. This same Jesus shall come again to judgment. This same Jesus! He changes not. As God-man he will come to judge the world. In the body which was scourged and crowned with thorns, and which was nailed to the cross, he will sit on the throne of judgment. All nations shall be gathered before him. "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom." Amidst incessant flux and change our faith is apt to give way. But through all, the truth and righteousness of Christ's kingdom remain, and will remain evermore. Whatever betides, the "foundation of God standeth sure."

And at last, right under the gaze of this same Jesus, all things will be tried, weighed, and judged. Then, with the light of the judgment hour streaming, flashing through all cloaks, shams, and disguises, the universe will see the transparent hideousness of the character of all "dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

Live for that day! Put beneath your feet and into the dust all interests and theories which are inconsistent with the eternal principles which shall then decide all issues! So believe and live that you can on that day claim the king as your friend and elder brother—the same Jesus in whom you believe and whom you serve.

If a believer, "your citizenship is in heaven." You are a sojourner and a stranger here. Your home is yonder. You seek a "city which hath foundations." While you touch the earth with your feet, by faith you should lay your hand on the stars. You should "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." Your lot and inheritance are there—among the grandeurs and magnificences of the metropolis of the universe. While you walk amidst temporalities your faith should be familiar with spiritualities. It is only thus that secular callings become dignified. The commonest laborer while he pursues his toil may, by spiritual contemplation, elevate and refine his nature. While his hand digs, his spirit soars. The man who thinks great thoughts lives a noble life, even though he be a hod-carrier; and he who thinks mean thoughts is an ignoble man, even though he wear the royal purple.

If a believer, in a few years you will be a king, a priest unto God. Be content with your lot now.

Think of the place which Christ is preparing for you, and be careful to depart from all iniquity. Ye who are to handle crowns and sceptres, soil not your hands with any manner of uncleanness.

VII.

THE GREAT SALVATION.

VII.

THE GREAT SALVATION.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"—
HEBREWS ii. 3.

THE apostle is not speaking here of the greatness of salvation in an absolute sense ; but he is contrasting the Law and the Gospel—the Mosaic economy and the Christian dispensation. The Law was given by or through the mediation of angels. Even the Decalogue, which was uttered to the people directly and not through Moses as mediator, was, nevertheless, given through the mediation of angels. But the Gospel, as distinguished from the Law, was delivered directly by Jesus Christ. According to this view, then, the greatness of salvation consists in this, that it was spoken to us directly by the Son of God.

The argument is from the less to the greater. The word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward. Sins of inattention, sins of omission, as well as sins of commission, were condignly punished. How, then, shall we escape if we neglect the salvation which was delivered by the Son of God ? This does not array the Gospel against the Law, or the Law against the Gospel. It does not mean that there is no Gospel in the Law, or that there is no Law in the Gospel ; neither does it destroy the unity of the

Bible. Both Law and Gospel are equally the Word of God. The only difference is that in the one case the Word came to man mediately, and in the other immediately. "In time past God spake unto the fathers by the prophets, but in these last days he hath spoken to us by his Son." The word of the prophets is as really the Word of God as is any part of the New Testament. There is no antagonism between the different parts of the Bible. It is all God's Word. But it was delivered under different dispensations, and our responsibilities are awfully increased because in these last times we have received the Word from the lips of the Son of God himself.

Two topics claim attention, viz.:

I. The greatness of the salvation.

II. The greatness of our consequent responsibility.

I. The greatness of this salvation.

As already seen, this consists in the fact that the Gospel was spoken by the Son. Who, then, is the Son?

(1) What is he as described by Paul?

(a) He is the brightness of the Father's glory. This means that he is the very essence of the Father, as light is the very essence of the sun. He is not a reflection of the Father's glory, but, on the other hand, the very effulgence and fulness of it, the manifestation of that glory to men. He thought it not robbery to be equal with God.

(b) "He is the express image of his person."

The figure here is that of a stamp or die. The impression corresponds exactly to the image on the stamp. The son is the express image of the Father's essence. The point here is the exact correspondence

of the two. What God is in essence, that is the Son. Who, then, is the Son, who has spoken? He is God essentially in every attribute. This is undoubtedly what the apostle wished to express, and he has taxed the powers of language to put it into phraseology which cannot be misunderstood. It is only by exquisite torturing of language that any other meaning can be made even to appear in these sentences.

But (2) what is the Son described as doing? What are his acts and prerogatives? If there could be any doubt as to his nature before, there certainly can be none after the apostle enumerates his works and offices.

(a) He is heir of all things. Sonship suggests heirship. A son inherits because he is the equal of his father. Besides, no being less than God can inherit all things in the sense in which the heir inherits here; for, as we shall see, inheritance implies upholding and ruling. It would be the sheerest and severest mockery to put such an inheritance into the hands of any creature. The heir to such an estate must be God—God in essence, God in every attribute.

(b) But beside sonship, there is another ground for this heirship; that is, creation. "By whom, also, he made the worlds."

John says, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by him and without him was not anything made that was made." He has the right, the proprietorship, which arise from creation. He has made the worlds. He has laid the foundations of the earth, and stretched forth the heavens as a tent. He has made and possesses all things. He who was

rich, for our sakes became poor. How ineffably rich, then, was he as Creator and heir !

(*c*) Unless he were God he could neither possess nor create all things. But as if to remove the possibility of doubt the apostle adds another divine prerogative : "Upholding all things by the word of his power." "By him all things consist." No less power is required to sustain than to create.

In essence, in act, and in prerogative the Son is God. He who has created and possesses and upholds all things, cannot be one whit less than God.

(*d*) But this Creator, Possessor, and Upholder purged our sins. This involved infinite condescension and humiliation. He not only stooped to take upon him our nature, but he took on him the form of a servant, emptied himself, became of no reputation, and "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Now we can understand something of the greatness of this salvation. It was procured by the Creator, Possessor, and Upholder of all things, and at the cost of his incarnation, humiliation, sufferings, and death. By him was this salvation spoken. He brought the great message directly to men.

(1) He spoke with infinite authority, because he was God, having infinite power, excellence, and prerogative. He spoke, too, without mediators of any kind; standing face to face with man.

(2) He spoke as the God-man ; in his human nature ; in his indescribably glorious mediatorial Person ; composed of perfect divinity and complete humanity. While he spoke as God he at the same time spoke in the sphere and on the plane of human-

ity. While it seemed to be one man speaking with another, it was God speaking with all divine authority and out of all the fulness of divine wisdom.

(3) He did not contradict the Old Testament Scriptures. He did not nullify what had been said and done by the prophets who spake to the fathers. He did not destroy the Law, but fulfilled it to the uttermost. He confirmed all that had been hitherto revealed. Indeed, he himself was the fulfilment of it. So that, not only did he conserve the unity of revelation, but he was the most perfect realization thereof. He abolished the types only by taking the place of them, and of all that they prefigured. All these pointed forward to him. All scattered rays concentrated in him. He bound all the parts of revelation together. Types, prophecies, figures, shadows, and suggestions all met in him ; and his word was the completion of the great salvation. His word was the final, the consummate word, and he spoke it directly to man.

(4) He spoke with infinite interest and sympathy, because he not only taught this salvation, but he was himself the salvation. Its doctrines and hopes were the product of his sufferings. He carried the whole system in his own person on the cross, and brought it in triumph with him from the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea. Never was there such a teacher as this. "Never man spake like this man !" How philosophy pales before his simple utterances of truth—truth which he had lived and which he had vitalized by his death. He was the Truth, and he directly revealed himself to men.

But there is another supreme fact which enhances

the greatness of this salvation, viz.: After he had purged our sins, he sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. To that exalted position he took our nature, lifting it far above angel and seraph, and associating it with divinity on the universal throne. And such was the completeness of the finished work which he had engaged in covenant to do, that it is in infinite consistence with divine right that he should, in his complex person, occupy this exalted place. And in the same line of consistency and congruity he has received a name which is above every name—a name which will be known fully only when mysteries which are now unfathomable shall be revealed in eternity. But this name belongs to him, not as the son of God simply, not as God simply, not as King of kings and Lord of lords, but as God-man, as Redeemer, Saviour of sinners.

This Son of God, in the ineffable excellence of his character, and in the fulness of his covenant relations and achievements, spoke this salvation to men. He committed the final and complete delivery of it to no mediators, but spoke it directly himself. In this consists the greatness of it. How great is this salvation!

Another element contributes to the greatness of this salvation, and that is this: Whatever by his life and sufferings Christ secures, he secures not for himself but for his people. He leaves his peace with them. He gives his righteousness to them. He sends the Comforter to them. He rises from the dead and becomes the first-fruits of them that sleep. If he is exalted to the right hand of the Majesty on high it is that his people may be kings with him. He carries his people still in covenant. What is his, therefore,

is theirs. He became poor that we might be made rich. He humbled himself that along the path of his humiliation we might rise to the Majesty on high. Oh, great salvation !

He who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person ; who is Creator, Possessor, and Upholder of all things, in our nature purged our sins, and as God-man—very God and very man, the antitype of all types, with infinite interest and sympathy, being himself the embodiment of all his doctrines—spake this salvation to men directly. Dispensing with all types and figures and shadows of good things to come he spake face to face with men, and revealed in his own person the infinite riches of divine grace. As God-man he bears a name which is above every name ; and when that name shall be revealed it will reflect glory upon the redeemed. Oh, great salvation !

II. I have left myself little time to speak of the greatness of our responsibility in regard to this salvation.

But surely this subject carries in it and with it its own application. Neglect of the Mosaic law was punished condignly ; how much more shall neglect of the Gospel be punished ! There is law in the Gospel as surely as there was Gospel in the Law. This Gospel was wrought out and was spoken by the Lord, and the government of the universe is administered by him in order to the complete success of the scheme. He tenders it thus wrought out to men. He sends his Spirit to recommend and apply it, and men neglect it. Could a greater insult be offered to the Almighty ? It is not optional with men whether

they accept the Gospel or no. The overtures of mercy to-day are as direct and personal to each one as though the incarnate Son of God stood face to face with him and himself made the offer. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and confess him before men ; this is the law on the subject. The supreme sin is unbelief. It is for this that men are condemned. "He that believeth not shall be damned." In the presence of this great salvation and the Author of it, of what avail are your excuses ? You have never found a time when it was exactly convenient to confess Christ ? Making a way of salvation possible involved the humiliation and crucifixion of the Creator, Possessor, and Sustainer of all things ; yet you act toward that salvation as you would not act in reference to a trivial business transaction. It is this neglect, this wilful, wanton, sinful neglect of salvation which is ruining souls by the million. It is the memory of this neglect which will constitute the undying worm and the quenchless fire of hell, and the remembrance of slighted opportunities will be fuel to feed the fire eternally. To neglect this salvation is to despise the riches of God's grace. If we could see the whole case in its reality, we would as soon think of cursing the Almighty to his face as of neglecting this salvation by even an hour's delay.

From first to last the work of Christ contemplates and aims at the elevation and exaltation of the individual believer and of human nature. The destination of the weakest believer is the right hand of his exalted and glorified Lord in the heavens. Through Christ is the line of promotion for humanity. The aim, the spirit, the tendency of this salvation is to lift

up and to carry forward the subjects of it until they shall sit with Christ on his throne. Where Christ is, there shall they be also. He will withhold from them nothing which they can use to edification and enjoy. Not only may we say, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" but also, How shall we escape, if we neglect so great privilege and opportunity? Cast not from you wantonly such an opportunity this morning! He who is in Christ Jesus by faith is not only on his way to heaven, but through grace he is on his way to a crown, and a throne, and a kingdom, and to an eternal association with the exalted and glorified humanity of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

VIII.

CALEB AND THE ANAKIM.

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CALEB AND THE ANAKIM.

“Then the children of Judah came unto Joshua in Gilgal: and Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenezite said unto him,” etc.—
JOSHUA xiv. 6-15.

CALEB is first mentioned in the sacred history as one of the twelve spies who were sent into Canaan from Kadesh-Barnea in the second year after the Exodus. Ten of those spies brought in an evil report which greatly disheartened the people. They acknowledged, indeed, that the country was a most desirable one; but at the same time they declared that the obstacles in the way of its conquest were insurmountable. In view of these they quite lost their faith and almost lost their senses too. They were frightened out of their wits by a few tall specimens of Anakim which they saw. Then Caleb stood nobly forth and stilled the people and said: “Let us go up at once and possess the land, for we are well able to overcome it.” He and Joshua alone were in favor of an immediate invasion. Then and there the Lord promised an inheritance in Canaan to these two men. All the rest of that generation, from twenty years old and upward, were doomed to fall in the wilderness.

Some thoughts appropriate to the time and the occasion may be deduced from this passage of sacred history.

I. As we pass along the journey of life our friends and companions drop by the way, so that in old age we shall be almost alone in respect of those who started in life with us. Of the adult generation which came out of Egypt only Caleb and Joshua remained. Aaron, the high-priest, had died on Mount Hor; Moses had died on Pisgah; Miriam, who sang the response to the Song of Moses at the Red Sea; Aholiab and Bezaleel, the architects of the tabernacle; the Levites who first bore the tabernacle; the elders who assisted Moses, and Hobab who accompanied them, all were gone. A new generation had succeeded. During these forty-five years how many ties had been sundered! What vicissitudes had been experienced! Caleb had been emancipated from slavery; he had seen the plagues of Egypt—the Nile rolling blood, the darkness which could be felt—he had heard the lamentations of Egypt when her first-born were smitten; he had heard the thunders of Sinai; he had been in the desert forty years. But he was now in the Promised Land.

During these forty-five years change had marked every step of his way; yet we now find him just where he was forty-five years before—in the path of duty. He, in this respect, had not changed. Times had changed, but he had not changed with them. His conduct was not governed by caprice, or policy, or expediency, but by principle. It was this which gave him steadiness and poise and perseverance. Had he consulted his popularity, he would have countenanced the clamors of the crowd at Kadesh-Barnea. But right in the teeth of such murmurings he said: “Let us go up at once.” The

lapse of half a century makes no change in such a man. There is no sublimer thing on earth than a life like that. What wonderful consistency of character! At forty he says, "Let us go up at once and take Canaan." At eighty-five he says, "Give me the very citadel of the Anakim, and by the help of the Lord I will take it."

Although he had seen all his own generation buried except one man, he had not become morose or misanthropic. He lived in the present and for the future. He used the past only as a means of strengthening his faith and as an incentive to duty.

This is the true spirit. As old ties are sundered we should form new ones. We should never become alienated from the society or age in which we live.

As our companions fall by the way we are tempted to say, "There is nothing more to live for." But there is enough to live for so long as duty is to be done—so long as there are a present and a future, in which and for which to act.

As we increase in years, one by one, we are becoming a minority which is growing smaller and smaller, and we are hastening on to join "the great majority." Only Caleb and Joshua now remained of their generation, and a few years later Caleb stood alone.

Thirteen years ago this morning I began my labors in this church. What a remnant of my first congregation is left! What a small audience that remnant would form! And yet how short a time it is! It seems to me but yesterday. I remember the morning, the people, the sermon as distinctly as the events of last week. Yet since then we have passed through an awful war. Since then children that I baptized

have grown to manhood and womanhood. Great changes have taken place here and elsewhere. In this church I have associated with eleven men in the eldership. Five of these are no more. The godly Robert Scott, the kind Uncle Dickson, the urbane Tower, the beloved young elder Gray, and the lamented and honored Brown—these all are gone from the session. About one hundred of the membership have died in the same time—one hundred—a silent congregation!

II. God's promises are not impaired by age. They are good for all periods of life.

In this case forty-five years intervened between the promise and the fulfilment of it. But during no day, or hour, or moment of all this time had that promise lost its vitality or its validity. It was just as good in the darkest day of all these years as it was on the day that Caleb took possession of Hebron. We grow old, but God's promises do not grow old. If we continue in the path of duty as did Caleb, we need have no more doubt of the fulfilment of God's promises than of God's existence. Towering difficulties lay between this promise and its fulfilment. The desert was to be traversed. Nations and kings were to be conquered. A fordless river was to be crossed without boat or bridge. Walled towns were to be taken without battering-ram or scaling-ladder. But Caleb did not doubt nor fear nor murmur. He went straight to duty and stuck right at it, never questioning God's ways or God's times.

In our view the providence of God often seems to be working directly in the face of his promise. Caleb was given the assurance of an inheritance in the land,

and yet it was declared in the same connection that that generation should fall in the wilderness. He was, indeed, to have his inheritance, but it would be after forty-five years of waiting. He was to reach Canaan, but it was to be by the way of the wilderness. Thus God's people often reach their inheritance, through wanderings; but God leads them in the right way. Abraham waited—Isaac waited—Jacob waited. It is not strange that you should have to await God's time. Man would go to the inheritance by the shortest cut, but God's way is through the wilderness. Though deserts and rivers and enemies and impregnable walls intervene God's word holds good, and God's providence moves forward toward the accomplishment of the promise. God's pledge and providence harmonize, God prepares his people for their inheritance. Promises ripen to their fulfilment, and we ripen to the reception of them. If we are not prepared for them, they will prove a bane instead of a blessing.

III. A life of faith and of virtuous obedience always receives its reward.

The reward was pledged to, and bestowed upon Caleb, "because he wholly followed the Lord." At Kadesh-Barnea he spoke a brave word for the Lord, and forty-five years afterward he received an inheritance which was at once a recognition of and a recompense for his services. Thus a good action faithfully performed never loses its requital. This will come in some way or another and at some time or another. Goliath's sword turned up to the hand of David just when it could render him the most efficient service.

While this, which has just been said, is true, I would have you remember another fact—he did

not do duty for hire. He did his duty for its own sake, and he would have done it as faithfully if there had been no reward attached. Nor did he go about making long faces, and uttering loud complaints because the compensation was not forthcoming. Had he been of the spirit of a great many men, he would have been continually grumbling : “ The Lord has promised me an inheritance in Canaan yonder ; and here I am dragged hither and thither in this desert with this rebellious generation.” He did not work in the Lord’s vineyard for wages, or for honor, or for conspicuous places. He quietly did his duty, and in due time remuneration and honor came.

Duty faithfully performed has a richer reward than a heritage in Canaan. The inheritance comes to us as happiness comes ; that is, indirectly and without our seeking it. Let anyone set out to be happy, and the very thing that he seeks will elude him. It will not be wooed. But let the same person set out to do right, to help others, to do good, and lo ! before he knows it, happiness becomes a guest in his heart and his home. So it is with our reward. If we work for it, we shall not get it ; but if we do our duty without reference to it we shall certainly receive it in due time—that is in God’s time and in God’s way. It may be after a desert pilgrimage of forty-and-five years.

IV. Let youth be so spent that one can look back upon it with pleasant reminiscences, and that old age may be enriched and honored by the rewards which always attach to an early service of the Creator.

With what a glow of generous satisfaction Caleb could refer to his youthful conduct, which had been

approved by Moses, the man of God, forty-and-five years before! With pride he could recall to Joshua's remembrance his life as a young man: "Then he wholly followed the Lord." Even before the first mention of him, and before his first recorded service, he had made a reputation for himself. If this had not been the case, he would not have been sent as one of the spies. In the conscientious discharge of duty he had won the confidence of Moses and of the congregation. Of these first forty years of his life, history gives us no particulars. But we can easily and safely infer their general character. Into such positions as Caleb occupied men are not put by chance. These are won by a steady, conscientious discharge of the duties of whatsoever post is assigned a man in the providence of God. Joseph in Pharaoh's prison made a reputation which carried him to the second place in the land of Egypt. Discharge well the duties of the position which you are already in, before you aspire to a higher one. Do not spend your time and sour your temper by regretting that you are not appreciated, or that you have no sphere for the exercise of your faculties. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Ten to one your sphere is larger than your capabilities. Surely you have as good a chance as Joseph had when he was in Pharaoh's prison. A virtuous youth will carry its rewards even to old age. Faithful conduct which seems to go unrequited will surely receive its due recompense, even though half a century elapse; and a youth spent in idleness or vice will as certainly entail evil and curse and misery. Would to God this thought might be written with the point of a diamond

on the heart of every young person here this morning! So spend your early days that you can look back upon them with pleasure and can say to others, as Caleb said to Joshua, "You remember what I did forty and five years ago."

V. Let old age be active.

Caleb had an active, green old age. He had seen a great deal of hard service, yet he was not worn out, nor had he rusted out. At eighty-five he was as strong as he was at forty. He was ready, and eager too, for further exploits. He does not say to Joshua, "I am now old, I have borne the burden and the heat of the day; let me retire, and let younger men conquer my inheritance in the land." But he asks that Joshua give him the mountain where the Anakim dwelt, the appearance of whom had so demoralized the ten spies. These giants dwelt in fenced cities on a mountain fastness, but the old hero covets the task of conquering them. The same spirit is in him that was in him nearly half a century before. He says: "If so be that the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out." And this he did. He drove out the children of Anak.

This is a model old age. Far too soon men begin to say, "I am growing old." By saying so and thinking so they make themselves old. If the body must age, that is no reason why the mind and heart should partake of its infirmities. Let them be kept young.

As men approach the three-score years they become timid about undertaking new enterprises for Christ. They gradually put off the armor, and go upon the retired list or upon the superannuated list. Not thus do men give up the race for riches. Van-

derbilt, who is over eighty, still keeps a sharp eye on his fifty millions. Astor and Stewart, both old men, are carrying heavier financial burdens than ever.* Why then should men crave exemption from the service of Christ because of advancing years? Neither should they seek or covet light service. Like old Caleb they should attack the Anakim in their strongholds.

The Church is shorn of about one-half her strength by men's making themselves prematurely old. It mattered little to Caleb, at his age, whether he possessed Hebron or not, but with a large vision and a large heart he acted for the future; not for himself, but for posterity. Do thou likewise.

Caleb spoke these words on the anniversary of his birth: "Lo, I am this day fourscore and five years old." Instead of looking back complacently on the past and resting satisfied with it, he is forming large plans for the future—imposing upon himself an enterprise more hazardous than any he had ever undertaken.

This is an anniversary with us. How shall we accept the future? Are we ready to undertake large enterprises for the Master? Are we ready to attack the strongholds of Satan, even though they be held by the very Anakim of iniquity! Brethren, we have been resting on what has been done as though the whole land had been conquered. Oh, that the spirit, the courage, the devotion, of the aged Caleb might incite each one of us!

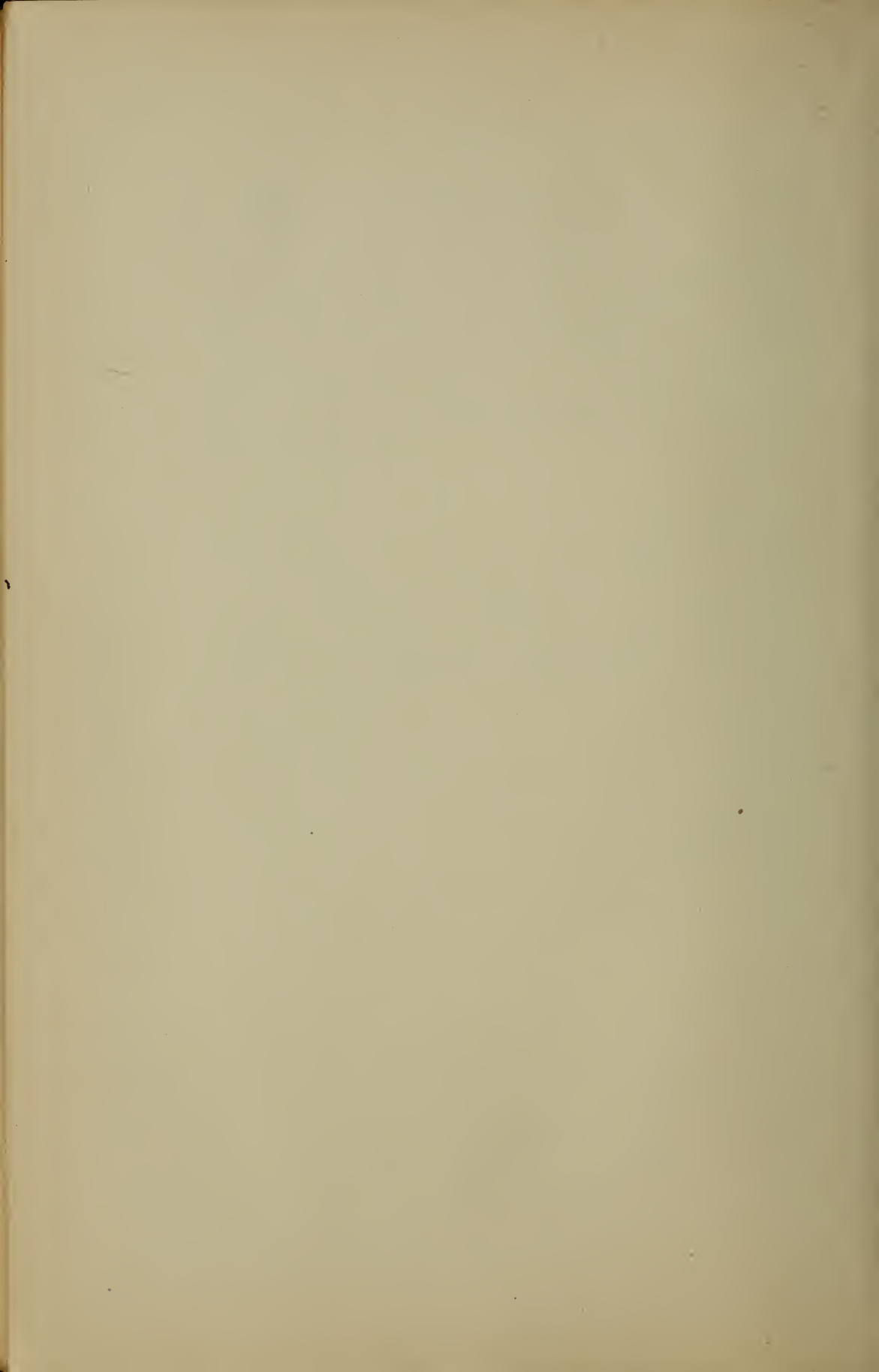
Better have Gideon's three hundred than an army of thirty thousand who have no heart for the fight.

* This sermon was preached in 1874.—EDS.

My hearers, what lesson, what inspiration, has this anniversary for us? Shall we not ask the Lord to assign us to some arduous and hazardous enterprise for his cause and for his dear sake? How was Hebron taken—the nest in the rocks of the Anakim? By old and young marching against it; Caleb, who was nearly ninety, leading the columns. In this land, which lies around us, we have a large inheritance, if we only have faith to receive it.

IX.

FAREWELL SERMON.



IX.

FAREWELL SERMON.*

“Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,

“Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”—HEBREWS xiii. 20, 21.

I SHALL not preach an historical or a statistical sermon this morning, although the materials for such a sermon are abundant and inviting. In working up these materials there would be inevitably more or less of apparent egotism, and this I desire to avoid.

The text is the benediction of the great apostle upon the Hebrew Christians, in whom he had so great an interest, and for whom he felt so deep and so tender a sympathy. By faith he seems to open the treasures of divine love and grace, and with an unstinted hand to pour these blessings, in all their fulness, upon the heads of those for whom he had labored and prayed. These wonderful blessings are not peculiar to the Hebrew Christians, but are the common inheritance of all the people of God in all ages of the world. And what an inheritance it is to the Church, and to each member of that Church!

I. The God of peace as a Father.

* On retiring from the pastorate, December 31, 1876.

II. The risen, the ascended, the glorified Saviour as a pastor.

III. The blood of the everlasting covenant as a charter of right, of privilege, and of salvation.

IV. Perfection in every good work as the aim of human life.

V. The sufficiency of Christ as an unfailing recourse in all labor and trial.

VI. And as the end of all, the glory of Jesus Christ.

Let us notice briefly these points :

I. You have the God of peace as your Father. Through the death of Jesus Christ, God the Father is reconciled. He is at peace with the believing soul. Not sullenly, not reluctantly or grudgingly does the Father accept the sacrifice of the Son as a satisfaction, as an atonement ; not coldly or perfunctorily does he come into relations of peace and reconciliation with the sinner, but the moment that the soul accepts by faith the finished work of Christ, all past sins are forgotten forever. They are blotted out. They are cast into the depths of the sea. They are all covered by the blood of Jesus, and even the eye of divine justice can discover no sin through or beneath that blood. The sinner then stands in the righteousness of Christ, and as the Father loves the Son so does he love those for whom the Son died. With divine complacency he regards those who through faith accept the benefits of the death of Christ, and who have wrapped around them the robe of the righteousness of Christ. He is at peace with them, and to them he is the very God of peace. So profound is this peace, so solid and enduring, so secured against all risk of disturbance and loss, that to the quickened vision of

the believing soul God appears as the God of peace. The blessed and overwhelming fact of reconciliation becomes conspicuous and pre-eminent.

Nor does the Father with judicial coldness pronounce the acquittal of the sinner and then retire within his own infinite sufficiency, and leave that justified sinner to fight his battles single-handed and unaided, but he rests not until, through the Holy Spirit, he has established intimate and confidential relations with that soul. He not only makes reconciliation a fact, but he makes it an experience. Through his Word and by his Spirit he so exhibits his love, and compassion, and condescension, and sympathy, and faithfulness that the believer is constrained to cry, "Abba, Father." Not only is the peace an established fact, but this fact is made manifest in the experience of the believer, and it is a "peace which passeth all understanding." It is no fictitious peace; it is no hollow truce; it rests on no uncertain conditions, on no shifting foundations. It rests on the perfectly adjusted relations between God and the soul; and in the adjustment of these relations nothing has been overlooked or omitted which could, in any way, or to any degree, contribute to the perfection and everlasting security of this peace. The sinner looks over his past life—over the dark past it may be—but with unspeakable joy he sees the precious blood of Jesus covering it all; he looks into his evil and corrupt heart, but he sees the blood of Christ cleansing from all sin; he looks tremblingly into the unknown future, but he hears the voice of Christ, who ever lives to make intercession, cheering him onward. It is perfect peace.

But as doctrine does not rest in theory, but when

received produces experience, so experience does not remain in the region of the affections, but produces practical results. This peace in the heart makes its warmth felt on others. The reflex of love to God is love to man ; and so the reflex of peace with God is peace with our fellow-man. The legend is that when the Apostle John was so old and feeble that he had to be carried to church he would repeat again and again the injunction, as he was borne up the aisle : " Little children, love one another." This was his last sermon—his dying testimony.

Remember that the God of peace is your God and Father. " Let brotherly love continue." For the last fifteen years we have dwelt together in peace. We have not spent our time in biting and devouring one another. Through the grace of God we have found enough to do without that. We have found enough to do in fighting Satan and in battling for the truth and the right. There has been scarcely a jar in the congregation in these fifteen years, and in the session there has not been even a jar ; and truer brotherly union and friendship than have subsisted between the pastor and the elders I do not expect to enjoy until I get to heaven. Let no bickerings, no little jealousies, no heart-burnings arise among you. Keep your great work in view, and keep steadily at it. This will shut out of the Church a hundred difficulties which otherwise would be sure to creep in. If you do not understand a brother, go to him and talk to him face to face. Look each other in the eye honestly for five minutes, and you *will* understand each other. I charge you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, " Let brotherly love continue."

II. You have the risen, the ascended, the glorified Saviour as pastor.

A pastor is a shepherd. He feeds and leads the sheep. Christ is the great Shepherd of the sheep. He is the great Pastor of the Church. Others are only under-shepherds. So that, in this sense, a church can never be without a pastor.

When Christ came from the tomb he did not forget his work. He was still the great Shepherd of the sheep. His interest in his mission is as great now as it was when he wore the crown of thorns and carried his cross to Calvary ; although exalted and crowned, he is still the great Shepherd. His interest in his work has not abated an iota, and his shepherd's crook is the sceptre of the worlds. To that sceptre every power in the universe is subject, it extends over every interest of the Church and of the believer and is always at their service. He delivered his people from Egyptian bondage, he made a path for them through the sea, he led them through the desert, he planted them in the Promised Land, he brought them back from captivity, he made the preaching of fishermen the wisdom of God and the power of God to the overthrow of false systems of religion and of philosophy, and to the building up of the kingdom of righteousness in the earth. Even to this day he has made good every promise which he has ever spoken concerning his Church. The good Shepherd gave his life for the sheep ; will he, after that, abandon them to their enemies ? No ! he will lead them, feed them, and defend them even unto death. He unites in himself all divine offices and attributes, and he devotes himself without reserve, in the fulness of these offices

and attributes, to each one of his people. He who is the faithful witness, and the "First Begotten" of the dead, is also the Prince of the kings of the earth; and this Redeemer is your Redeemer, and this God is your God. It is considered a great honor and advantage to have a friend at court, but your friend is the King himself—the King of kings, the King of glory, the King of the universe. The great Pastor leads, feeds, and defends his people, and will do so even to the end.

I have stood beside many death-beds in this congregation. I have been with the people of God in great affliction, in deep troubles, but I have never heard one of them complain that Jesus Christ had proved faithless to his promises—*never*. I have stood beside many of your friends and acquaintances in the trying hour, who looked death in the face as calmly as they would look into the face of one of their children, or of one of their dearest friends. Through the grace of this good Shepherd I have seen those who believed on him die not only without fear, but in rapture and triumph. I could stand here and relate incidents and reminiscences by the hour.

The room in which Lillie Fletcher died was the gate to heaven. It seemed as though she no longer belonged to the earth, but was speaking to us from the portals of the New Jerusalem, having already seen its glories, and being no stranger to its experiences.

If ever there was a cool, clear intellect, it was the intellect of Jane Porter. As she lay dying, the very exquisite essence of the promises of God seemed to be filling her soul. She felt the dew from the everlasting mountains falling upon her. She calmly watched

the symptoms of approaching death. "There," said she, "is the rattle in my throat. I shall not be able to talk much more." The room growing dark to her, she remarked that the lamp had gone out, but when told that it was still burning, she said: "Then my sight is gone. Lay my hands across my breast, and stand around me and see how a Christian can die. Death is not like what I thought it was at all. I thought it was painful, but there is no pain. I thought it was cold, but it is not. It is but a step." This was not fanaticism or enthusiasm, it was calm, clear, strong faith, looking up through the pearly gates. Her mind was intensely active to the last, and was perfectly unclouded. It was a beautiful and triumphant death.

One Sabbath night after services I went, in a drenching rain, to see, for the last time, old Mrs. Alexander. In the beginning of her sickness she had spoken to me of her being "down in the ashes," but then she was in the land of Beulah—on the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense. To the question as to whether she was suffering, she replied: "Oh, no! Oh, no!" with an emphasis and an intonation as much as to say, "It is impossible for me to suffer. This is heaven!" Her five sons, her daughter and her son-in-law—all good singers—joined in singing her favorite hymns, she participating as long as her strength lasted. The room was filled with melody, and thus she went up singing to the gates of glory.

Fannie Black was not only willing to die, but had a great longing to depart and be with Christ. She said: "I have not the slightest desire to get better. I am just waiting till Jesus calls me. I only want to be

with Jesus." Then tenderly putting her hand on her mother's cheek, and looking at her sister Blanche, she said: "Dear mother and dear sister, much as I love you, I do not want to stay with you any longer. I only want to be with Jesus. You must give me up. I have arranged all my earthly affairs. I leave my child, but I have not a care. I only want to be with Jesus. I haven't breath, or I would praise him all the time here—all the time, if I had breath." When she could no longer talk, her countenance would be lighted up with smiles of wonderful sweetness in response to the precious truths and promises of the Word of God. Her face shone as though it had been the face of an angel.

Thus the Great Shepherd has left his record all through this congregation, and in no single instance has he proved faithless or abandoned his people in the hour of trial. Through the valley of the shadow of death he has been with them, his rod and his staff have comforted them.

III. As the charter of right, and of privilege, and of salvation, you have the blood of the everlasting covenant.

Redemption is not a new idea nor an untried expedient; but it was devised by infinite wisdom, was executed by infinite power, and is secured, at every step and at every point, by eternal covenant.

God made a covenant with Israel at Sinai, which was solemnly ratified by the sprinkling of sacrificial blood upon the people. Thus they became His covenant people. He became their God, and led them and protected them, and saw that their clothes waxed not old upon them, and that their shoes waxed not

old upon their feet. "He kept them as the apple of his eye." "He made them to suck honey out of the rock, and fed them with the fat of the kidneys of wheat." Under the new order the people of God are sprinkled with the blood of Jesus, and thus they become his covenant people and he becomes their covenant God. Will he be any more slack in fulfilling the conditions of this new covenant than he was in fulfilling the conditions of the old? "Honey from the rock" and the "fat of the kidneys of wheat" but faintly symbolize the richness and fulness of the spiritual blessings which God has in store for his people. Has he ever proved faithless to a single pledge? The blood of Christ guarantees every promise, from that which secures the bread which shall be given and the waters that are sure, to that which opens the gates of the eternal city, and puts a palm in every victor hand and a crown on every victor brow. We pray to and we work for a God who is faithful to his promises.

The session of this church would be worse than infidels if they did not believe in the efficacy of prayer. There have been many wonderful instances of direct answers from heaven. When I returned from Europe the first time, on the first Sabbath that I preached, as I remember, I was surprised to see Dr. George McCook, Sr., enter the church. He sat just there. You all knew him. Who in this city did not know him? You know the kind of a man he had been. He was a good and an eminent citizen, a man of great intellect and of prodigious force of character, yet, in respect of religion, he had been careless and reckless and had grown old and gray-headed in sin and rebel-

lion against God. He was at that time nearly eighty years of age. On that Sabbath day, or a few Sabbath days after, as I walked down the aisle at the close of the service, one of the elders proposed a concert of prayer in the session for the conversion of Dr. McCook. In a few weeks afterward this man was preaching the Gospel in the lecture room with the fervor of an apostle and with the simplicity of a little child. He was an illustrious trophy of redeeming grace, and oh! how he magnified that grace which could save an old and hardened sinner like him. Two years afterward I visited him when on his death-bed in New Lisbon, O. Although weak in body, his mind was strong and clear, and his spirit was rejoicing in the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, and I have no more doubt than I have of my own existence that his ransomed spirit is before the eternal throne this morning singing praises to the Great Shepherd of the sheep. This is but one instance. I could relate reminiscences of this kind by the hour. God is a faithful God, a God who answers prayer, who has answered prayer, and who will answer prayer in all succeeding ages.

IV. Perfection in every good work should be the aim of each human life.

In all living things there is movement. The Christian cannot be stationary. Where there is spiritual life there will be spiritual growth and spiritual progress, and the standard is perfection.

Three things are necessary to the health and growth of the body—food, air, and exercise. Corresponding to these in the spiritual sphere are knowledge, prayer and activity. The Word of God furnishes spiritual

food, prayer is the breath of the Christian, and work for the Master develops the powers. Where these cease with respect to a Christian, he ceases to grow ; and when they cease with respect to a church, it ceases to grow. Do not forget, my brethren, that the moment you cease to think of and to work for others, that moment you begin to die. Keep your beneficent agencies therefore in vigorous operation. Do not attempt to confine your life within your own circle. I know that in the judgement of some I have spent too much time in preaching on benevolence and beneficence ; but in looking back over the past I am satisfied that I have not preached on these subjects enough. This church has been blessed because it has cultivated the grace of giving. Its quickened and developed spiritual power has manifested itself in various agencies and organizations for Christian activity, such as the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, the Woman's Home Missionary Society, the Young Ladies' Missionary Society, the Woman's Prayer Meeting, the Young Men's Prayer Meeting, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Mission Sabbath School. These all have been organized within the last fifteen years, and they have been a source of untold blessing and power to this congregation. Do not let them die. Cherish them. Watch over them, for so long as these organizations have life in them you will have life in the church itself.

Do not forget ordinary duties. Do not neglect the regular Sabbath services, nor any part of them. Do not forget the Wednesday evening prayer meeting. Do not suppose that by doing some great thing once in a while you can condone for your neglect of these

ordinary weekly duties. The power and efficiency of a church depend largely upon the interest that is taken in these meetings and exercises. Be regular in your attendance at all the services, and be there punctually. There is no excuse for being late at church. There is one fact which I mention here with some pride and complacency; and that is that in the past fifteen years I was never late at a single meeting of any kind except once. This morning fifteen years ago I came in a buggy, over very rough roads, from Sewickleyville, twelve miles away, and I was a few minutes behind time, but never afterward. It is easier to be punctual than to be tardy. Cultivate this virtue. The aim of the Christian is a high and noble one. It is no less than perfection in every good work. Let this aim be yours. In all our efforts we have as an unfailing source the infinite sufficiency of Christ.

“When I am weak then am I strong.” This was the experience of the apostle, and the conditions of Christian experience have not changed in these eighteen hundred years. We are earthen vessels, but we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. Attempt nothing in your own strength. It is the privilege of the believer always to lean upon the omnipotence of the Son of God, and this omnipotence he finds available in all crises and emergencies, and finds it adequate to all necessities. The presence of Jesus can make a pile of blazing fagots a bed of roses, and “a prison a palace, a garden of pleasures, a field, an orchard of delights.” Dear old Samuel Rutherford used to say: “I am taught in this ill weather to go on the lee side of Christ, and put him in between me and the storm.” So you can always put Christ

between you and the storm. Live, work, fight, and suffer through Jesus Christ. Without him your strength is as brittle as rotten stubble ; without him your good resolutions are as weak as the smoking flax. In the humble and faithful discharge of duty we are always helped. When I have leaned on God in my weakness I have never been deserted ; but when I have trusted to my own wisdom and strength I have always been discomfited. I have come into this pulpit more than once without either text or sermon, but if I came in the right spirit I was always carried through, whereas, if I trusted to finely elaborated trains of thought, I proceeded as heavily as the wheel-less chariots of Pharaoh in the Red Sea. The years in which my preaching was most extemporaneous, and according to my own judgment and criticism most worthless, were the years in which we reaped the richest harvests ; while the year in which I preached the most elaborate sermons during my ministry here was the year in which there were fewer additions to the church than in any other in all the fifteen. When I was best prepared intellectually, I ordinarily preached the worst. When I have preached with some kind of intellectual complacency I have never heard that any good came of it, but when I have so preached that I was ashamed to face the congregation in pronouncing the benediction, I have heard of souls being converted and comforted by the sermons. "When we are weak then are we strong."

VI. The end of all is the glory of Christ.

The Christian labors for no mere secular ends, nor for results which are uncertain or perishable. Riches dissolve like snow, empires crumble, but every par-

ticle of true Christian work goes into the imperishable results of the economy and kingdom of Christ, and consequently cannot be lost. Nothing of this kind can ever be lost. The desires and aspirations of the Christian are for the glory of Christ, and his labors go in along with the work of the Master to contribute to the supreme end. This furnishes a motive and an aim worthy of a rational immortal creature. If you give your time and your effort to mere temporal schemes you spend your life upon that which sooner or later, and probably very soon, will crumble to nothingness; but if you put your work and your prayers into spiritual enterprises, you contribute to that which is imperishable.

There was a young man in this church who became dissipated, was cast out of the membership, broke his young wife's heart and sent her to a premature grave, spent all he had, and through his debaucheries ruined his physical constitution. He set himself deliberately to lead a fast life and to see what was in it. I sat by his cot in one of the public hospitals of this city as he was wasting away in consumption, and in tones that thrilled along every fibre he told how he had tried sin and carnal pleasure and had found them a *cheat, a hollow cheat!* How he had been defrauded of his life, how Satan had decoyed him by his promises of pleasure, and how all these promises had proved utterly hollow and false! He always returned to this idea that he had played a game with Satan, but that he had been overreached, overmatched, deceived, and made a laughing-stock for devils. So will it be with everyone who rejects Christ for the sinful pleasures of this world. I speak to young men this morning whose

feet are planted in the very path in which this young man went, and sooner or later, that path will lead to the same bitter experience. Young men, do not let the devil, by his lies, cheat you out of your lives, your happiness, your souls. Consecrate yourselves to Christ, and let your lives be a perpetual rendering of the doxology: "To Him be glory for ever and ever."

Fifteen years ago this morning I began my ministry here by preaching on Rev. i. 5, 6, "And from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood,

"And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Thus I began my ministry here, and thus by the grace of God I have continued even unto this day. The prophethood, the priesthood, the knightship, and glory of Christ, and the glory resulting to his people through these offices, these have been the themes of this pulpit. I have not preached to tickle itching ears, or to produce popular sensations. I have not gone to the columns of the daily newspapers or to *Æsop's Fables* for texts, nor have I gone to old almanacs for illustrations. I have had always enough, both of subjects and of matter, in the Bible. To-day I look over my course in this respect with ineffable satisfaction. The experience of the past fifteen years in this church proves that people will come to hear the plain, simple Gospel, and that an interest can be sustained without clap-trap and demagogism. If sinners have been converted and believers have been

fed and comforted and strengthened, the result aimed at here has been accomplished.

It is not strange that I should have an interest in this church. Here I labored as a Sabbath-school teacher during my course in the Theological Seminary. Here my deceased brother spent the one-half of his ministry. Innumerable ties bind me here. These are strengthened by a thousand tender memories and associations, and only a clear and imperative call of duty compels me to sever them. They will be severed, however, only in an official sense. In reality I trust they shall never be broken. I have given the best years of my life without stint to this church, and I do not regret any toil that I have endured or any sacrifices that I have made for its sake. The work has been its own reward and has paid me a thousand-fold. I have enjoyed preaching the Gospel here as I never expect to enjoy anything again. The happiest hours of my life have been spent in this pulpit and in the little pulpit downstairs, and in my intercourse with the elders, officers, and members of this congregation.

But these years are gone and their record is made up. What years they have been! What changes, what revolutions, have taken place! What thrilling histories have been enacted! Fifteen years ago Louis Napoleon was the arbiter of Europe. His nod or his frown convulsed Cabinets and Senates. We have seen him a prisoner and an exile. Fifteen years ago Prussia was scarcely a third-rate power in Europe. Now, under the lead of Prussia, Germany is consolidated into a mighty empire. Fifteen years ago French bayonets propped up the tottering temporal power of the Pope. Now the Pope has no temporal power. Fif-

teen years ago there were four millions of slaves in this country. Now there is not one. Fifteen years ago the great Civil War was just beginning. During these eventful years we have worked and prayed and wept together. On a Sabbath morning came the news of the battle of Fredericksburg. On a Sabbath morning came the first uncertain tidings of the battle of Gettysburg. On a Sabbath night, just after service, all the bells of both cities began to ring. It was thought by many to be an alarm of fire, but it was the announcement of the surrender of Lee. On the next Sabbath morning I came through a sobbing congregation to a pulpit heavily draped in black. President Lincoln had been assassinated. During all those awful years, the memory of which comes over us as a horrid nightmare, we prayed and wept and hoped and sorrowed together ; and I reckon it not the least of the mercies of God toward us that we were carried through these fearful crises without any schism. So far as I know only one man ever left this church because of any utterances from the pulpit, and you know whether or not this pulpit has been muzzled. These have been wonderful years and have been full of peril and of trial, but in every emergency we have been enabled to say *Jehovah jireh*, and at the close of every year and epoch we set up our Ebenezer.

At our first communion Robert Scott—of blessed memory—handed me an envelope containing a list of those who had been added to the church. I put it away carefully and ever since I have preserved these lists in the same manner. There are sixty-two of them, one for each communion. There has not been a single communion without additions to the church, and but three at

which there were no additions by profession of faith. What a history these lists represent ! How hearts have throbbed and swelled as they were read !

I shall never cease to thank God that He has permitted me for fifteen years to proclaim "the unsearchable riches of Christ" in this pulpit. I should rather have done that than to have governed an empire for the same length of time. Some upon whose foreheads I put the water of baptism in infancy have been admitted to sealing ordinances. We have much for which we ought to be thankful. Let us not be forgetful of our mercies. I do not wish to make you sad, but if I were to open the flood-gates of memory I could stand here by the hour and call up reminiscences which would make us all weep. But I do not wish to send you away sorrowful ; I would rather send you away happy and rejoicing. I am thankful for the past, and I commend you to the God of peace for the future.

My work as pastor is done. It has been full of imperfections, but I can truly say that it has been sincere and earnest. I have not sought yours but you. I have not coveted filthy lucre. I have labored for the good and for the advancement of this church. I leave without a particle of ill-feeling toward any member of the congregation, or toward anyone who ever has been a member of it. If I have injured anyone in thought, word, or deed, I humbly beg pardon.

And now I must hasten to a close. The hour has come which separates us as pastor and people. With the tenderest memories of the dead—what a host of them ! how I miss them ! all around through the congregation I see their faces, I hear their voices, I feel

the pressure of their hands—with the tenderest memories of them, with the sincerest esteem and affection for all the living, and with the most earnest prayers for your present and eternal welfare, from my heart of heart I say the final word, Farewell, and God bless you. Amen and amen.

THE END.